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# POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—July to December, 1879.

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ARRAYING THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN FOR THE FEAST OF MOUNT CARMEL IN LIMA

FRANK LESLIE'S
# POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 1. JULY, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

## PRINCELY, ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WEDDINGS.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN 1879—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.



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# PRINCELY, ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WEDDINGS.

By William Staughton Chase.

The interest taken by the people in royal and princely weddings is not unaccountable. It springs from that primal sympathy between human beings, whether they be crowned or uncrowned, which shows that we are all made of one blood. It exemplifies that much-abused quotation from Shakespeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Marriage must be counted with the other leading accidents, like birth, sickness, death, to which all who live are liable. Whether experienced or witnessed, such accidents, in whatever circumstances, level all conventional distinctions, and awaken essentially the same emotions. Moreover, the inborn dramatic faculty of mankind has always been appealed to and gratified by the ceremonies, simple or splendid, which usage has connected with a wedding, alike in savage tribes and civilized nations. The higher the social rank of the twain made one flesh by marriage, the finer and more dazzling these ceremonies usually are, and consequently the more attractive and impressive for witnesses of various degrees. These witnesses, like spectators at a play, catch a glimpse of that poetic radiance which sheds its glory around our being. Life itself is a drama, and a scene of this kind adds the prestige of reality to the charm that would belong to its representation on the stage. Talfourd disclosed one secret of the fascination and power of the theatre when he said it is only there that any image of the real grandeur of humanity is poured on the imaginations and sent warm to the hearts of the vast body of the people. The spectators, while they gaze, forget the petty concerns of their own individual lot. Their horizon is suddenly extended from the narrow circle of low anxieties and selfish joys, to the furthest boundaries of our moral horizon. While they feel that "which gives an awe of things above them," their souls are expanded in the heartiest sympathy with their fellows. A thousand hearts are swayed at once by the same emotion, as the high grass of the meadow yields as a single blade to the breeze which sweeps over it. Distinctions of fortune, rank, talent, age, all give way to the warm tide of emotion, and all classes are equal in the sanctities of their being. Similar to this is the effect of a royal or princely wedding.

Republican Americans, indeed, must not be suspected—nor are they at all likely to be—of yielding to undue impressions on such an occasion, with all the splendor of its pageantry. They "feel no awe of things above them." Are they not—especially those among them who did not merely happen to be born Americans, but who took the trouble to be naturalized—as good as, and even better than, anybody else? At the same time, none can beat them as eager sight-seers. Even their persistence in bothering American Secretaries of Legation with requests for invitations to Court balls generally comes, not from their being smitten with any special reverence for royalty or nobility, but from their legitimate determination to see all that is to be seen abroad. It is, perhaps, some extenuation for those silly hangers-on of the American colony in Paris, who make themselves both ridiculous and disgusting even to "Popol" de Cassagnac and his set by profusely bewailing the downfall of the Second Empire, that they are chiefly vexed because Sedan deprived them of the chance of being smuggled, somehow, with their "Worth" dresses and hired uniforms, into Court balls at the Tuileries. Such folks, of either sex, have so little republicanism, and so strong a longing to see all the sights in Europe, royalty-shows included, that if royalty were extinct they would pray for some imperial Barnum to revive it, in order that they might enliven their foreign tour by going to the regal circus in every capital.

On the other hand, no American now cherishes, even in memory of old King George the Third, so violently bitter a hostility to kings as Jefferson caught in France and brought back to this country. Few of us would wish, like the French Communard or the Russian Nihilist, that emperors and kings had but a single neck, and that we might wring it, thus destroying the whole royal brood at once. Although only one ex-President of our Republic has allowed his advisers to make a show of him and his family at the different Courts in the Old World, yet several eminent Americans, including both diplomatists and private citizens, have enjoyed friendly personal relations with foreign sovereigns.

It may not be amiss, in passing, to give a gentle hint to young American ladies who are ambitious to mis-mate themselves with sprigs of European nobility, that they should learn enough of heraldry to discriminate between counts of some account and of none, and between princes and princes. The latter high-sounding titles mean much less in Italy and in Russia than elsewhere. In St. Petersburgh, a prince with a formidable ancestral name lately earned an honest living by driving a drosky; but his matrimonial chances could not have seemed bright, except to those very exceptional young women in New York or Connecticut who may happen to be addicted to eloping with their papas' coachmen. A crown-prince, or heir-apparent, is limited in his choice of a bride to a very small circle of princesses indeed. A king himself can usually contract only a morganatic marriage outside of the same charmed circle. A Sultan is deemed to be of altogether too high a rank to permit the thought of his marrying any woman on earth—even one sprung from the sovereign American people. The late Napoleon III. stood alone among modern emperors in having broken the ties of traditional custom, when he surprised France and Europe in 1853 by announcing his intention to marry Senora de Montijo. He then frankly accepted the title of *parvenu*—"*titre glorieux lorsqu'on parvient par le libre suffrage d'un grand peuple*"—and, avowing his preference of a woman loved and esteemed to any stranger the advantages of whose alliance had to be bought at the expense of sacrifices, he declared that "in estimating independence, qualities of heart, family happiness, high above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, he should be not less strong, but more free." Does not such language remind one of the good time coming, which Heinrich Heine predicted as the Emancipation of Kings, when those who wear a crown shall feel like freemen, talk like freemen, marry like freemen? No act of Napoleon III. more strikingly than his marriage illustrated and promised, however fallaciously, to continue the democratic tendencies of Napoleon I., that overthrower of kings.

Democracy and monarchy have, in fact, more subtle affinities than are apparent on the surface. Carlyle's "*Teufelsdröckh*" may say, not without reason, that the only title wherein he, with confidence, traces eternity, is that of King. "*König* (king, anciently *könning*, means *kenning* (cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King." The people recognize in their king, whether he wear a crown or not, at least the living symbol of a substantial truth. They are less apt to have any quarrel with him than with magnates of lesser and intermediate rank. The latter oftenest incur hatred as their direct oppressors. In the heroic ages of Greece, the ideal of a king was that

of a soldier, who, in the words of Grote, "must be brave in the field, wise in the council, and eloquent in the *agora*." He was expected to excel in athletic sports and manly accomplishments. "In the earliest times," says Sir Thomas Erskine May, "the king is represented as seated on a throne in the public place, or *agora*, supported by his chiefs, and surrounded, in war by his army, in peace by a multitude of the people." Thus his sovereignty was essentially popular rather than absolute. Even at the height of the Roman Empire, when Rome was governed by the army, and there was no longer any thought of the people as the source of power, the plebeians still looked up to the Cæsars as the embodiment of popular power, or, as Quinet phrases it, *le peuple couronné*.

During medieval times, King and People struck hands against Nobles as their common foe. So late as 1673, the Duke of York, afterward to be James II., when he wedded his young bride, the lovely Mary Beatrice of Modena, "honored the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule," says the historian, "by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes on whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with the princess whom he had taken to wife in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings."

During the first French revolution and the first Napoleonic empire, kings were dethroned, and republics were created, which in their turn gave way to new kings, with no other title than the wish of a foreign despot. "Crowns seemed but baubles, to be worn for a day, and put aside, or snatched by some other hand." Since those times the traditional reverence for thrones, despite all reactions and restorations, has not withstood the teaching of such examples. It has been essentially modified by the extension of popular influences. But it is not yet extinct, and together with the good-natured interest still maintained by the people in royal shows of all kinds, it still insures considerable enthusiasm on their part in a royal or princely wedding. Moreover, such a wedding, thanks to modern improvements, is finer far than it could have been in the olden time, with its strange mixture of magnificence and meanness, elaborate carving, gorgeous tapestries, with farthingdips and rush-strewn floors.

The most conspicuous example of the fact that royal weddings sometimes, however seldom, spring from love-matches, and are followed by happy domestic lives, is afforded in the experience of Queen Victoria, of England, and the late Prince Consort. But no less than five other marriages had been contemplated for the destined wife of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg, grandmother of the Queen and the Prince, had early formed the hope, which afterward assumed the form of a fixed idea, that the two might some day be married. "As the children grew up, the idea was warmly espoused by the King of the Belgians, from whom, indeed, the Queen first heard of it." And at last, notwithstanding much opposition, the hope was fulfilled by the celebration of Her Majesty's marriage with His Royal Highness, on the 10th of February, 1840, at the Chapel Royal, St. James.

Baron Stockmar, in his letters to the King of the Belgians, written in the Spring of 1836, expressed his strong conviction that no prince whom he knew was so well qualified to make the Queen happy, or fitly sustain the arduous and difficult position of Prince Consort in England. "How this early promise of distinction was fulfilled," the Queen says in the memorandum from which this account is taken, "how immeasurably all the most sanguine expectations were surpassed, how the King's fondest hopes were realized ten thousandfold, and how the fearful blow which took him from us put an end to all this happiness, and cut short his brilliant and useful career, we all know."

But most royal marriages are decided exclusively by cold "reasons of state." They generally exemplify the remark of Sir Anthony Denny to Henry VIII., when that much-married monarch made bitter complaints of his hard fate in finding himself disappointed in his expectations that his highly prized German bride, Anne of Cleves, the fourth of his six wives, would rival both the bright-eyed Boleyn and the fair Seymour. Sir Anthony told his sovereign, "that persons of humble station had this great advantage over princes—that they might go and choose their own wives, while great princes must take such as were brought them." And this is usually the case, to the present day.

But how carefully kings used to select, and probably now select, their brides out of the comparatively small assortment at their disposition, may be inferred from that remarkable document, the "Instructions of Henry VII. Concerning His Choice of a Queen." Lord Bacon, in his History of King Henry VII., says, "When the King was ancient (*anno* 1505), and had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, he sent three ambassadors, with curious and exquisite instructions for taking a survey of her person, complexion, etc." The full title of the document is:

*Instructions given by the King's Highnesse to his trusty and well-beloved Servants, Franceys Marsyn, James Braybroke and John Stile, showing howe they should ordre themseifs when they come to the Presence of the old Quene of Naples and the young Quene her Daughter.*

First, after presentacion and delyverance of suche letters as they shall have with theym, to be delyvered to the said quene, from the ladie Katheryn, princesse of Wales, making her recommendacon and declaracon of such charges and words as shall bee shewed and committed unto theym by the said princesse, to be opened and declared on hir behalf to the said quene, they shall well note and marke the state that they kepe, and howe they be accympanyed with nobles and ladies.

2. Item, To take good hyde, and marke the stats that the said quenes kepe, and whether they kepe their estats and housholds apart, or in oon house togedres, and howe they be accompanyed, and what lords and ladies they have about theym.

3. Item, If it shall fortune the king's said servants to fynde the said quenes keeping their estats togedres, they shall wel and assuredly note and marke the manner of keeping and ordering theym i their estats with the countenance and manner of every of theym, and sucne answer as they shall make upon the speeche and communication as they shall have with theym at the delyverance of the said lettres and declaracion of thother matters before mentioned, and to marke hir discretion and gravity in her said communicacion and answer in every behalf.

4. They shall likewise endevor theym to understand, whether the yong quene speke any other langages than Spanyshe and Italyon, and whether she can speke any Frenshe or Latten.

5. Item, Specially, to marke and note well the age and stature of the said yong quene and the feturys of hir bodye.

6. Item, Specially, to marke favour of hir visage, whether she bee paynted or not, and whether it be fat or leene, sharpe or rounde, and whether hir countenance bee chierfull and amyable, frownyng or malincolyous, stedefast or light, or blushing in communicacion.

7. Item, To note the clearness of hir skynne.

8. Item, To note the colors of hir here.

9. To note well hir ies, browes, teethe, and lippes.

10. Item, To marke well the fashion of hir nose, and the heithe and bredde of hir forehedde.

11. Item, Specially to note hir complexion.

12. Item, To marke hir armes, whethey they bee grete or small, long or shorte.

13 Item, To see hir hands bare, and note the fascion of theym, whether the palm of hir hand bee thikke or thynne, and whether hir hands bee fatte or leene, long or shorte.

14. Item. To note hir fingers, whether they bee long or shorte, small or grete, brode or narrowe before.

MARRIAGE OF HUMBERT, NOW KING OF ITALY, TO THE PRINCESS MARGHERITA OF SAVOY IN 1868.

15. Item, To mark whether hir nekke bee long or shorte, small or grete.

16. Item, To marke hir brest and pappes, whether they bee bigg or small.

17. To marke whether there appere any here about hir lippes or not.

18. Item, That they endeavor theym to speke with the said yong quene fasting, and that she may tell unto theym some matier at lengthe, and to approach as nere to hir mouthe as they honestly maye, to thentent that they may fele the condition of hir brethe, whether it be swete or not, and to marke at every time when they speke with hir, if they fele any savor of spices, rose-waters, or muske, by the brethe of her mouthe, or not.

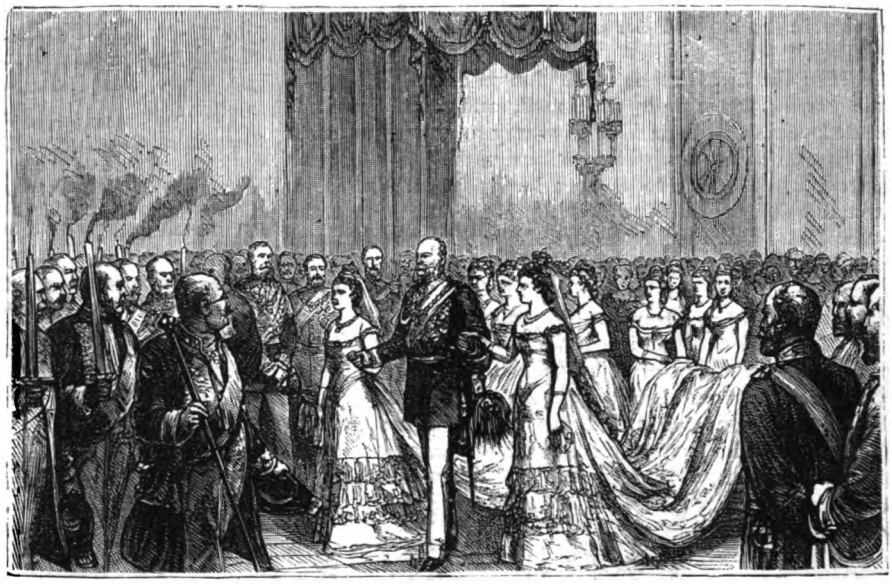
19. Item, To note the hight of hir stature, and to enquire whether she were any slippers, and at what hight hir slippers bee, to thentent they be not deceyved in the veray hight and stature of hir, and if they may come to the hight of hir slippers, then to note the fascion of hir foote.

20. Item, To enquire whether she have any sekenesse of hir nativitie, deformity or blemmyshe in her bodye, and what that should bee; or whether she hath been communely in health, or sometyme seke, and sometyme hole, and to know the specialities of suche diseases and sicknesse.

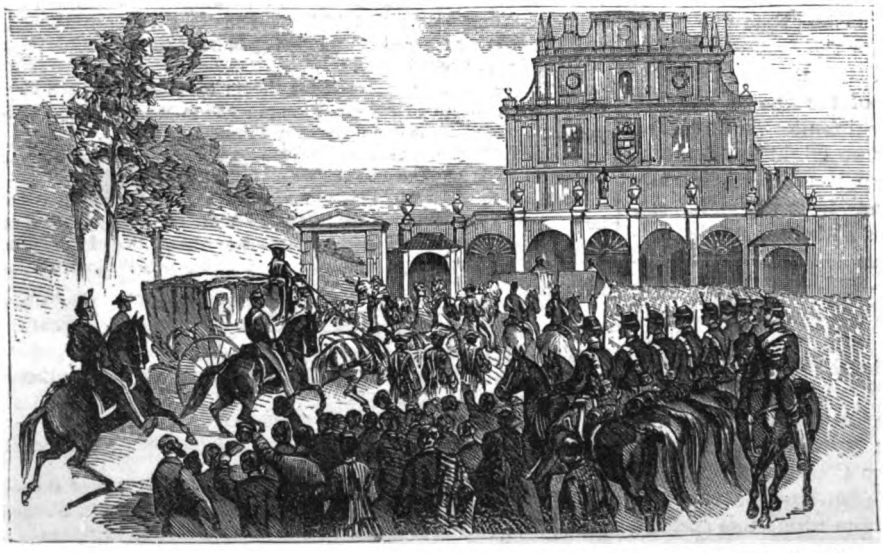
21. Item, whether she be in any singular favor with the king of Aragon, her uncle; and whether she have any resemblance in visage, countenance, or complexion to him.

22. Item, to enquere of the manner of hir diet, and whether she bee a grete feder or drynker, and whether she drynketh wyne or water, or bothe.

23. Item, the king's said servants shall also, at their comyng to the parties of Spayne, diligently enquere for some conynge paynter, having good experience in making and paynting of visages and portretures, and suche oon they shall take with theym to the place where the said quenes make their abode to thentent that the said paynter may drawe a picture of the said visage and semblance of the said yong quene, as like unto her as it can or maye be conviently doon; which picture and image they shall substancially note and marke in every pounte and circumstance, so that it agree in similitude and likenesse as near as it may possible to the veray visage, countenance, and semblance of the said quene; and in case they may perceyve that the paynter at the first or second making thereof hath not made the same perfaite to her similitude and likenesse, or that he hath omitted any feture circumstance either in colours or other



THE DOUBLE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN IN 1878.—THE FECKELTANZ.



MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS MARIA ISABELLA TO THE COUNT DI GIRGENTI AT MADRID IN 1868.

proporcions of the said visage, then they shall cause the same paynter, or some other conyng paynter that they can gete, soo oftentimes to renew and reform the same picture, till it be made perfaite, and agreeable in every behalf with the veray image and visage of the said quene.

24. Item, the king's said servants, by the wisest ways that they can use, shall make inquisicion and enserche what land or livelood the said yong quene hath, or shall have, after the decesse of her mother, either by the title or jointer or otherwisse, in the reame of Naples, or in any other place or contraye, what is the yearly value thereof, and whether she shall have the same to hir and hir heirs forever, or ells during her lif only; and to knowe the specialities of the title and value thereof in every behalf, as were as they shall knowe.

"Pray, madame, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents your writing to your fond lover? What affection stifles and puts aside the love, the tender and constant love, you promised me? Who can this new wonder be, this new lover, that absorbs all your time, tyrannizes over your days, and prevents you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine; some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you.

"But, seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news of you; write me four pages immediately, full of those charming things that fill my heart with tenderness and delight.

"I hope to embrace you before long; then I shall cover you with a million burning kisses. BONAPARTE."

THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S ROYAL CHAPEL OF WINDSOR.

A queer collection of royal and imperial love-letters might be made. Some of them would be found as silly and as devoid of public interest as productions of the kind from less exalted pens, whenever brought to light in court by breach of promise cases. And others would seem no less false and insincere than any like them can be; as, for instance, the one that Charles II. wrote to his bride, Catherine of Braganza, full of promises of exclusive affection, which he never dreamed of fulfilling. No love-letters could be at once more passionate and imperious than those of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, or more coy and artful than her own to him. None are more naïvely eager and desperate than those of Prince Augustus to Lady Augusta Murray, and, finally, none are more fervent, familiar and devoted than those of Napoleon I. to Josephine. Of the latter, one specimen will suffice. It was written at Verona, on November 13, 1796:

"I don't love you a bit; on the contrary, I detest you. You are an ugly, stupid, wicked hussy. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letters afford me, and yet you send me only half a dozen lines.

It is a very strange freak of destiny that by means of a grandson of the amiable victim of the mistake into which the writer of this letter afterward fell through ambition—the mistake of deserting Josephine for Marie Louise—the name and throne of Napoleon should have been restored for a long series of years.

The possible national importance of a royal bride's dowry is signally illustrated in the case of Catharine of Braganza, to whom Charles II. wrote so delusive a love-letter. Her dowry consisted of 500,000 pistoles, with Tangier, on the coast of Africa, and the Island of Bombay, with its forts, towns, bay and castles, and leave for the English to trade with Brazil and the East Indies. Tangier proved worthless, but Bombay was the origin of England's power in the East. These solid charms, although not then so fully appreciated as they have since been, might have amply compensated for greater lack of beauty than was attributed to Catharine by contemporary English historians, who did her less justice than her portraits, both in England and France. Admiral Lord Sandwich extolled her modest and pious demeanor, and described her as a pleasing, if not a pretty, woman. Lord Dartmouth affirms

that the King, when he saw her, asked "if they sent him a bat, instead of a woman"; but he wrote no such uncivil remark. In his own autograph he declared that "her eyes were excellent good, her expression agreeable, and his skill in physiognomy told him she was as good a woman as ever was born, with wit enough, and an agreeable voice"; adding "that he thought himself very happy, and that they two would be happy together." No doubt, as Miss Strickland says, that would have been the case, had he been half as good as his wife.

James II., unlike Charles II., was not disappointed at the first sight of the bride provided for him as Duke of York. On the contrary, the sailor-prince was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort and future queen his friend the Earl of Peterborough had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the Earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." He even abstained from manifesting ill temper when he perceived the childish aversion which his fifteen-year-old bride, on their first interview, betrayed toward a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior. The subsequent trials of James and Mary Beatrice closely knit their hearts together, in fonder affection than is usually shared by a royal pair.

To enter into details concerning royal marriages in the East, either in ancient or modern times, would tempt us too far from our main purpose at present. Suffice it to say that the different matrimonial conditions of Oriental and Occidental life have an extreme illustration in the fact, already mentioned, that the Sultan of Turkey is held to be of too exalted a rank to permit of his being united in wedlock with any woman. Eastern potentates of inferior grade, however, are not thus exempt from the bonds of matrimony. Indeed, they are generally very much married, and their marriages are sometimes followed by strange complications. The interesting facts may also be noted, on the authority of a rare book—Mohan Lal's "Life of Sultan Mohammed Khan," published in London more than thirty years ago—that the recent costly Afghan war, now brought to a peaceful conclusion, can be indirectly traced to difficulties between Sultan Mohammed Khan and the Ameer Dost Mohammed, father of the late Ameer Shere Ali, and grandfather of Yakoob Khan, and that those difficulties arose from deadly rivalry of a matrimonial origin. One of the Ameer Dost Mohammed's wives was a lady of the royal family of Sadozar, who, when the decline of that dynasty commenced, had attracted the attention of Sultan Mohammed Khan, and a correspondence took place between them. She prepared to leave Kabul to be married to him, when the Ameer Dost Mohammed, also smitten with her charms, forcibly seized her and compelled her to become his wife. This at once created and ever after maintained animosity between the two brothers, and Sultan Mohammed Khan was often heard to say that nothing would afford him greater pleasure, even at breathing his last, than to drink the blood of the Ameer. The latter was always an unscrupulous scamp. It was in allusion to an act of his that it is said a breach of decorum has overthrown a dynasty, and a lady's girdle has changed the destinies of a kingdom; for such were the results of his committing the offense, unpardonable in Eastern eyes, of taking off the jeweled band which fastened the trousers of his captive, the daughter-in-law of Shah Zader.

Popes and Cardinals, like the Sultan, the Prophet's successor, never marry — that is, hardly ever. Among the very few exceptions to the rule may be named Amadeus VIII., called "the Pacific," Count of Savoy, made first Duke of Savoy by the Emperor Sigismund in 1416. Eighteen years after that date Amadeus abdicated his ducal crown in favor of his son Louis, and became a monk. He was made a Cardinal, and elected Pope—or, rather, Anti-Pope—as Felix V., during the troubled times of Pope Eugene IV., and after the famous Council of Florence. In 1449 he resigned the tiara and retired to Ripaglia, where, two years afterward, he died. Of this Cardinal and Anti-Pope, the ex-Duke of Modena, the senior direct representative of the House of Stuart, and who died three years ago, was a descendant. The Duke of Modena could claim also collateral descent from another Cardinal, who married not before, but after, he became a prince of the Church; and not only married, but married his own niece. This was Maurice, Cardinal of Savoy, the restless and ambitious brother of Victor Amadeus I. Maurice was permitted, in 1642, by Pope Urban VIII., to marry his brother's daughter, Louise-Marie of Savoy; just as the same pontiff, four years later, allowed Cardinal Casimir of Poland to ascend the Polish throne and become the husband of his sister-in-law, Mary Gonzaga, the widow of King Ladislas; and just as Pope Alexander VIII., in 1695, permitted the Cardinal Rinaldo di Este to exchange his red hat for the ducal crown of Ferrara, and his vows of celibacy for vows matrimonial.

It may be worth while to reproduce a few more such bits of history, in order to show how past and present have been affected by the mixed alliances of royal families. By the death of the late Francis V., of Modena, the representation of the royal line of Stuart passed, not to Don Carlos of Spain, as has been imagined by certain genealogical inquirers, nor to any prince at all, but to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis, and mother of Prince Rupert, of Bavaria.

Maria Theresa of Austria-Este, this legitimate sovereign of Great Britain to-day—to speak the language of "divine right"—received, however, no visit from Queen Victoria, as the latter was returning recently to England from Italy, although if Victoria had as much respect as her uncles George IV. and the Duke of Sussex had for old monarchical ideas, she would have stopped at the summer-house of Prince Louis of Bavaria, Amsee, and done homage to the lady into whose proper seat she has herself, by the force of circumstances, been thrust.

So far as Cardinal Rainaldo d'Este is represented in the English blood-royal, too, he happens, oddly enough, to be represented in the line of Modena and not in the line of Hanover. So that a negative answer must be given to the query whether the Prince of Wales, as representing the Hanover House of Guelph and Este, may be said to be descended from a Cardinal. The late Francis V. of Modena represented James I. of England, through the daughter of his son, Charles I., while Queen Victoria and the rest of the reigning family represent James I. only through the heirs of his daughter Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Henrietta Marie, the daughter of Charles I., married her cousin, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV., and by him had three children, the youngest of whom, Anne Marie d'Orleans, married, in 1684, Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy. In 1704, her husband was made King of the Two Sicilies, and having been driven from that throne by a sudden and audacious manœuvre of Spain, then under the control of Cardinal Alberoni, in 1718, the Allies consoled him by giving him the throne of Sardinia.

It is a curious freak of destiny which in our own times has not only restored the crown of the Two Sicilies to the race of King Victor, but for a time placed upon the head of one of his descendants, Amadeus, the crown of Spain; and it would be a still more curious freak of destiny which should

give substance to the rumors lately flying about in Europe of an intended marriage between this same Amadeus and the youngest daughter of the interloping House of Hanover in England.

A little more than nine hundred years ago, Danish marriages, so called, still formed a peculiar feature of Norman history. The historian tells us that of the five generations of Norman Dukes, from Rollo to William the Bastard, or the Conqueror, the children of Richard the Good alone were born of a marriage sanctioned by the Church, and legal in our sense of the word. Loose as the marriage tie universally was at this date in Europe, we must seek for another explanation of this custom of the Normans, which found some analogy in Danish England. The Scandinavians seem to have been once a polygamous people, and perhaps this was a remnant of the ancient state of society. The position of a woman married by Danish fashion seems to have been that of a legally recognized concubine, who could not leave her husband at her will, and was recognized as his wife until he chose to sever the connection and seek another wife. In that case the tie was dissolved, and the children were not necessarily looked upon as the legal heirs of the father. The Church would naturally defend this view, and assert the superiority of the wife married according to her rites, or, as in the case of Richard the Fearless himself, enforce the subsequent celebration of religious rites between the husband and his concubine.

Perhaps something of this custom still lingers in the morganatic marriages contracted by European monarchs and persons near the throne, at the present day. In some exceptional cases, a morganatic wife holds a recognized position even at court; but her offspring are not legally entitled to the hereditary privileges of their father. Nevertheless, they are usually well provided for, and several unions of this kind have proved much happier than others more strictly conventional. To cite but one instance: the marriage of King Ferdinand of Portugal with Miss Elise Hensler, on the 10th of June, 1869, is duly recorded in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Miss Hensler, now the Countess d'Edla, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, where her father, a German immigrant, had settled as a respectable mechanic. While engaged in completing in Europe her studies for the operatic stage, this estimable American lady attracted the attention of King Ferdinand, who sought and won her hand. The Countess d'Edla is deservedly a favorite at the court of her royal husband's son, the actual King of Portugal, and her married life is described as very happy. By-the-by, in an account recently published of a visit paid to her by ex-President and Mrs. Grant, the wife of King Ferdinand is strangely enough confounded with Miss Therese Elssler, sister of the celebrated Viennese dancer, Fanny Elssler, with whom Therese performed till 1850, when she became the morganatic wife of the late Prince Adelbert of Prussia, and was ennobled as Frau von Barnim. She died November 18th, 1878.

During the past eighteen months many royal and princely weddings have been celebrated, including a double royal wedding at Berlin, the silver wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians, at Brussels; the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, at Vienna, and, finally, the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress, at Berlin.

King Alfonso, of Spain, was married on the 23d of January, 1878, to his cousin, the Princess Maria de las Mercedes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Thirty years previously, the marriage of the monarch of Spain was a political event upon which centred all the intrigues of the French and English Courts, each of which favored rival aspirants for the post of King Consort.

Alfonso is a son of the lately expelled Queen Isabella II., whose husband was her cousin-german, Don Francisco d'Assisi, proclaimed King on the 10th of October, 1846, when he was married to her by the contrivance of the late Louis Philippe, then King of the French. Her sister, the Infanta Louisa, was at the same time married to the Duc de Montpensier, the youngest son of King Louis Philippe, doubtless with a view to the marriage of Queen Isabella proving childless, and the crown of Spain devolving finally upon his grandson's head. This expectation was not exactly realized; but a granddaughter of the wily old King of the French came at length to share the Spanish throne with a son of Queen Isabella.

This young Queen Maria Mercedes was but nineteen on the 19th of June previous to her marriage, and King Alfonso was but twenty on the 28th of November, 1877—a juvenile pair.

If rumor is to be trusted, this was no political, but a mere love, match, King Alfonso having loved his cousin long before he landed in Spain in 1875. In the early part of December, 1877, the King officially announced to a Cabinet council his intention of marrying the Princess Mercedes, and on the 6th of December he dispatched the Duke of Sexto, his chamberlain, formally to demand her hand from the Duke of Montpensier, her father.

His marriage project having been approved by the Cortes on January 15th, 1878, the wedding took place with great pomp and splendor in the Atocha church at Madrid, on the 23d of January. It was attended by special envoys from all the Courts of Europe, the Earl of Roslyn being there to represent Queen Victoria, of England.

Queen Isabella, who was in exile at Paris, disapproved of her son's marriage to his cousin; but her mother, the late Dowager Queen Christina, at one time Regent of Spain, was at Madrid to witness the royal nuptials. As for the people, they were intent rather on the programme of the bull-fights and other accompaniments of the pageant than on any political prospects which the marriage might be imagined to unfold.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Convent of Atocha, where members of the Spanish royal family are always married. This chapel contains the miracle-working image of the Virgin, the patroness of Madrid and protector of the royal family. She is the recipient of all the cast-off wedding dresses of the Queen of Spain. The interior of the chapel, although it can boast of no architectural beauty or grandeur, presented on this occasion a very imposing sight. Old Froissart would have described it with delight. The whitewashed walls had been covered with velvet hangings, embossed with the arms of Castile, and the old flags above could be seen in their tattered and dusty glory. The altar was splendidly illuminated and decorated; inside the railings was a numerous body of clergy. The robes of Cardinal Moreno, the Primate; Benevideo, the Patriarch of the Indies; the Bishops of Orihuela and of Salamanca, were among the most conspicuous. The Canons of Atocha took part in the ceremony, and the Papal Nuncio was present. The mass was a short one, and the King and Queen then moved to their seats on the right of the altar. The assembly was, says an eye-witness, a brilliant show. The senators, deputies and delegates of local authorities wore uniforms and innumerable crosses, bands, stars and medals. The grandees had mustered in full force. The ladies of grandees, with their elegant toilets, relieved the monotony of the uniforms present: The toilets of the Duchesses of Sestos and the Duchess of Hijar were much admired. The Marshals present were Serrano and Concha, Quesada and Rubelcale. Both Houses had sent their

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE MILAN OF SERVIA TO THE COUNTESS NATHALIE PETROWNA IN 1875.

Presidents and some members, who occupied an elevated platform in the nave, where the Bar, the Judges, the Provincial Councils, the Ayuntamiento and the Press were also placed.

When the Princess Mercedes arrived at the entrance of the Atocha, a few minutes after the King had taken his place near the altar, every one bent forward to catch a glimpse of the future Queen as she advanced to the altar. She wore a white vail and dress, trimmed with Alençon and orange-blossoms; on her head was a diadem of pearls and brilliants, given by the Princess of Asturias, and her earrings and collars, also in pearl and diamonds, were a gift of the King.

The Princess of Asturias walked on the left of the Infanta. She wore a white satin dress, and vest of Alençon lace, with a deep crimson mantle. Her diadem was of rubies and brilliants. The three Infantas wore pretty white dresses, with wreaths of roses.

When the King and the Infanta reached the altar, King Francisco and the Princess of Asturias stood close behind as sponsors. The Patriarch of the Indies went through the ceremonial of asking the King whether impediment existed to his contracting alliance with Donna Mercedes. The Patriarch then turned to the Infanta, and before she answered she kissed the hands of her parents.

MARRIAGE OF ALFONSO XII. OF SPAIN TO THE INFANTA MERCEDES IN 1878.

Then, in a very audible voice, she answered Cardinal Benavides. The royal pair united their hands, and in the solemn words of the ritual the Cardinal took the Almighty to witness that they were united in the holy sacrament of matrimony. The cardinal then gave them the benediction. He placed one ring on the King's right hand, and gave him the other to place on the left hand of the Infanta Mercedes. The cardinal placed on the King's hand the marriage coin, and Alfonso XII. repeated after the prelate the formula, "Wife, this coin and ring I give thee as a token of marriage." The young Queen answered, "As such I receive them." The Archbishop and Chapter led the King and Queen

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE MARGARET OF PRUSSIA IN 1879.

MARRIAGE OF THE CZAREWITCH ALEXANDER TO THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK IN 1866.

seats which had been placed under a dais to the right of the altar. Mass again, and the solemn strains of the organ and choir filled the church with that grandeur which is characteristic of the ceremonies of Rome.

After the final benediction, and when the last Gospel had been read, the cardinal turned to their Majesties and, in a loud voice, said, "I give your Majesty, not a slave, but a companion; love her as Christ loves His Church. *Ite in pace*" (Go in peace). The organ pealed forth the strains of a wedding march as their Majesties quitted the church.

The procession from the church to the Royal Palace was seen to great advantage in the Puerta del Sol, where six of the city streets meet in a spacious open square. The trumpeters of the royal household were in front, with mounted servants in royal liveries, three-cornered hats and powdered wigs. The kings-at-arms and heralds followed, in front of more servants leading horses in ancient harness. Horse guards preceded the state coaches of the envoys extraordinary and the carriages of the grandees. Most of the Spanish grandees displayed much splendor in their liveries, horses and gala carriages. The state coaches of the household, under escort of horse-guards and preceded by equerries, were next in order. In a carriage drawn by six horses richly harnessed, and led by servants in royal liveries, were the Infantas; the Count and Countess of Paris; the titular King Francisco, husband of the late Queen Isabella II.; the Countess of Girgenti, and the Montpensiers. Four outriders and officers, sword in hand, then appeared, and the troops presented arms; the staff lowered their blades. The royal carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses, was escorted on each side by the Captain-general of Madrid and other general officers. Behind came a brilliant staff of generals and a squadron of horse-guards in dark-blue uniform, with plumed helmets.

When the King and Queen were seen, some cheers were raised in the balconies and windows, and the crowd pressed forward with eagerness to see them. On the whole route from the Atocha to the palace, the best marks of sympathy came from the people on the balconies, but the crowd was very quiet and orderly.

Alas, for the vanity of even royal hopes! All this pageantry was followed, in five months, by a funeral. The youthful Mercedes died on the 26th of June. On the 28th, after lying in state, her body was borne by eight grandees of Spain to a magnificent hearse, drawn by the same eight white horses which had conducted the Queen as a bride from the church of Atocha to the palace. Her remains were carried to the Escorial for temporary interment, and will eventually be placed in a monumental church to be erected to her memory by the King. For, as Her Majesty died without issue, she was not entitled to interment in the Tomb of the Kings, in the Escorial.

The double royal wedding which took place at Berlin on the 18th of February, 1878, was solemnized in the Sexagon Chapel attached to the Emperor's palace. It was attended by a most distinguished company, more than sixty members of reigning families being present—among them the Princess of Wales. The brides were Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria; and Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, second daughter of Prince Frederick Charles. The first-named was united to the hereditary Prince Bernhard, of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest son and heir of the reigning Duke, George II., while the other bridegroom was the hereditary Grand Duke, George of Oldenburg. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Koegel, Palace Chaplain to His Imperial Majesty, was followed by a series of festivities which date from medieval times.

At the moment that the brides and bridegrooms exchanged rings, the joyous tidings were announced to the city by the roar of artillery and the pealing of church-bells. The bridal couples then received the congratulations of their relatives, and, amidst the strains of sacred music, the whole company moved off to the Red Velvet Chamber, where a more general congratulation was offered.

The Emperor and Empress next proceeded to the White Hall, and ascending a dais in front of the throne, surrounded by the Royal Family and guests, gave the signal for what is technically called *La Cour*. This ceremony consists in the whole of the assembly defiling past the throne, and bowing to the Emperor and Empress. The brides and bridegrooms, the Ambassadresses, Lady Odo Russell, and Countess Karolyi, opened the stately array. The wives of the various envoys and secretaries followed, and were in turn succeeded by the wives of the German dignitaries, at the head of whom was the Princess Bismarck. Supper was served in the Knights' Hall for the Royal personages, who were waited upon at table by princes and dukes of the most distinguished families in the land. A special feature of the entertainment were two towering wedding-cakes, ordered from England by the Crown Prince, and much admired by those Teutonic personages who had never seen nor tasted anything of the kind. After the soup was removed, the Emperor gave the toast, "Abiding happiness to the newly married couple!" The general company had ample buffets to resort to in a whole suite of apartments. After supper came the famous ceremony peculiar to the German Court, and known as the *Fackeltanz*, or torchlight procession.

Their Majesties of Germany and Belgium, and the newly married couples, seated themselves on the dais in front of the throne, with the other royal personages on both sides, the ladies to the right and the gentlemen to the left. The Prussian Cabinet Ministers then approached, led by Prince Salm-Salm, the Grand Marshal of the Court, and each carrying a huge lighted taper. They bowed before Her Majesty, and turned away to the right. The newly married couples then rose and made the circuit of the hall, the Ministers going before them, and the band playing a polonaise composed for the occasion.

The first circuit over, the Emperor got up and went round with the brides. Next it was the Empress's turn to conduct the bridegrooms over the same ground. The other royalties succeeded, one by one, until every royal lady present had danced with the two bridegrooms, and every prince with the two brides. To complete this cycle no less than twenty-two circuits were required. After the last round, the Ministers handed the tapers to pages, who conducted the newly married couples to their apartments. The lady stewardesses of the brides then gave to each of the guests a small velvet or silk ribbon in the Prussian colors, representing a piece of the bride's garter, and this ceremony completed the spectacle.

The celebration of the Royal Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians began on the 9th of August and extended over several days. Marie Henriette Anne, Queen of the Belgians, and Archduchess of Austria, a daughter of the late Archduke Joseph Anthony John, Palatine of Hungary, was born at Buda Pesth, on the 23d of August, 1836, and was married to Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, on the 22d of August, 1853. When the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage approached, Brussels, the Belgian capital, was decked out in all the glory of the national colors everywhere, whether as flags and banners, or wreaths and garlands. The residents and visitors wore ribbons and rosettes. The King and Queen had a hard week of it. On Monday, after visiting Bruges, they were present at a banquet. On Tuesday there was a

diplomatic deputation and another banquet. There were more receptions on Wednesday, though it was supposed to be an "off day." On Thursday, the actual anniversary of the wedding, the religious celebration took place at the Church of St. Gudule. Cardinal Deschamps and five Belgian bishops officiated.

Next came the great event of the day, the procession of upward of two thousand Belgian women, led by Madame Anspach, the wife of the Burgomaster of Brussels. These were charged with the pleasing duty of presenting the diamond crown and suits of lace, the subscriptions for which, though limited to a maximum of five cents, had produced nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. The crown was very elegant, but very small, and is intended to be fixed on the hair. In front is a large diamond worth ten thousand dollars, the gift of one of the Belgian consuls abroad. For some days these articles were on view at the Hotel de Ville, and out of the payment of two cents by each person for admission, a dinner was given to the poor.

The representative women of the Communes assembled in the Park, and advanced along the grand alley to the Palace, under the marshaling of some male officials of the Communes. The King, wearing a general's uniform, and the Queen a costume of the national colors—maize-colored silk, black lace, and scarlet velvet bonnet—took up their positions behind the small table on which the presents were laid. Madame Anspach advanced, and, in a few graceful sentences, told Her Majesty of the desire of the Belgian women, there represented by delegates from every city, town and village in the Kingdom, to offer to their gracious Sovereign some slight token of their affection and respect on so joyful an occasion. The Queen briefly returned thanks, and then the deputations began to defile past; the King and Queen bowing to each lady delegate.

During the day the Marquis of Hamilton presented the King with a magnificent silver-covered cup, sent to His Majesty by the Prince of Wales; and Lord Torrington, on the part of Queen Victoria, handed to the Queen a letter conferring on Her Majesty the Ladies' Order of the Victoria and Albert, and the insignia in diamonds. At night there was a general illumination of the city, and their Majesties attended a banquet given by the Councils-General. On Friday there was a review of the Civil Guard on the Place du Palais; and in the evening, when the weather brightened for a short time, the King and Queen, who had given a banquet and held a reception at the Palace, were serenaded by some of the associations which were to have taken part in the monster torchlight procession that had been countermanded on account of the rain. Saturday was the children's day. All the communal schools of Brussels, strengthened by deputations from every prominent school in the kingdom, paraded before their Majesties, plenteously provided with banners, and each school brought to the Queen an offering of flowers in a basket.

The wedding of Prince Henry, brother of the King of Holland, to Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," nephew of the Emperor of Germany, took place on the 24th of August, 1878, at Potsdam. Prince Henry, who lost his first wife, Princess Amelia, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, was one of the wealthiest princes in Europe. The Princess Mary is one of the most highly cultivated women to whom Germany has given birth. She is especially fond of scientific studies. She is also a good musician and artist, and an excellent linguist, being particularly proficient in Latin. As soon as her engagement with Prince Henry was decided upon, she began to study Dutch, which she quickly learned. The Prince gave his bride a magnificent sapphire-and-diamond parure, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, designed after a picture by Holbein.

A grand ball was held at Potsdam Chateau to celebrate the marriage, and so many guests were invited that a battalion of soldiers was first ordered to dance in the ballroom to test its stability.

Prince Henry, who was born on the 13th of June, 1820, died on the 13th of January, 1879. He was the youngest son of the late King William II., by Queen Anna Paulowna, a daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia. The Prince administered the Duchy of Luxembourg for many years with great success. He held the office of Lieutenant-Admiral commanding the Dutch navy, and also a high nominal rank in the Russian navy. For some time he had been regarded as the hope of the Dutch dynasty; the Prince of Orange, King William's heir, being, like his father, a notorious profligate, and residing chiefly at Paris; while the King's second son, Prince Alexander, is a person of delicate health, and indisposed to marriage. Here was the main reason for Prince Henry's second marriage, which, in its turn, determined the King himself to marry again. The sudden death of Prince Henry, the most popular prince of the House of Orange, was an event of no small importance, and greatly enhances the interest taken by the people of Holland in the new Queen whom the King gave them only a week before his brother died.

But prior, in chronological order, to the wedding of the King of Holland, must be noted that, on the 5th of November, 1878, of the Princess Bismarck, daughter of the great German Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, with Count Rantzau, who has since been appointed Counselor at the German Embassy in Paris. The civil marriage took place at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The religious ceremony was performed at the Radziwell Palace, in the hall in which the sessions of the Berlin Congress were held. The bride was elegantly attired in a dress of white satin and lace. She wore diamonds and pearls, and a superb bridal vail. Among the eminent personages present were the Crown Prince and Count Letrudoy, the latter representing the Emperor, who sent the bride and the Princess Bismarck, her mother, each a pair of magnificent diamond bracelets. He also sent to Prince Bismarck the Order of the Crown, Sceptre and Star of the first class, also the Order of the Red Eagle, which no one had previously received.

Surely it would be wrong to omit from a chronicle of royal and princely weddings the wedding of the daughter of such a modern Warwick, or king-maker and emperor-maker, as Prince von Bismarck; nor would it be amiss to insert in it the wedding of Fraulein Maggie von Rothschild, daughter of one of the Money-Kings of the world. The Duke de Guiche, the eldest son and heir of the Duke de Grammont, was married to her on the 6th of December, at Berlin. The Duke, whose first wife, Princess Isabelle de Beauvan, died and left him a widower with one daughter, in 1875, was reported, a year or two ago, to be about to be married to an American lady, who subsequently married into a distinguished British family.

In December, 1878, was announced the approaching marriage of the Duke of Medina Cœli with a daughter of the Count de Torrecilla. Three years before, the Duke had married a daughter of the Duke of Alba; but, like King Alfonso, he was in a few months left a widower. The Duke of Medina Cœli, whose death by accidentally shooting himself was announced on May 15th, was the largest landowner in Spain, and had an immense palace in Madrid. No other Spanish grandee could boast of so many titles as he. A descendant of the "Great Captain,"

he was only five-and-twenty, and one of the handsomest men in Spain.

A curious custom prevails in this family, on the death of a Spanish monarch. The headsman, with his ax, then appears before the Duke for the time being, inquires whether he intends to claim the throne, and, on receiving satisfactory assurances to the contrary, departs in peace.

As an illustration of the modern improvements in connection with princely weddings, it may be mentioned that an Italian princess, on the eve of her marriage, toward the close of 1878, had her *trousseau* made in Paris, and in order to let her know how to wear them, her dressmaker sent with each toilet a little doll attired from head to foot precisely as the princess herself was to be; shoes, stockings, skirts, headdress and every detail being reproduced in the costume of each doll.

The month of December, 1878, will be particularly memorable in Denmark for the marriage of a cousin of the Empress-Queen Victoria, of Great Britain and India, to a sister of the Princess of Wales. At eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, December 21st, His Royal Highness the Prince Ernest Augustus William Adolphus George Frederick ("I like to give the whole name," Goldsmith used to say), Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, and Earl of Armagh, P. C. K. G., King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, was married, at Copenhagen, to the Princess Thyra Amelia Caroline Charlotte Anne, third daughter and fifth child of the King of Denmark. The Bishop of Zealand, Dr. T. L. Martensen, who had baptized and confirmed the Princess, gave the nuptial benediction. The ceremony was conducted according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, at the Stotskirken, or Royal Chapel, which faces the Castle of Christiansborg—the palace in which are the Chambers of Parliament and the Royal Picture Gallery, and which is enriched with some of Thorwaldsen's finest works. The chapel itself, though prettily decorated, is not a very notable building. It had been intended that the service should take place at the Summer palace of Fredensborg; but this idea was abandoned by the kind-hearted and popular King, as it would have deprived the people of the capital of any share in the festivities. The crowds in the city were particularly enthusiastic in their manifestations of loyalty and joy, which they intended as a demonstration against sinister rumors that a letter had been received threatening the King of Denmark with assassination, and that a box of Orsini bombs had been seized at Hamburg. The garrison of Copenhagen was confined to its barracks on the wedding-day. A lively letter, dated Copenhagen, December 22d, the day after the wedding, was published in the New York *World* on the following Monday, and it gave many interesting facts in relation to this important marriage.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SAXONY, IN NOVEMBER, 1872.

The King of Denmark has married off all his daughters, and of his six children only the handsome young Prince Waldemar, a youth of twenty, remains to be matrimonially disposed of. His eldest son will succeed to the Danish throne, his second wears the crown of Greece; his eldest daughter is the future Queen of England, and his second the future Empress of Russia—remarkable good fortune for the sovereign of a small and cruelly mutilated kingdom, who, not very many years ago, "was living in a quiet chateau in the Holstein marshes with his wife and children, puzzling his wits how to make both ends meet on his narrow income." It was this same King of whom the wicked wits said that he desired a pair of boots transmitted by telegraph, and when he was informed that the telegraph only forwarded messages, replied blandly, "I know it, for people in general, but for the King——?"

SILVER WEDDING PROCESSION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT VIENNA IN 1879.—HERR HANS MAKART AND THE FINE ARTS GROUP PASSING BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

How good a match His Majesty has made for his third daughter remains to be seen. Gossips say that her eldest sister, the Princess of Wales, won the heart of the future King of England by reading Shakespeare to him, and, when he complimentarily said that he should like to engage her as his reader, replying that her terms were twenty-five shillings—"a sovereign and a crown." Bismarck is credited with a disagreeable monetary *mot* about the present match—that having two crowns and two half-crowns in the family, King Christian was now going in for smaller change.

Under certain circumstances, the Princess Thyra's husband might have stood where stands the spouse of her sister Alexandra. He is the son of a king, George V. of Hanover, whose father was the son of George III. of England, and thus the uncle of Queen Victoria—he was that detested Duke of Cumberland whom the too-loyal Orangemen once plotted to put on the English throne, to the exclusion of the young girl who was not thought strong enough by them adequately to defend the Protestant religion. George V., who had been blinded in youth at Eton while swinging a purse, the tassel of which struck him in the eye, was a victim of Bismarck in 1866. When the quarrel for supremacy arose between Prussia and Austria, the late George V. espoused the Austrian cause, and so lost his kingdom.

Prince Ernest Augustus is not likely to recover his father's crown, but his income will be largely increased if he accepts the proffered restoration of the family estates in lieu of the Hanoverian throne, and he is also heir to the aged Duke of Brunswick.

The Princess Thyra has been engaged—by the newspapers—about as frequently as the Princess Beatrice of England. The present King of Italy was set down as one of her girlhood's admirers; the Prince of Orange, and, later, his aged father, were on the list; so was the Duke of Connaught—so was the Prince Imperial. Gossips declared that the Prince of Wales favored the suit of the French Prince to put the latter out of the way of the Princess Beatrice, much as the Crown Princess was credited with making a match for her brother so that the young lady in this case might not marry her son; and descanted on the queer complication which would have made the three sisters, born Lutherans, members of the Anglican, Greek, and Roman Catholic Churches. There is still another suitor in Copenhagen, a young man of good family, who surprised the King by asking the Princess's hand at a public audience, and who proved to be mad as the hare of March, though he has sane intervals, in which he is one of the most popular residents of the Danish capital. The announcement that the Duke of Cumberland was the chosen bridegroom was greeted with surprise, and there is a story in circulation that the Princess, having three months before crossed the line of old maidenhood, wrote to Paris for "a bonnet—the most seductive you have," and therewith did the Duke's business. In point of fact, however, the marriage is one of inclination, and the attachment an old one, having been formed at Rome four years ago.

The Princess was twenty-five on the 29th of September last, and though neither so attractive as her sister Alexandra, nor so pretty as her sister Dagmar, has a beautifully shaped face; large, gentle eyes; and a very sweet expression. Her figure is as graceful as can consist with her extraordinary height, of which she is unfortunately a little over-conscious. She is a favorite with all classes in Denmark, on account of her gracious and unassuming manners and her unfeigned benevolence. She is highly accomplished, paints cleverly, is a true musician and an excellent linguist, and has traveled widely in Europe. The Duke of Cumberland, who was born September 21st, 1845, has a plump, good-humored, German-English face, and enjoys the reputation of a kind-hearted, generous man. On the 27th of last November, the Queen of England, as head of the Royal Family, gave her assent to the Duke's marriage, which was nearly broken off by a terrible accident. The Princess and her parents, through the carelessness of a gatekeeper, drove across a railroad just as a train dashed by, the buffers of which literally grazed the hind wheels of their carriage.

The King of Holland was married on the 7th of January, 1879, to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the Duke of Saxony and Prince William of Wurtemberg acting as witnesses. His two sons refused to be present at the ceremony at Arolsen, or during the subsequent festivities in Amsterdam and the Hague, and the marriage can scarcely be said to have met with popular favor, at least at first, notwithstanding the possibility it offered of procuring a surer direct succession, and thus strengthening Dutch independence. As has been remarked, "every man, woman and child in Holland knows full well that a failure of succession to the Dutch throne may mean the annihilation of the ancient independence of the Dutch people, and the absorption of the fertile provinces and the fine harbors of the Low Countries into the gigantic empire which Bismarck, the prince of blood and iron, is building up so sternly in Central Europe."

The new Queen of Holland, Queen Emma, was but five months over twenty years old at the date of her marriage, having been born on the 20th of August, 1858. The royal bridegroom, who was born on the 19th of February, 1817, was sixty-two years old, less a few days. Her father is Prince George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont, which is situated in northwestern Germany, and which was an independent sovereignty until 1868, when the control of its affairs was assumed by Prussia. He has six children, of whom five are daughters. Of these children, Princess Emma—or, rather, as she should be called, the Queen Consort of Netherlands—is the third. She is the second to make a royal marriage; her immediate senior, the Princess Marie, was married two years ago to Prince William of Wurtemberg, the cousin and heir-apparent of King Charles I. The Princes of Waldeck-Pyrmont are among the most ancient sovereigns of Germany; while on her mother's side the young Queen is allied to her husband's illustrious House of Nassau, which, having its origin somewhere about 915, branched off into two lines in 1255. The King of Holland is the head of the younger branch. Prince George Victor now retains a merely nominal power in his principality.

Queen Emma is described as being of medium stature and a nicely turned figure, with animated features, a fine complexion, a fresh and laughing mouth, and an abundance of chestnut hair, which she wears in waves down her forehead. "She is delightfully short-sighted, and has to make as much use of a business-like eye-glass as if she had been born on Beacon Hill, Boston. This quality—it must not be called a defect—is inherited from her mother, the Princess Helen, daughter of the late William, Duke of Nassau, once one of the most beautiful, stately and gracious women of Germany, but for some years past a confirmed invalid, who never leaves her bed till five in the evening, and then has to be borne through the chateau or along the garden-walks in a wheeled chair. On this account the life of the new Queen has hitherto been a very quiet one. Her father, Prince George Victor, is a tall, dark, heavily bearded man, pleasant, benevolent, and warmly beloved by his 57,743 subjects."

As for the King, her husband, his eccentricities have

worn out Dutch patience. His reign began with a scandal. He ran away, before his father died, to Scotland, as prompter in a dramatic company in which figured an actress of whom he was enamored, and he had to be sent for to ascend the throne. His neglect of his clever and popular wife, Queen Sophie, worried and wearied the society of the Hague. The country has felt hard times, like its neighbors; and the Acheenese expeditions, with their drain of blood and treasure, gave rise to murmurs which were not assuaged by the haste with which the old monarch went wife-hunting immediately after his wife's death, and his rupture with the Countess d'Amboise. The Princess Thyra of Denmark was first spoken of; then the rumor went abroad that he contemplated espousing his sister's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. At the close of September last, his betrothal to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont was formally announced. As already recorded, he was wedded to his youthful bride on the 7th of January, 1879, and the royal pair, after spending a ten days' honeymoon at the Palace of Lor, were received in great state at Amsterdam.

A Russian imperial marriage took place at St. Petersburgh on the 24th of January, 1879, when the Grand Duchess Anastasia, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is the youngest brother of the Emperor Alexander II., was wedded, with great pomp and ceremony, at the Winter Palace, to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Frederic Francis Paul Nicholas Ernest Henry, oldest son and heir-apparent of Frederic Francis II., reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by his first wife, a princess of Reuss-Schleiz. The bride was born July 28th (16th o.s.), 1860, and the bridegroom March 19th, 1851. His grandmother, who is still living at the age of seventy-six, is the only sister of the Emperor William of Germany. This marriage is regarded as having a certain, though somewhat remote, political importance; and it was celebrated with much solemnity. The city of St. Petersburgh was illuminated on the night of the wedding with great splendor, and *Te Deums* were sung in all the churches. In accordance with an ancient custom, the bells of the metropolis were rung in peals at intervals for the three following days.

On the 13th of March, 1879—despite the ominous number "13," and the ecclesiastical prohibition against marrying in Lent—the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns were united by a new family bond. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Coburg and Gotha, third son and seventh child of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, born May 1st, 1850, was wedded in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, to Princess Louisa Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes, of Prussia, born at Potsdam, July 25th, 1860, in the palace once the residence of Frederick the Great. She is the third and youngest daughter of Emperor William's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles Nicholas and of Princess Mary Anne of Anhalt. So many newspaper columns have been filled with descriptions of this royal wedding, and its minutest details must be so freshly remembered by our readers, that we may well spare them the trouble of re-reading it. Suffice it to say that "Queen's Weather," for a rarity, prevailed on the happy day, which was duly celebrated with all possible pomp and splendor. It exemplifies American journalistic enterprise and the swiftness of modern transatlantic communications that a special dispatch from George Augustus Sala, vividly describing the ceremonies, appeared in the New York *Telegram*, on the very evening of the wedding-day.

Our illustrations represent the bridal procession in St. George's Chapel; and the services at the altar performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the royal chapel of St. George.

On this occasion all the mourning for the recent death of Princess Alice was laid aside (to be resumed on the following day) except by the Queen and her ladies in waiting. The Knights of the several Orders wore their respective collars but not their robes, and the spectacle, therefore, was at no time so magnificent as that presented on occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the same chapel, when the Prince himself and all the other Knights of the Garter appeared in their long, sweeping robes of imperial blue velvet, caught up with knots of white satin ribbon on the shoulders, and "really made one of the grandest moving objects imaginable, to the intense delight of Mr. Frith," said the New York *World*, which on the next morning after the wedding of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaret also published a special dispatch recounting it. From this a brief but sparkling bit of description may be taken to give an idea of the scene in the chapel just before the service began. It is set forth as a scene of unusual brilliancy and animation. At the altar, under a blaze of golden reflections from the plate, were the officiating prelates in full canonicals, their lawn sleeves lighting up the dull robes; the dais before it was a garden of colors—uniforms, dresses, feathers, diamonds, and lace; amid which the figure of the Queen, in her black dress and white vail, and with her crown of diamonds and the blue ribbon and jeweled George of the Garter, stood out in sharp relief; pages in white and scarlet supported her train. The Prince of Wales's scarlet uniform and blue ribbon contrasted well with the more sober *tenue* of his brother, the rifleman. The matchless rubies of the Marquis of Hertford's Star sparkled from the breast of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who, like all the other Ministers, wore the Windsor uniform of blue and gold. All the Ambassadors were in court costume except those entitled to wear military uniforms, among whom the colossal figure of Count Münster, the representative of the German Empire, was magnificently conspicuous—his broad breast blazing with stars and his bold, strong features giving distinction to his whole bearing.

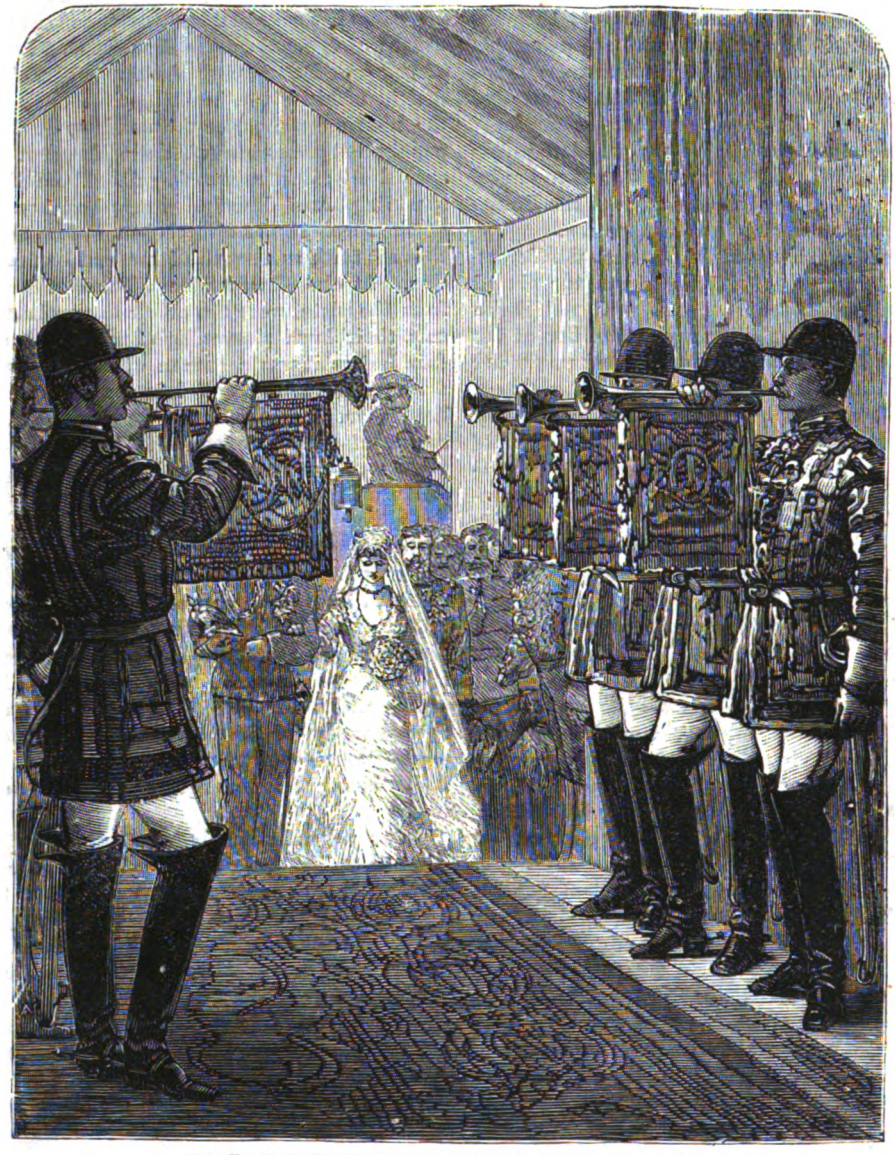
The royal and princely guests were for the most part *en militaire*, with breasts covered with decorations. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was now, as at the marriage of the Princess Louise, one of the most notable of the company. His picturesque dress fairly blazed with jewels and embroidery; nor was his wife, the English Maharanee, in a robe of cloth of gold, less conspicuous. The ladies (the Court mourning having been suspended for one day) were resplendent with colors and jewels. The Queen of the Belgians wore a magnificent maroon velvet, lined and trimmed with carmine; the Crown Princess of Germany wore a dark blue dress trimmed with ermine, the Order of Louise and the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert. The Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge) wore a green velvet dress trimmed with satin. Beyond, behind, and around the grand altar group and in the aisles were massed the attendants, officials, guards, pages, heralds, in variegated uniforms, standing motionless as statues while the words of the ceremony were read; and for frame to the whole picture were the majestic walls and roof of the old Plantagenet King, lighted here and there with the rays of a holiday sun stealing through the superb stained glass of the windows.

The celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria—beginning on the 24th of April, 1879, a series of *fêtes* which for splendor and artistic beauty

will probably remain unapproached in modern days, was the tenth of the kind that has taken place in the reigning House of Austria during the last six centuries.

On Wednesday, April 23d, the Imperial couple had already received the felicitations of deputations from every part of their polyglot empire. On Thursday the celebration began with the formal opening of the beautiful Votivkirche, a perfect example of the Gothic style. "It has two lofty spires, the carved and openwork of which against the sky look soft and fine as lace."

This building was commenced by the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, to commemorate his imperial brother's escape, February 18th, 1853, from the dagger of the Hungarian assassin Libeny. After the dedication ceremony, conducted by the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph's eldest surviving brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, the Emperor and Empress, followed by all the Court, proceeded to the church in state carriages to renew their vows. After this service, all returned to the Burg, where a banquet was given in honor of the representatives of the great foreign Powers.



THE STATE TRUMPETERS AT A ROYAL WEDDING IN ENGLAND.

In addition to the resident members of the diplomatic corps, there were present specially accredited envoys from nearly all the European sovereigns. Among these envoys was King Humbert's cousin, the Duke of Genoa. Marshal MacMahon, ex-President of the French Republic, and Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador to England, were also present.

The Empress, who had returned from her hunting tour in Ireland on hearing of the disastrous flood at Szegedin, wore a diadem of precious stones representing edelweiss, the gift of the members of the imperial family, in commemoration of the first gift she ever received from her destined husband—a bunch of edelweiss from the Tyrol Mountains. In the evening a gala performance was given at the splendid Opera-house before the Emperor and Empress, the Court and the distinguished visitors, by the united companies of the two Government theatres, the Opera and the Hofburg, in a piece written for the occasion by Auzenhuber.

The two most exceptional features of this silver wedding were the grand Trades Procession, which had to be postponed until Sunday, on account of bad weather, and the Tableaux Vivants, given exclusively by members of the imperial family, to an imperial audience of two, at the palace of the Emperor's brother, Archduke Charles Louis. The subjects for the tableaux were selected by an eminent historian from the annals of the Hapsburgs; an eminent Austrian poet wrote the prologue; the music was especially composed by Hans Richter; and, above all, the designs for both the tableaux and the grand trades procession, were made by that unrivaled Viennese artist, Hans Makart. The sketches in oil for the procession designs are so elaborated that they are to be preserved among the decorations of the new Town Hall in Vienna.

It is noteworthy that the artist came within an ace of retiring in disgust when some of the Anthony Comstocks of the city authorities criticised the scanty draperies of many of the figures, but ultimately he was induced to sacrifice his preferences for nature and historical accuracy to modern prejudices.

Our list of recent princely, royal and imperial weddings fitly ends with the Golden Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, celebrated on the 11th of June, 1879. But inasmuch as this article must go to press before the exhibition of that splendid and memorable spectacle, and as we lay no claim to the Scotch gift of "second sight," we shall not venture to describe it beforehand.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.—"GEOFFREY KNEW THAT THOSE WHO BORE POOR RAY'S BODY WERE SLOWLY COMING AFTER HIM. HE LAID STERN HANDS ON THE FRENZIED GIRL: 'COME,' HE SAID, 'DO NOT MAKE A SCENE HERE.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

THERE had been no sunshine that day—a gusty March day, with a blustering wind and scurrying clouds. Now the wind had died away, and a wan twilight lay over the scene, over wet seaweed and sighing reeds, and bare, gray rock and glistening sea-sand. A desolate place, you would have said, yet, to the lonely man who sat down on a bit of rock to survey it, Eden could not be fairer. He saw it in the sunshine of his boyish dreams—an uncreated light transformed it—a light that never shone on sea or land.

Yes; on that very stone Geoffrey Hope had sat in his boyhood, and watched the great waves go out with weary moan, or listened to the sea-gull's cry; and later, just there, he had listened to something that had transformed the scene, glorified it in his eyes for ever—the voice of pretty Rose Cameron, as she murmured, "I love you!" And this was five years ago—five years since those words had stirred him to go out into the world to strive to conquer fortune. A hard tussle he had had; often far from post-offices, no news had reached him for years; in the wilds of Australia he had made a home for his Rose, and found the way to wealth. Now he had come home unannounced to give her a glad surprise.

Five years! he wondered if it had stolen any of the wild-rose bloom from her cheek or the dancing light from her blue eyes, or the joy from her step or the music from her voice!

Strange that he had sat down in that lonely place and mused on all this, instead of hurrying on and assuring himself! Ay, he lingered with a strange fear tugging at his heart. He had heard no word for three years, and in that time what might not have happened? The possibilities of life and death rushed before him, and blended with the darkening sea and sky.

Looking about him thus at each familiar object, picturing Rose's fresh face and wind-blown curls, as she had sat by his side there, he was aware of another presence not far from him—a woman, as he could see by the dark outline against the sky. His heart throbbed, for he thought of but one woman. What, if Rose came there sometimes to think of him? But it was too late and lonely for his pretty Rose.

This woman stood on a gray point of rock that jutted out over the water. She did not see him; she stood awhile, as if wrapt in thought; then suddenly flung herself down—down in the foaming water! There was no time for surmise or wonder; quick as thought Geoffrey threw himself after her. He had been a good swimmer from childhood; but this woman did not want to be saved. She struggled against it, but he conquered at last.

When he laid her all dripping on the wet sand, she fainted dead away; and he sat down, spent and exhausted, wondering what he should do next. A pale moon struggled out, and showed him the face that lay in a sleep like death—the jetty hair swept back from the forehead, the black, delicately arched eyebrows; the dark, clear skin, the small mouth; and over all a passionate grief that showed why she had flung her life away as a worthless weed.

Just then friendly steps sounded near, and Geoffrey Hope started to his feet. A couple of burly laborers were in sight, and as they approached, and looked at what appeared to be a dead woman and a strange man, a suspicious look came upon their faces.

"She has only fainted," Geoffrey said; "I am glad of help, for I did not know what to do."

"Best carry her to the village at once; or, Bill, let's have some o' that there brandy."

Bill pulled out a flat bottle, in which there was very little left.

"Well, you are a oner!" said the other, as he looked at it. "Here, sir, perhaps you could put this drop in your good lady's mouth."

Geoffrey took the flask, and tried to wet the woman's pale lips with it; but he said, quickly:

"I never saw this poor person before. I found her here, as you have found us both."

"Crikey, you don't say so!" cried the one called Bill, stooping over her. "Why, I thought I knew her—it's Carrol Hope's wife!"

His brother's wife! So Carrol had married since he had heard from home; but why should Carrol's wife be sick of her life?

He helped the men lift her up gently.

"We had better take her to the first house," he said. "It would be a great shock to Carrol—to Mr. Hope—if we carried her home in this state."

The motion, the air, at last, had some restorative power. Mrs. Carrol Hope opened her dreamy eyes upon the scene—the desolate sea and sky; the winding beach; the gray, overhanging rocks.

"My God!" she said, "am I not dead, then?"

And she closed her eyes again in a sick despair.

They had reached a cottage door then, and a friendly little woman answered their knock, and was ready to do all she could for the sick lady, as Geoffrey called her.

She was laid on a bed, and, unwillingly, life came back to her, the color to her cheek, and a melancholy light to her eye. The men went on their way, but Geoffrey waited to see her quite restored. Surely, he owed it to Carrol to look after his wife. The woman went back to her family, and left them alone.

"A strange omen for my home-coming," thought Geoffrey, as he sat there. "Why did I need to sit down there and dream instead of going on? But, then, this poor creature would have killed herself. How selfish I am!"

He started to see the black eyes fixed on him.

"Why could you not let me die?" she asked.

Geoffrey, thus taken to task, flushed a little, and stammered:

"I could not see you die before my eyes and make no effort—that would have been a sin."

"It would have been a mercy," she said. "Oh, it was cruel, after I had made up my mind, gone through the fiery struggles, settled it all, to force me to come back. What is left for me now?"

"Your husband," suggested Geoffrey.

The black eyes turned fiercely on him.

"What do you know of my husband?" she cried. Then, hiding her face in her hands, she went on, "You are a stranger—you know nothing. What, if I should tell you that another woman has stolen his love from me—that he would give thanks to see me stiff and cold before him? Now, what should hinder me from dying?"

"I must either die or kill them both," Mrs. Carrol Hope went on, clasping her hands together nervously. "It was kinder to die and leave them to be happy, was it not? Sometimes I had a mad dream of ending the matter another way. When I saw her blue eyes—such innocent,

child-like eyes!—looking into my husband's face, and his answering them, I wanted to strike the light out of both together. But why do I tell you, a stranger, this? What are Carrol Hope and Rose Cameron to you?"

Geoffrey had been standing near her, but he staggered to his seat as if he had received a deadly blow. A half-articulate moan escaped his lips.

"Rose Cameron!" he echoed.

"Yes, she lives with us," answered the woman, looking curiously at him. "She is promised to Carrol's brother; and so when she was left an orphan nothing would do but we must take her home—the snake! Day by day I have borne the slow torture of seeing her win my husband's love from me. Do you believe the rack of the old Inquisition had any torture like this? I have grown thin and ugly under it, and she is rosy and fresh and lovely. Oh, you men! if we gave our heart's blood for you, what would it count against one kiss from a pair of rosy lips?"

Geoffrey writhed under those words. His Rose—had she forgotten him? Did she listen to love-words from another? If so, it was surely as an innocent child might listen—and she clung to Carrol as a child might cling to him, poor, fond little thing! And this woman—she was foolishly jealous, no doubt—over-exacting—seeing everything with suspicious eyes. He suggested something of the sort.

"Perhaps you have mistaken a sisterly affection for something more," he said. "It may be an over-fondness on your part?"

"Man," she cried, fixing her burning eyes upon him, "you do not know this Rose. I tell you she has won my husband's love with her wiles. Two hours ago I was trying to conquer myself. I said: 'Carrol is too noble for this. He loved me a year ago, and I have been too exacting. I will change. I will worry him no more with mean suspicions; better believe that such treachery is impossible to him.' I had reasoned myself calm. I dressed in his favorite dress; I put scarlet verbenas in my hair; I tried to look less worn and haggard; I dressed my face in smiles. I came down to the parlor, but no one was there. I walked into the garden. The low murmur of voices reached me from a summer-house. I drew nearer—so very low were the tones that the foul fiend prompted me to listen—and I saw, through the climbing roses, Carrol's arm about her; and I heard——" The woman faltered.

"Go on, for God's sake!" cried Geoffrey, frantically.

"I heard it all arranged—their flight together," went on Mrs. Hope, passionately; "and then I turned and fled to the sea—to death—only you would save me. What do you think I can do with this life you have saved?"

Geoffrey made no answer, but rose to go. He had lingered long enough. Now he must go and see if this woman spoke the truth.

"I must go on my way now," he said, in such a strange, low voice that Mrs. Hope, absorbed as she was in her own grief, turned her wondering eyes on him. "Life may still have some work for you to do. If we must all cast it away because our cup of happiness is dashed from our lips, God help us!"

He passed into the simple living-room of the family.

"I am going to send her husband here," he said to the friendly little woman, as he went out.

And then Geoffrey Hope started once more on the familiar road, on which darkness had settled, as it had on his life. Like one beaten by waves, drenched by sudden wreck, blinded by the salt spray, he struggled on till he reached the scattered houses of the little village. He did not even know where Carrol lived, but he turned first to the old home where he had lived as a boy. He lifted the old latch noiselessly, and stood in the long shadows of the trees where he had often played with Carrol—this false brother and perjured friend.

A low light burned in one room, but no one seemed moving there. Geoffrey walked about the old garden, and kept behind the trees. He would fain know something before he acted; for who could tell but that she was a mad woman who had poured out to him the story of her wrongs? He began to breathe again. The faint hope revived him.

Then he heard a voice, so near that it thrilled him through and through.

"Oh, Carrol, do you think poor Geoffrey is dead?"

Two people were sauntering through the garden walks—a man and a woman. The moonlight, bursting through fleecy vails of cloud, fell full upon them. Geoffrey, drawn back into the shadow, saw the two who had been dearest in the world to him—his brother and Rose.

My God! how he had dreamed of meeting them! In lonely marches, in sleepless nights, in toil-worn days, he had pictured it. Now he saw them both. They looked the same, too. Carrol had kept his youth, but the frank look of his face was gone—so Geoffrey imagined. And Rose, with her falling hair and soft, witching eyes, seemed as childlike as ever. But what a gulf had sprung up between them now!

He drew back, with bated breath, to listen to the answer about his death from the brother he had so loved.

"Yes, Geoffrey must be dead," Carrol was saying, "poor fellow, or he would never have let three years go without a word. If he did, he does not deserve you. He was always too grave for you, little Rose. What terrible mistakes we make in such things! Now I—— But never mind; we are going away from all that. You will not repent, my darling."

"But—the sin?" faltered Rose.

"There is no sin in loving," Carrol said, eagerly. "The only sin is in these unnatural bonds which fetter the free soul. Can we bind ourselves to love or hate till a certain time? No; the heart will not be fettered."

"And—then—how long would you love me?" Rose asked, in a trembling voice.

"For ever and ever," Carrol murmured; and Geoffrey saw, with a great throe of anguish, how he drew the little, yielding form toward him, and they passed into the house.

After that, he seemed to grow cold as stone. Something had died in him—the hope and joy of his life, perhaps. What was left for him to do? To go quietly away, and leave these two people to be happy in their sin—to go as if he had never come—to leave himself dead in their memories, or to confront them like an avenging spirit?

While he was wondering, while he lingered about the gate, Carrol came out. The moonlight fell full upon his face, and Geoffrey saw that it was changed—a consciousness, an anxious look, was there, which he had not shown to Rose. Perhaps it was not too late to save him.

Geoffrey stepped before him in the full moonlight. The pallid beams frowned on his haggard face, his grave eyes, his compressed lips.

Carrol started back as if he had met a ghost. All the difficulties of the situation rushed over him. He was going to lose all now; this man had come to claim his bride. The struggle with temptation, the fiery furnace of passion that had consumed him, the weak yielding for which he knew every good and noble man would despise him—for which he despised himself—were all past, and the brother to whom he had acted a traitor's part stood before him like an avenging spirit.

"Geoffrey!" he stammered. "Why—you frightened me! We thought you dead." And he held out his hand.

Geoffrey did not look at the proffered hand. He never took his eyes from his brother's face.

"So I heard you say to Rose, a few moments ago," he said.

Carrol's eyes fell. In that moment, like a sudden revelation, he felt that Geoffrey knew all. He stood like a guilty culprit before him.

"I might have been here sooner," Geoffrey said, "only I stopped to save a drowning woman."

"A drowning woman!" Carrol echoed; but his mind was on other things.

"Yes—a woman who was tired of her life, because she had lost her husband's love. Poor, foolish thing, to set her heart on such a traitor!"

A quick flush passed over Carrol's face.

"You do not ask the woman's name," Geoffrey said.

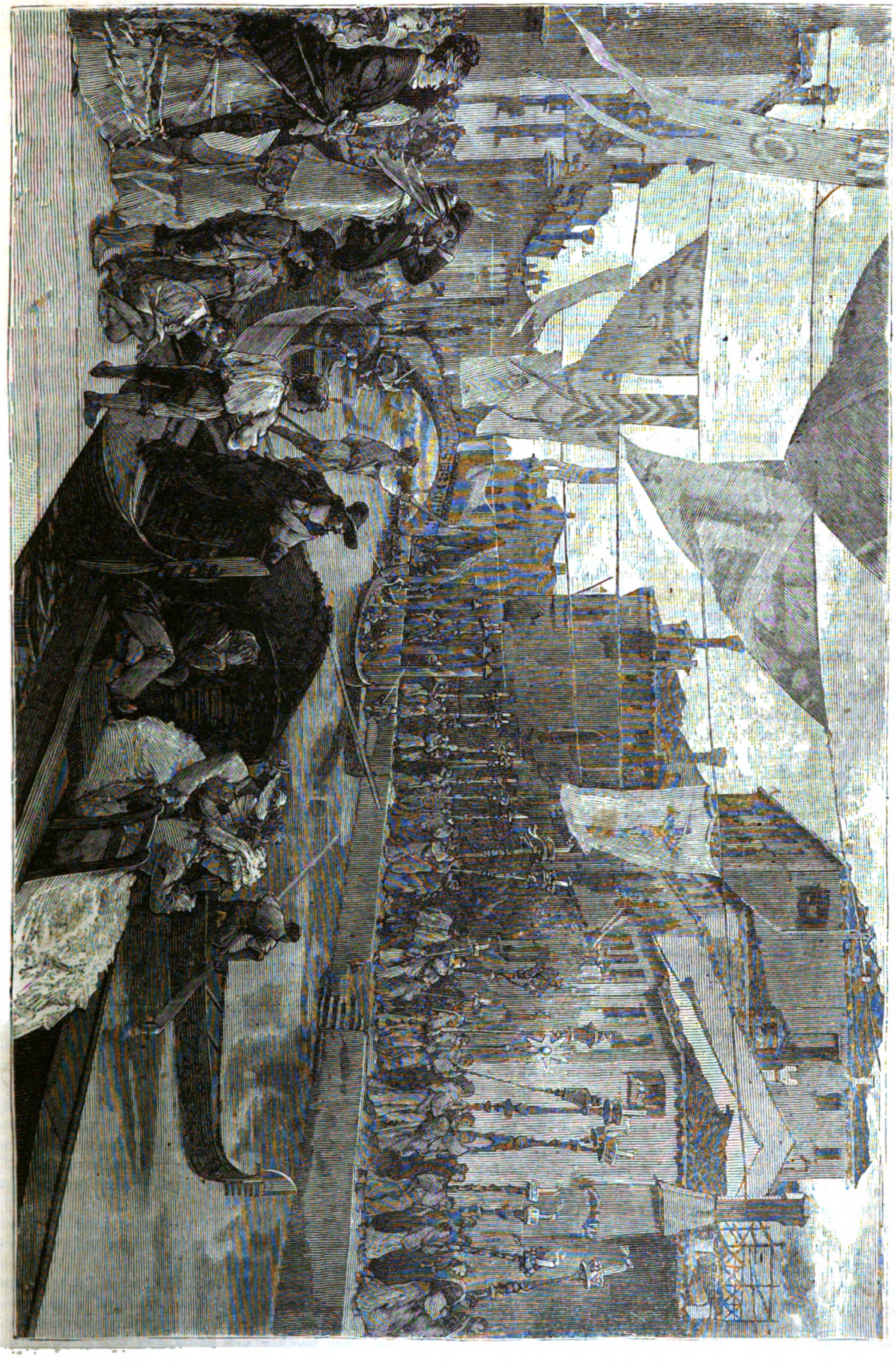
SUMMER BY THE SHORE.

"No. What have I to do with her?" he asked, roughly.

"Very little, it seems, since she is your wife," Geoffrey answered.

"My wife!" Carrol exclaimed—"Rachel?"

"I don't know what you call her," Geoffrey cried, emphatically; "I only know that you have made life so



RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.—A PROCESSION ALONG THE BANKS OF THE CANALS OF VENICE.—SEE PAGE 24.

bitter to her that death seemed sweet; that your love had grown so cold, the salt sea waves seemed warmer."

"And where is she now? Poor Ray!" exclaimed Carrol, surprised at the sudden tenderness that overflowed his heart.

He was not an altogether-hardened wretch, but an impulsive, passionate man, who had never denied himself in his life. He had loved poor Ray once—he loved her still—only a mad intoxication had steeped his reason and judgment into forgetfulness.

"Poor Ray, do you say?" echoed Geoffrey, bitterly. "Do you find it in your heart to pity her—this woman whom you have driven mad? Carrol, I can tell you where she is; but can you tell me where my Rose is—the pure, fair girl I left in your charge—the woman who loved me, and whom I have loved all these years? Can you give her back to me?"

Carrol flushed a hot, burning flush under those searching eyes; but he faltered:

"Rose—Rose—she is in the house. I left her a moment ago."

"Yes, you left some one a moment ago—some one who clung to you, who trembled with guilty fear in your arms. Traitor! go find your unhappy wife—she is in Blane's cottage; and I will see this Rose, who is no more mine."

Carrol hesitated; a sense of his own vileness overpowered him. He had believed his brother dead, but he knew that did not palliate the sin of his love.

"You think the worst," he stammered. "Rose is innocent as a child as yet—pure as when you left her."

"She may be pure in life," Geoffrey cried. "I think God sent me in time for that."

"She is—I swear it!" fervently cried his brother.

"And what is your word worth?" exclaimed Geoffrey, bitterly.

"I deserve your scorn," cried his brother. "Curse me if you will, but be kind to Rose."

"Go to your wife," Geoffrey answered, as he strode by him, and entered the house.

Carrol looked after him a moment, and then betook himself to the darkened road—for the moon had gone under a cloud, and house and garden seemed to be swallowed up in the surging dark.

How well Geoffrey knew that house! A thrill came over him as he swung the old hall-door open—a thrill in which were concentrated all the memories of a happy boyhood. Only once had he opened it with such anguish at his heart—once when he was summoned to his dying mother's bedside. He stood in the hall a second in silence; then he heard the fluttering of a dress, and a voice:

"I am in here, Carrol. Why have you come back so soon?"

And as he stood in some sort spellbound to that spot, the fluttering sweep of a woman's dress came nearer, and he looked at the half-lighted room, the open door, in which a bright, girlish figure stood, and said:

"Rose!"

The word shook her like a storm. She clung to the door for support.

"Geoffrey—is it Geoffrey?" she murmured, her face growing white as ashes.

"I frighten you, Rose," he said, calmly, with a mighty effort over himself. "It is I—Geoffrey in the flesh—no ghost. Let me come in, and we will both sit down; you are not able to stand."

But he did not attempt to touch her— to go through the empty mockery of shaking hands with her, or helping her to a seat—he who in all these years had thirsted to hold her in his arms.

She felt her way blindly to a chair, and sank into it. She had a child's terror in meeting this man whose love she had wronged. She had nothing to say.

"You have no welcome for me, Rose," Geoffrey began, and then the memory of what might have been, of the bliss of this meeting as he had pictured it, of all his sweet hopes, of the pretty house about which he had planted roses, and where he had dreamed of bringing his "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

All this overcame him, and he covered his face, and a half-sob burst from him.

"Don't cry for me, Geoffrey," exclaimed Rose, going over to him, completely crushed at the sight of his grief—"I am not worth it. I never was worth your love. Cast me off at once—forget me!"

"As you have forgotten me," answered Geoffrey.

Rose was kneeling at his side.

"I thought you were dead," she said; "and I was—oh, so lonely and sad! My mother died, and I would have been utterly desolate—but for—Carrol"—she faltered at the name—"he was so kind. That was how it began. Oh, Geoffrey, I saw at the first glance you knew all! How faithless, how wicked I have been!"

"Wicked!" echoed Geoffrey, to whom the word was as a sword-thrust.

"Yes, it was wicked to let Carrol care for me, when there was poor Ray—his wife, you know.. But it is so dreary in this world when no one loves you. And you never wrote, Geoffrey."

Sobs interrupted her voice.

"And was it not dreary for Carrol's wife, then?" interrupted Geoffrey, with a hard voice.

"She was very quiet and cold, I think," faltered Rose. "Carrol said he had made a mistake, and they did not get on well together."

"And you were ready to trust yourself to this man who was so false to the woman he had sworn to love for ever? Did you not fear that he would soon find out some mistake about you, to whom he would be bound by no law? Oh, Rose, Rose! what a home-coming is this!"

Rose buried her head in her hands, and sobbed a little.

"But I have not been so weak as you think," she pleaded. "I have never given in to going away with him, though he has pleaded and pleaded; sometimes I have half-consented, for it seemed so miserable here, but something stopped me—my good angel, perhaps."

"But still, between you, you drove poor Ray, as you call her, to madness. This woman, who was so very quiet and cold, as you think, whose heart was not to be compared to yours, has been saved to-night from death—a death she sought in her agony."

"Oh, Geoffrey!" cried Rose, in a tremor of fright.

"Yes; that was the first part of my welcome home!" exclaimed Geoffrey. "I saved my brother's wife from drowning, and she reproached me with compelling her to live, when you had made life unendurable."

"Oh! where is she? Poor Ray!" exclaimed Rose, starting to her feet. "I will go to her—I will atone as far as possible—I will pray for her forgiveness, and then I will go away, and never, never see you or Carrol again!"

"Is it not too late to atone?" asked Geoffrey, with a piercing glance.

And Rose looked at him with the same innocent, blue eyes that had carried him captive years ago, with a sort of childlike wonder in their depths.

"Do you think it is too late?" she faltered; "perhaps a wife can never forgive. He—I am ashamed to confess—he has kissed me often; first I thought that was nothing, for he was your brother, you know, and would be mine;

but, lately, I felt a difference. Could she forgive that, do you think ?"

How the words tortured him ! and yet she seemed so innocent.

"I cannot tell," he said, wearily—"come and see."

"Yes—yes ; I will go at once !" she cried, eagerly. "See, I have a shawl here."

And the two went out into the night, silently, as if there was no more to be said.

Geoffrey could hear the girl catching her breath convulsively, and now and then a sob burst from her ; but he felt further from her than he had done in the wilds of Australia. And yet, three years of silence—it was a hard trial for a pretty little butterfly like Rose. Let no man set his heart on such a one, he thought ; but he had set his heart upon her, He felt now "shamed through all his being to have loved so light a thing "; but the memory of that love maddened him. Was it the memory only ? he wondered.

So they reached the fisherman's cottage, and found only the woman at the door, peering out into the night.

"Oh, sir !" she exclaimed, when she saw Geoffrey's face clearly—"the lady ! Do you know anything of her—have you seen her ?"

"Has she gone ?" cried Rose, for Geoffrey seem stunned at the woman's words.

"Yes ; she is gone," replied the poor woman, deprecatingly. "I hope you will not blame me, sir, but she seemed quite restored, and said something about going home, and I let her go without a thought ; but afterward, my mind misgave me, and I told Jim—that's my husband—as he'd better go and look about and inquire ; and just then his friend Bill Sloane came by, and said he'd met a woman down by the shore."

"She has gone to finish what I interrupted !" exclaimed Geoffrey.

"There was a gentleman—Mr. Hope, her husband—here a few minutes ago, and he did take on dreadful !" said the woman. "I suppose the poor thing was out of her head, and I'll never forgive myself for not keeping her till her friends came. She looked so settled-like and grave, I never suspected—— There—that way, if you are going ; the moon's out now."

They had started off, scarcely knowing where to go ; but they followed the path, mechanically, to the sea. The moon made a silvery pathway over it, and the light shone on the glittering wet beach and foam-crested waves. Many a night had they watched those lines of silver, and walked beside the sea, and heard the great waves roll in—and all had seemed a part of the great perpetual hymn which Nature sang for ever to their souls.

Now, lonely and apart—though walking there together—they shuddered at the dreary sound ; for what dreadful burden might the next wave roll in at their feet ? Rose, poor little soul ! was touched with the memory of such a night. She looked timidly at her companion, and pointed to the bright path of silver across the water.

"Geoffrey, do you remember ?—you said our way in life would be like that—not in the glare, like sunshine, but soft, peaceful, quiet ; yet all light."

Geoffrey did not even glance at the lighted way ; all looked dark to him—only he saw a group of figures on the beach.

"There they are !" he cried. "I do not care to remember anything but this night ; it has blotted the past out like a wet sponge. Come on, if you have the courage ; I think they have found her."

A few moments brought them to the group. Yes, they had found her ; but she had finished her work. This time no friendly hand had been near to snatch her from the waves. They had clasped her in their cold arms, which seemed kinder than those she left ; they had pillowed her head upon their breast, and her aching heart had throbbed its last there. Never more could earthly pang wring it, or earthly grief throb there.

Carrol stood over that prone body, looking into the wide, vacant eyes which had been so full of love to him ; chafing the stiff fingers ; calling her by all the endearing names of their early love—as if such words must have power even to break the seal of death. He did not seem to see Rose till she came near and knelt down in the wet sand.

"Oh ! is it too late ?" cried Rose, in sudden agony. "Is she dead ? Can I never, never hear her forgive me ?"

"It is too late !" Geoffrey answered, sternly.

"Oh, I have murdered her !" screamed Rose, turning and running wildly away.

Geoffrey followed her ; for he feared from her manner that she meant to do herself harm. He did not love her—so he reasoned—but he would save even an enemy from self-destruction.

Rose was fleet, and he did not reach her for a few moments. He knew that those who bore poor Ray's dead body were slowly coming after him.

When he could, he laid stern hands on the frenzied girl.

"Come !" he said, "do not make a scene here while she is lying dead—do not be a child !"

"Oh, Geoffrey, how hard you are to me ! how changed ! You see that my grief is killing me, and you will not give me one kind word—one hope !"

"I can give you a hope," he said, bitterly. "Think of Carrol—he is free now."

Rose covered her face and sobbed.

"That is nothing to me," she murmured. "Carrol can never be anything to me—after—after this. Have we not got Ray's murder on our souls ? Oh, Geoffrey, even if you hate me, do let me lean on your arm, I am so faint and sick. And, oh ! I hear the tramp behind us ! I cannot look on her face again ! Oh, my God !" and she stumbled, and would have fallen if Geoffrey had not thrown his arm around her.

It was a fierce delight, full of pain, to feel her once more in his arms. He hated himself for the weakness, but he could not help it. A man like Geoffrey Hope loves once, and then it is for all time. But he did not betray himself then.

After the funeral, Rose went away ; and when poor Ray's grave was green, Carrol wrote to her and asked her to be his wife.

"It can never be, Carrol," she answered ; "her ghost seems to rise between us to forbid such a union. And, besides, I believe, after all, that I have never really loved any man but your brother."

Carrol had the generosity to send the little, tear-stained note to Geoffrey, who frowned at first, and then sighed over it.

"She is frivolous, she is unworthy," he muttered, "she has no strength against temptation ; but I love her, and all her faults do not prevail against it." So they were married.

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A New York lady's valuable dog was stolen recently, and she could not by any means find him ; so at last she advertised for a dog, for which she wished to pay $20. Many answers were received, and among them was a description of her own dog. One night she had the dog taken to her house, recognized it, and a policeman who was at hand restored it to her.

ANNOUNCING THE PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, IN MEXICO.

# RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

By M. F. Vallette.

One of the great features of the life in Continental Europe that were most striking to travelers from this country, was the number and variety of religious processions in the Catholic countries. The flaunting banners, the rich statues, the smoke of incense, the glittering vestments of bishop, priest, and chanter—all combined to form a spectacle new to our colder temperament. Each country had its own peculiarities—its refined taste or deplorable want of taste—expressed in these; or even where taste prevailed in the cultivated classes, the less-tutored mind of the lower orders demanded what pleased them.

The era of these grand religious and ecclesiastical functions is, however, passing rapidly away. France, Spain, Germany, and finally Italy, have prohibited or limited them so, that they will soon belong rather to the domain of history than to that of actual life.

These processions refer generally either to the devotion to the Mother of Christ, which seems to awaken such enthusiasm, or to the faith in the Real Presence, and are manifestations of their belief and earnestness.

Religious processions date back to a very remote period. The translations of the Ark among the Hebrews is an early instance of a procession. In the time of Julian the Apostate, there was a solemn procession to transport the relics of Babylas the Martyr, as may be learned from the historians of that day. St. Ambrose and St. Augustine mention a famous procession in Milan at which they were both present.

In Spanish America generally, the processions have retained the style of old Spain, of arraying images in robes overloaded with gold embroidery and lace; and in some parts the Indians and the negroes have introduced features of their own, which give the processions a strange commingling of the wild and barbaric with the medieval. Our colored plate shows a Carmelite repairing the wardrobe of a statue thus adorned; the frequent use having made some restoration necessary for the approaching *fiesta*.

During the Christian persecutions of the first three centuries, many were put to death for their faith, and when

the persecutions were over, the Christians sought out the remains of those who had suffered martyrdom and carried them in procession, singing hymns and psalms of thanks-

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT MORBIHAN, BRITTANY.

giving, to their churches. The same was done when the relics were translated from one church to another. In remote times, when a bishop officiated, it was customary for his priests, deacons and subdeacons to go in procession to his house and conduct him processionally to the church, chanting certain psalms. In times of great public calamities, processions were made to the tombs of the saints and martyrs, and to other holy places; prayers were recited, and these were called litanies or supplications.

When princes arrived in any city of their dominions, it was customary to take them in procession to the principal church, and this was also done with the dead before the obsequies were performed. Some of these processions made no stops on the way; others, again, made what were called Stations.

Processions are ordered in times of great calamities, to excite the people to appease Divine wrath by prayer, repentance and works of mercy. There are, in Catholic countries, more processions during the Easter term than at other times.

In some places it is customary to carry little bells, which are rung continuously, so that those who are to receive the procession may be prepared for it, and also that those who did not start out with it may join the ranks as the procession moves along.

With these few introductory remarks concerning the early history and objects used in processions, we shall now invite the reader to accompany us to different countries of Europe, and watch the religious processions as they pass before us.

The Feast of the Holy Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, was instituted by Pope Urban IV., by a Bull dated September 8th, 1262, and confirmed by Pope Clement V. in the General Council of Vienna. Its object was to counteract the effect of those who denied the Real Presence. Berengarius, Archdeacon of Angers, being the first who made this denial, the day is kept with special solemnity in that city; but it is everywhere observed with all the pomp and splendor the Church can command. Towns, villages and cities vie with one another in surrounding it with new circumstances of beauty and magnificence, so that in all Catholic countries it is one of the most joyous festivals in the whole year.

Processions being the natural expression of the human heart on all occasions of public joy and triumph, the Feast of Corpus Christi affords a grand opportunity for such an expression. The Eucharist is carried in procession, with music and the chanting of hymns and of psalms, and every other demonstration of joy and gladness. The priests are clad in their richest vestments, the Blessed Sacrament is inclosed in a monstrance of gold or silver, frequently adorned with precious stones, under a canopy of embroidered silk or cloth of gold, and borne by the chief officers of state or the magistrates of the city. Young girls dressed in white go before it, strewing the way with flowers, and acolytes swing their silver censers, filled with smoking incense. The faithful follow in holiday attire; the fronts of the houses along the route of the procession are hung with drapery, or covered with flags and banners bearing religious devices, and occasionally with garlands of flowers and evergreens.

In Rome the procession consists of vast numbers of the regular and secular clergy, the students of certain seminaries, the canons and other dignitaries of the Basilicas and other principal churches (each community being preceded by its own cross and banner); then follows the usual train of mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and cardinals—such as is wont to precede the pontiff on all occasions of State. Last of all comes the Holy Father himself, vested in a white satin cope trimmed with gold. He is borne aloft on men's shoulders, under a canopy which is supported alternately by certain public officers and the members of a few privileged Colleges. The Pope is not sitting, as in ordinary functions, nor is he arrayed with all the insignia of his dignity as Chief Bishop of the Church, and dispensing blessings as he goes—but bending forward in an attitude of the deepest reverence, and engaged in prayer and thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of all blessings, whom he bears in his hand under the appearance of bread. As the procession passes along, the multitude fall upon their knees, every head is uncovered, and all remain in silent adoration till it has passed. The scene is one that can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it, and who can understand the feeling of those who participate in it.

The same procession is repeated in other lands, but under circumstances widely different. Our artist has given us a sketch of what may appear to us a very novel procession. The town of Gmünden, in Upper Austria, is situated upon a lake of the same name, and is surrounded by lofty mountains. Here the procession, leaving the village church, moves down to the lake, and the clergy and faithful embark in barges and boats of different shapes and sizes. Over the principal of these barges a grand canopy is erected, under which we catch a glimpse of the altar. Another barge, also canopied, is reserved for the clergy and the civil officers of the district. The different societies from the vicinity come in their barges, with banners up, bearing the effigies of their patron saint; and thus the solemn procession is rowed around the lake, the clergy and people singing hymns in praise of God, and their voices echoing and re-echoing from mountain to mountain, find a response in the sick or aged mountaineer, who, unable to take part in the procession, joins it in spirit, and devoutly crossing himself, falls upon his knees and turns his heart to God.

In the distant wilds of Paraguay the procession of Corpus Christi is also clothed with all the splendor and magnificence available. The procession passes along under a series of triumphal arches formed from the greenwood of the forest, and erected at given intervals along the road. These arches are adorned with festoons of flowers and fruits; with the finest fish the poor natives have been able to catch; with the skins of wild beasts slaughtered in the chase, and with living birds having just enough freedom allowed them to display the brilliant hues of their plumage. Private dwellings, too, are adorned in a similar manner; the whole way is strewed with aromatic herbs and flowers, and among the leafy boughs of the arches, and along the fronts of the houses, are arranged, in every variety of form, a profusion of cakes and *dulces*, made expressly for the occasion. These are, immediately after the procession, distributed among the sick and destitute.

In some parts of France it is customary to make the procession on some day of the Octave, and move out into the open fields or to some commanding eminence; and from this point the benediction is given to the whole surrounding country, after the chanting of the prescribed hymns and litanies. Sometimes these processions take place in the evening—say about an hour after sunset. Let us imagine ourselves among the Pyrenees. The procession starts from a little village in the valley, and winds its way up a conical-shaped hill of considerable height, which rises abruptly out of the centre of a narrow plain. The villages on the surrounding heights are all illuminated, and bonfires blaze upon every mountain-top. From the eminence on which we stand, more than a mile away, we watch the procession as it winds around the hill until, at last, it forms a crown upon its summit, and then disappears for a little while within the little chapel that stands there. Presently the lights reappear; a sky-rocket shoots up into the air, and the voice of the parish priest is heard in solemn chant. The benediction is given amid the discharge of cannon, announcing it to all the inhabitants far and near, and every knee is bent.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated all over the world, but there are other feasts which are not universal. Every country has its own patronal feast, which is cele-

brated according to the peculiar customs of the place. In Belgium patronal feasts are celebrated with great pomp and magnificence. The City of Ghent has a feast which is celebrated only once in a century. It is the Feast of St. Macaire. It was last celebrated in 1867, and his intercession was implored to preserve Belgium from pestilence, the cholera, and other diseases which had desolated the country the year before. The shrine of St. Macaire is in the ancient Cathedral of St. Bavon. The procession in honor of this saint is something well worth seeing, as it is, perhaps, the grandest and most imposing procession in Belgium.

On this occasion the streets were adorned with flags, houses covered with green branches and flowers, balconies with blue, crimson and yellow velvet hangings, glittering with gold, and some idea may be formed of the uniquely beautiful spectacle. The Seminary, the Curés in surplice and ermine hanging from the left arm, the Deans in copes, the Canons of the Cathedral, the Bishops of Namur, Liége, Bruges, Tournai, Geneva, Hebron and Ghent, in cope and mitre, preceding the shrine of St. Macaire, borne by priests and surrounded by lights; then the Apostolic Nuncio, and finally His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines; all the Bishops giving the episcopal benediction, the people kneeling and blessing themselves in the most reverend manner.

In Spain processions are very numerous. Every city, town or *aldea* has its patron saint, whose feast is celebrated with more or less splendor, according to the time and place and the circumstances of the inhabitants. The Feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated in the larger cities with all the pomp and display that characterize the day in other countries, the only difference being the gorgeous and, to foreign eyes, very extravagant manner in which their saints and the Blessed Virgin, under her different titles, are arrayed. The romance and imagination of Spain have rendered her ritual most poetical and picturesque. Our artist has given two illustrations of Holy Week processions. In one of them we find a figure of Our Blessed Lord carrying His cross, and standing upon a platform borne upon the shoulders of a number of men. A glance at this illustration will at once convey to the mind of the reader how the regal ideas which the Spaniard entertains regarding the King of Kings lead him, at the expense of good taste, and even good sense, to carry his notions to extremes. We might forgive the angels that stand on either side of the Man of Sorrows, carrying their silver-mounted lanterns; but the dress of the Saviour on his way to Calvary, the roses that surround the aureola over His thorn-crowned head, and the cross ornamented with silver, pearls, and even precious stones, are things which the foreigner can scarcely pass over. But we must not forget that in the mind of the Spaniard that crown of thorns, that seamless garment, and that cross of death, which under the old *régime* were emblems of ignominy and shame, became, through the sufferings of Christ, the symbols of man's redemption. Hence it is that he loves to decorate them, even at the expense of good taste, and of sometimes, especially in foreign eyes, awakening emotions altogether different from those intended.

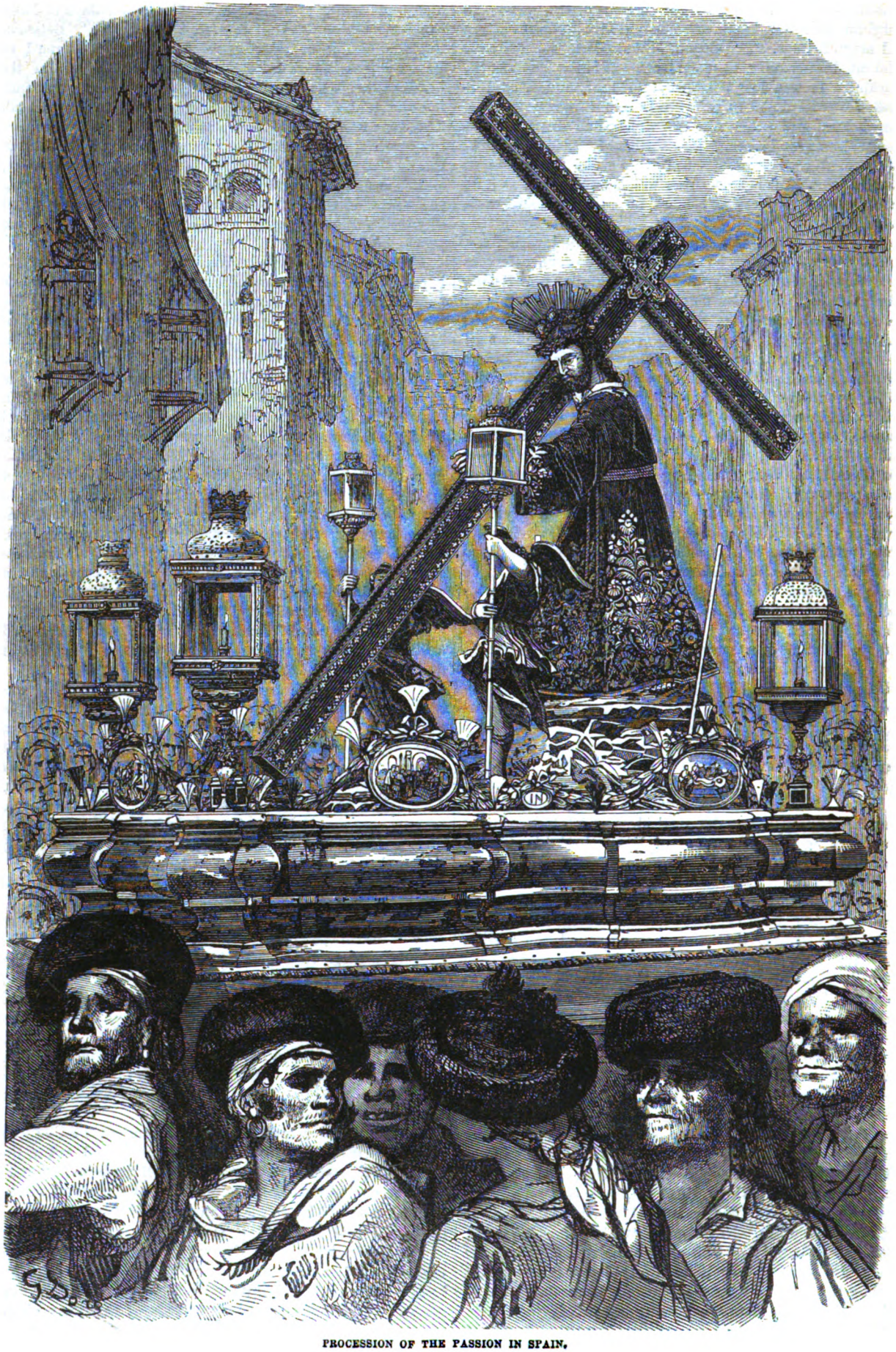
The second illustration represents another of those peculiarly Spanish processions during the penitential season. At its head we see the *macero*, bearing the mace, or insignia of his office. Next come a number of ecclesiastics, wearing a tall, pointed white cap which reaches down in front to the breast; two holes are made for the eyes, but the identity of the wearer is entirely concealed. These ecclesiastics carry banners bearing sacred devices. On either side of them march a military guard of honor at "support arms," if not during the last three days of Holy Week; on these days all arms are "reversed." Between the double line of ecclesiastics flanked by the guard of honor comes the altar of the Crucifixion, borne on the heads of men who are concealed by the drapery surrounding the platform, and which hangs down to the ground. These are followed by more ecclesiastics of various Orders, the children of the parish strewing the way with flowers, the men of the parish Societies bearing long wax candles, and then more altars, banners, etc. The balconies along the route of the procession are filled with reverent and dignified spectators, reciting the prayers incident to the procession.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are exceedingly interesting in Spain, notwithstanding the to us very dramatic manner in which they are carried out. In Seville, in the magnificent and world-renowned Cathedral, they are doubly so. On Wednesday of Holy Week the sacred edifice is crowded to witness the impressive ceremony of the "Rending of the White Vail," at the moment when the passage referring to the "rocks being rent" is chanted in the Gospel of the Passion. At Vespers the canons kneel prostrate before the altar, and are covered with the black flag bearing the red cross. On this and the following days may be seen, both in the churches and in the street processions, representations of the awful and terrible events connected with the Passion. These representations, however strange they may appear to foreign eyes, are, nevertheless, when well performed, deeply impressive and solemn in the extreme. The processions are arranged in the most orderly manner, and men of the highest rank, of royal blood, and of the noblest Orders, do not hesitate to walk for hours through dusty, crowded streets, for three successive days, with the sole motive of doing honor to their Lord, whose badge they wear.

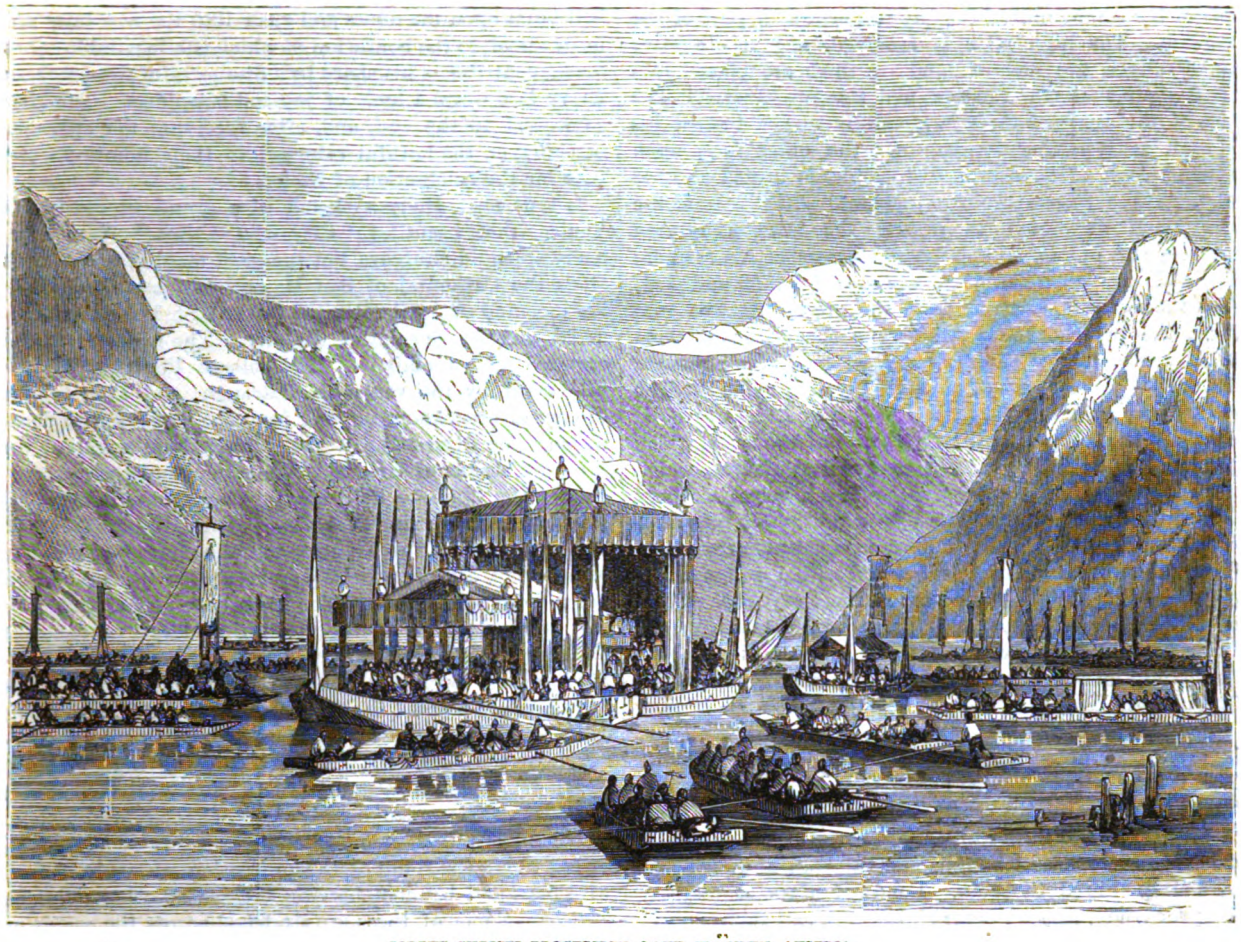
The processions, after moving through the principal parts of the parish, almost always end by passing through the cathedral, and stopping for a few moments in the open space between the altar and the choir. The brilliant light thrown down by the countless wax tapers has the effect of toning down what, in the sunshine, appeared too gaudy. Among the principal representations on moving platforms may be mentioned "The Sacred Infancy," the "Bearing of the Cross," the "Descent from the Cross," and finally the cumbersome catafalque, upon which reposes a wax figure of the "Dead Christ." We shall have occasion to speak of this latter representation further on.

All these figures are life-size, and some of them are of very beautiful design. The figures of the Blessed Virgin, in spite of their wonderful splendor, fail to be as attractive to the stranger as they are to the Sevillano, who arrays her in gorgeous velvet robes, embroidered with gold and covered with jewels, and places in her hand a lace pocket-handkerchief, and all the paraphernalia of a lady of the present day. To any one who has studied the Madonnas of Murillo and Raphael, with the simple robe and headdress of her land and people, the design now used produces a strange sensation.

That the reader may be able to form an idea of the grandeur with which processions may be carried out in the cathedral at Seville, it may not be out of place to state that the *personnel* of that vast and magnificent structure, on the authority of the Marquis de Custine, is as follows: "Among the clergy attached to this marvelous temple, there are eleven dignitaries wearing the mitre; forty canons of the highest rank; twenty of inferior order; twenty canons besides, with their assistants; two *maceros* or beadles; one master of ceremonies and four assistants; thirty-six choir boys, with their rectors and sub-rectors and chapel-



PROCESSION OF THE PASSION IN SPAIN.



CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION, LAKE GMUNDEN, AUSTRIA.

masters; nineteen chaplains, four curates, four regular confessors, twenty-three musicians and four supernumeraries."

The cathedral is 420 feet long by 263 feet broad. The height is enormous. It has 82 altars, at which 500 Masses are said every day.

The Holy Week processions and ceremonies at the venerable cathedral of San Cristobal de la Habana, at the capital of Cuba, are not unlike those in the mother country. The same representations of the Passion of our Divine Lord are to be seen. On Holy Thursday, after the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the great season of mourning commences. No horse or vehicle is allowed in the street after ten o'clock in the morning, unless it be to convey a physician to some very sick patient, in very bad weather. The Spaniard, in his full dress, with all the decorations and insignia of his position, goes with his family to visit the church; the Cuban does the same, also in full dress. Soldiers march with reversed arms and to the tap of muffled drums; those performing guard duty are likewise ordered to do so with reversed arms. No musical instruments are heard in the house, in the street or in church. The Captain-general and his attendants *walk* to and from the church. On Good Friday a spirit of mourning pervades the city. Houses and balconies are draped in black, and black draperies cover altars and pulpits in the church. The ladies wear black or

PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF MALTA.

violet dresses, and their only ornaments are jets. It is one of the ceremonies of the day to perform a part of the Passion. The high altar is removed, and in its place three crosses are erected, and on them are placed life-sized figures of Our Saviour and the two thieves. The face of the penitent thief is generally turned toward his Master, as if asking forgiveness; the other face, upon which a look of despair is discernible, is turned another way. These figures are very natural. After a time the clergyman appointed to preach the Passion sermon ascends the pulpit, and as he progresses in his sermon, the nails are extracted from the sacred hands and feet, and the body is lowered from the cross. At this moment the preacher calls out to the thousands by whom he is surrounded: "*Llorad lagrimas de sangre; por vos murio!*"—"Weep tears of blood; for you He died!" The clergy now withdraw for a time, and the *Hermanos de la Soledad* come forward and take charge of the body, which is placed upon a magnificent canopied catafalque, which rests upon a trestle concealed by black velvet drapery dotted with silver stars. The upper portion of this catafalque is decorated with white and violet flowers. The image of the dead Christ is covered with a sort of silver cloth covering, leaving the head and feet exposed. Close by is another platform, also draped with black velvet. Upon it are the figures of the Mater Dolorosa, holding in her hand the inevitable lace pocket-handkerchief, while St. John, the Beloved Disciple, sustains her in his arms.

The bier, followed by the Blessed Virgin and St. John, is carried in procession by the *Hermanos de la Soledad*. This is called the "Procession of the Interment" (*Procesion del Entierro*). It is escorted by one or more regiments of soldiers in full uniform, with reversed arms, and their hats thrown back and hanging on the back of their necks by a strap around the chin. Bands of music accompany the procession, playing mournful strains, and thousands of people of every position, nobles, citizens, and slaves, participate in this solemn and impressive demonstration. Little girls walk along, casting rose-leaves and flowers along the street, whilst boys and men carry long wax tapers in their hands. The houses along the route of the procession are draped in mourning; a solemn stillness pervades the entire city; the busy hum of business is suspended; the blacksmith's hammer lies idly on his anvil.

The procession having made its usual course, returns to the cathedral, where the images are solemnly deposited in their places. The dead Christ lies at the foot of the altar, and thousands come during the remainder of the afternoon and evening, to perform their acts of prayer and adoration.

Holy Saturday, called *Sabado de Gloria*, dawns upon the city, and soon the churches are again filled with worshipers. The new fire is lighted; the grains of incense are placed in the Paschal Candle; the Prophecies are read; the usual procession of the clergy moves to the fonts to bless the new water—and now the celebrant and his assistants repair to the altar and commence the Mass of the day. Thus far no sound has been heard save the solemn chant of the priests as they performed the ceremonies of the day; but now the voice of the priest is heard intoning the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and immediately the screens fall from before the pictures; the door of the cathedral bursts open and lets in a flood of cheerful light; the bells in the tower announce the glad tidings, and a response comes booming over the city from the Castillo del Morro; drums beat on every side; the soldiers' arms are no longer reversed; the blacksmith, who had been standing, hammer in hand, waiting for the cathedral bell to announce the "glad tidings" of Resurrection, now lustily drives the sparks from the red-hot iron on his anvil; the *calesero* and the *carretero*, already mounted, at the first sound of the bell burst open the doors and rush into the now busy and noisy street, to the confusion of which the inevitable *enfant terrible* contributes his share by a discharge of fire-crackers. Every face wears a look of joy and happiness. The Mass continued to the end, and, after receiving the episcopal benediction, the faithful returned to their homes to prepare for the celebration of Easter.

Let us next study a sketch of a grand procession in Venice, that beautiful "City of the Sea." Venice has many splendid churches, but the most magnificent of them all is the Cathedral of San Marco. We come upon it on the morning of April 25th, the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, and patron saint of the city. The vast structure is crowded with worshipers. The solemn Pontifical Mass is celebrated by the venerable Patriarch, and then follows the grand procession, moving from the vast basilica down through the Piazza di San Marco and along some of the principal streets of the city. We take our places in a gondola on the opposite side, and thus gain an uninterrupted view of the procession as it passes along. Apart from the local emblems on the banners and the altars borne along, it does not differ materially from similar processions in other parts of Europe. The cross-bearer is attended by the usual number of acolytes; the clergy of different Orders move along with stately and reverent tread, bearing immense torches in their hands; others carry banners on which are painted the patron saint whose feast is being celebrated, and those of other saints held in special veneration by the Venetians. At last come the higher clergy in their gorgeous vestments, and finally the venerable Patriarch, surrounded by his vicars, chapter, canons, etc. His hand is raised in benediction over his people. The houses along the route of the procession are gayly decked with flags and banners bearing crosses or other religious devices. Some of these are stretched across the canals or streets. From the position we occupy, the scene before us is strikingly picturesque. On the opposite side of the canal the grand procession moves along, chanting litanies and hymns; over us, countless banners are waving in the air; around us, gondolas of every description, decorated with drapery and streamers, are filled with gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen; while far up the canal our eyes rest on the famous Rialto, the most magnificent bridge in Venice. It consists of a single arch, 90 feet in span and 24 feet in height.

Besides the many grand processions of a general character, and participated in by the clergy and laity of a certain parish, or of several parishes combined, there are in Catholic countries many processions of a most private nature, but none the less interesting. There is in Rome (as in other cities, also) a confraternity of laymen who bury the dead who die at the hospital of the Fathers of the Santo Spirito. Every evening, just before sunset, they go from different parts of Rome, no matter how unfavorable the weather may be, to carry away the dead; and they go in procession from the hospital to the cemetery, which are some distance apart. They move with slow and solemn tread, preceded by a cross, and then follow the priest and the hearse or bier. They chant the *Miserere* and recite prayers for the dead as they march along. It is a most solemn sight to see that procession winding around the Coliseum or ascending the Janiculum Hill, as the shades of night begin to fall over the domes and towers of the grand old city of Rome.

But the days and the times of such processions are passing away. In the hurry and press of modern life they seem things of bygone days, and will soon rarely meet the eye except in quaint old European towns.

## THE STONE WELLS OF ARIZONA.

A WONDERFUL place is Tinajas, about thirty miles southwest of Mission Camp. The mountains have one face of hard, smooth granite. All the water falling upon this basin has to flow through nine tanks, one above the other. The lower tanks are of easy access, and are often drained of their contents by men and animals traveling between Yuma and Sonora. The upper tanks are approached only by circuitous and difficult climbing over rocks. To one standing below, they afford no indication of their existence, nor does climbing the smooth, steep mountain-side seem possible to one unacquainted with the way to it. In the upper tanks water has never been known to fail.

To this water comes game of all kinds, in great numbers, from the great waterless country around Tinajas. Antelope, mountain sheep, and deer of several kinds, come in herds. Rabbits and hares are as plenty as anywhere, and are prey for many coyotes and beautiful little rock foxes. One would think that all this game would be thinned out by the Papago Indians, who inhabit the country. But these Indians are superstitious, and avoid Tenajas with abject horror.

Within two miles of this water are certainly 150 graves, and probably more, each marked by rows of stone laid in the form of a cross. Scores of men, famished for water, have expended their last strength in reaching Tinajas, only to find the lower tanks dry, and, ignorant of the upper ones, have lain down in despair to die. The remains have been buried by later travelers, and the graves marked, Mexican fashion, by a cross of stones. During the rush to the gold fields of California, cholera attacked travelers on the road from Mexico, as it did American emigrants along the Platte: pestilence combined with thirst to gather corpses at Tinajas. Recollections of bleaching bones and grinning skulls protect the game from Papago arrows and flint-locks.

After passing through its usual fermentation, the water becomes clear and pure as any in the world. It comes from the clouds only, and, flowing into the tanks over insoluble granite, it carries no mineral matter. Every heavy rain pours a whirling torrent through the tanks, washing them out to the very bottom—no organic matter stays behind.

The number and variety of birds here is marvelous, many of them appearing to be of new and undescribed species. At morning and evening the din of their song, confined by the sides of the mountains, is almost deafening.

All around Tinajas is the remarkable vegetation of the desert; near its tanks are many and curious plants nourished by their moisture. The place is one of much interest.

## AN EVENING IN THE ALPS.

THE light was failing as we toiled up the steep, rough way that leads to the cave. At last we reached it, and surveyed a great pile of massive rocks, under one of which is the dark, low, irregularly shaped hollow in which we were to sleep. The place might be the cavernous home of a wild beast or of a small ogre. A rude cooking-place is improvised just outside the burrow, and our guides were soon busy with mountain cookery. Then came the dinner, the song and jest, and then the vesper pipe. Hillyer and myself, joyous with the hopes of the morrow, reclined among guides and porters, anticipated the Schreckhorn, and enjoyed the Kastenstein view. Christian and Kauffmann soothed us with prophecies of fine weather, and we had a happy bivouac evening.

The great range of noble peaks standing opposite to the Kastenstein, across the broad width of the chill glacier, are all duskily, dimly, whitish-gray in the cold shadow of the falling night; when suddenly there slowly steals a silver flame along the sharp topmost crest of the mighty Eiger, and moonlight shimmers on his snowy height. The cold, pure, argent light broadens and descends. The silver flood creeps upward over wastes of stone, up our bare hillside, until it reaches to our very feet, and until the huge rock-boulders which shelter the Kastenstein refuge grow tenderly bright in the silent rays of the palely blanching moon. All around is hushed and huge—awful, and yet so lovely. Moonlight streams on snow as faith gleams upon a saintly soul: the heavenly light is reflected, in answering beauty, by the pure thing on which it calmly shines.

With the first glimpse of moonlight on these mighty hills the songs ceased, and we gazed in silence upon the magic Alpine vision. Work, however, often calls men away from dreams of beauty and delight; and as we were to get up at two or three next morning to do the Schreckhorn, a short night only was before us. Some time between ten and eleven Christian touched me on the shoulder, looked expressively at his watch, and pointed to the interior of our cavern shelter. I sighed, and had just one more half-pipe before I could tear myself from the silver splendor of the scene.

In the low, rock-roofed burrow hay is thinly spread over a hard, uneven rock bottom; and on this wild couch you compose yourself to sleep—if sleep you can. Soon the candle was extinguished, and huge, amorphous forms slumbered near me, while the white moonshine stole in little flakes through chinks in the rock, and there was dreamland around the lonely Kastenstein.

At three in the dim, chill morning we were called—not necessarily awakened—by Christian. We wrestled grimly with the stiff, hard boots, and with the tough, unlovely breakfast. There being then light enough, we left the cave at four A.M., and were silently *en route* for the high and distant Schreckhorn.

## ALBANI.

A LADY of St. Louis indulges in this reminiscence: "I was at Saratoga eight or nine years ago, and attended an entertainment in the ballroom of the United States Hotel. At the close, an old French gentleman arose and begged the audience to listen to his daughter sing. Among the few who attended to the request, this lady saw two rather shabby figures advance behind the old gentleman: they were his daughters, and one was the Albani of to-day, who was then listened to merely as a matter of courtesy, as there was nothing at all in her voice then to foreshadow the great fame she now enjoys. The father would, however, persist that his daughter could sing, and when others turned away in disbelief he held steadfastly to his faith, and she, in spite of slights and difficulties, persisted and went onward.

"You may have read of a magnificent home in London, where Albani lives with that old father and the sister who was her companion in the shabby bonnet and shawl that failed even in the slightest degree to enlist the interest of a Saratoga ballroom audience. Lately, the newspapers tell, she had twenty-three recalls in one night before a critical audience in St. Petersburg, and the great and the high are now busy in her laudation. Is not this a reason, dear girls, for taking courage to persevere?"

A PROCESSION OF PENITENTS IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 24.

# LADY MACBETH.

## CHAPTER I.

### A FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE largest theatre in London was crowded from pit to dome—crowded not only with the idle curious, the illiterate many, but with the *cognoscenti*, the *fine fleur* of critics, for a new actress, said to be surprisingly beautiful and gifted, was to make her first appearance that night.

Oddly enough, of all these gentlemen composing the flower of criticism—the cream of the press—but one or two had been able to get even so much as a glimpse at the *débutante*. Jean Berkeley's success, should it prove such, would certainly not be a *bought thing*, for, except the one or two who had, as I have said, caught a glimpse of her, none in the vast theatre among those whose applause and approval make a first appearance either a hit or a fiasco, knew of her aught except the name. To all, hers was an unknown personality.

There was one among the select few—alas, how few they are! possessed of a brain such as enables them fitly to criticise the brainwork of others—who leaned back in his orchestra-chair with a lolling indifference that effectually hid a nervous palpitation such as had never before possessed the heart of Bertram Montahl, poet, newspaper-writer, dabbler in art, "everything by turns, and nothing long," for such a fitful and inconstant thing had the young Scotch laird become, when, turning him out of "house an' hame," because he would not marry a gaunt, forbidding, red-haired, green-eyed cat of a cousin, Brenda McNeil by name, the old laird, his father, had informed him that, "till the sod e'en covered him—the speaker—he might look for the bread he would eat in the brains he was sickle proud o'."

LADY MACBETH.—"STANDING UPRIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, NOT MANY STEPS FROM THE OLD LAIRD'S BED, HER EYES ABLAZE, WITH A SMALL DAGGER IN HER HAND, ON WHICH GLOWED A DARK, DREAD SPOT OF BLOOD, STOOD JEAN BERKELEY."

Bertram had taken him at his word, and left the old castle—a proud superstructure that reared its stately walls upon the top of an ancient cliff, wooded and watered beneath into a semblance of Paradise, and with wide, rich lawns all about it—with a sore heart but a proud brow, and, as the oldest retainer, one Seth McBranderley, had muttered as the young laird rode away, "deil a word o' 'monstrance."

After that, for a time, he had eaten the hard crust of poverty, which, probably because he did not water it with his tears, stuck in his throat, and proved a hard morsel to swallow.

But at the end of a few months, London heard of Bertram Montahl through some of the best things issued—heard of him as a poet who would not soon cease to be read, nor, as his reviewers said, to be remembered.

And then, on and on, from writing for the brain-gifted men, he began to write about them, being engaged at a good salary as theatrical reporter, art critic and reviewer to a prominent paper.

"But why does he palpitate so nervously just now as the curtain is about to rise?" you will ask.

Because—he was in love! And in love, too, *really* in love with a woman he had seen but once—the new "star," if such she were destined to prove—the *débutante*, fair Jean Berkeley.

She had swept past him with her vail lifted, in the side scenes, making an exit as he made an entrance. The poet and actress had nearly come to a collision in the darkness among the flats, and leaving him just time ere she vanished to recall a hackneyed quotation about Diana or some such mythological and supposititious personage, a recollection suggested by a presence that in majesty and beauty—beauty of a strange, unusual type—surpassed all he had seen in woman.

And now she was about to appear—to *reappear!*

The mimic scene changes to the Castle of Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

"By Jove! the creature is glorious! She absolutely floods the stage with light!" whispered in Bertram Montahl's ear his best and dearest friend, Percy Marshall, a young medical student. And glorious the actress was. She really *did* seem to flood the stage with light.

From above her robes of dark velvet rose a throat and shoulders, of which the sculpturesque beauty was unparalleled, save in the unbreathing marble. With this beauty of form, features of such rare perfection that howsoever the head posed itself, and in whatever position the outline offered itself to the eye of the public, no fault could be detected, but only a series of bust-like, picture-like presentments, such as recalled all that art has produced of most perfect and immortal. She was Diana, she was Venus, she was Minerva; in a word, she was a faultlessly beautiful woman.

And her face, crowned by a rare and evidently natural profusion of hair, like the stars in the yellow radiance of its lustre, had an intellectuality that is rare in blondes. "Blonde me no blondes!" Was a woman with hazel eyes of the most sombre yet lustrous hazel, shaded by lashes and overarched by brows of glossy black, of which the perfection owed nothing to art, to be called a blonde? She was a—but no! She was *not* a brunette, either, with that marble whiteness of complexion—a *blancheur mâte*, such as usually accompanies brown or golden hair.

Lady Macbeth, reading the letter:

"They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report that they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished!"

And what a voice!

It held the public charm-bound. From the first word of her utterance to the last she spoke that night, Jean Berkeley's voice held her hearers in a thrall of pleasure.

And, in the more weird and terrible portions of her impersonation of the subtle and evil heroine, what evidence of genius! what grandeur! Yet what—yes, what a sensation of horror awoke at her words!

In that scene where the murder of the aged King Duncan, already complete, Lady Macbeth, whom Malcolm so fitly calls Macbeth's "fiend-like wife," snatches the bloody daggers from the hands of the Thane to replace them where they "*must* lie," as she reminds him, a strange mingling of a singular earnestness, a horrible exultation and *exaltation* seemed to urge the dreadful words of the text from the now pale lips of the young actress. Her great eyes flashed and burned and glowed with a strange inner fire.

"It's hideously truthful!" muttered Percy Marshall.

What had the public listened to? What weird exponent of passions fierce and awful beyond any but extraordinary conceptions stood before them, curdling their very blood with an unknown terror? What was there strange and inexplicable about the new tragic actress? What that was more than met the eye or ear, and that none understood or could explain? What that made them listen breathless? and that was, perhaps, from the novelty of the sensations produced, the secret of her tremendous success.

Listening to and keenly observing this magnificently beautiful Lady Macbeth in that scene where she last appears, her golden hair all astray, and in spotless white, and goes through the dread somnambulistic scene where she washes without "sweetening" her "little hands," Marshall bent and whispered a few words to Bertram Montahl that froze him amid his raptures at Jean Berkeley's success—words that were audible to none but him, and which ended thus:

"And, great as she undeniably is, I should advise her, by all means, *to leave the stage and retire into private life.*"

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## CHAPTER II.

### MARK BERKELEY'S DAUGHTER.

MADLY in love—I say *madly* advisedly—Bertram Montahl's only dream, from the hour he beheld Jean Berkeley, was to make that fair creature, that embodied ideal of all his dreams as a poet, his wedded wife.

And in that hope, which speedily took the color of a purpose, he persisted, despite all the remonstrances and representations of Percy Marshall, his sincere friend; the furious threats of his father, old Lord Marcus, who heard of his purpose, and remarked that his malediction was all ready, in case it was carried out—a pleasant course of action common to furious fathers in and out of plays and novels; and in spite, too, of a certain shrinking, and the stirring within his soul of some unaccountable premonition that in the very presence, nay, with his hands clasped in those of the peerless Jean, sometimes fell like a cloud between the lovers.

For she was about to wed him. She, the star, the "great success"; she who had been proclaimed, with a unanimity almost unprecedented, a queen of tragedy, she was about to renounce all this, and become the wife of a man almost poor. "Lady Montahl," it is true, would be her title, but only in the after-time. The young laird could have no hope of his father's estates till that father's death, which, like a good son as he was, he was far from being impatient for. Though enfeebled, it was evident, by years, there was none of that undermining of vitality apparent in the old laird which is the forerunner of the final breaking-up that is death of old age.

Some days before the young laird had made his proposals of marriage to "fair Jean Berkeley," as the newspapers called her, Percy Marshall, passing out from the private hearing-room of Manager Grosleigh, at that theatre where Jean was engaged, and where he had been holding a *tête-à-tête* conversation of an hour with him, took his leave with these words:

"You ought to set aside the contract and do away with the whole thing. You do not know when there may be an *exposé*, a 'flare-up,' an *esclandre*—in a word, a peculiarly dreadful mess."

"I entirely disagree with you; and so long as she draws crowded houses, as now, I shall continue to give her performances to the public as the 'great and crowning attraction of the season,' for such they are," replied Gresleigh.

"As you please," said Marshall, turning to depart; "but it seems *cruel*. Pity Mark Berkeley left a daughter!"

Mark Berkeley, of whom Percy Marshall spoke, and whose daughter, Jean herself, he had left behind when death took him, had been a gambler, though a man of family, and, in the by-gone time, of position. He had married Kate O'Graff, a very lovely Irish actress, attached to a popular theatre in Dublin.

Before Mark Berkeley's death, he had laid violent hands upon himself; a great misfortune, greater than death, had fallen upon him. Kate O'Graff, one month after, died of a broken heart—it had been breaking for years—leaving Jean a woman of nineteen, endowed with subtle, dangerous, wonderful beauty and talent.

Jean had become an actress, as we have seen, and from her first shining forth, a star of magnitude.

What meant Percy Marshall's sinister predictions? And

why did he murmur to himself, as he read Bertram Montahl's wedding cards, "He marries in haste to repent at leisure, *as I have told him he will?*"

## CHAPTER III.

### CASTLE MONTAHL.

WEDDING-CARDS? Yes. For in the month of May they married, Bertram and Jean, and merrily passed the honeymoon under the sun of Italy, whither they journeyed, and upon the banks of the dreamy Rhine. Everywhere the strange beauty of Jean excited great attention. Hers was a proud husband.

But, after a time, a strange melancholy fell upon Bertram, and stealthy looks would be fixed unawares upon his fair wife's face, when he deemed her unconscious of his gaze.

And this blackness of melancholy did not pass away from the young laird's brow; nay, it grew deeper from day to day, till at last those who had known him ever as a cheerful, if never a merry man, even under the stress of poverty and exile from his Scottish "hame," would scarcely have recognized Bertram Montahl in the husband wedded but one little year.

In manner, but in that alone, his wife, fair Jean, had changed also.

Hers was no more the careless air of a happy bride. On the contrary, a gloom and a weirdness seemed to have settled upon her, and the same stealthy observance of her husband might be detected on her part as in him toward her.

Strange to say, there now came to the wife and husband in London, where they were making their home with as much comfort as was to be procured by Bertram's pen—indeed, it might have satisfied a not unreasonable woman—an utterly unexpected summons.

The old laird, setting aside the terrible sin—such it was in his eyes—of his son's marriage with an actress, summoned the exile—he called him the prodigal—home again, and—with his wife!

Bertram turned pale as death at the summons; pale, it might be, with joy, but whether with that or not, he certainly hesitated, and seemed like a man in a heavy, bewildered dream or nightmare, putting his hand ever and anon to his head, like one whose wits had gone astray.

Jean silently observed him.

"Are you not happy," demanded she, at last, "to go back to your native heath, your youth's home?"

"Yes," moodily replied the young laird.

"But you do not seem so," reiterated Jean.

Bertram rose at this, and left the room and the house without saying another word.

"Happy!" murmured he, as he rushed on and on through the crowded London streets; "how shall *I* ever be happy again?"

But, from whatever cause sprang his misery, the young laird and his wife bade their servants make ready forthwith, and repaired to the lair of the old lion, who had roared so long, and now was quiet, even quite conciliatory—the proud old Castle Montahl.

Through what scenes of beauty did they not pass on their way to Bertram's home, the spot that would one day be his heritage!

Ah, the fair Scottish lakes, the woods, the glens! What must be the anguish that the sight of such an Eden would not overcome and still?

I have said that fair Jean was a woman to subdue and enthrall by her beauty, and never fell that glamour more powerfully than upon the spirit of the "frosty but kindly" old laird, who, however much inclined to dislike the woman who had won away his son—indeed, but for his miserable heart-yearnings for that son he would never have received her—soon showed no outward repugnance to Jean, and even seemed fascinated.

Yet, had the old laird analyzed his feelings, he would at times have been aware of an inability to comprehend the character of his son's wife, which was strangely capricious, and his deep-seated prejudice would again revive, when, observing her at times, he noted the great influence over Bertram of the most variable of women he (the old laird) had ever met with.

But Lord Marcus was principled against the utterance of any word of questioning as to the heart-life of a married pair. Whom Heaven hath joined, let no man put asunder, nor attempt so to do, by one word even, of suspicion, mistrust or dislike. Such was his creed in matters matrimonial.

All the county, too, seemed to recoil from Bertram's beautiful wife. In the midst of old friends he lived "a man forbid." Jean was by no means popular.

Yet there were times when it could be seen that over the father of Bertram, Jean had an ascendency almost as great as that she exercised over himself. And he, Bertram, appeared to adore her.

For was it not like idolatry to watch every word, every gesture? to hang upon her utterance, and to attend upon her footsteps with the patience, the watchfulness of a hound? This Bertram did.

His watchfulness, indeed, was so great that Jean herself must at times have been weary of it, for there were days when, after evident study as to how to avoid and evade him, she would escape to wood or glen, and, with wild exultation, utter cries of joy in the solitude at the thought that she had escaped for a moment from one who was like a keeper.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BEWITCHED.

AFTER a time, the self-same gloom had fallen upon one and all of the household of Castle Montahl.

What was their terrible secret?

The old laird spoke often of what he called his "approaching death." And, although he had in a great measure recovered apparent health after his son's return, the idea that death would soon overtake him seemed to be ever present.

As regarded Bertram, it might be that one cause of his melancholy was the non-arrival of any heir to the fair estates spread out before his eyes.

Yet he never uttered any wish for a child, or expressed any disappointment that Jean did not bear him one.

One morning when Jean, Bertram and Lord Marcus were seated in one of the wide and picturesque chambers that made the interior of Castle Montahl a thing to be remembered, a paroquet that swung upon a gilt ring in one corner, where Jean habitually fed it with dainties, happened to bite her finger somewhat severely.

In an instant the splendidly beautiful woman had become a splendidly terrible fiend. For, seizing the innocent, because unconscious, offender in a rigid gripe, before either of the lairds could rise or remonstrate, she, her eyes glaring, her lips livid and her brow aflame, wrung the poor parrot's neck, and flung it, limp and dead, into the middle of the apartment.

Bertram, pale as death, rose to his feet. Lord Marcus also.

In a moment more some consciousness of her unwomanly violence seemed to come to her, and, throwing back her

head, she strode from the room with a look that, if half of rage, was still half of shame as well.

Bertram and his father exchanged an eloquent look, but neither spoke. To know each other's feelings there was no need for either to express them.

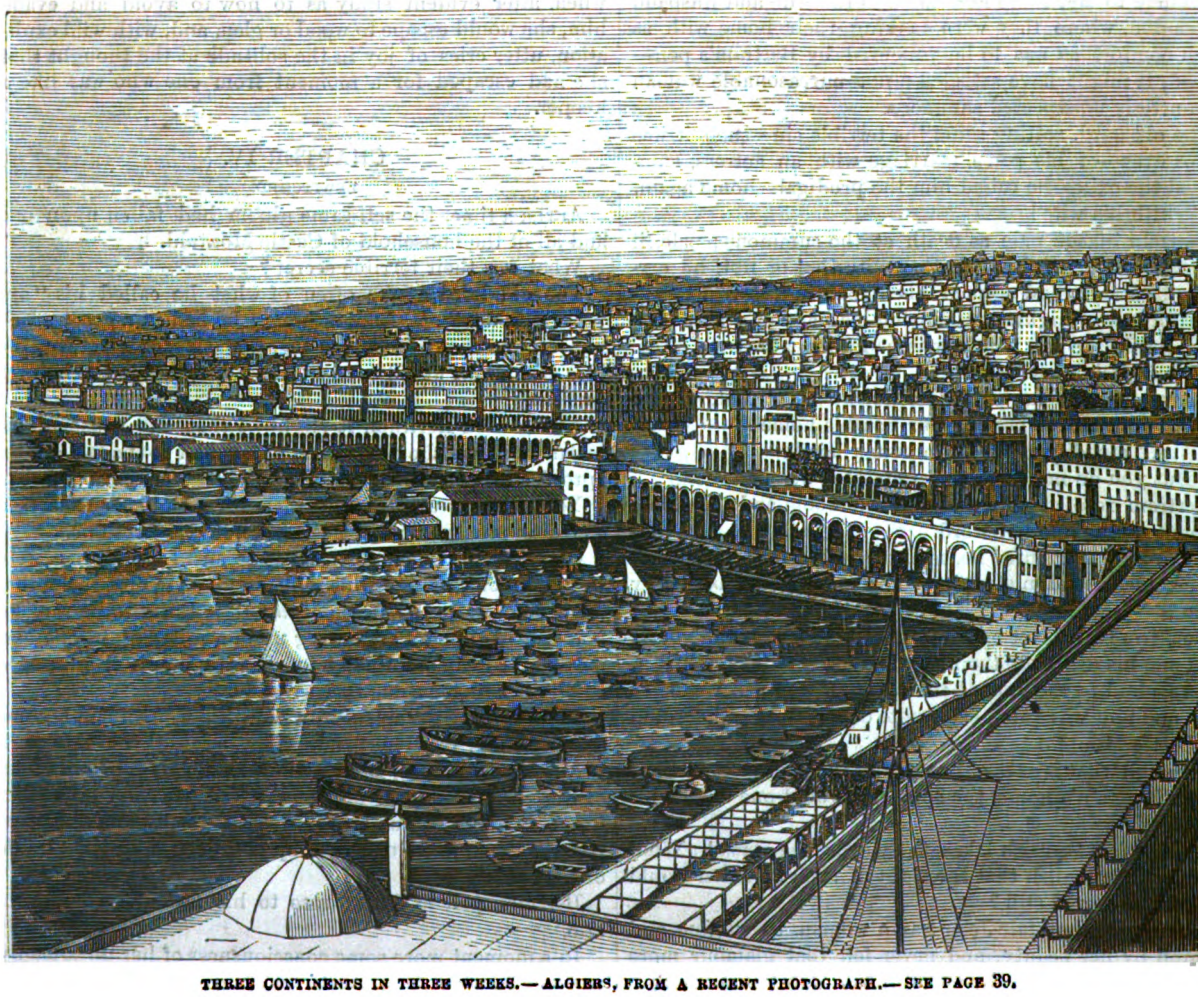
* * *

Jean Berkeley and Bertram Montahl had been wedded about three years, and, if the face of any of the three inhabitants of Castle Montahl was to be regarded as an index of their mental state, three wretched years, when, one day, a frightful scene of violence took place between Bertram and his wife—violent on *her* part alone, however—because of her expressed determination to return to London.

CARTHAGENA, SPAIN.

She was sick, "sick at heart," she said, of Scotland. She loathed its very hills, its lakelets, its glens, its groves. She hated its "religious cant"; she despised its customs. Give her back London! life! the stage! She detested Scotland, and, "of all things else, the castle, with"—here a look of pain and rage crossed her superb face—"its gloom and its *restraint.*"

Bertram, to all her anger, replied by calmness, but at last became stern, and almost menacing, in his manner, when, as suddenly as it had risen, his wife's stormy passion lulled itself, and, turning from him, she flung herself down among the rich Oriental shawls with which it had been her



THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—ALGIERS, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 39.

THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—JEWISH WOMEN OF TUNIS.—SEE PAGE 39.

whim to load her favorite lounge—the scene had taken place in her bedchamber—and, ere many moments elapsed, she was asleep.

Bertram looked at her sleeping thus; and in her always picturesque attitudes, Jean Berkeley might have been taken for some creation of the renowned Canova, so perfect was her beauty; but the husband of three short years sighed heavily, and, sighing, went his way out of the castle to pace dejectedly its wide, green lawns.

Her rage renewed itself many times after this, for Jean had, against her wish to leave Scotland, the old laird, who, always penurious, now positively refused to disburse anything for the defraying of the expenses of the pair to London; and, since he had cut loose, at his father's wish and solicitation, from his post as *feuilletoniste* in London, Bertram was entirely dependent upon that parent.

Again a calm on the part of the turbulent wife, which calm lasted a little time, and was abruptly broken one day by as strange a scene as that in which she had strangled the pet parrot.

This is what occurred:

Coming from gunning one day, her husband found Jean beating a pet hound of his with a riding-whip, a huge one of his own; and, while she lashed poor Fleance, the poor, shrinking beast crouching before her, she foamed at the mouth till she sank at last to the ground, exhausted. The hound's offense had been—leaping upon her riding-habit, and almost causing her to fall upon the sward.

After this, for three long months, Jean Montahl was not known to leave the privacy of her own apartment. Part of the time she refused food. Her health now became delicate, though there was still no prospect of an heir, "for which mercy," said Bertram to his father, "Heaven be praised!"

Another slow year passed by, and the young laird's hair—at twenty-nine!—was beginning to turn quite gray.

No trace of any change, however, appeared in Jean's wonderful beauty, unless it were that at times her great hazel eyes were lustreless and bloodshot, and her pallor sickly in its marble-like appearance.

At times she would show a singular fancy for harassing Bertram with questions as to his gloom and despondency, and tax him with *hating* and being *afraid* of her.

Surely Percy Marshall's predictions were fulfilled! Had he not said that the young laird marrying in haste would repent at leisure?

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CURTAIN FALLS.

But to all who wait, a day comes when Time, the expounder of mysteries, solves their life problem.

One night—it was a lovely Summer night, and the moon's silvery beams shed a lustrous vail over the silent lawn, and poured into the castle chambers in a flood of tender glory—a thrilling shriek, followed by many as dreadful as the first, awoke the slumbering servants—set Fleance, the hound, to barking wildly—and brought Bertram in pale haste into his old father's bedchamber, whence the reiterated screams had come.

A strange, a terrible sight awaited him. Standing upright in the middle of the floor, not many steps from the old laird's bed, her eyes ablaze, her beautiful fair locks sweeping over her white dressing-gown, and with a small dagger in her hand, on which glowed a dark, dread spot of blood, stood Jean Berkeley, uttering and reiterating the horrid cries that, like a "hideous trumpet," as when old Duncan was found cold and dead, called "to parley the sleepers of the house."

Was the old laird—for some time past the object of her wrath—dead, like poor King Duncan?

Be that as it might, she was *worse* than dead! For the terrible secret was blazoned forth at last to all the household—that secret which Bertram Montahl and old Lord Marcus had, with breaking hearts, striven for years to keep with dignity, and had, in a manner, kept. All was known at last; *Jean Berkeley was a mad-woman!*

Mad, now, beyond even an attempt at control; mad, piteously, though fearfully, for, pointing at the poor old man whom she had—not killed, but sorely wounded, she muttered, looking at the dripping dagger, and with vague, painful reminiscence of the feverish stage-life that had long ago fostered and developed her hereditary malady:

"Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

* * * * * * *

Jean Berkeley's sad story, in a few words, was this:

The offspring, the only child of the brilliant, intellectual Kate O'Graff and of the young officer, Captain Mark Berkeley, Jean had been born to them after one year of marriage. Kate had discovered too late that her husband's dissolute life had ended in its own punishment—softening of the brain.

When Jean was nineteen, Mark Berkeley, then hopelessly insane, had committed suicide, leaving a widow whose long-wrung heart broke at last, freeing her from a life that had long been a burden.

Jean, brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, naturally yearned for a theatrical life. Leaving Dublin when she became an orphan, she hastened to accept an engagement offered her in London, at the theatre where Bertram Montahl first beheld her.

Then it was that Percy Marshall, keenly observant of the lovely *débutante* upon the night of her first appearance, detected, through his knowledge of the peculiarities of the insane, the fact of the existence of her incipient malady, and had, the reader will remember, then and there communicated that discovery to Bertram, saying:

"And great as she undeniably is, I should advise her, by all means, to quit the stage and retire to private life."

But, strange to say—and this is a well-known fact—it is oftener than not impossible for the eye of affection to detect that malady in the beloved which is obvious to all others. Bertram Montahl met his fate in meeting Jean Berkeley. He loved her with his whole soul, and during the remainder of her short, fevered life, never failed in his tenderness and devotion to one who, after her attempt upon the old laird's life, rapidly sank into the condition of a feeble invalid.

But, at times, as her bodily strength faded away, Bertram's soul had glimpses of its reward in flashes of revelation, as it were, of what Jean *might* have been, but for the fatal inheritance that Mark Berkeley's evil life had made hers. In her sane moments, a great loveliness of character, a saintly sweetness, a holy resignation evinced itself, and the old laird grew to love her as Bertram did, and wept with him when the fair young wife died, whose death, lit up by gladness at release from life so fatally overshadowed, was a death full of beauty. Nothing in life became her like the leaving it. Yes, at twenty, lovelier than ever, and *quite sane*. She had been so for months, but who can say how long she would have remained so had she lived? The woman died for whom her husband would have given up his existence.

Bertram Montahl's heart had received an incurable wound. Jean Berkeley dead, Bertram never again loved, and never wedded.

# THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS;
Or,
# TO AFRICA AND BACK, AGAINST TIME.

By David Ker, Author of "On the Road to Khiva."

It is recorded that Hannibal, when his brother propounded an ingenious plan of battle, remarked, with a smile, "There's only one objection to your plan, and that is, that it's impossible." The same thing might well be said of my projected Christmas tour. To leave New York for the Sahara on the 10th of November, and return by the 18th of January, traversing meanwhile both Algeria and Tunis, seeing and reporting, as becomes a member of the august brotherhood of a New York "Daily," every object of interest from Morocco to Tripoli, and from the Mediterranean to the Great Desert—this is, indeed, a match against time which only Jules Verne could contemplate without dismay.

But I, less favored than the great master's indomitable heroes, find *my* chapter of accidents commencing as early as the voyage itself. Fifteen hours' detention off Staten Island, two days' heavy weather in mid-sea, and finally, just within sight of Liverpool, an impenetrable fog which keeps us motionless in the Mersey two days longer, amid a chorus of bells and fog-horns, suggestive of a Chinese wedding.

When the cloud at length rolls away, and the spellbound *Egypt* moves forward once more, the very appropriate hymn given out by our good old chaplain—

> "From Egypt's bondage come,
> Where sin and darkness reign,
> We seek a new, a better home,"

found an echo in every heart.

However, there is still time, by traveling night and day, to catch the Algerian steamer at Marseilles; so away I go again. A spectral glimpse of London through the raw, chilly dimness of a Winter dawn; a headlong scamper from editor to editor through the slushy mire of the "City," dropping copy here, picking up money there; a rush to the Victoria depot for a through ticket to Oran—and southward, ho! is the word.

The lights of Dover, the tossing waves of the Channel, the long, black pier and clustering houses of Calais, flit by like the visions of a dream; and I open my eyes at daybreak upon the straight, wide streets and endless lamps of imperial Paris, with just time to rattle across the city and catch the Marseilles express—haunted all the time by a vague doubt as to whether I am the Wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, or the celebrated messenger who "kep on running three days and three nights, 'cause he war too lazy to stop."

Then follows a nineteen-hours' scurry over Southern France, through mist and rain, in an overcrowded compartment, *darkened* by one solitary lamp, which might be lineally descended from those of the five foolish virgins, its specialty being, apparently, to go out as often and as utterly as possible, leaving us to the "darkness visible" of two or three faintly twinkling cigars.

Who does not know the accumulated miseries of a long night-journey under such circumstances?—the fruitless attempts to cheat yourself into the belief that you are going to sleep, the ever-recurring elbow-prod of your next neighbor, who querulously asks "whether you want the whole car to yourself"; the deep, rhythmical, unslackening snore of some happier comrade opposite; the desperate and hopeless effort to put your feet *anywhere* out of the way, till their mere existence appears an unbearable injustice—the uncombed, unwashed, unrested, un-everything sensation of the early morning inducing feelings to which those of Cain, at the time of the first murder, were absolutely saint-like! But after a rattling tramp up and down the platform, to stretch my cramped limbs, and a good, hot breakfast at the same table with two or three jovial Russians (whose presence gives me a long wished-for chance of speaking the good old Slavonian tongue once more), I begin to feel that there *is* something worth living for, after all.

Beautiful as Marseilles undoubtedly is, outspread in all its terraced whiteness beneath the vast shadow of the encircling mountains, with the smooth, bright sea below, and the warm, dreamy, blue sky above, it certainly shows to as little advantage in a pouring rain as a crying baby, or a house in the crisis of a "cleaning-up day."

Gladly enough do I at length find myself on board the Algerian steamer, already crowded with a motley throng of black-curled Maltese, turbaned Moors, swarthy, keen-eyed Spaniards, dapper French soldiers in scarlet trowsers; ducks, fowls, dogs and horses; while the gangway is blocked up by an irate old gentleman, encumbered with a baggage-train that might serve a marching regiment.

> "There was an old tourist who got in a stew,
> For he had so much baggage he didn't know what to do;
> For bribing the 'Customs' he'd got nary red,
> So he cursed 'em all soundly, and went off to bed."

But all past annoyances vanish in the unalloyed pleasure of the two glorious days that follow, amid all the freshness and brightness and beauty of the open sea, which tosses us on its big waves like a frolicsome giant, and casts up its flying spray, to fall in rainbows against the dazzling sunshine, making the rain and mists of the past week appear like a dream.

On the second afternoon the stern, rocky outline of the Spanish coast opens suddenly into a small, landlocked bay, sentineled by forts along the surrounding heights, while in its inmost hollow a trim, white city, festooned with glossy tropical foliage, stands looking out over a wide, sun-parched plain, beneath the shadow of the grim old citadel, around which Roman and Carthaginian grappled for life and death twenty centuries ago.

This is Carthagena, one of the chief ports of Eastern Spain, and certainly as pretty a spot as any in the Mediterranean, although too modern to rival the stately grandeur of Cordova or Toledo.

But a far finer spectacle awaits us on the following morning, when the African shore unrolls itself beneath the cloudless splendor of the sunrise in endless curves of purple mountain as far as the eye can reach; while nearer on the view lies the magnificent Bay of Oran, with its vast, red cliffs towering in stately semi-circle above the rich Summer blue of the Mediterranean; its turreted forts crowning every hill-top; its tufted palms waving barrier-like against the sky, and the great, white city lying like an ivory carving in the midst of all.

It is the morning of the 1st of December. Counting from November 10th, I have thus seen Three Continents in Three Weeks; but this exploit, however creditable from a sporting point of view, leaves by far the hardest part of my work still to do. Indeed, my first news on landing is that the only train for Algiers has already left, and that I am again at a standstill until the following morning!

But with such air to breathe, and such mountains to

SCENE IN THE STREETS OF ORAN.

march over, the delay need not be regretted; and breakfast is scarcely done when I am off again, swinging through the town at full speed toward the further extremity of the bay; eyed with a grand, indulgent contempt by the Arabs who lie dozing in the shade, comfortably conscious that Allah has given them more sense than to go tramping out in the heat of the day, like these brainless unbelievers of the North.

And then come three hours of unbroken enjoyment—now clambering up a steep incline, with barrow-loads of loose stone crashing away from under my feet at every step; now wriggling along the face of a precipice, with the booming sea a hundred feet below; now striding through some little fishing-village, greeted with many a wondering stare as I shoot by; then down again on to the smooth, hard sand, playing hide and seek with the charging waves; then up along the hill-side once more, losing myself amid the giant corn-stalks ten or twelve feet high—a

GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINE.

veritable forest in miniature.

At length, tattered, blistered, grimed with dust, and dripping with heat, I crown the highest point of the great ridge, in the hope of a good, long rest. But, lo! on the very summit, a party of jovial picnickers from the town are dancing with might and main, and singing in lusty chorus. The infection is irresistible, and my proposed "rest" ends in footing it along with them till I have scarcely strength left to crawl home.

The greatest charm of this wonderful region is its strange mingling of the civilized Present with the remote and barbaric Past. Strolling through Oran, you are surrounded by railways and telegraphs, hotels, operas, and *cafés*, fashionable novels, faultlessly dressed "swells," marble-topped tables alive with the clink of glasses and the buzz of lively talk—all the appliances of modern luxury and refinement.

THE GORGE OF EL KANTARAH.

A SCENE IN BATNA.

Half a mile beyond the limits of the city you find yourself amid vailed women, bare-limbed peasants, turbaned husbandmen; plodding camels laden with bales of merchandise; tombs dating back to the days of Hannibal; white mantles, such as were worn here before the coronation of Augustus; oxen dragging the clumsy wagons of the first century, and swarthy ragamuffins crouching under tents like that which sheltered Abraham on the plains of Mamre.

By nine the next morning I am off again, rattling eastward toward Algiers by the morning train, along the edge of the great salt lake which fills almost the whole of the deep hollow to the south of the plateau of Oran. And then, for eleven hours to come, the cool, purple shadow of the distant hills, far away on either side, tantalize us as we speed over a boundless waste of bare, sun-scorched plain, relieved at long intervals by a scanty patch

of cultivation, but for the most part as lifeless and desolate as the steppes of Central Asia.

Here and there appear the loop-holed walls of those fortress-like farmhouses that befit this unquiet land, vividly recalling the *khootors* of my old friends, the Cossacks of the Don; but more frequently the only sign of human life is a stray *gourbi*, the appearance of which forcibly suggests that the first Arab must have found a very badly built bird's nest, and bequeathed it to his posterity as a model.*

Our train follows its usual custom of reaching Blidah, the last town of note before Algiers, half an hour late; and I am glad to sup and go to bed immediately on getting to the snug little Hotel d'Orient, for the famous Chiffa Gorge must be seen the first thing next morning, if I am to reach Algiers the same night.

Accordingly, daylight finds me rattling off in a quaint little jaunting-car, the driver of which beguiles the way by howling at the top of his voice one of those interminable and unintelligible songs which seem to be the peculiar property of the French postilion. The road at first lies across a flat, gravelly waste, split in all directions by deep, narrow gullies, through the depths of which creeps languidly a tiny thread of water, which will be a roaring whirlpool two months hence, when the melting of the snow brings down the mountain torrents in their might. Then we turn sharply to the left, through a series of small plantations, and, zigzaging up a winding road, plunge suddenly among the huge, dark-green masses of wooded hillside, which surge up around us as if all the waves of the Deluge had been frozen into forests.

And then, for an hour to come, it is the higher Alps or the Caucasus over again—a narrow thread of firm road along the brink of a tremendous chasm, from the gloomy depths of which the hoarse roar of an unseen torrent comes sullenly to our ears; while beyond it the mountain rushes up in one great wave of black, broken rock, glittering with countless waterfalls. Add a little to the height and steepness of the surrounding precipices, and the whole scene would represent the Khyber Pass fairly enough, although these forests are haunted, not by white-frocked Afghan riflemen, but by small gray monkeys, which swing themselves from bough to bough with shrill, impish cries.

It is difficult to imagine a more perfect contrast than the sudden descent from the savage grandeur of this famous gorge to the trim neatness of Blidah, with its palms and orange-groves, its handsome shops and well-appointed hotels, and its beautiful Place d'Armes, where the quiet townsfolk sip their coffee or lemonade in the cool of the evening, while listening to the music of the regimental band. Below are dainty white streets and smooth pavements, rolling carriages and gayly dressed promenaders; above are the mighty peaks of the Atlas, with the eternal snow clinging to their black, craggy summits, looking down upon the little toy town beneath them like war-worn veterans watching their children at play around their feet.

The night-train brings me to Algiers at 10:30; and by eleven o'clock next morning I am off again in the coasting steamer for Philippeville, my point of debarkation for the final plunge into the desert.

This seeming neglect naturally leads the French officers on board to set me down as a Vandal of the worst type, with no eye for the picturesque and beautiful; but in reality, the Naples of North Africa, like every other Mohammedan city that I have seen, from Samarcand to Morocco, looks best at a distance. Despite the grandeur of the ancient citadel, and the soft Italian beauty of the Marengo Gardens, the lower or civilized quarter differs little from any large town of southern France, while the Arab town above it is literally indescribable. Imagine yourself suddenly beset by a crowd of houses instead of beggars, and you may faintly picture this great jostle of human pigsties, where you find yourself stepping from one man's threshold down another man's chimney, and can thrust your arms into two opposite doorways at once. One street tantalizes you by leading for a few moments in the right direction, and then suddenly ending in nothing; another trickles away downhill in an endless succession of broken ledges, down which you slide, or tumble, or do both, amid the derisive shouts of the native spectators; a third is literally roofed in by projecting house-fronts; while a fourth, after twisting about in a way to make Blondin himself dizzy, brings you back at length to the very point from which you started.

But when you look back upon this strange union of magnificence and misery from the deck of an outward-bound steamer in the harbor, nothing more charming can be imagined. *Then* you see, for the first time, all the beauty of the long, white terraces, riding in endless range far up the dark hillside; the broad sweep of smooth, bright sea between its wood-crowned shores; the stately ranks of buildings along the great quay, interspersed with clustering trees every here and there; the cold, gray massiveness of the huge sea-wall, infusing an element of sombre strength into the voluptuous softness of the picture; and, all around, the sloping ridges outlined against the warm blue sky, and the dainty little white villas peeping shyly through embowering masses of dark, glossy foliage.

The two days' coasting voyage from Algiers to Philippeville is one of the most picturesque in the Mediterranean, the mountains running parallel with the shore-line, and displaying some new perfection of scenery at every turn. Shaggy woods, bold headlands, smooth reaches of white sand, frowning precipices, tiny bays, green, sunny hillsides, glittering domes of eternal snow, and quaint little villages nestling under the shadow of overarching mountains, follow each other in endless abundance. But all five of the Algerian seaports—Dellys, Bougie, Djidjelli, Collo, Philippeville—are as exactly alike as if issued in serial parts, and a good photograph of any one of them conveys a perfect idea of all the rest. Each and all present to your wondering eyes a deep, crescent-shaped bay, shut in by frowning cliffs; a vast slope of dark-green mountain, with a little white town pasted on it like a postage-stamp; a long, low breakwater, white with lashing waves; a tri-color flag waving majestically over a fort about the size of an inkstand; a kind of miniature Wall of China, pock-marked with unnecessary loopholes, running up-hill and down-dale into places where no enemy would ever think of going, or could do anything if he did; one big, new hotel thrusting itself forward from the mass of houses, like some white-waistcoated old gentleman elbowing his way into a front seat at the opera; and a population consisting chiefly of Arab beggars, who, with their gaunt faces and trailing white robes, look as if they had risen from the dead in such a hurry as to have not even thrown off their winding-sheets.

The distance by railway from Philippeville to Constantine (the capital of Eastern Algeria, and the most convenient starting-point of all excursions into the Sahara), is only fifty-seven miles; but such is the steepness of the ascent, that even this short journey occupies four hours and

* Many of the stations are characteristically named after French battles, such as Valmy, Inkerman, etc. Indeed, everything wears so thoroughly military an aspect as constantly to remind the traveler that this region was the scene of a bloody war as recently as 1847.

a quarter! Moreover, the arrival of the steamer being ingeniously contrived to occur just *after* the departure of the morning train for Constantine, there is nothing for it but to wait till half-past two in the afternoon.

It must be owned, however, that the cars, when they *do* start, are comfortable enough, with their well-cushioned lounges down the middle, and their snug little arm-chairs in each corner; while the magnificence of the surrounding panorama during the whole ascent may bear comparison with the finest scenery of the Caucasus itself. Nothing can be more striking than the gradual change from the wide, sunny valley, with its clustering houses and rich abundance of vegetation, to the gray moors and bare, stony uplands beyond, ending at last in one great wave of craggy mountain, flecked with new-fallen snow; and when, just before reaching Constantine, the rising moon shows us our train suspended in mid-air above a black gulf of unknown depth, the most hardened sightseer might be excused for waxing enthusiastic. But, alas!

> "One's boots may still be tight,
> E'en 'neath the Kootub Minnar;
> And with the Hudson's banks in sight,
> A man may want his dinner.
>
> "By cool Siloam's sparkling rill,
> Our foremost thought is brandy;
> Our wish upon the Pincian Hill,
> To have our slippers handy.
> Beneath the Peak of Teneriffe
> We dream of chops a-frying;
> And long for bottled stout and beef,
> While off Amalfi lying."

At the very finest point, I look round to see all my fellow-passengers fast asleep; and even *my* thoughts are quite as much occupied with the good supper that awaits me at Constantine, as with the matchless grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

Constantine itself fully merits its poetical native name of "The City in the Air." Perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a perpendicular crag, and cut off from the world, on all sides but one, by a terrific chasm many hundreds of feet in depth, it is the very beau-ideal of a natural fortress. And a fortress indeed it has been, from the grim old days when Jugurtha's Numidian filibusters held it for many a weary day against Marius and the legionaries of Rome*, down to that memorable October night in 1837, when St. Arnaud, as the stormers recoiled before the murderous fire of the Arab defenders, uttered the "Hurrah!" which brought the desperadoes of the English Legion to the front with a rush that swept away all resistance.

With these stern associations the first glimpse of the famous city, in the silence and loneliness of midnight, far up against the moonlit sky, is in perfect harmony; but in order to have the whole panorama at its best, one must see it at daybreak, from the western angle of the encircling rampart. As the morning mists roll away like the smoke of a battle, the great masses of wooded mountain deepen from gray to crimson, hilltop after hilltop catching the growing light, till all is one broad blaze of glory. And then, in one moment, the whole expanse of the beautiful valley below bursts into view—rock and river, field and wood, village and waterfall, coming forth in all their splendor.

But, even over such scenery as this, there is no time to linger. Eighty miles to the south lies the still unreached border of the Great Desert, and four of my nine weeks of grace are already gone. Accordingly, nightfall sees me crammed into the lumbering diligence which represents the sole existing communication with the frontier town of Batna,* whence another journey of ninety miles, in a still more primitive conveyance, will carry me fairly into the desert, and as far south as the French outpost of Biskra.

Of that night's experiences I may say, as the Highland gamekeeper said of his master's shooting, "The more said, the less the better." My evil star has allotted me the middle seat of the coupé, between two enormous Arab chiefs swathed in white *burnouses* as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and swarming with indigenous *creepers*, which lose no time in paying me a most unfriendly call. Add to this the jolting of the vehicle, the absolute impossibility of extending my feet, my flattened position between these two human millstones, and the stifling heat of the confined atmosphere, and it will be easily seen that the delights of the journey are by no means without alloy.

Even this ordeal, however, is not wholly without compensation. Gustave Doré himself could wish no finer study than the silent mountains in the gray dimness of early morning, as we halt for the last time but one before our journey's end. One by one the Arabs in the body of the vehicle come forth in their long, white shrouds, from the folds of which their glittering eyes and sharp, white teeth flash out weirdly enough in the waning moonlight, and bow themselves in silent, heartfelt prayer toward the pale gleam of dawn that is just breaking the eastern sky. And at that moment, as if to complete the Oriental character of this strange scene, a shadowy file of camels come gliding past with their long, noiseless stride, and vanish like belated spectres into the dark hills beyond.

At eight in the morning we come in full view of the little white houses of Batna, clustered around their tall, gray church-tower, like chickens under the wing of the mother-hen, half-way across a broad valley; and, after my sleepless night, I begin to look forward with no small gusto to a hearty breakfast and an hour's rest before starting again. But in this case, as in many others of the kind, I am reckoning without my host.

"Biskra, Monsieur!" yells an energetic *tout*, rushing up as if his life depended on it, the moment the diligence halts. "The post-car departs on the very instant. Monsieur must make haste!"

There, sure enough, is the queer little rattle-trap—a mere tea-tray on wheels—drawn up in front of the Hotel des Etrangers—with its rope-harness; its two small, shaggy horses; its short, puffy-faced driver; and its motley freight of mail-bags, haversacks, bundles, two French tourists, and one statuesque Arab.

"Monsieur must make haste!" echoes the driver, cracking his whip; and Monsieur makes haste accordingly, with much inward disgust. Down goes a cup of scalding coffee, hastily brought me by a kind-hearted waiter, who humanely suggests that I can "pay for it when I come back." Up I jump, beside the immovable Arab. Our charioteer shakes his reins with a wild whoop, and off we go!

Away, away up the valley, in the fresh, keen morning air, with the purple hills looking down upon us on either hand, and the cold mountain breeze cutting us so sharply that we may well doubt whether we can really be in burning Africa. Road there is absolutely none, and, as in my wagon-journeys over the steppes of Central Asia, we merely follow the wheel-tracks of our predecessors; heading always toward the lion-shaped mass of rocky mountain, far away in front, which overlooks the still unseen gorge of El Kantarah and the gateway of the Great Desert.

* It was then called Cirta.

* This name implies "We have spent the night"—a good deal of meaning for one word.

Suddenly there starts up out of the earth a quaint little white farmhouse, half above ground and half underneath it, surrounded by a low mud wall, inclosing a vast, desolate court-yard full of trampled straw. At sight of it the driver brightens visibly, and cheers on his horses with a shout of "*Déjeûner!*" which they seem to understand quite as well as himself. We leap off almost before the car has halted, cram down, against time, a medley of stewed fowl, potatoes, mutton fat, coarse bread, and then take a look around us.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the scene is the Arab encampments, although these are not to be approached without some risk, for the very dogs appear to be as stanch Mohammedans as their masters, and fly at every Christian interloper with a heartiness of religious feeling which might well entitle them to a high place in the Church of England.

THE BAZAAR AT BATNA.

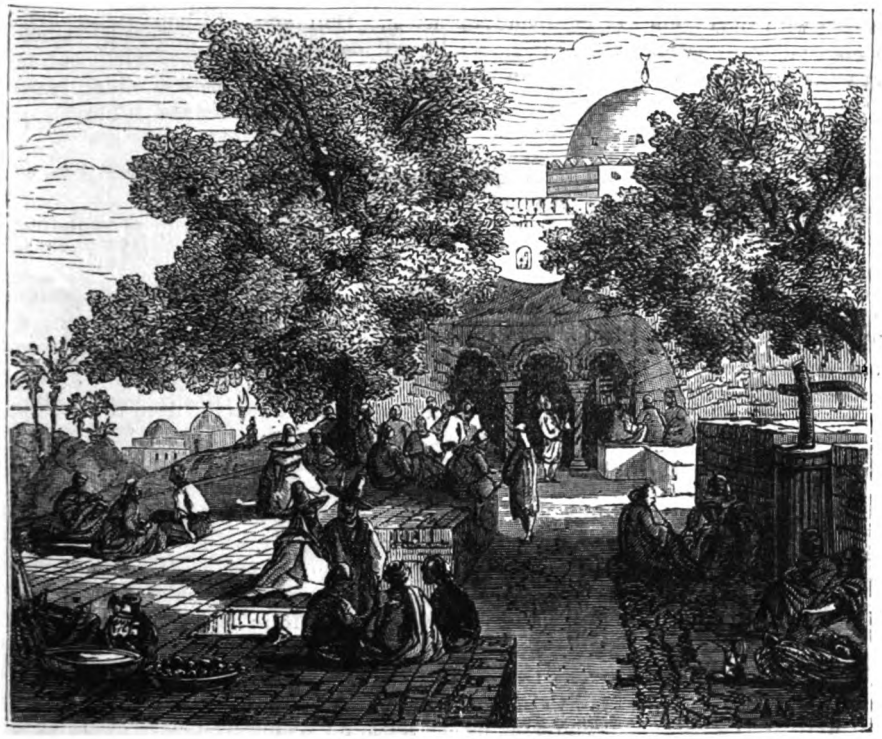
Byron has told us that

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark";

but when there seems to be every chance of his honest bark being supplemented by his equally honest bite, the sweetness is not quite so apparent.

However, even this hazard is well worth facing, in order to appreciate in its full picturesqueness a mode of life which was in fashion when Abraham was still an unknown sheikh on the Chaldean steppes. The laden camels, the vailed women, the gaunt, sinewy, keen-eyed men; the light tents, fit dwelling for a race who have been wanderers since history first began, are all appropriate accessories of a picture which has the world's greatest

A DOUAR OR ARAB ENCAMPMENT.



CAFÉ AT LA MARSA, NEAR TUNIS.

TUNISIANS.

desert for its background. Nor could any painter wish for a finer study than the attentive group which, under the shade of a convenient palm, is listening absorbedly to the legendary exploits of Antar, or the wonders achieved by the magic seal of Suleimann Ben Daoud, or, perhaps, some time-honored joke of the Oriental "Joe Miller," Nasr-ed-Deen El Khojah:

"Now, it befell on a certain day, brothers, that a holy Moollah (priest) came to preach in the great mosque of Istambul (Constantinople), and the Commander of the Faithful himself (may his honor increase!) was there to listen to him, with all the great officers of his Court, and a mighty crowd of people. But when the moollah would have gone up into his place, lo! Nasr-ed-Deen El Khojah was there before him, flourishing his arms and making a great ado, as if he had something very important to say to them. And when he saw that all were watching eagerly to see what would come next, he lifted up his voice and cried aloud: 'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'

WOMEN OF TUNIS.

TYPES OF PEASANTS IN TUNIS.

"'We know not,' answered one of the crowd.

"'Then it's no use my troubling myself with such ignorant fellows,' quoth El Khojah, and stepped down from his place. But instantly he turned and went up again, and cried a second time:

"'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'

"'We know,' said another man.

"'Then I needn't tell you,' answered Nasr-ed-Deen; and down he came again. But a third time he turned and went up, and cried as before:

"'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'

"Then the Commander of the Faithful himself, wishing to see how he would answer, called out to him:

"'Some of us know, and some of us don't.'

"'Good!' answered El Khojah, not a whit disturbed; 'then let those who know tell those who don't, and I shall be spared the trouble of preaching. Children of the Prophet, my discourse is ended!'"

After such a plunge into the remote Past, it is like entering a new world to come back to our snug little hotel, with its French newspapers and its well-appointed kitchen—or to watch the officers playing cards and sipping lemonade at the open window of their club-room, and breaking forth at times into some stirring camp song:

"Oh, give me the drum and the trumpet-blast,
And the tramp of the squadron prancing;
And the whiz of grapeshot flying past—
That's music fit for dancing."

But even such sights as these must not be lingered over, however strong be the temptation to do so. Time and tide proverbially wait for no man, and there is still much to be done. Should I fail to catch the one weekly steamer which plies along the coast between Bona and Tunis, farewell to all hope of seeing Carthage *this* time. It is already Tuesday, the 10th of December, and by Saturday, the 18th of January, I must be back in New York, come what may. There is nothing for it but "up and away" once more.

The next few days are like the whirl of a troubled dream—one constant succession of leaps from one conveyance to another, with the certainty that even *one* failure must inevitably ruin the whole undertaking. On Wednesday morning, at 2:30, I leave Biskra, reaching Batra the same night. Thursday afternoon sees me on the road again, from Batra to Constantine, where I arrive at six on Friday morning, and scamper off to the depot, valise in hand, just in time to jump into the down-train for Philippeville, at a quarter before seven. I reach Philippeville a little before noon, and snatching a hasty dinner, hurry on board the coasting steamer for Bona, at which latter place, about eight on Saturday morning, this race against time ends with my embarkation in the Tunis packet.

Of Bona itself little need be said. It forms the sixth and last of the "uniform series of forts" already described, and, although the most ornamental as well as the largest of all, is too glaringly modern to tempt any one beyond a passing survey. It possesses, however, a considerable trade, which will doubtless be materially increased as soon as the railway to Constantine, already open as far as Guelma, shall be available for traffic. At present its chief attraction is the spacious stone quay, which permits the fortunate travelers who land here to step ashore at once, instead of being delivered up, as elsewhere, to the tender mercies of a swarm of native boatmen, whose noisiness, rapacity, and unabashed impudence may rival (though the assertion is a bold one) any hackman in New York.

As for Tunis, it is what every city of the Turkish Empire must always be, while under the blighting influence of Moslem fanaticism. Had good Bishop Heber ever visited it, he might well have quoted, with double emphasis, his own famous lines:

"Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

But although the city itself is as filthy and ill-cared for as any true believer could desire, its squalor is almost redeemed by the unsurpassed beauty of the surrounding landscape. In the brightness of early morning, we glide into a deep, smooth, land-locked bay, flanked on one side by the glorious mountain-range that culminates in the two-horned crest of Hammet-el-Lif, and on the other side by a succession of low, green slopes, in the hollow of which a few shapeless mounds of crumbling stone mark the site of imperial Carthage. Across the deep blue of the bay, like a bar-sinister drawn athwart some brilliant escutcheon, runs the sand-bank which separates the open water from the shallow lagoon upon which Tunis stands; while the little town of Goletta, on a low promontory midway along the great crescent, throws its dazzling whiteness into the panorama, although one small, round-shouldered fort (through whose crumbling embrasures a few rusty guns peep timidly, as if in terror lest some one should come and fire them) is now the sole representative of the terrible batteries which Admiral Blake's cannon blew to pieces in 1648.

The landing is ingeniously inconvenient, even for a Turkish port. First comes a pull of a mile and a half in an open boat, to reach Goletta; next a scramble through the mud (diversified by a kind of running fight with a perfect legion of very dirty beggars) to reach the railway depot; and finally twenty-five minutes' run in the cars, along the sandy beach of the lagoon, to reach Tunis itself.

From the guide-book point of view, of course, the stock "sight" of Tunis is the Bey's palace at Bardo, three miles from the town; but to any one intending to visit it, I would repeat Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't!" The mosaics of the great entrance-hall, and the ornaments of black and white marble on some of the inner gateways, are undeniably tasteful; but the place as a whole has a repulsive air of tawdry, imported civilization, which, as the French officer who accompanies me thither spitefully remarks, gives it the look of a second-hand upholsterer's, or a decayed family mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain.

For those, however, who have leisure and inclination to explore the environs as they deserve to be explored, there is no lack of employment. In truth, few spots on the face of the earth are more rich in memories of deep and abiding interest. Ruins everywhere—the ruins of Punic cities, of Roman aqueducts, of Saracen fortresses, of Christian camps. All along these smooth, sunny hill-sides, the Past has written in imperishable characters its great chronicle of destruction—the chronicle which culminates upon the bare, rubbish-strewn plateau that was once "Sea-ruling Carthage."

Carthage is indeed the very incarnation of ruin. This spot has been the tomb of three great civilizations—the Phœnician city of Dido, the Punic city of Hannibal, the Roman city of the Cæsars. The Arab has destroyed all that had escaped the Roman and the Vandal; and over a space of several square miles, there is scarcely a foot of ground which is not strewn with some fragment of the New York of antiquity.

At first sight, the great plateau which trends downward to the sea from the crest of the citadel-hill wears the

aspect of a mere formless litter of broken stones; but under the guidance of the two courteous and well-informed custodians of the Chapel of St. Louis,* the whole panorama soon becomes clear as a map. Upon the summit of this ridge the last survivors of Scipio's final assault perished to a man in the flames that consumed their city; and these smooth, round stones that lie so thickly around the base of the slope, were hurled through the Roman ranks with fatal effect by those famous Balearic slingers who were the "Berdan sharpshooters" of Carthage.

A little further along the slope, a few vast blocks of rough-hewn stone half reveal themselves through heaps of dust—the foundation of the Temple of Jupiter, in which the boy Hannibal swore eternal hatred to Rome. Beneath our feet lies a chaos of *débris*, which was once the fashionable quarter of the city, in the midst of which the circular basement of the great theatre is still plainly visible. Here stood the public gymnasium, there the harbor-fort, yonder the house of Hannibal. This narrow creek, curving inward on our right, marks the position of the famous "military fort," in which, ages ago—

> "Bristled the dusty forest
> Of Byrsa's thousand masts."

And far out on the plain to our left, stand the few broken arches and the shapeless mounds of fallen masonry, which are the sole remaining memorials of the wonderful aqueduct, eighty miles in length, which was the greatest of all the achievements of the Emperor Adrian.

But the finest sight of all is still to come. Following our guide around the base of the steep bluff crowned by the ruins of the harbor-fort, we open suddenly upon a deep, circular hollow, in the midst of which stands—what? Is this an ancient cathedral, with its vast, shadowy arches, its massive walls tapestried with twining creepers, its long-drawn aisles filled with the gloom and silence of ages? At first sight it might well seem so. But a second glance shows us that each of the great galleries covers a deep, still pool of dark water; for these are the famous "Cisterns of Carthage," which have survived the ravages of countless centuries to show what the men of the olden time could do.

And so I have seen all that I came to see, and may turn my face homeward with a clear conscience. But to recount the final details of the voyage—how we fought our way against a furious *mistral* right onward from Corsica to Marseilles; how I reached Paris just in time to fly across the city and catch the Calais express; how I took my share of the worst Atlantic voyage which the Cunard *Algeria* has ever made, and finally rounded Sandy Hook, with just half an hour to spare of my allotted time—would expand beyond all bounds a story which is already far too long.

## A REMARKABLE CAREER.

The Alexandria correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the vicissitudes in the remarkable career of Napoleon la Cecilia, who joined the Communists in Paris at the time of the insurrection:

"A man of note in his day, Napoleon la Cecilia, died at Ramleh, near Alexandria, last week, of consumption, at the age of forty-three. He earned his livelihood here as a teacher of languages, for which he had a marvelous gift; speaking eight fluently, and reading easily twenty-five. His career, which might otherwise have been a brilliant one, was blighted by the part he took in the insurrection of the Commune.

"Born and brought up at Tours, he took a high degree at the University of Paris, then became editor of a newspaper, and next was four years a professor of mathematics at Jena. From Jena he went, on the rising of Italy for the cause of unification, to join the army of Garibaldi. He rapidly rose from the ranks to the grade of colonel, and was publicly thanked for his skill and gallantry by Victor Emmanuel; but he threw up the military career when the Kingdom was established in the place of the Republic he desired, and became professor of Sanscrit at the Asiatic College of Naples. When that institution passed from lay to clerical management he again abandoned the professorial career, and went to Paris. He was there when the Franco-German war broke out, and offered his services to the Imperial Government; but they were refused, on the ground of his Republican views. He then joined the *Francs-tireurs* of Paris, went through the whole war, and rose again to the rank of colonel, which, on account of his bravery, was confirmed as rank in the regular army. His defense of Châteaudun, where with 1,200 men, without a single piece of cannon, he opposed for a whole day over 12,000 Germans, is still remembered.

"At the close of the war a brilliant military future was before him. But when the strange madness of the Commune seized the people of Paris, its influence carried him away. He became a general in the Commune army. At the close of the insurrection he escaped to England, and took up what seems to be the invariable profession of the political refugee—the teaching of languages—and for five years was a teacher at the great Naval School at Newcross.

"But the exposures of the war had weakened him, and he was forced, after five years' residence, to leave England for the milder climate of Egypt. Here he never spoke of the Commune, never uttered a single Communistic opinion. Though his convictions remained the same, he effaced the past in his talk, and seemed to find content in earning a meagre livelihood by teaching French and Italian in a few English families. His erudition and keen intellect were, however, much valued by a small circle of friends; and it is pleasant to think that almost his last words were: 'France is at last in the right way. I go content."

## DUST ON THE ATLANTIC.

About the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands, on the Atlantic, it is a frequent experience of voyagers to observe falls of red dust and a dry kind of mist. The material of the dust mass was examined microscopically many years ago by Ehrenberg, and his opinion was that small particles carried aloft from all countries here formed a transparent dust-zone from which they sometimes sank down, and in whirling movement came to the earth's surface.

The material of observation open to Ehrenberg was somewhat scanty. The phenomenon has, therefore, been lately studied anew, and in a more thorough way, by Herr Hellmann, who examined the log-books of 1,196 ships that had passed through the region in question during the years 1854 to 1871. He deals with the case chiefly from a meteorological point of view, and the following are some of the facts elicited:

Most of the dust-falls occur in the zone of the Atlantic between 9° and 16° north. South of 6° north they are extremely rare, and the furthest south hitherto was in 2° 56′ north, 26° west. The two furthest west were both in 38° 5′ west, both about 300 miles from Cape Verde.

Dust-falls often occur simultaneously at very different

* This chapel marks the spot where Louis IX., the last Crusade King of France, died in 1270.

points of the "Dunkel Meer," or Dark Sea, as Ehrenberg called it; in one case they were 150 miles apart. They also often last for several days, for example, ten (April, 1859). Surfaces of very different size, up to one hundred thousand square miles, may receive dust-falls. There is a yearly period in the frequency of the falls. It seems that near the African coast most occur in Winter; further west, in the early Spring. The direction of the wind during dust-falls was from the east quadrant, and most frequently north-northeast to northeast.

HOW A LADY OF RANK TRAVELS IN TUNIS.

The dust-falls observed are very irregularly distributed over the years in question. Of sixty-three, taken at random, there were eight falls of sand, and three of sand or dust. Sometimes sand and dust fall simultaneously. The dust-falls, with great extent east and west, are denser the nearer the African coast. In forty out of sixty-five instances the color of the dust was red. Sometimes there is no coloration. The dry mist of the Dark Sea is in causal connection with the dust-falls.

Herr Hellmann concludes from the facts that the dust material comes principally from Africa and from the Western Sahara. The possibility of occasional mixture of particles from South America is not excluded. The distribution of the dust-falls, both in space and in time (they follow the movements of the trade-winds), supports the hypothesis, as also does the fact that the falling material is coarser in the East than in the West.

THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF TUNIS.—SEE PAGE 39.

## AN OLD ADVENTURE IN BARCELONA.

AMONG the many adventures which befell James Casanova de Seingalt, of Venice, in the course of his checkered career as lover, adventurer, gamester and man of leisure, one which happened to him during his residence in Barcelona, in Spain, was not the least of them in the possession of the attributes of danger and excitement.

It was upon the 14th of November, 1768, that Casanova reached Barcelona from Valencia. Upon his arrival, he took lodgings at the Hotel (or, rather, *Posada*) de Santa Maria. The proprietor of the inn, warned of his coming, received him with much apparent interest, and informed him, with an air of great mystery, that he had received orders to see that he should lack nothing during his stay there.

In all these preparations, Casanova recognized the hidden hand of the Dona Nina, a young Spanish lady, the favorite of the Viceroy of Catalonia, Don Miguel de Cevallos, whose acquaintance he had made at Valencia, and who had preceded him to Barcelona a few days before.

AN OLD ADVENTURE IN BARCELONA.— CASANOVA FOUND SEATED NEAR HER A MAN OF SUSPICIOUS ASPECT, WHO WAS SHOWING TO NINA A MINIATURE PORTRAIT."

The course that the lady had adopted seemed to him to be very imprudent, the more especially as it was calculated to arouse the suspicions of the hotel-keeper. He reflected that Nina was the *protégée* of the captain-general of the province, who had at his command all the ramifications of the police and spy systems, and that Don Miguel was of a violent, jealous and vindictive nature. Hence he entertained a dread lest the fact of his acquaintance with Nina should reach the viceroy's ears.

The hotel-keeper having mentioned to him in the course of the conversation that a carriage had been placed at his disposition, Casanova asked him to whom he was indebted for that attention.

"To the Dona Nina," replied the hotel-keeper, smilingly.

"I am very much surprised," replied Casanova, "that this lady should take so much trouble on my account; the expense is greater than my means will admit."

"All is paid for, sir."

"Then, that is something that I will not suffer," returned Casanova, warmly.

"It is equally certain, sir," replied the hotel-keeper, "that I will receive no money from you."

The peremptory tone in which the man spoke inspired Casanova with evil presentiments. He could not help dwelling upon the fact that as Dona Nina had, in a measure, taken the hotel-keeper into her confidence in respect to himself, the fact of his presence in Barcelona might easily reach the ears of Don Miguel de Cevallos, and in that case it was not impossible that he would be made to pay dearly for his acquaintance with the favorite of that personage. In the course of the morning, Casanova received a note from the Dona Nina. It was a message to him to call upon her that evening at her house, at an hour which she named.

During the interval, and while awaiting the appointed hour, Casanova strolled quietly about the city. While thus promenading, a gentleman—a stranger to him—approached him, and accosted him:

"Sir," he said, "I desire to speak to you upon a subject which, while it is no concern of mine, is to you a matter of great moment."

"Explain yourself, sir," answered Casanova.

"In the first place," returned the interlocutor, "let me say that I know of the acquaintanceship that exists between you and the Dona Nina. I was aware of it while in Valencia, from which town I have recently come. You are a stranger, and you are not familiar, perhaps, with Spanish customs. In consequence, you do not know th

danger that might accrue to you in continuing to visit her in Barcelona, where the captain-general resides."

"What danger may present itself?" asked Casanova, not without an inner conviction of the justice of the stranger's warning.

"Do you not know," said the stranger, smiling, "that no true Spaniard loves without being jealous? Sir, for the sake of your own personal safety, do not seek to see the Señora Nina again."

"Thanks for your advice," responded Casanova; "but I cannot follow it without exhibiting, in return for this lady's kindness, an inexcusable want of courtesy."

"So you will persist in presenting yourself at her house?"

"Until the time when Don Miguel shall think it proper to advise me that my assiduity displeases him, shall I have the honor to pay to the señora the homage due to her beauty."

As Casanova spoke, the gentleman bowed, Casanova returning the salute, and took his departure.

On arriving that night at the residence of the Dona Nina, Casanova found seated near her a man of suspicious aspect, who was showing to Nina a miniature portrait. This person, whom Casanova knew for an implacable enemy of the past, was named Passano, whose name may be found frequently mentioned in Casanova's memoirs.

At the sight of this man the blood rushed to Casanova's head; but he retained his calmness. He made a sign to Nina to go with him into another room, and, when there requested her to show her unwelcome visitor to the door.

To this the señora objected, saying that he was a painter who had proposed to paint her portrait.

"He is a scoundrel whom I know of old," said Casanova. "Drive him out, I tell you, or I will take my leave on the instant."

Thereupon Nina called her sister, and charged her with the mission of requesting Passano to leave.

The duty was performed, and Passano left, crying out furiously that Casanova should repent him for what he had done.

In point of fact, Casanova did have occasion to repent the ejectment of Passano, and that, too, much sooner than he had expected.

The door of the señora's house opened upon a straight, dark avenue, which it was necessary to cross before reaching the street. It was midnight when Casanova bade Nina and her sister farewell, and entered this avenue.

Scarcely had he walked twenty paces from the house when he felt himself violently seized by the collar. He shook himself loose from his assailant, and, springing backward hurriedly, and holding his sword in his hand, bestowed a vigorous thrust upon an individual who, with an upraised club in his hand, was about to precipitate himself upon him.

Casanova's next movement was to scale the wall of the inclosure, and thus to gain the street. A pistol discharged at him as he climbed over the wall urged him to rapid flight; but in his speed he fell, while running, and lost his hat, which he, however, in the darkness did not seek to recover.

Worn out with his hasty flight, and with his sword still in his hand, he reached his hotel, and narrated all that had transpired to his host. At the same time he discovered, to his satisfaction, that he was not wounded; he had made a narrow escape, as his coat was pierced with two balls near the region of the heart.

"This is an affair to be regretted," said the hotel-keeper, shaking his head.

"It is presumable that I have killed one of these rascals," said Casanova; "but, at all events, it will be known that it was done in self-defense. Take care of my coat; it will be a witness in my favor that nobody can disprove."

"It would be better, sir, to leave Barcelona."

"What! do you take me for an impostor?"

"Heaven forbid! I place full reliance in the truth of all that you have told me, and for that reason I would advise you to leave Barcelona."

"I fear nothing, and I will remain," answered Casanova.

But, on awaking next morning, Casanova experienced a painful surprise. His bed was surrounded by the *alguaciles*. They gathered up his papers, took him into custody, and escorted him to the citadel of the town.

On his arrival at the citadel, a rough bed was made for him, and his portmanteau was returned to him. Then the bolts were drawn on him, and he was left to his reflections.

Upon the third day of his incarceration, while looking out of the barred window into the courtyard, he saw Passano, who saluted him with a sarcastic gesture. The sight of this man was a ray of light to Casanova's mind as to the cause of his imprisonment. It was he, then, who had denounced him.

Toward nine o'clock at night an officer, with a look of consternation upon his face, entered the apartment.

"Be pleased to follow me," he said to Casanova.

"What is the news?"

"You will know it presently."

"But where are you going to conduct me?"

"To the glacis."

Casanova followed the officer from the room. The weather was quite cold, and a heavy and settled fall of snow whitened the ground—a rare circumstance in Spain, where the Autumn is prolonged as late as December. Scarcely had he reached the glacis before a soldier removed his cloak. He resisted, and the soldier remarked to him, in a sombre voice:

"You will have no further need of it, sir."

These words caused Casanova to shudder. He lifted his eyes, and he saw before him, a few paces distant, the horrible spectacle of seven or eight soldiers standing in double ranks, with their muskets in their hands. The dark and lofty walls of the fortress cast upon the scene a shadow still more gloomy than that of the night. By the light of a few lanterns he could see the preparations going on for his sacrifice, since he had no doubt but that he was about to be executed.

Casanova was frozen with fear, but, at the same time, his heart throbbed with rage. By what human law were they about to execute him without a hearing, and without naming his offense?

Absorbed in these reflections, he was leaning, overcome, against the wall, when the officer, who seemed quite as horror-struck as himself, went up to him and asked if he had any directions to leave, telling him that, if he had, he would charge himself with them.

Upon hearing these words, which clearly announced his fate, anger took possession of Casanova's breast. He protested energetically against the assassination of which he was the victim, and, lifting his voice, he held all those present responsible who shared in his sacrifice. He closed by demanding the presence of a priest.

Upon this, an individual whose head was covered up in the folds of an immense cloak, approached the officer and spoke to him in a low tone. The latter, after the interval of a minute, again approached Casanova, took him by the arm and led him into another cell, constructed in the shape of a cave, paved with stone—a veritable tomb, which re-

ceived from above a little air, where he was left, as if buried alive, in charge of a new jailer.

In this solitary dungeon Casanova was kept for forty-three days. From the first hour of his imprisonment therein, he understood that it was only a pretended condemnation of death which had been imposed upon him, in order to terrify him; and he owed this torture, he thought, to the diabolical suggestions of Passano.

Upon the 28th of December the same officer who had presented himself on the previous occasion came to his dungeon, and ordered him to dress himself and follow him. He accompanied him to the *palais de justice*, where one of the officers of the court gave him his trunk, his papers and his passports, which, he remarked to Casanova, were genuine.

"Was it to verify this fact that I have been detained for forty-three days in a dungeon?" asked Casanova.

"Simply for that reason; but at present you are justified. Nevertheless, you will not be allowed to remain in Barcelona. You have three days accorded you in which to make your preparations."

"This explanation suffices. I will make no attempt to seek restitution from Spanish justice. I will go to France."

"A pleasant voyage to you," rejoined the officer of the court.

"You will at least," said Casanova, "notify me in writing of the order that you have given me?"

"That is useless. I am Emmanuel Badillo, Secretary of the Administration of Justice. Return to your hotel, and to-morrow your passport will be sent to you."

Arrived at his hotel, Casanova sent for the proprietor, in order to settle his accounts.

"All has been paid for," said that person, sententiously.

"Who paid you, pray?"

"You know well enough.

"Did my adventure excite any remark?"

"A great deal."

"What was said about it?"

"Well, sir—not to provoke you—people say that the pistol was fired by yourself, and that you killed a rabbit in order to get blood on your sword, since nobody, either dead or wounded, was found in the spot designated by you!"

"Indeed! And how about my hat?"

"An agent of the police found it in the street."

"Well, what reason is given for my imprisonment?"

"A thousand rumors were current. Some said that your passports were not in proper order; others, that you passed for the lover of the Dona Nina. Take my advice, sir, and refrain from visiting that lady."

"Rest easy, my good fellow," replied Casanova, significantly.

It was upon the last day of the year 1768 that Casanova took his departure from Barcelona, after a sojourn that had been far from agreeable. He traveled in the direction of Perpignan. Upon the day after his departure, his coachman asked him if he had not left some enemies behind in Barcelona.

"Why that question?" asked Casanova.

"Because, since yesterday, three individuals of a suspicious look have kept near us, and have never lost sight of us. They passed last night in the same inn in which we slept. These men avoid conversation with everybody, and they are evidently planning some evil blow."

"By what means can we avoid their attack?"

"They are at present three-quarters of an hour ahead of us. My advice is to start a little later, and to sleep in an inn distant from the usual stopping-place, where these brigands will not fail to be in waiting for us. If we should find them retracing their steps, there will be no doubt they have some evil designs upon you."

Casanova followed the coachman's advice, and descended from his carriage at the inn to which the latter had referred. The three strange men were not there. He commenced to believe that perhaps the coachman had been mistaken as to their purpose, when, chancing to cast his eyes into the yard below, he saw them at the gate of the stable! A cold chill crept through all his limbs; he deemed himself lost.

He ordered his servant to make no exhibition of defiance of these men, and to send the coachman to him as soon as the men should have fallen asleep. The coachman, however, did not wait to be called; he presented himself before Casanova, crying out that it was necessary to start at once from the inn. He said that he had managed to make the men drink, and from what they said while in their intoxicated condition, he was satisfied that they were seeking Casanova's life.

"Let us profit by their sleep to evade them," said the coachman. "We are close to the frontier, and I know a by-road that will take us there speedily."

No time was lost in following the coachman's advice. In six hours' time eleven leagues had been traveled, with the probability that the bandits were still sleeping when the French territory was reached by Casanova and his party.

Some weeks after the events described above, Casanova was in Marseilles, on his way to Italy. In that city he met the sister of Dona Nina, who, with her husband, had left Barcelona some days after Casanova's departure. From her he learned that he had killed one of the party who had set upon him as he was leaving the house of the señora, and that the three ruffians who had watched for an opportunity to take his life after leaving Barcelona, were believed to have been sent in pursuit of him by the jealous viceroy.

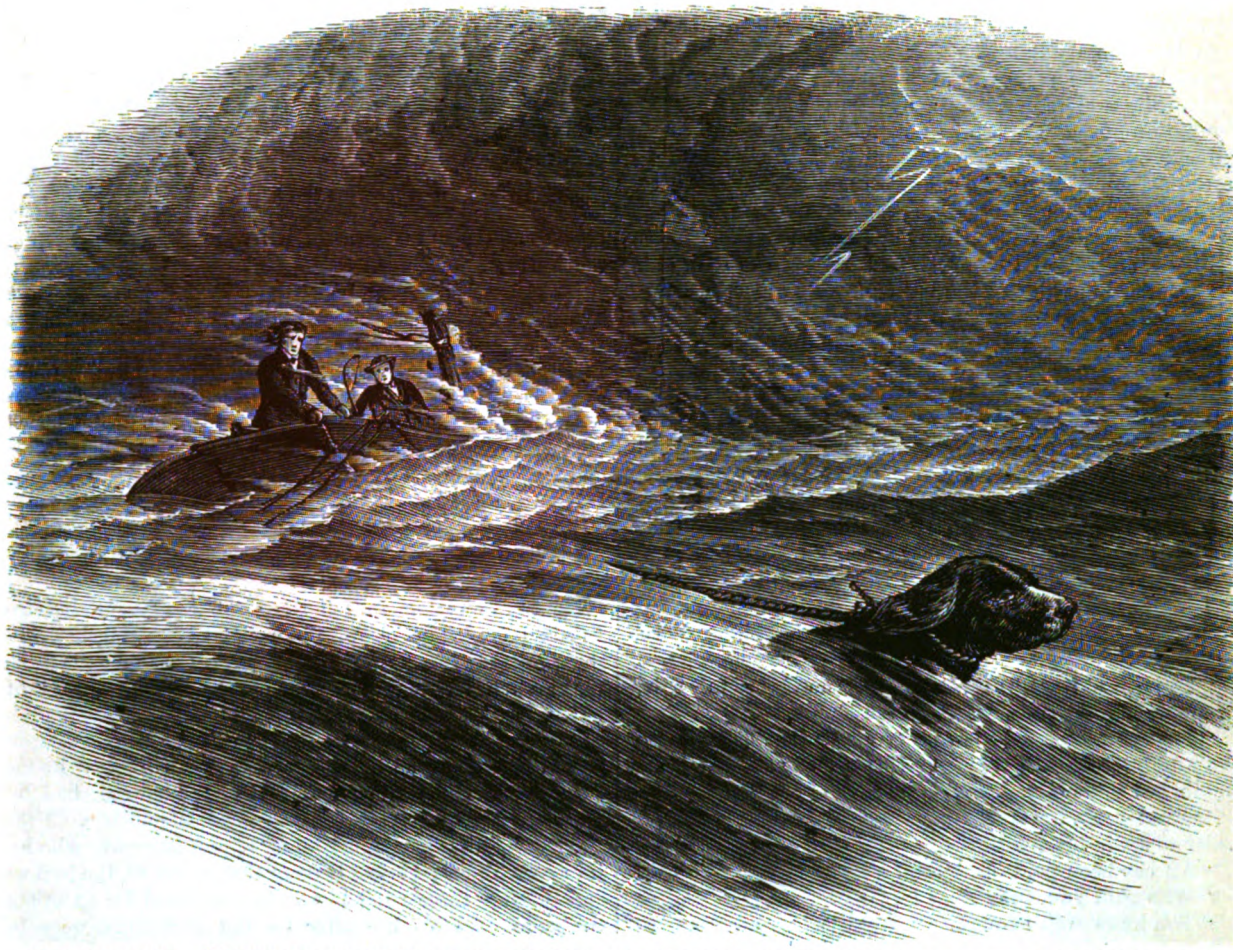
## BEARS AT PLAY.

Bears, uncouth and clumsy as they are, indulge in gambols that show their sportive character, and sometimes may be seen throwing water at each other, like two playful youngsters in a bath.

The animal, in its sportive moments, abandons itself to a feeling in which its whole being seems to be concentrated in the performance of some one of its passions, whether of joy or mischief, defiance or fear. Erdl, who has bestowed great attention on the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the Cancer Mœnas play with little round stones, and empty shells, as cats do with a cork, or small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects, as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games.

Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury and plunge it into the water-trough.

The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehn witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of "Mad as a March



SAVED BY A DOG.—"'THERE IS ONE CHANCE LEFT YET,' I CRIED, AS I HITCHED THE LIGHT ROPE TO THE HANDSOME ANIMAL'S COLLAR. THE NOBLE BRUTE SPRANG NIMBLY OVER THE SIDE, AND SWAM FOR THE SHORE."

hare." The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gamboling about in shoal water. Carp, in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play leap twenty feet out of the water.

## SAVED BY A DOG.

During the Autumn of last year, I was residing at Torquay, Devonshire, as the guest of a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted while traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. Fawcett was quite a wealthy man—the owner of a stately mansion, well-bred horses and dogs, and a fine yacht; but his choicest possessions were his three motherless daughters—tall, graceful, lady-like girls, between seventeen and twenty years of age.

"Amy and her sisters have persuaded me to arrange a yachting-trip to the Land's-End, Mr. Clinton. I suppose you will have no objection to accompany our party, which will comprise several men you already know, and a few of my daughters' friends," said my host, one morning, as he entered the library, where I was seated.

"By no means. I shall be delighted, I'm sure," I replied.

And, in truth, I felt considerably elated at the prospects of a cruise in his beautiful vessel, for I am partial to the sea, having spent happy hours on its bosom, in many sunny climes; and I knew that my host and his vivacious daughters perfectly understood how to correctly organize a pleasure-party.

The following morning, Mr. Fawcett's wagonet carried us down to the pier, where we embarked in the yacht's gig, and were conveyed aboard the *Psyche*, as my friend's vessel was named. The others of the party had arrived in advance of us, so Mr. Fawcett told his sailing-master—a rough old Devonian—to get under way, and stand out of Torbay at once.

The *Psyche*, like most English yachts, was a cutter-rigged vessel—a beautifully symmetrical craft, but better calculated for smooth-water sailing than breasting heavy waves; as, to my eye, she seemed rather over-sparred, and she carried canvas enough to make a vessel twice her size crank.

The weather was most auspicious; scarce a fleecy cloudlet flecked the clear, azure sky, while a welcome breeze rippled the sapphire sea that glittered iris colors, caught from the warm sunrays, as our yacht's sharp prow cleared the wavelets asunder. We were a merry crew, truly! Miss Fawcett, who knew the idiosyncrasies of her friends, had judiciously selected only those whose tastes assimilated, and no bickerings or petty jealousies, so generally the concomitants of yachting excursions, marred the harmony of the hours.

We passed Start Point as the shadows of night deepened around, and at early dawn, the following morning, were in close proximity to the famous Eddystone Light-

house. We sighted the rough, jagged rocks, which constitute the promontory known as the Land's-End, during the afternoon, and so pleased were we all with the voyage that some of our host's most familiar friends proposed that it should be continued to Ilfracombe, on the northwest coast of Devon. But as the old skipper informed Mr. Fawcett that he thought bad weather was brewing, the *Psyche* was laid on the up-channel course.

The wind veered to the eastward, ere we reached Start Point, and we had to beat up dead against it. The night closed in, dark and gloomy; lowering cloud-banks hung over the weather horizon, emitting, now and then, silvery flashes of lightning; while the sea rose up in wild, angry waves, which, leaping on our decks in confused, foaming heaps, compelled us to seek shelter below.

The violent pitching of the little vessel caused many of those unaccustomed to the sea to fall victims to nausea; and I, who had weathered many a heavy gale, felt by no means comfortable, for the short, chopping sea created a quick motion with which I was not familiar; so I donned a heavy pea-jacket, and went on deck.

"We shall have nasty weather to-night, I'm afraid," I said to the sailing-master who stood by the wheel directing the helmsman.

"A child could tell that, sir!" replied the old salt, bluntly; "maybe we'll all have wet jackets 'fore morning shows. The white horses are riding over them rocks right roughly, and many a better craft than this here has foundered near by, or been driven on them, which comes to pretty much the same thing," he added, in hoarse, raven-like accents, as he extended his hand toward a long, low reef inside Torbay, over which the turbulent sea rolled in cataracts.

Of course I knew we were in danger, as we were on a lee-shore, and the vessel, to my mind, did not stand well up to her canvas—she had only a close-reef mainsail and stormjib set; but I felt half vexed at our skipper, for taking such a gloomy view of affairs.

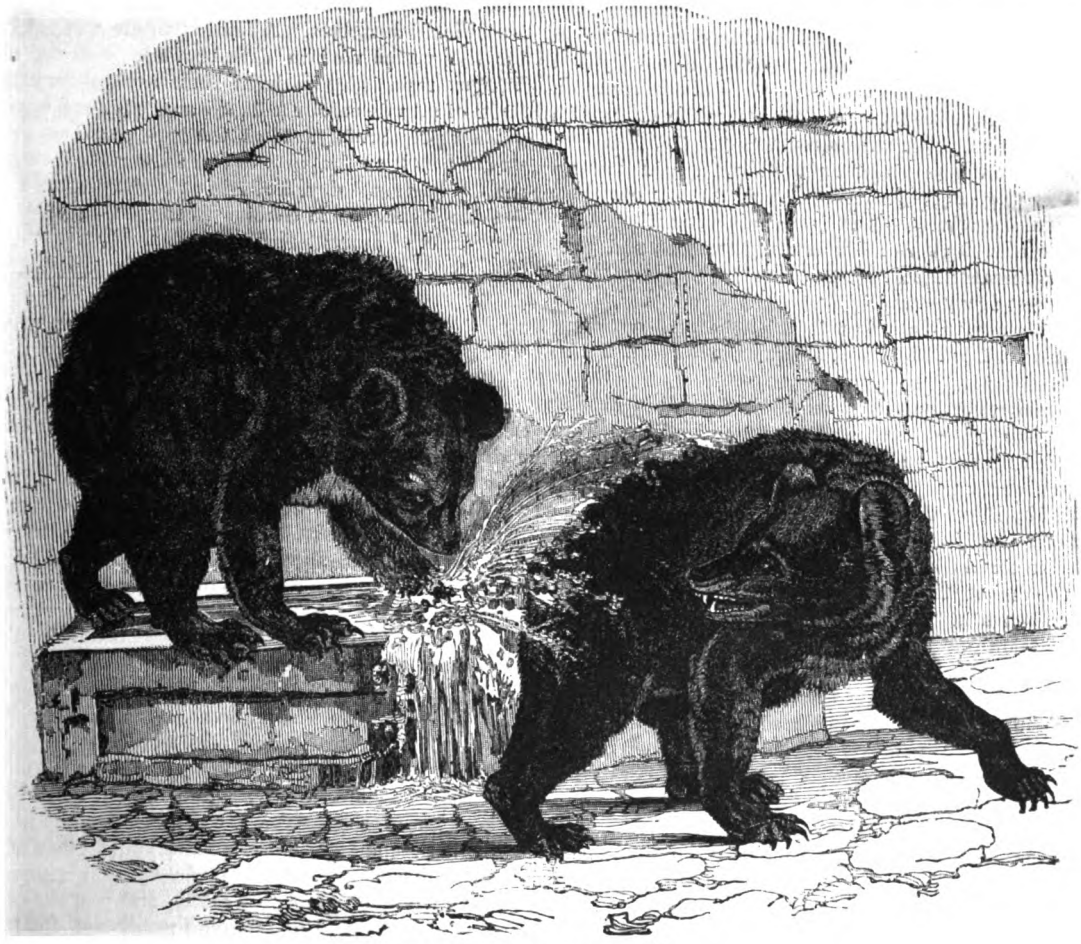
"He, of all men, ought to be hopeful," I thought.

So I turned away, and amused myself with a large Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Fawcett, that was registered on the *Psyche's* articles as watchman, and answered to the name of Diver.

The gale steadily increased as the night advanced, and the vessel sagged much to leeward, while the billows swept constantly across her deck, as if threatening to overwhelm her. Then the clouds opened, and the rain poured down in torrents, while vivid flashes of forked lightning played about our masthead, lighting up, for a moment, the wide waste of water, to be followed by still deeper gloom; and loud thunder-peals seemed to echo the roar of the surges that beat upon the long line of reefs toward which we were gradually drifting.

Then one blast, more violent than any which had preceded it, bowed down our vessel in the dark valley of waters, and, ere she rose again upon her keel, her mast snapped like a willow-wand, and the hapless craft, unmanageable and disabled, was tossed hither and thither by the giant waves—driven nearer and nearer the cruel reef, that lay like a coiled serpent waiting for its prey.

When the mast went by the board, and the yacht lay upon her beam-ends, a wild cry broke, and echoed high



BEARS AT PLAY.—SEE PAGE 51.

above the thunders of the raging storm. A cry to chill man's blood, and make the pulse stand still—the piteous cry of those surrendering life! A foaming wave had swept off half our crew; we were powerless to aid them, and they sank beneath the dark-green waves.

I had taken the precaution of passing the bight of a rope round my body, and, though the salt scud flew in a continuous, blinding sheet over me, I was able to maintain my position against the weather-bulwark. Presently, I felt some one grasp my arm, and, in the electric flash which that moment illumined the scene, I saw Mr. Fawcett standing near me, his gray hair floating in the wind, and an agonized expression on his anxious face.

"We shall be dashed to atoms so soon as she strikes. May God have mercy upon us, for no earthly power can save us now!" he hallooed in my ear.

A glance at his face, and a thought of the beautiful girls then in the cabin below, roused me to action. I rushed to the binnacle, withdrew two blue-lights that were kept therein, and fired them.

"Our perilous position will be noticed from the shore, and the lifeboat will put off to our rescue," I cried, as the torches threw a lurid glare across the seething waters.

"There is no lifeboat station nearer than Brixham; the sea will have devoured us ere it can come to our aid," replied Mr. Fawcett.

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when a huge roller uplifted the yacht upon its arching crest, bore her along for some distance, and then dashed her violently upon the sharp, jagged points of a reef that lay about five hundred yards from the shore. The frail vessel groaned and quivered as her timbers parted with the concussion, and the waves beat over us in icy torrents.

I saw our only chance lay in establishing communication with the shore; and as, by the light of a bonfire they had kindled, I could detect a crowd of people swarming upon the beach, I determined to at once essay the dangerous feat of swimming thither with a rope.

I knew where the ship's stores were kept, so I lost no time in dragging a coil of rattlin-line out of the boatswain's locker. Making a loop, called by sailors a standing bowline, at one end, I passed it under my armpits, and prepared to cast myself into the sea.

Mr. Fawcett saw my aim.

"It is madness to attempt to reach the shore encumbered with that line!" he cried, as he took hold of me to detain me.

All the passengers were now on deck, the cabin having filled, and one glance at the poor, terror-stricken ladies, who crowded under the shattered bulwarks, prompted me to delay no longer my effort for their salvation.

I shook Mr. Fawcett off.

"Pay out the line quickly, and do not draw me back unless I give three distinct tugs at it!" I cried, to the remnant of the crew. Then I sprang from the rail into the dark abyss beneath.

The salt foam gurgled in my throat as I sank into the boiling flood, but I struck bravely upward, and, when I gained the surface, headed for the shore. The leaping billows broke in cataracts upon my head, beating me down; but, with lips tight clinched, I battled hard to keep myself afloat. Alas! my efforts were of no avail; I could not stem the rolling tide; my strength failed utterly, and, in the last moment of despair, I gave the preconcerted signal, and, half-senseless from exhaustion, was hauled back aboard the yacht.

As I lay panting on the slippery deck, the dog Diver rubbed his curly coat against my face. Instantly a bright idea flashed through my mind, giving me a new lease of hope. I scrambled to my feet, and dragged the deep-sea-lead line from the locker.

"There is one chance left yet!" I cried, as I hitched the light rope to the handsome animal's collar. "Hi! Diver; over, old fellow!"

The noble brute uttered a suppressed bark, as if in answer to my words, and sprang nimbly over the side.

He was a magnificent swimmer, and rose buoyantly upon the crests of the waves which I had been unable to surmount; yet it was an anxious moment for us all, when he disappeared in the inky darkness that lay between us and the shore, and we knew not whether he had succumbed to the raging seas, or was still breasting the billows in our service.

"Hurrah!"

The cheer rose first in a wild murmur from the beach, and was borne upon the wings of the whistling wind out to us, who echoed it with grateful lips and brightened hearts, for we knew that the gallant dog had accomplished his mission, and that succor soon would come.

We knotted a strong coir-warp to the lead line, and the people on land hauled upon it until it formed a tight-rope from the yacht, which was now breaking up rapidly, Soon, in the crimson glow of the beach-fires, we saw a boat put off to our rescue. Onward she came, her bows ever and anon plunging deep into the treacherous surf that tried to overwhelm her; but her hardy crew, by using the rope as a "guess-warp," were able to keep her head to sea, and haul her close up under our lee quarter.

A wild cry of welcome from half-smothered lips greeted those brave hearts who had come to our rescue; a cheer that even the howling tempest could not drown.

We carefully lowered the ladies into the boat, and then took places ourselves. A hard struggle was yet before us, for the waves rose in dark-browed, beetling cliffs, and beat us repeatedly back, in their savage fury. But the Lord of all was on our side, the angry billows were baulked of their prey; safely, at last, the keel grated on the shingly strand; and, as the people there assembled ran the frail shallop high and dry, a ringing Hallelujah broke from all—a deep-toned pæan echoing to the skies:

"Huzzah! saved! Saved!"

## IRON HAND AND ARM OF GOETZ VON BERLICHENGEN.

Goetz von Berlichengen was a German knight of the sixteenth century, who assumed rather a Quixotic way of redressing all wrongs. His manner of doing so was so anomalous, that higher authorities sometimes interfered; for Goetz did not adopt the modern plan of arresting a culprit, and handing him over to the judicial authorities. His way was prompt. In some of our misgoverned cities, such a man might do good. He would take a dozen robbers of the public treasury, and confine them on short rations till they disgorged, and apparently cared little for any writ in the nature of a *habeas corpus*.

Goethe—perhaps because his name resembles the knight's—modifies history so as to make him a Bayard of chivalry, but records show that our German ruler made the thing pay. In the castle of Jaxthausen, his descendants still show an iron hand and arm which this constant fighter wore for sixty years, to replace a right hand lost in besieging Landshut. It is a remarkable piece of work, as our sketches show. It was made by an armorer of Olnhausen, a village near the castle, and was elaborately described in an elegant volume published in 1816, and dedicated to three emperors.

By springs, like those in a gunlock, each finger, by pressing a knob, opened straight; but, without this, it grasped firmly anything around which the fingers bent. The thumb and wrists had peculiar work of their own.

If the number of movements was not great, the grasp on rein or sword was firm; and the hand was so well made that it enabled the fighting knight to carry on, for over half a century, the strange career to which he piously believed himself especially called by the Almighty—a sort of vigilance committee of one.

## LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

THE school, at last, was dismissed, and the weary little schoolmistress stood in the doorway watching the children as they rushed pell-mell down the lane. As the last one disappeared around the corner, she turned, and, slowly gathering up her books, locked the little-red door, dropped the key in her pocket, and, hat in hand, was soon wending her way down the street toward the residence of Jerusha Bobbett, the village milliner, and at present her landlady.

It was a quiet, dreamy afternoon in July, and nature seemed in reality to be slumbering, so still was the atmosphere and so quiet the town. Scarcely a sound was to be heard but the busy hum of insects and the gentle murmur of the breeze, as it stirred the leaves of the tall maples, and rustled among the glossy blades of Indian corn.

Bertha walked slowly away, thinking deeply. Two years ago to-day she possessed all that made life bright; but now—oh, how it was changed! At one blow she had been stripped of all—parents, home, and—— "Oh, John!"

The small head was bowed with grief, and a scalding tear dropped in the dusty road, and the dark eyes had a despairing look as she stopped before a small iron gate, opened it, and, entering the shop, passed through to her room at the back. It was very plainly furnished, and looked particularly dreary to Bertha, as she sat with her elbows on the little pine table in the corner, gazing across the room through the little window into the soft twilight.

The stars were beginning to come out, one by one, before Bertha left her room for the dark, dingy dining-room below the shop, where Jerusha sat grimly waiting for her.

The meal, as usual, was eaten in almost absolute silence; and at its conclusion Jerusha pushed back her chair, and, passing from the room, left Bertha to her hated task—that of clearing the small table of its few dishes, and preparing everything below-stairs for an early breakfast.

The low window was wide open to admit the soft breeze, which lifted the curtains with a light, swaying motion. The table was soon cleared, and each dish put away in its proper place. The kindlings were laid ready for the next morning, and Bertha, with a sigh of relief, leaned on the broad window-sash and looked out upon the clear Summer night. It was very still and calm, and as Bertha stood musing she heard, far up the village street, the sound of gay, rollicking mirth, and the heavy tread of horses' feet, and now and then a word or two faintly borne upon the breeze. They came nearer, and at length slowly passed the window.

It was a party of college students going to some night-revel, and Bertha watched them down through the long, maple lined street until their forms were lost in the darkness; and then, shutting the little window and blowing out the light, she climbed the stairs to her room, and the mysteries of cube root to be expounded to her "young hopefuls" on the morrow.

Meanwhile, let us follow the college students as they disappear from view down the green lane where the little red schoolhouse stands, grim and solitary.

There are not many of them, and they seem bent upon enjoying themselves. As they near the schoolhouse, one of them, whom the rest call "Harry," a mischievous, fun-loving fellow, suddenly proposes entering it, and having a lark with whatever they can find. It is eagerly acceded to, and, fastening their horses to some trees, the young men clamber in the window one by one, and, guided by the faint light of the rising moon, proceed to explore and turn upside down everything that is to be found.

Harry Vane, after drawing a hideous caricature on the little blackboard, designed to represent the unknown schoolmistress, vaults over the benches, and reaches the desk on the platform where Bertha sits day after day, busy at her weary task. There, neatly piled in one corner, are her books, and her pencils and paper, and her diary, which have been left behind.

Harry snatches up the little, well-worn book.

"Ah!" he cries; "here's some rare sport for next term, fellows. We'll read the schoolma'am's diary at one of our suppers."

The poor little book is mercilessly dropped in his coat-pocket.

They cannot do much more now, for the schoolroom is thrown in disorder such as has never before been witnessed by the old board walls, and the antiquated Yankee clock in the corner looks down with disgust imprinted upon its honest face.

The bright stars fade, and the rays of the moon become every moment fainter and fainter, as morning begins to dawn. The sky in the east is tinged with a soft, rosy light; and as Bertha drew aside the curtains and looked at the beautiful sunrise, a throb of thankfulness for all this beauty made her face grow brighter and her step more light, while she began her accustomed round of duties; and, having soon completed them, started earlier than usual for school.

Such a scene as she looked upon at her arrival there! Poor Bertha was completely discouraged; and when she saw that her precious diary had not been spared in the plunder, her indignation knew no bounds. To think that the record of half a lifetime—the burning desires and yearnings of a troubled heart, and the secrets sacred to two hearts only—were all laid bare before the gaze and jeers of thoughtless strangers! It was almost too much to be borne.

It was hard teaching that day, and what with the disordered room, the unmanageable children, and the intense heat, Bertha's patience well-nigh gave out.

And so the Summer passed away, leaving in some hearts only bright memories of past pleasures, and in others sad thoughts, and relief that the campaign was so nearly over.

One afternoon, in the early part of September, as Bertha sat in her room, busy with some needlework, a letter was handed her, postmarked "New York."

She hastily opened it, and read, with mingled surprise and astonishment, the following characteristic epistle:

"MY OWN DEAR CHILD: You must come to me at once. I'm your mother's aunt, and all alone in the world

"When your mother married Howard Arlington against my will, I vowed she should never see me again.

"My child, I now repent that hasty vow, and would give all I possess to undo the wrong done.

"Can you forgive it, and come to cheer the rest of my poor old days—for *her* sake?

"I've everything in the world but human love, and that I crave.

"Come to me, child! BERTHA VON RUYTER."

Bertha was wondrously stirred by this letter. What should she do? She had no one to consult with in regard to the matter, and was at first irresolute. After she had thought of it for two days, however, she decided to undertake the journey, and seek the unknown aunt.

Her preparations were soon made, and Bertha at last bade adieu to the quaint little town which had so long been her home. She could scarcely believe that, after her smooth, uneventful life of the past few years, she was really on her way to the great, busy metropolis, where the days of her childhood had been spent.

Her first object upon arriving there was, of course, to begin her search for her aunt's residence; and, as she had the address, that was soon accomplished. It was a large, sombre, brown-stone mansion, and as she stood on the stone steps waiting for her ring to be answered, it looked rather formidable.

The door was opened by a tall black servant in livery, who ushered her into the reception-room, and took her card.

Bertha looked around at the elegantly furnished rooms, and saw almost everywhere the coat-of-arms which had belonged to the Van Ruyter family for generations. Tall, stately mirrors were on all sides of the room, and the heavily embroidered chairs, the long, sweeping lace curtains, the beautiful paintings, and the soft, rich velvet carpet, were all evidences of taste and wealth.

Bertha started and turned at the sound of a step upon the marble floor of the hall, as her aunt entered the room and looked curiously for the occupant. She was very small, and, as Bertha thought at once, like the pictures we have seen of Queen Elizabeth in her long, rich dress and white ruff.

Bertha rose as the lady, with her quiet, dignified walk, came slowly down the long length of the room.

When she saw Bertha she stopped for a moment, and then, sinking upon a sofa, cried, delightedly:

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.—"'WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING YOURSELF? ALLOW ME—MISS ARLINGTON, MY CHUM, MR. EFFINGHAM——' 'BERTHA!' 'JOHN!'"— SEE PAGE 55.

"Just like your mother—the very picture! Come here, child!"

Bertha obeyed, and seated herself by her aunt's side.

And then followed a long, long talk; and as Bertha told her of the death of her father, the loss of his property, and then of her mother's deathbed, the old lady laid her head on Bertha's shoulder, and burst into a passionate flow of grief.

"Oh, I loved her, child! so much! so much!"

"But *I* can care for you, dear aunt?" cried Bertha, as she softly touched the gray curls and kissed the wrinkled old face.

"Yes, child. I've tried for years to find you, for I knew there was a daughter born to my darling; and after she died my heart smote me for my unkindness. But you

are tired," as she looked at Bertha's pale face; "come to my own room and lie down, while I have some luncheon prepared for you, child."

She led the way up the wide oaken staircase to a dainty, cool, little room, and taking off Bertha's dusty hat and vail, made her lie down while she sat by her side and fanned her.

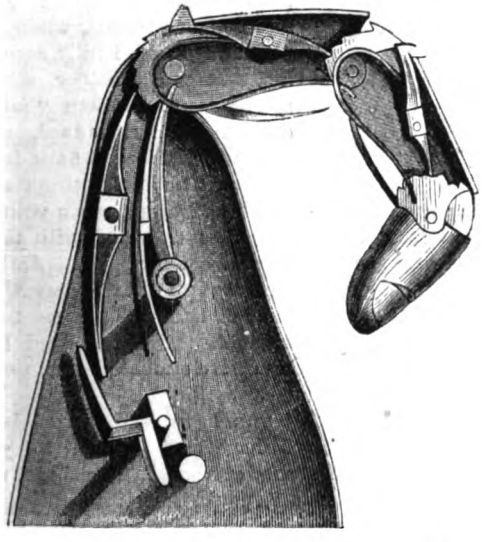
"I shall take you to the Catskills, child, and bring the roses back to your cheeks," she said, kindly; "you look worn out."

It was all a delicious dream to Bertha, this being cared for and loved so tenderly, when before she had been so completely alone in the world, with no one to give a thought to her comfort.

The Autumn flew by on wings, and after a month's sojourn among the hills, Bertha's pale cheeks were rounded into rosy health again.

Life seemed all rose-color—all but one trouble. *That* she could not tell her aunt; it had better remain buried in the past.

She did not mingle much in society—it brought back



FINGER, SHOWING THE MECHANISM.—SEE PAGE 54.

too keenly the memory of her broken love and of past years.

But, reader, we shall have to glance back for a time to those wild youths who committed such depredations in the little red schoolhouse that July day, and follow them to college when it opened in the Fall.

It was not long after the beginning of the term that young Vane began to meditate a secret supper, to be held in his own sanctum, and accordingly invited all his neighboring schoolmates.

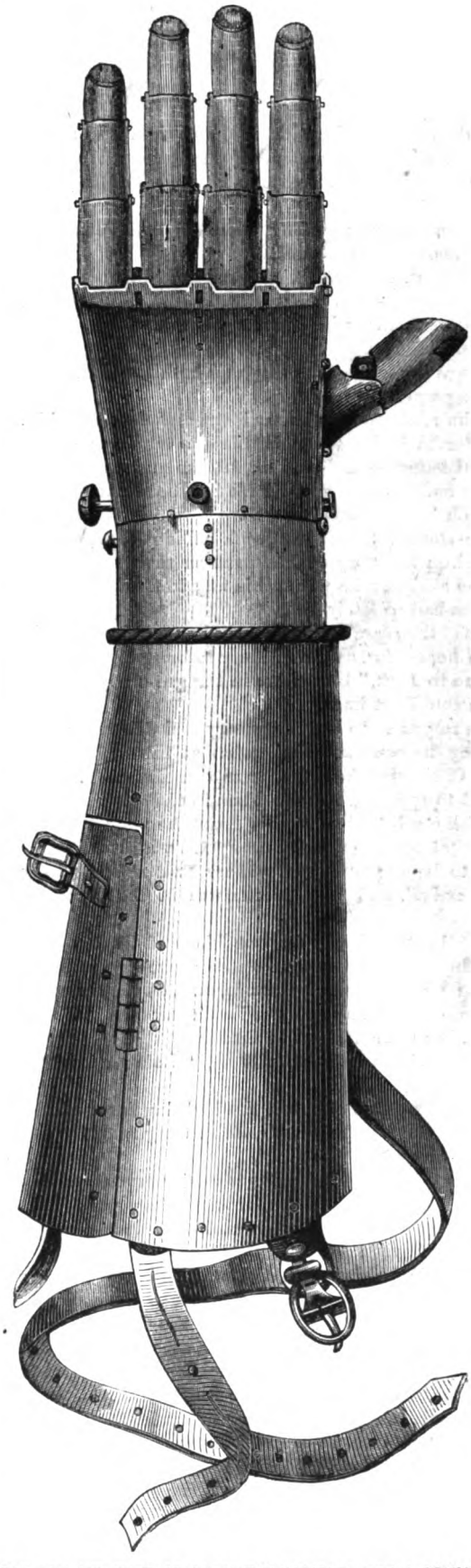
Just opposite him, on the other side of the hall, roomed a young man somewhat different from his set, whom Vane had taken a fancy to and invited to join his frolic. His friend, John Effingham, refused firmly, but politely, on the plea that his studies must not be neglected.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, and, though much reserved, a favorite with all who knew him.

As he sat busily studying that evening, the sounds of mirth, the clinking of glasses and loud voices reached him, and taking up his book, he decided to go downstairs where it was quiet, for the noise disturbed him.

As he passed out of his room, he could hear one voice in Vane's room loudly reading.

It was more quiet in there now, and every word fell



IRON ARM AND HAND OF GOETZ VON BERLICHENGEN, A GERMAN KNIGHT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—SEE PAGE 54.

distinctly on Effingham's ear as he stopped a moment outside the door.

What were they reading? It sounded like a journal.

Suddenly Effingham started, and the quick blood mounted to his face as he eagerly listened, and heard, for the third time, his own name mentioned, Then the reading stopped, and Vane cried:

"I'll call Effingham himself, and show him the book!"

With a quick bound, he sprang across the room, and, opening the door, stood face to face with the object of his search.

"What *are* you reading, Vane?" And John caught the little book from his hand.

"Take it, old fellow. I found it last Summer in——"

But John had seen the name on the fly-leaf, "Bertha Arlington," and, with his face white as death, locked himself in his room.

It was *her* book—the very one he himself had given her so long ago!

John read, and, as he read, strong sobs shook his frame, for Bertha had *not* been faithless, after all; and the letter—that letter he had written with so many hopes and fears—she had never received! He had been cruelly mistaken; but, oh! where was Bertha?

He started to his feet, and, calling Vane, sternly drew from him the story of that Summer night.

The next day he was on his way to the little town which Bertha had so lately left.

Alas! the search proved entirely unavailable; still, there were hopes, for, as the milliner informed him, Bertha had "gone to York," but where in the great city she could be, John could not imagine.

He returned to college, weary and discouraged, yet resolving to continue the search at the first opportunity. The Christmas holidays soon came, and John had promised to spend them with Vane in the city.

With a great hope in his heart, he went to his friend's beautiful home on one of the great, wide avenues. There was to be a grand party there that night, in honor of their arrival, and young Vane was in a flutter of excitement.

The long parlors were one blaze of light, and the air was filled with the soft perfume of rare exotics.

The guests began to arrive, and, as they thronged the rooms, John eagerly scanned each fair face, in faint hopes of tracing some likeness to Bertha.

"But, of course," thought he, "I am an idiot to think of such a thing."

The hours flew by, and, tired of dancing, walking, and the idle talking of the hour, John sought the cool, quiet conservatory.

It was deliciously cooling to one's nerves, and the odor of the sweet jasmines and orange-blossoms at his elbow stole upon him with a subtle charm, and drove his gloomy feelings away.

But voices drew near, and, unwilling to be observed, John withdrew to the further corner of the conservatory.

It was Vane, with his partner of the German—a slender, graceful girl, in a fleecy cloud of white, and as they walked slowly along the bright tiers of plants, stopping every few moments to discuss the beauties of some particular one, they came nearer and nearer to John, who tried, but in vain, to escape observation.

"Why, my dear fellow, where have you been hiding yourself? Allow me—Miss Arlington, my chum, Mr. Effingham——"

"Bertha!"

"John!"

That was all, but enough (with what followed) to convince Vane that his presence was just then entirely unnecessary.

For John's strong arms were tenderly holding the drooping form, and his passionate kisses raining upon the pale, sweet face.

"Well," soliloquized Vane, as he prudently retreated, "I'm blessed if that isn't equal to the last novel out!"

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# FRED POWELL'S WIFE.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," etc., etc.

"LEAVE off contention before it be meddled with."

I quoted this, one of my favorite proverbs, to Powell's wife a few weeks ago, when she had summoned me one morning hastily to consult me on "rather a delicate matter."

The expression with which I have begun this tale was hers, not mine. Nevertheless, when she explained it to me I fully agreed with her. It was "rather a delicate matter"—more than "rather" a delicate matter, indeed, and one with which I would have infinitely preferred having nothing at all to do. The case, as stated by Mrs. Powell, was a voluminous one; but Mrs. Powell was not endowed with that rare feminine grace, the power of condensation. As told by me, it shall only make a paragraph of fair proportions.

Briefly, then, it was this: A letter had come to hand, addressed to "Fred Powell, Esq.," which Fred Powell's wife had read, and it was an affectionate letter, unsigned, and in a female hand!

"Burn it—forget that you have read it, and bear the proverb in mind that I have just quoted to you," I repeated; and all the answer that I, a sensible, middle-aged medical practitioner, could get from Powell's wife was a fit of wild, waspish, womanly weeping. "Be reasonable, my dear lady," I kept on repeating, in an inane way, as if any woman—Powell's wife especially—could be expected to be "reasonable" under the circumstances. "Keep your own counsel; meet him with a smile when he comes home; and, trust me, you will be well repaid for your self-restraint. Remember, 'the beginning of strife is,' etc., etc., and remember also that he is the father of your children."

"Yes, and the father of somebody else's, it appears to me," the irascible matron replied. "It's all very well, Doctor Browne; but how would *you* feel if your wife were suddenly called upon to 'come and see the last of the mother of her child'? You wouldn't like it—you know you wouldn't."

"I certainly should not like it," I said, with sagacious precision, while I vainly attempted to tackle the problem she had put before me.

My wife suddenly called upon to "see the last of the mother of her child"! No; it was too much for me. The question was a vexed one enough, in all conscience; and here was Powell's wife endeavoring to introduce unnecessary complications into it.

"That letter came by yesterday morning's post, and Fred started an hour after the receipt of it," the poor lady went on. "Oh, doctor, why hadn't he the prudence to burn it? It was cruel of him to leave it about—cruel to

me, and to her," she added, with a little touch of generosity that surprised me in Powell's wife.

"It was foolish of him—'cruel' is a word I couldn't think of applying to the case," I replied, with manly discretion. "Now, my dear lady, be advised by me. Behave, as you are always sure to behave, discreetly and—and—admirably, in fact, and never put Powell in the confoundedly unpleasant place of a found-out man. I will forget what you have told me, on condition that you seek no other confidant."

"He ought to be punished," she said, severely.

"Indeed, you are right," I argued, hesitatingly.

Powell was a good fellow—not very much worse than myself, in fact—and it was hard on her to expect me to apply the castigating lash to him.

"Take that letter away with you, doctor; never let me be tempted to use it against him—or her," she said, shuddering a little, and covering the pretty eyes that had lured Fred Powell to marry beneath him, some three years before.

I caught at the letter and the concession quickly enough.

"That is spoken like your own sweet self, my dear little lady!" I exclaimed, warmly, for I was shaken out of my habitual professional air of calm by the genuine pain and the genuine refinement and delicacy that Powell's wife was displaying under what I may now permit myself to call the exceptionally painful circumstances under which she consulted me for the first time as a friend.

It is time to tell the reader a little more about this lady, whose peculiar misfortune it was to be Powell's wife.

She had come among our little community at Rhydalynn three years before this epoch with which my story deals, and Rhydalynn—I confess it to my shame—had never looked kindly upon her. There had been a strong, if unconfessed, feeling among us all that Fred Powell ought to have married Gwendoline Harris; and when, instead of doing that, he brought home a stranger to reign at the Hall, his disappointed old friends revenged themselves upon him by looking doubtfully upon his wife.

She was a pretty little woman, of the plump, wild-rose order, and she accepted the situation of being unwelcome in Rhydalynn so very gently and quietly that I for one soon came to regard her quite kindly. But there was a powerful Harris faction in the place, and these never forgot that Mrs. Powell had innocently usurped Gwendoline's place, and that which they could not forget they could not forgive.

Powell himself bore their stern, silent condemnation coolly enough. From having been the most popular and the lightest-hearted fellow in the district, he became grave, reserved and unsocial. The Hall had been the head-centre of all the gayety in the neighborhood; but now that a young and pretty woman presided there, and the neighborhood might reasonably have expected greater things from Powell in the way of hospitality, he suddenly betrayed an aversion to society, and withdrew from it as much as possible.

"He has married beneath him, and is ashamed of his wife," was the nearly universal verdict, and there was but one dissentient voice to this. Strangely enough, this one dissentient voice was that of his old love, Gwendoline Harris.

"I doubt her being beneath him in any one single respect; and I am sure he is not ashamed of her," Gwendoline said to my wife, who was one of the very few who ventured to speak to Miss Harris on the subject.

"You stand up for him still, Gwenny," Mrs. Browne said in reply to this; and Gwenny answered:

"Yes; why shouldn't I, indeed? I always liked him better than the whole of the rest of Rhydalynn put together; and is he not the same as before he married?"

"He has fallen from his high estate in our estimation, at least, Gwenny," my wife said, intemperately.

And Gwendoline shook her head at this, and said:

"People were very unjust to Mr. Powell; there had been no reason, that she knew of, why he should not have married whom he pleased."

This was a sample of her invariable manner about him. Nothing would induce her to blame him, either directly or indirectly, and on the rare occasions of their meeting her manner to him supplied no food whatever for voracious village gossip to feed upon. She always met him with that bright, sweet smile of hers that had brought him openly to her feet years ago. Her little hand was always stretched out to him frankly and gladly. In fact, she behaved exactly as a young gentlewoman of birth and breeding should behave if she would avoid that pity from the world which is akin to contempt.

Why he had left her—why he had ceased to love her, and had suffered himself to drift into matrimony with a woman who, with all her good qualities, was conspicuously inferior to Gwendoline, were secrets which Rhydalynn sought in vain to unravel. She buried her dead very decently, in fact, and refrained from wearing unbecoming mourning.

But though she played her part so bravely and prettily, and though Mrs. Powell was utterly ignorant of the past passages in her husband's life which made Gwendoline and himself such interesting studies to Rhydalynn, it was curious to see how these two women seemed to repel one another. That Gwendoline, knowing everything, should shrink from Mrs. Powell, was natural enough; but that Mrs. Powell, who knew nothing, should shrink, half in hate and half in fear, from Gwendoline, was unaccountable, excepting on the ground of that mysterious and almighty sympathy about which so much is written and so little is understood.

At the date of the opening of this narrative, Powell had been married three years, and was the father of two children. As the medical attendant of the family, I had enjoyed opportunities of seeing more of the inner life at the Hall than was known to most of Rhydalynn; and I am prepared to say that it was a happy one, on the whole. The good-hearted, tame, unintellectual little woman was not much of a companion to him; but she was a good, loving wife and mother, and he recognized that she was such, and treated her with consideration and kindness, if not with the warmth of affection which he was capable of lavishing on a woman he loved.

Meanwhile, Gwendoline remained unmarried, to the surprise and regret of all who knew her. Not that we were impatient to be rid of our beauty; but her remaining single looked like a tribute to Powell which he did not deserve; and her brother, whose house she had kept, had lately brought home a wife to supersede her in that sphere of usefulness; and, altogether, things were not as flourishing with our favorite as we could have desired. Lately, too, it seemed to me that she had been losing her looks a little; but my wife scoffed at me for saying this, and declared that "what Gwenny had lost in brilliancy she had gained in expression."

About three weeks before Mrs. Powell had sent for me to consult me about that unlucky letter, Gwendoline had told her she was going off to London to stay with an old schoolfellow, and to put herself under the care of a celebrated dentist for a time. "I am nearly worn out with toothache, doctor," she said to me, trying to smile according to her wont; but I saw that her eyes were full of

tears, and I was glad she was going to have a change, for it struck me that hers was toothache of the mind.

For some inexplicable reason, I could not help thinking a good deal of Gwendoline and her absence from home, as I walked back from the Hall with that wretched letter in my pocket. The vision of the girl as I had seen her on the day of her departure—pale, haggard, miserable-looking—kept on rising up and distracting my attention. Strange thoughts floated through my mind, and though I scouted myself for entertaining them, they made me very unhappy. In order to dispel them, I took a turn round by a trout-stream, and delayed going home until long past my usual luncheon-hour.

As I neared the gate, I saw my wife standing at it, with a telegram in her hand, and impatience on her brow.

"Where have you been, doctor?" she commenced. "Here this has been waiting for you ever since twelve o'clock, and I've sent all over the village in search of you. What *can* have happened to Gwendoline?"

I took it from her and read:

AMONG THE ROSES.

"To Doctor Browne, Rhydalynn, from Doctor Archer, London: Come the instant you receive this to Miss Gwendoline Harris, 44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood. She is dangerously ill."

"If a word of this gets abroad in the village, Gwendoline will be ruined!" I exclaimed, looking sternly at my wife, as if I did her the injustice of supposing that she was going out into the highways and byways to gabble.

"All the telegrams that ever come to Rhydalynn *do* get known about," she replied, hurriedly. "How can it hurt her for it to be known that she is ill, poor girl?"

"I can't tell you how, but it will," I replied, with a most unusual amount of nervous irritability manifesting itself in my manner. "If any one speaks to you on the subject during my absence, be sure you treat it as a commonplace one," I continued, authoritatively; and my startled wife replied:

"Why, doctor, you're not thinking that I am going to begin tattling about your business—least of all about anything that concerns Gwendoline; but you must know as well as I do that all the telegrams that come to Rhydalynn get known all over the place in no time."

With an inward groan I admitted to myself that there was a terrible amount of truth in my wife's observation. Everything that it was desirable should not be known did get winded abroad with fell celerity at Rhydalynn. Gwendoline Harris had been the favorite and beauty of the place; but however brightly a star may have shone, there are always a certain number to be found who will "glory in its fall," and I had a premonition that Gwenny had forfeited her crown in some way or other.

I obeyed the telegram, and left Rhydalynn by the next train. It was late in the evening when I reached London, and I was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety for the girl for whose sake I had undertaken the hurried journey. Nevertheless, I would not lose a moment of time that might be of vital importance; and so, without waiting to recruit and refresh myself, I stepped into a hansom at once, and gave the address, "44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood—as fast as you can."

The road was sequestered, fresh and countrified in appearance, lined with a double row of the trees whose name it bore. The houses were of the detached-villa order,

FRED POWELL'S WIFE.—"AND ALL THE ANSWER THAT I, A SENSIBLE, MIDDLE-AGED PRACTITIONER, COULD GET FROM POWELL'S WIFE WAS A FIT OF WILD, WASPISH, WOMANLY WEEPING."—SEE PAGE 58.

flower-crowned, and well kept up. At the door of one of the prettiest of these my hansom pulled up; and as I jumped out and rang sharply, I remarked a four-wheeled cab standing at the servants' entrance, into which a man was getting who bore a startling resemblance to my neighbor and friend, Fred Powell.

In another minute I was standing by the bedside of the woman whom up to that moment I had believed to be the fresh, unsullied flower of Rhydalynn—Gwendoline Harris.

A grave, respectable, kindly-looking woman was standing by the pillow, and one glance at the patient told me what had happened. I did not need the corroborative evidence of the little, wailing infant that was lying on a couch at the other end of the room.

With a pang of anguish as keen as her brother could have experienced, I realized that the star of our little community was a fallen star indeed. At the same moment I realized, with an even keener pang, that the knowledge of how we should all love and cherish her still, in spite of all, would never be hers in this world.

"She has been insensible for hours, and she is sinking fast," the nurse explained, as I bent over the poor girl who was expiating her folly by the forfeiture of her life; "but the last thing she said was that you were to be sent for to protect her child and her memory. She could trust both to you, she said; and the gentleman who should be her husband," the woman continued, with an honest glow of indignation spreading over her face, "and who is just gone, said the same. He left this for you," she added, giving me a letter; and I took it over to the lamp and opened it, with a heart that misgave me horribly.

The first glance at the writing was enough for me. I did not need to look at the signature to know that Gwendoline's shame and death were offenses to be laid at Powell's door.

I will not transcribe that letter. It was a confession of mad, overwhelming, selfish passion on his part, and a revelation of wild, trusting, infatuated devotion on hers. He had written the letter in a paroxysm of remorse at finding that he had destroyed not only her honor, but her life; and in the bitterness of his grief he had felt himself to be unworthy even to see her die. This, at least, may be said in extenuation of his sin: his execration of himself was as deep and heartfelt as was his prayer that at any cost I would save her name from obloquy, her family from humiliation.

She died that night, without recognizing me; and, after placing the baby in charge of the nurse who had attended her, I carried my sad secret back to Rhydalynn, with the resolve in my heart to tell my tale so discreetly that none should guess that aught injurious to her remained untold.

A whisper of the word "fever" would suffice to set at rest all wonder as to her corpse not being brought over to the family vault. A certificate from Doctor Archer would carry the full assurance to her friends that there had been fair play, and a dignified silence when the curious plied me with questions would surely protect the good name both of the dead and the living.

Yes, I had even now a genuine desire, independent of my regard for poor lost Gwendoline, to guard the reputation of the man who had ruined her.

So I occupied myself on my return journey in arranging a series of neat sentences which should be at once baffling and truthful, and tried to school myself into a full knowledge of the demeanor which it would behoove me to adopt to Powell when the exigencies of our daily life compelled us to meet.

My task was a bewildering as well as a bitter one. Her relations let her dead body rest in peace, certainly, but they were perpetually, morally, exhuming her, and "wondering why" such and such a course had not been pursued with regard to her.

Her brother listened to my labored recital calmly enough, but he watched me with a sad, watchful gaze that told me some painful suspicion (one near akin to the truth probably) was rankling in his mind.

As for my own wife, *she* read the whole story straight off in my face the instant I mentioned our poor girl, and cried over it as only a good woman can cry over the downfall of one dear to her.

So several days passed laggingly over our heads, and during them I saw nothing of either Powell or his wife. I did not actually shrink from meeting him, though I avoided his customary haunts, for I knew that the time must come when we should be brought face to face with one another, and with that black blot on the past of which I was cognizant.

Nor, in spite of all I knew, could I bring myself to hate him and despise him as I ought to have done when I knew that through him poor Gwendoline was filling an unknown, unhonored, untimely grave.

As for his wife, the blood rushed tumultuously from my heart to my face whenever I thought of her. How could I in reason expect a woman so wronged and outraged to bear her wrongs in silence, should she ever come to a knowledge of them?

"It will be superhuman patience and sweetness if she does," I told myself; "and Powell's wife is not endowed with superhuman patience and sweetness."

You see I had a good memory, and I recollected how we had all stood aloof from, and looked askance at, Powell's wife when he first brought her home; and we had done these things on Gwendoline's account, because of our love for her.

As Fate would have it, the intervention of accident was not called in; design was resorted to in order to bring about a meeting between Powell's wife and myself.

I was riding home late one afternoon from a long bill-round, when I met her about a mile from Rhydalynn. I was trotting sharply at the moment when I caught sight of her, and I should have trotted sharply past her, with merely a neighborly bow and smile, if she had not held up her hand and arrested my purpose.

"Doctor," she began, wistfully, as I pulled up and she laid her hand on my horse's mane, "why have you avoided me ever since you came back from that sad mission of yours?"

She lowered her voice tenderly as she spoke the last words, and I felt—God bless her!—that she knew the whole story, and that there was no wrath in that big, soft, womanly heart of hers against poor, dead Gwendoline.

"I haven't actually avoided you," I began, apologetically; but she put my apologetic manner aside with that genuine air of hers that ought to have kept any man true to her, and said:

"But you haven't actually sought me, and, considering everything, you should have done that, doctor. I have come to meet you to-day to give you the first whisper of the news that all Rhydalynn will know in a few days. Fred and I are going away for a few years, and—I want that baby's address."

In my astonishment, I could only gaspingly repeat her words:

"That baby's address?"

"Yes; I want it, that I may claim my husband's child and be a mother to it, and bring it up away from here until its own mother's story is forgotten. You see, I know

all about it, and not even you can grieve more for Gwendoline than I do."

"I can't answer you, Mrs. Powell."

"Of course you can't; you don't *understand* the case as I do. His parting from her in pique; his meeting her again with a firmer love than ever filling the heart that I had palled upon—how should you be able to answer me? You are not a woman, and so you don't know what it is to love Fred Powell as I love him. As far as the child is concerned, he shall have nothing to reproach himself with, and as for the mother, the hardest thing I can bring myself to feel about her is, that *she* was as weak for his sake as *I* would have been had I been in her place."

I wrote that baby's address down without further delay. I couldn't speak it, you see, and then I rode on, feeling that I wished that I dared let all Rhydalynn know what good stuff there was in Powell's wife.

## THE PALMS OF MADAGASCAR.

On the continent of Africa and its adjacent islands, especially Madagascar, we find a great variety of palms, several of which are no less valuable than the cocoanut or the palmyra, either as affording food, or enriching by their produce the commerce of the world.

The date-tree, sung from time immemorial by the poets of the East, is as indispensable as the camel to the inhabitants of the wastes of North Africa and Arabia, and, next to the "Ship of the Desert," the devout Mussulman esteems it the chief gift of Allah. Few palms have a wider range, for it extends from the Persian Gulf to the borders of the Atlantic, and flourishes from the twelfth to the thirty-seventh degree of northern latitude.

Groves of dates adorn the coasts of Valencia in Spain; near Genoa its plantations afford leaves for the celebration of Palm Sunday; and in the gardens of southern France a date tree sometimes mixes among the oranges and olives But it never bears fruit on these northern limits of its empire, and thrives best in the oasis on the borders of the sandy desert. Here it is cultivated with the greatest care, and irrigated every morning; for though it will grow on an arid soil, it absolutely requires water to be fruitful.

The date-palm is propagated by shoots, and the female tree bears its first fruits after four or five years. It is said to attain an age of two centuries, but is rarely left standing longer than eighty years, when the trunk is tapped in Spring, producing a kind of toddy, which is consumed in great quantities in Biledulgerid, or the long line of oasis to the south of the Atlas, which has been pre-eminently called the "land of dates."

Like the cocoanut tree, the *Phœnix dactylifera* bears a crown of feathery fronds, though without equaling the "littoral palm" in beauty. It blooms in March or April, and its fecundity is such that it annually bears as much as two hundredweight of dates, which are plucked in October or November. The fresh fruits (*Tamr*) are the best, but they are mostly dried in the sun (*Bela*), and either eaten without any other preparation, or mixed with flour and baked into a kind of bread, which is very nutritious and of an agreeable taste. D'Escayrac de Lauture tells us that a fresh date, the kernel of which has been extracted and replaced by an almond or a piece of butter, is delicious.

There are at least sixty varieties of dates, and in the oases of Tozer and Nefta the chieftains told D'Escayrac the names of thirty-five different kinds, all cultivated there. The most esteemed varieties are the *Monakhir*, which is very rare, and exclusively reserved for the table of the Bey of Tunis, and the *Degleh*, which grows to the height of eighty feet, and produces from eight to ten clusters or large bunches of fruit, weighing each from twelve to twenty pounds. The common people scarcely ever taste this date, which is either exported, or consumed only by the wealthier classes, and must content themselves with the common *Halig*, which grows in abundance wherever the Phœnix can flourish.

It is not to be wondered at that the tribes of the deserts so highly value a tree which, by enabling a family to live on the produce of a small spot of ground, extends as it were the bounds of the green islands of the desert, and rarely disappoints the industry that has been bestowed upon its culture. It is considered criminal to fell it while still in its vigor, and both the Bible and the Koran forbid the warriors of the true God to apply the ax to the date trees of an enemy.

In Nubia, between Wadi Halfa and Khartum, there are at least a million date-palms, which yield the extortionary Government of the Pasha of Egypt a revenue of as many *piastres*. The date trees of Egypt and Nubia not only amply provide for home consumption, but furnish above 60,000 hundredweight for exportation to Syria and Turkey, besides a large quantity which the Nubian merchants sell in Sanaar, Kordofan, and Darfur. Here the Phœnix disappears, while the Doum (*Hyphœne thebaica*), distinguished from most other palms by its branching trunk, each branch being surmounted by a tuft of large, stiff, flabelliform leaves, assumes a conspicuous place in the landscape. Its fruits, which are of the size of a small apple, and covered with a tough, yellow, lustrous rind, have a sugary taste, and serve for the preparation of sherbet. The old leaf-stalks with their thorns and sheaths remain attached to the trunk, increase its dimensions in an extraordinary degree, and render the task of climbing it next to impossible. The chief seat of this beautiful palm are the banks of the Nile, in the region of the cataracts.

In Kordofan the Delebi palms form large clumps, with tamarinds, cassias, adansonias, and various mimosas. Straight as an arrow, and perfectly smooth-rinded, this magnificent tree rises to the height of a hundred feet, bearing large, fan-like leaves, attached to foot-stalks ten feet long, and armed with mighty thorns. From ten to twenty large bunches of nuts, as big as a man's head, hang beneath the fronds, but unfortunately these fine-looking fruits disappoint the taste.

Thus various forms of palms flourish along the banks of the Nile, but in general, Africa and its islands have a less number of these trees to boast of than either Asia or America.

## DEEP MINES.

The deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adalbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Vivieres coal mine in Belgium, 2,837 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but, no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk Colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridge in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in this country is the Yellow Jacket of the Comstock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface of the month of the main shaft, and 2,933 feet below the Gould & Curry croppings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third; both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow any longer than you consent to do as others wish.

THE PALMS OF MADAGASCAR.— SEE PAGE 63.

A GILDED PILL.—"'IS ANY ONE IN THAT ROOM?" THUNDERED DICK, AND JESSIE, SPREADING HER HANDS FROM POST TO POST, AS SHE TURNED HER BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, CRIED OUT, WILDLY: 'NO, FATHER, NO!'"

# A GILDED PILL.

## A Tale of a Little Mystery.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A LUNATIC.

"Mr. Thomas Shingle," said John, in a loud voice.

And, in a hasty, excited manner, Max Shingle's elder son entered the room, to look angrily at his brother, as he saw him seated there.

"You here?" he cried, sharply.

"Ya-as, I'm here, Tom," was the cool reply.

"Aunt—Jessie!" exclaimed Tom, advancing. "I, by chance, heard that my father had entered your doors; and, taking this as an augury that we were to be friends once more, I followed him; but I did not expect to find my brother here, and that I should be——"

"*De trop*," said Fred, with an irritating smile; "but you do."

Tom turned upon him sharply, but, mastering his passion, he crossed to where Jessie was seated, and held out his hand.

"Jessie," he said, in a low, choking voice, "you will shake hands with me? I forgive all the past now, and wish you every happiness."

At his first words a glad light had leaped into the poor girl's eyes, and she half raised her hand to take his; but as he finished his sentence, and she felt how he

misunderstood her, a stony rigidity stole over her, and she shrank back, letting her hand fall upon her lap.

It was too hard to bear, and she would have given worlds to have been able to rush from the room—anywhere, so as to be alone—and sob and wail aloud, to relieve her bursting heart. But it was impossible. She could not stir—only look up at Tom, as with knitted brows he stood there, evidently resenting her coldness.

Never once had her thoughts strayed from him; and yet he had misjudged her so cruelly, believing that she trifled with him, that she played with his heart, while she coquetted, behaved lightly, with his brother; and now, after these long, weary months—after what would soon be two years of misery—now that he had come, her heart had whispered, to tell her that he had been wrong, and misjudged her, while he asked her pardon for the past—a pardon that she would joy in according—she had to hear, first that he was engaged to another, and then read in his face that his doubts and misgivings were stronger than ever.

Poor Jessie's heart, that had been expanding fast, like the petals of a flower, to drink in the sunshine of hope and love and joy, seemed to contract and shrivel up, blighted and seared; and, cold and stony, she sat there, while, with a half-laugh of annoyance and contempt, Tom turned away.

"As you will, my fair cousin," he said, in a low, bitter voice. "I suppose I am to call you sister some day. How the world changes! Better poverty and truth than this."

He turned abruptly, and began speaking to Mrs. Shingle; while Fred, seizing the opportunity, took a seat beside Jessie on the couch, and began to talk to her rapidly about the various trifles of the day—chattering on, while she seemed to be listening to him, for she replied in monosyllables, though she was striving, with every nerve attent, to hear what was said by his brother.

Before many words had passed, though, voices were heard from without, increasing in loudness; and Mrs. Shingle started up, for it was very plain that Dick was in a towering rage.

In fact, as he came through the conservatory he struck a handsome *jardinière* a heavy blow with his open hand, shivering it upon the tessellated tiles of the floor.

"Hallo, here!" cried Dick, angrily, as he entered, followed by Max, "you are all here, are you! Why didn't you bring the wife and the servants, and take possession? It's all right—there's plenty of room. Here, you, sir, get off that sofa!"

The young men rose as he entered—Fred very slowly, and evidently amused; while Tom's face flushed with rage.

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, whose face had become suffused from shame and annoyance.

"There, I know what I'm doing," he said. "Hold your tongue. You and your mother had better be off. You'll stop? Well, then, stop."

"Is your husband subject to a little—er—er—— You know, Mrs. Richard Shingle," said Max, tapping his forehead.

"No," said Dick, sharply, "he isn't. And now, may I ask, young fellows, how it is you condescend to be here?"

"They came unknown to me," said Max, hotly.

"I dessay they did," cried Dick; "but whether they did or not, they've come to the wrong place, and I forbid them, once for all, my house."

"Come, father," said Tom, sternly; while Fred took a step to Jessie's side, and whispered:

"Dear Jessie, for Heaven's sake let this make no difference to us."

She turned her eyes upon him for a moment, and Tom saw the glance, and, as she gazed at him, directed a look upon her of withering contempt.

"Don't be in too great a hurry," said Dick. "As you are here, we may as well have it out. We don't often meet. Now, Max, my most affectionate brother, have the goodness to say that again, and let your sons hear what sort of a man you are."

"No," said Max, "I leave now. I shall take my own steps about it."

"You will?" said Dick, looking startled.

"I shall, sir, I shall. I don't consider you are fit to be trusted. There are such cases as inquiries in lunacy."

"Bah!" said Dick, who looked startled all the same. "Well, if you don't say what you said to me, here out loud before them all, I shall say it myself."

"Then I will say it!" cried Max, desperately. "What I said, my sons, was this: As your uncle has hit upon some scheme for making a fortune, I have a right, as his own brother——"

"Very own, indeed," said Dick, quietly.

"To share with him in the secret," continued Max.

"And what I say to it is," cried Dick—"and you can all hear me—that what I invented with my own brains is my own property, and I won't be bullied out of it by all the brothers in Christendom."

"Then I shall follow out my own course."

"Follow it, then," said Dick, scornfully, "and let your boys come after you."

Tom turned upon him resentfully, but merely ground his teeth; while Fred winked, and tapped his teeth with his cane.

"I have not been idle during my interview with my poor afflicted brother," continued Max; "and I have seen enough from his wild behavior and language to know that the mental disease that has been threatening for years has now obtained such a hold that he is no longer fit to manage his own affairs."

"I say, hold hard there!" cried Dick, looking at him in a puzzled way.

"I shall, of course, make due arrangements for the proper carrying out of his business, and for protecting the interests of his wife and child."

"Father!" cried Tom, stepping forward, "this is atrocious; there are no grounds for what you say."

"Silence, sir!" roared Max; while Dick's countenance underwent a complete change.

"There!" cried Dick, angrily, as he appealed in turn to all present; "what did I always say? Max, you always were, and always will be, a 'umbug!"

"What?" cried Max.

"A 'umbug, sir. U-m, um, b-u-double-g, bug, 'umbug! That for you!" cried Dick, snapping his fingers in his brother's face.

"Ah!" said Max, with a heavy sigh; "all proof of what I say—the violence, the excitement, these strange outbursts. My poor brother!"

He took out his handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes.

Dick looked at him for a moment, then at his wife and child, and then his face grew longer, and his hand played nervously about his face.

"But, I say, Max," he cried, "you don't mean this? I'm as right in the upper story as you are."

Max wiped his eyes, and shook his head.

"My dear Richard," he said, "I'd give my right hand to know you were. This is dreadful."

"Dreadful! It's worse than dreadful," cried Mrs. Shingle, catching her husband's arm. "Dick, make him leave the house."

"My dear Mrs. Shingle," said Max, deprecatingly, "this is folly. You only excite him terribly."

"Excite him!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

"Yes, my dear," said Dick, wiping the perspiration from his face, "it do excite me a deal. I don't know that Max ain't right; but he won't be hard on me, Max won't. I have felt a little—little confused and upset, you know, about my business, sometimes."

"Father, it is not true," cried Jessie, going to his side. "Your mind is perfectly clear."

"I'm afraid it ain't, my dear," he said. "But your Uncle Max won't be hard on me. No sending to asylums or that sort of thing. Just a friendly visit from a doctor or two, and I should be soon put right."

"Whatever the cleverest medical man I could procure—a specialist on your particular ailment—said, I should go by," replied Max, sadly.

"There, mother—there, Jessie! what did I tell you?" cried Dick, brightening up. "Blood is thicker than water—I always said it was. Max will do what's right."

"With Heaven's help, I will," said Max, solemnly; while, unable to contain his disgust, Tom walked to the window.

"Of course he will!" cried Dick, who indulged in a kind of breakdown, ending with a stamp on the floor, as Mrs. Shingle and Jessie looked on in a horrified way. "And look here, Max, old man," he cried, panting with his exertions, "it'll be all made up now, and we shall be the best of friends, eh?"

"Yes, dear Richard, the best of friends," said Max, glancing at Mrs. Shingle, and then shrugging his shoulders and raising his eyes.

"But about my business," said Dick, uneasily. And he began to bite the bits of tough skin at the sides of his fingers.

"Richard, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Shingle, excitedly. "You shall not talk about it! You have kept it secret so long, even from your own wife and child, and you shall not talk about it to him!"

Dick smiled at her rather vacantly.

"Well, it do seem hard, mother, certainly; but it was sure to come out some day, and it's best for one's own brother to know of it—better than anybody else, because he'll do what's right and best for every one—you and Jessie too, of course; for if I get worse, as I may, you know, it would be sad, you know, for it all to go to ruin for want of a master mind, and no one left to take care of you—and—you come to ruin, and not even your poor husband to make boots and shoes for you again. Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed hysterically, and Mrs. Shingle threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Dick! dear Dick! what has come to you?" she cried. Then, rousing herself, she turned angrily upon Max. "This is your doing!" she cried. "He was quite well till you came!"

Max shook his head sadly, and wiped his eyes, while Fred tried to take Jessie's hand; but she motioned him away sternly, and stood by her father, watching all present.

"Don't talk like that, my dear," said Dick, patting his wife's shoulder, "it hurts me and makes me worse. Max means well, and he'll see to things being carried out right for all of us; won't you, Max?"

"Indeed, I will," said Max, piously; and Tom still gazed from the window.

"But—but—but do you think, Max," said Dick, drawing his hands from his wife and child, and speaking in a desultory, wandering way, as if trying to collect his thoughts, "do you think that if you came in with me as you proposed, and saw to the management of the business, so as to relieve me and let me rest, it would be necessary for me to go anywhere away from home?"

"We would take advice over that," said Max; "the best to be had—medical."

"N—no," said Dick, shrewdly, "I shouldn't quite like that, Max; those very clever doctors are too clever sometimes, and they might want to lock me up. I should be better at home with mother, here, and Jessie. It would make me worse to go away."

"Oh, that could be managed, perhaps," said Max; "but you must have your business arrangements attended to—they are so important."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Dick, who trembled and looked horrified at the thought of having to go away; "but you'd make time for that. You could go halves, Max, and manage for me; and the business is growing fast—and you'd see, even if I got worse, that Jessie and mother, here, always had enough."

"I cannot bear this any longer!" cried Mrs. Shingle; while Jessie stood like stone.

"It's all right, mother—it's all right, mother. Max is a good fellow. When he used to row me it was to do me good. And you'll take all in hand, won't you, Max?"

"Dick, you shall not make any such arrangements," said Mrs. Shingle. "Will no one take our side?"

"I will, aunt!" cried Tom, fiercely; "for I will never stand by and see such a blackguardly wrong committed. Jessie," he cried, "you have treated me badly, and behaved with cruel treachery to the man who loved you very dearly—and that's all past now; but while I've hand to lift or voice to raise, I'll never see you or yours wronged by father—or brother," he added, fiercely, turning to Fred, while Jessie uttered a loud sigh, and buried her face on her mother's shoulder.

"Tom," whispered Max, catching him by the shoulder, "if you are not silent, I'll strike you down."

"Father, if you dare to touch me," roared Tom, "God forgive me, I shall forget that you gave me birth! I will not stand by and see my uncle wronged. If he is unfit to attend to his affairs, aunt, see some trustworthy lawyer; but you shall not be imposed upon like this."

"Fred, stop him!" cried Max, furiously. "Turn him out of the room; he's as mad as his uncle!"

Fred hesitated for a moment, and then stepping forward, he caught Tom by the arm.

"Here, come out!" he cried.

"Stand back!" cried Tom, huskily.

"No—out you go!" cried Fred, who gathered courage on seeing his brother did not resent his attack.

"Stand back, I say!" cried Tom, again.

"Out you go," repeated Fred—"you fool!"

Tom drew back for a moment, and then, as Jessie looked up, roused by a movement on her father's part, and a cry from her mother, she saw Tom's fist dart out from his shoulder, and then there was a dull sound, and Fred staggered back, tripped over a mat by the open window, and fell with a crash amongst the flower-pots in the conservatory, bringing down an avalanche in his fall.

As Tom turned, it was to see that a complete change had come over Dick, who had leaped at his brother's throat, catching him by shirt-front and white cravat, bringing him upon his knees, and shaking him with all his might.

"You damned scoundrel—you sanctified, hypocritical cheat!" shouted Dick, as he shook Max till he began to turn pale, and something white fell on the floor between his knees. "Mad, am I? Send me to an asylum, would you? Let me off if I give you half my income?"

"Help, help!" moaned Max, whose dark, smooth hair glided from his head on to the floor as Dick shook away.

"Didn't I—say—you were—a 'umbug?" cried Dick, panting, and throwing all his energies into a kick. "That was a good one for a poor wretch with softening of the brain, eh? There, now get up, and out of my house, and never darken the doors again. You ain't a brother to me, and never were. Being born of the same mother only half makes brothers. I'll never own you as mine—eh? Ah, I've done, Tom, now."

Dick made no resistance as Tom dragged him away from his father; and Max got up, looking very indecent about the head, as he hastily picked up and dragged on his wig.

"You—you—shall smart for this," he mumbled. "As for Tom, never enter my house——"

"Be off!" roared Dick, and he made at him again.

But Tom, with a look of bitter mortification in his face, restrained him; and Max, clinging to his son Fred, hurried out of the door, leaving Mrs. Shingle trembling in a chair, where she had sunk; while Jessie knelt beside her, white as ashes, and holding her hand.

It was an ignoble plight, made more absurd by Dick, who suddenly ran to the fireplace and took the tongs, with which he picked up something of ivory and gold, and ran to the door.

"Here, Saint Maximilian!" he shouted, "you've left your teeth;" and he threw the grinning set out with a crash into the hall.

"Take care!" cried a familiar voice; "I haven't done anything."

"What, Hopper, old man!" cried Dick, "you there?"

"Yes, I saw and heard it all—all I could," he added, stumping into the room.

Dick threw himself laughing into an easy-chair, as he heard the door bang; but started up directly, as he saw Tom standing, silent and mortified, in the middle of the room.

"Thanky, Tom Shingle!" he cried, as he held out his hand, which Tom took for a moment, and then dropped. "Ah, you're put out, of course; and I don't wonder. It's enough to rile any young fellow with stuff in him, and you've got that, and acted like a man."

Tom gazed at him in silence, but did not speak.

"He's ordered you out of his house, my lad," continued Dick. "Not pleasant between father and son. There, I ain't going to abuse him," he hastened to add, as Tom made a deprecating gesture; "but don't you mind that—you acted like a man, and your conscience would set you right. Now, good-by, my lad, and mind this: if you ever want a hundred pounds, or two hundred, or five hundred pounds, you've only got to say so to your uncle, Richard Shingle, and there it is."

"I thank you, uncle," said Tom, sadly; "but I shall not ask. Good-by—I shall not see you again."

"Good-by."

"Yes, I shall go abroad, and we may never meet again. I cannot stay here now—the disgrace would break my heart. Good-by, aunt—good-by, Jessie!" he said, passionately.

But she heard him not; for, as he hurried to the door, she sank, fainting, at her mother's knee, while Tom passed out, closely followed by Hopper, the last-comer on the scene.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOPPER ON SUICIDE.

"HERE, hold hard, you sir—hold hard!" cried Hopper, hooking Tom at last by the arm with his great stick.

Tom turned upon him savagely; but the old man did not move a muscle.

"Where are you going?" he said, sternly.

"To the devil!" said Tom, bitterly. "To drown myself, I think."

"Hey! Drown yourself? Well, don't you try to do it on an empty stomach. I knew a man once who tried it, and he did nothing but float. Come home with me, and have a bit of dinner first."

Tom was just in the humor to be led by fate, and he could not help smiling at the old man's words. The next moment Hopper thrust his arm through the young man's, and began signaling with his stick to a passing cab, into which he thrust him.

"Get over further," said Hopper, poking at him with his stick; and then, following, he shouted to the man, "Clement's Inn."

Nothing was said during the journey; and, on reaching the gateway, Hopper got out first, and, literally taking Tom into custody, led him to a black-looking house, and up a dingy old staircase, to a door at the top, covered with iron bands and clamps, which he unlocked, and pushed Tom into a very old-fashioned-looking room, cumbered with pictures, curiosities, and odds and ends piled up amongst the antique furniture.

"There," said Hopper, stooping to caress a cat that came rubbing itself up against his left leg, and another that purred against his right, while a third and fourth leaped upon his back when he stooped, "this is my kennel—cat's kennel, if you like—I've got eight. That's their garden," he continued, throwing open a sliding window that looked upon a parapet; "they can run for miles along the roofs of the houses here. Good view here, Tom Shingle. Ah! the very thing," he added, catching the young man's sleeve; "look down there—eighty feet, and good, firm stones at the bottom. You say you want to go to the devil—jump down. I won't stop you."

Tom glanced down, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well, it would make a nasty mess on the stones, certainly," said Hopper, looking at him curiously, while the cats rubbed and purred about them; "but they'd soon sweep that away; and the dead-house is close by. I'll go as witness."

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Tom.

"Hey? Hold my tongue? Why? Better and quicker than jumping into the river, and struggling up and down, and wanting to get out; beside running the risk of floating up and down with the tide, and looking like swollen bagpipes."

"Be silent!" shouted Tom, gazing at him in horror.

"What for?" chuckled the old man. "You'd look so ugly, too, with your nose rubbed off. Tide always rubs their noses off against the barges, and ships, and piers of bridges. I know lots of people wouldn't drown themselves if they knew how ugly they'd look when they were dead. I've seen 'em dozens of times."

"Do you find any pleasure in tormenting me?" cried Tom, furiously.

"Torment you, hey? Not I," chuckled Hopper. "You said you were going to drown yourself—that takes nearly five minutes; and they may fish you out with a boathook and bring you to, which they say isn't pleasant. I only suggested a quicker way."

Tom turned from the window, and threw himself into a chair.

"Ah, you're better," said Hopper, poking the fire up brightly.

"Better!" groaned Tom.

"Yes, ever so much. You're not fretting about your father, but about Jessie—you're in love."

Tom was starting up, but the old man forced him back into his chair.

"Sit still, you young fool! You are in love, arn't you?"

"I suppose so," said Tom, bitterly.

"I'll give you a dose for the complaint," chuckled the old fellow; when there was a knock at the door, which he opened, and a neat-looking servant bustled in and spread the table with the snowiest of cloths and brightest of old-fashioned glass and silver, ending by placing the first portion of a capitally cooked dinner on the table, and sending all the cats out of the window into the gutter, where they sat down patiently in a row, to gaze solemnly through the panes of glass till the repast was at an end.

"Why, I thought you were very poor!" said Tom, gazing curiously at his shabbily dressed host, as he opened a massive carved oak cellaret, and took out a bottle of Burgundy that looked as old as the receptacle.

"Hey? Thought I was poor? More fool you! You're always thinking stupid things. You've gone about nearly two years thinking Jessie don't care for you."

Tom started as if he had been stung; but he sank back in his chair gazing wonderingly at the quaint, old fellow, as he opened a bottle to pour out a couple of large glasses of the fluid, and began wondering how much he knew.

"There, you handsome, young, long-eared donkey!" cried Hopper, placing one glass in the young man's fingers—"that's the finest Burgundy to be got for love or money. That'll give you strength of mind, and blood to sustain, and make you take a less bilious view of things than you do now. Catch hold! I'm an old-fashioned one, I am. Here's a toast. Are you ready?"

Tom took the glass, and nodded.

"Here's my darling little Jessie. God bless her! and may she soon be happy with the man of her choice!"

He looked maliciously at the young man as he spoke; but Tom set down his glass untasted.

"I can't drink that!" he said, sternly.

"Hey? Not drink it? Why not?"

"Because if she marries my brother she will never be a happy woman," said Tom, sadly.

"Bah! Idiot! Young fool!" chuckled Hopper. "She won't marry Fred Shingle. I'd sooner poison her. Drink. You care for her, don't you?"

"I do," said Tom, fervently.

"Then drink to her happiness, and don't be a selfish ass. If you can't have her, don't grudge the pretty little sweet bit of fruit to some one else. Drink!"

"Jessie!" said Tom, softly and reverently

Then he drained his glass.

"Ha, ha, ha! You're getting better," chuckled Hopper; "and I shall make you well before I've done."

Certainly, a great change did come over Tom Shingle as he partook of the excellent dinner brought in hot by the neat servant; the old fellow seeming to be far less hard of hearing than usual, and chuckling and laughing as he took his wine freely, opened a fresh bottle, and finally brought out pipes and cigars, as the dinner was replaced by dessert.

"Thought I was poor, did you, Tom, my boy?" he cried, slapping the other on the knee. "I'm not, you see; but that's my secret. I never bring anybody here scarcely. Your father has never been, nor your Uncle Dick neither. Lucky dog; he's made lots of money and goes on, too—and hang me if I know how."

"The same way as you, perhaps," said Tom, smiling.

"No, that he don't. I do a bit in the city, and speculate in a few bills occasionally. I've got paper with names on that would startle you, I'll be bound."

"I dare say," said Tom, sadly.

"There—there, man, fill another glass. You're coming out bad with your old complaint again—love-sick."

"Ah!" cried Tom, who had got into the confidential stage, like his host. "You don't know what it means."

"I don't know what it means!" cried the old fellow, rising, and leaning his hands on the table as he set down his pipe. "Look there, Tom Shingle—look there!" he cried, crossing to a drawer, unlocking it hastily, and taking out an old-fashioned miniature of a very beautiful woman.

"My grandmother!" said Tom, starting, as he held the portrait to the light.

"And my love," said the old fellow, in a softened, changed voice. "Yes, Tom, I loved her very dearly—as dearly as I hated the man who took her from me. Not that she ever cared for me. Tom, she was an angel. Your grandfather was a scoundrel, and the blood of the two has run its different courses. Women, somehow, like scoundrels," he said, as he reverently put away the miniature.

"They do," groaned Tom.

"But not all, Tom—not all. There, man, fill up and drink. Here's my little darling Jessie—your darling, if you're the man I take you for."

"If you talk like that I must go," said Tom.

"Hey? What, go? Stuff, man! Have a little faith. I don't say Jessie's perfect; but she's a better girl than you believe her. Try her again, man."

Tom shook his head.

"Fred is always there in my light."

"Turn him out of it, then. Bah! You weak boy! You imagine twice as much as you have any grounds for. Take my advice, or leave it—I don't care which. I only give you the hint for your own sake. Puss, puss, puss!"

He got up, opened the window, and the cats came trooping in, to leap upon him and show their delight, while he petted first one and then another as they thrust their heads into his hands; Tom sitting back and watching him curiously the while.

"Curious, isn't it?" said Hopper, chuckling. "But a man must have friends. I've got very few, so I take cats, and they are as faithful as truth. Capital things to keep, Tom, my lad. Ha, ha, ha! Only behave well to them, and it don't matter how great a scoundrel you are, they never find you out, nor believe what the world says—they stick to you to the end."

At last Tom took another glance round the quaint room, to see dozens of fresh objects at every look—old china, ancient weapons, curious watches, besides articles of *vertu* that must have been of great value, and the old fellow chuckled as he saw the direction of his glances.

"Queer place to live in, Tom, and queer things about. Look here, my lad—here's my will. I keep it here in this old canister, just where it can be found ready for my executors. What? Hey? Going? Well, good-by. Come again, Tom—often—I shall be glad to see you."

"Do you mean this?" said Tom.

"Hey?"

"I say, do you mean it?"

"Oh, yes! I heard. Mean it? Of course I do, man, or I shouldn't ask you. Only, I mean, come in a sensible guise, not in a ghostly form. None of your drowned ghosts, without their noses. I mean you in the flesh, not in the spirit."

"You need have no fear," said Tom, sadly. "My mad fit is past. I should not be guilty of such folly."

"I should think not!" said Hopper, laughing. "We make nearly all our own troubles, my boy, and then men are such cowards that they run away from them. Have another cigar. That's right—light up, Tom. Good-by, lad. I say, why don't you go round by your uncle's house, and have a peep at some one's window? There, be off; you're a poor coward of a lover, after all."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PRIVATE INQUIRY.

A FEW weeks passed, and poor Jessie seemed to have received a serious shock from the encounter that took place at her father's house, and for days together she would be depressed, silent, and stand at the window watching, as if in expectation of some one coming. Then an interval of feverish gayety would set in, during which, with brightened eyes, she would chat and play and sing, evincing so much mirth that Dick would shake his head to his wife, and declare it was a bad sign.

"It's all fretting, mother," he would say. "She's thinking of that scamp, Fred Shingle."

Whereupon Mrs. Shingle would shake her head in turn, and declare, tartly, that he knew nothing at all about it, for she was sure it was Tom.

"You are very clever, no doubt, Dick, at keeping secrets, and hiding things away from your wife——"

"That's right," said Dick. "Go it! I wish I was poor again."

"But you know no more about that poor girl's feelings than you do of Chinese."

"Well, I don't know much about Chinese, mother, certainly," said Dick; "but I'm sure it ain't Tom. How can it be?"

"I don't know how it can be," said Mrs. Shingle, tartly, "or how it can't be; but fretting after Tom Shingle she is, and it's my belief he's very fond of her."

"There you go," said Dick, who was warming himself, with his back to the fire, waiting for the object of their solicitude to come down to dinner, for she had been lying down the greater part of the day—"there you go, mother, a-showing yourself up, and contradicting common sense. I say it's after Fred she's fretting."

"I know you do," said Mrs. Shingle, tightening her lips, and giving her head a shake, which plainly said, "I'll die before I'll give in."

"Let me have one word in, mother, if it's only edgewise," cried Dick.

"There, go on—I know what you are going to say."

"No, you don't, mother; so don't aggravate. I say it's Fred."

"I know you do."

"For this reason. He's forbid the house, and I won't have it; for I hear nothing but ill spoken of him, and I won't have him here. He ain't worthy of her. So he can't come, and she, poor girl, frets about it; and if she don't get better I shall have to give in. Now, you say it's Tom."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, nodding her head.

"Well, then, why don't he come, or why don't she send for him and make it right? Can't you see that if it were as you say, all would be right directly, for he'd come."

Mrs. Shingle shook her head.

"That's right, mother; be obstinate, mother, when you know there's nothing to prevent his coming. Oh, here she is!"

Jessie came in directly, looking very pale and sweet in her sadness; her eyes were sunken with wakefulness, but she had a smile for father and mother, and an affectionate kiss before taking her place at the table; where, after kicking himself in his misery, Dick set to, pretending not to notice his child's depression, though he felt a bitter pang at his heart, as he was guilty of every bit of clowning in his efforts to bring a smile from the suffering girl's eyes.

At times, though, he was very absent, and his tongue went on talking at random—of the last thing, perhaps, that he had seen—while his mind was far away. In fact, had his brother been present, with witnesses, he would have had strong grounds for saying that Dick's brain was softening, at the very least.

He began with grace, standing up, and very reverently said the customary formula, ending "truly thankful. Amen. Pure pickles, sauces and jams," he continued, for his eye had lit upon the label on a bottle in the sauce stand.

He started the next moment, and looked round, with one hand in his breast, to see if the string of his dickey was all right, for he occasionally put on one of those delusive articles of linen attire when he dressed for dinner, and always went in torture for the rest of the evening, on account of the treacherous nature of the garment—one which invariably seeks to betray the weakness of a man's linen-closet by bursting off strings or creeping insidiously round under his arm. In fact, one of Richard Shingle's, on a certain evening, deposited the bottom of the well-starched plaits in his soup, by making a dive out from within his vest as he leaned down.

"Glass of wine, Jessie?" said Dick, as the dinner went on; and to oblige him the poor girl took a little, just as Mrs. Shingle exclaimed:

"Bless me, I have no handkerchief! Did you take my handkerchief, Jessie?"

"Lor'! mother, don't talk of your handkerchief as if it was a pill. You do roll 'em up pretty tight, but not quite so bad as that."

Union Jack, who was waiting at table, exploded in a burst of laughter, which he tried to hide by rattling the dish-covers together, and then turning uncomfortable, as his master gave him a severe frown.

"A good servant, John, never hears what takes place at his master's table."

"No, sir—yes, sir," said John; "but you do say such funny things."

And the dinner went on.

"What's the pudden, my dear," said Dick, at last.

"It's a new kind," said Mrs. Shingle. "You'll have some? I told the cook how to make it."

"That I will, and so will Jessie. I always like your puddens, mother, they make one feel so good while one's eating them—they're so innocent."

"You've not seen any more of your brother, I suppose?" said Mrs. Shingle, just then, inadvertently.

"Well, I have seen him," said Dick—"twice. He's up to some little game, mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that he's got a man always watching me. He follows me like my shadow. Private detective, I should say. He wants to find out my secret, or else he's going to try on his little game again; but I'm not afraid. Jessie, my gal, what is it?"

"Nothing, father, nothing," she said, trying to smile, as she rose from the table. "The room is too hot. I think I'll go up-stairs."

"I'll go with you, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Shingle; but Jessie insisted on her staying, and she had her own way, going up to sit at her window, as was her wont, to watch wistfully along the darkened road for the relief that seemed as if it would never come.

She had been there about an hour, when suddenly she started up, and gazed down excitedly into the garden, where she could plainly make out the figure of a man; and as she looked he raised his hands to her, and sharply beckoned her to come down.

"At last!" she cried, with a look of joy flashing from her eyes; and, going to the door, she listened for a few moments, hesitated, and then went down to the breakfast-room, which opened with French windows on to the garden, unfastened one, and in the dim light, a figure passed in rapidly, and closed the door behind him.

There were two men standing in the shadow of a gate on the other side, one of whom scribbled something quickly on a page of a note-book, and gave it to the other, with the words:

"Run—first cab! and lose not a moment!"

A quarter of an hour later, just as Dick and his wife were about to leave the dining-room, there was a sharp knock at the door, followed by the trampling of feet in the hall, and Union Jack's voice heard in protestation:

"I tell you he's at dinner, and won't be disturbed. Master always gives strict orders that——"

"Tell your master that Mr. Maximilian Shingle insists upon seeing him on business!"

"Does he?" said Dick, sharply.

And he stood at the door, looking at his brother, and flourishing his dinner-napkin about, as his eyes lit upon the two companions of Max; and a nervous feeling akin to alarm came upon him, as he saw that they were two well-dressed, keen-looking men.

"They're mad doctors—both of 'em," thought Dick, "they're going to listen to what I say, sign certificates, and have me dragged away. They'll have a tough job of it if they do, though. Yes, and there's the carriage just come up that's to take me off," he thought, as there was the noise of wheels stopping at the door. "Don't open that door, John!" he cried.

But he was too late; for the boy had opened it on the instant, and before he could shut it, old Hopper, closely followed by Tom, entered the hall.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Dick, feeling relieved.

"Hey? Yes, it's me," said Hopper, quietly. "We thought we'd just drop in."

"Well, then, Mr. Max Shingle, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what you want, disturbing me at my dinner?" said Dick, sharply.

"Well, the fact is," said Max, smiling maliciously, but rubbing his hands and trying to look smooth the while, "these gentlemen and I——"

"Let's see," said Dick, coolly; for he felt now that he was well backed up. "But, stop a moment. John, my lad, fetch a policeman."

"By all means," said Max, eagerly. "Get one, my boy."

Union Jack, who had been staring with open eyes, unfastened the door, to find one outside, beating his gloves together, probably attracted by the scent of something going on.

"Here's one outside, sir," cried the boy, eagerly.

"That's right," said Dick. "Here, you Number Something, come in. You're to see fair over this, my man."

He nodded to Tom and Hopper, who were both singularly silent, and then turned to Max, as the front door was closed, and Mrs. Shingle stood half in the dining-room, a wondering spectator of the strange proceedings.

"Now, Mr. Max, if you please," said Dick, quietly, "proceed. You say these gentlemen—who I know again; they've been watching me, I suppose, to make up a case, ever since that little brotherly quarrel of ours; and now, I suppose, they've found it all out."

"You shall hear what they've found out directly," said Max, rubbing his hands.

"My secret, I suppose," said Dick, laughing. "Well, I don't mind that."

"It will be a lesson to a disobedient son, too," said Max, turning and darting a withering look at Tom—"one who fortunately happens to be here."

"Well, when you've got through the introductory matter, or described the symptoms," said Dick, laughing, perhaps you'll administer the pill. Your friends are mad doctors, I suppose?"

Max laughed derisively, and the taller of the two men, a curious-looking fellow, whose ears stood out at either side of his head so that you could look into them, in a sharp, business-like way took out his pocket-book, and presented a card to Dick.

"That is my name and address, sir," he said—"Ed. Gilderoy, Private Inquiry Agent.' This is one of my assistants."

"Thanky," said Dick, smiling. "Now, then, let's have an inquiry in private."

Max hesitated for a moment, and then went on.

"The fact is, Mr. Richard Shingle, I have employed these gentleman to——"

"I know—watch me," said Dick, quietly. "There, you needn't shrink, Max, I was quite satisfied with the thrashing I gave you before, and if I want you turned out I shall set Number Something to work."

"I am accustomed to your insults," said Max, "so say what you like. I say, I employed these gentlemen in the interest of your wife and child as much as in that of the family, since you are so imbecile that you cannot take care of yourself."

"All right, go on," said Dick, coolly picking his teeth. "I don't care, say what you like—I deserve something for that kicking I gave you."

"And these gentlemen have reported to me that for many nights past your house has had a man lurking about it, evidently for no good purpose."

"One of these two, I suppose," said Dick, contemptuously.

"Your interruptions are most ungentlemanly," said Max.

"Besides us, sir," said Mr. Gilderoy, nodding at his assistant.

"Yes, sir, besides us," said that worthy.

"This evening the matter culminated in the man gaining entrance to your house," said Max, with a malignant look in his eyes.

"Nonsense!" cried Dick.

"Oh, no," said Max, with a half-laugh, "it's truth."

"I don't believe it!" cried Dick. "I'll question the servants."

"There is no need," said Max, maliciously; "you had better search the house, for he is here still."

"It's a lie—an invention!" cried Dick, indignantly.

"He, he, he! You'd better ask Miss Jessie if it is," said Max, laughing.

"Ask—ask Jessie!" cried Dick, looking from one to the other. "What do you mean? To dare to insult—— Oh, I won't have it! Who dares say anything of the kind?"

"Fact, sir," said the private inquirer, sharply. "Young lady, sitting at window on first floor; sits there every evening, watching along the road."

"Yes," said Dick, in a bewildered way. "She does, but——"

"To-night, at seven fifty-six, tall gent in dark coat came up, jumped the railing, crossed the flower-bed, and made signs."

There was a pause, and Tom sighed deeply.

"Dark gent, with big whiskers, something like this gent, sir," said the private inquirer, pointing to Tom.

"Was it you, Tom?" said Dick, with his old puzzled look growing more distinct upon his lined brow.

"No, uncle," said Tom, hoarsely; and then, to himself, "Would to God it had been!"

"Oh, no, sir; not this gent," said the private inquirer, referring to his note-book—"something like him, but not him. He signals to the lady at the window. Lady comes down. Lady opens breakfast-room window."

"How the devil do you know which is the breakfast-room?" cried Dick, savagely.

"My duty to know, sir," said the man, in the most unruffled way. "That's the breakfast-room door, sir. Gent goes in through window, shuts it after him; and he didn't come out."

"How do you know?" cried Dick.

"Men watching back and front, sir," said the private inquirer, imperturbably.

"Well, Max, and if some one did, what then?" said Dick. "Suppose a policeman or some one comes to see one of the maids?"

"He, he, he! You had better turn him out," said Max. "I should search the room."

"That's soon done," said Dick, throwing open the door. "Here, John—a lighter."

The boy lit a taper at the hall-lamp, and, a couple of the burners in the breakfast-room being lit, they entered.

"There!" said Dick, wiping the perspiration from his face, "you see there is no one here. I won't have any more of your poll-prying about. You pay men to see things, Max, and they see them."

"That's an aspersion on my word, sir," said the private inquirer, sharply.

"Serve you right!" cried Dick, fiercely. "What do you come watching for? No one else saw, I'll swear. You saw nobody come in, did you, Hopper?—nor you, Tom Shingle?"

Neither answered, and Dick grew more and more excited.

"I won't have it!" he cried. "I'll have the house cleared."

"Without clearing your daughter's name?" said Max.

"Clear my daughter's name! It wants no clearing," cried Dick, angrily; and now his nervous, weak manner was thrown off, and he stood up proud and defiant. "Here, stop—you, Tom Shingle, and you, Hopper. I won't have you go, if it comes to that."

"I would rather go," said Tom, sadly.

"But I say you shall not go."

"Uncle," said Tom, and he spoke in a low whisper, "let me go, for Heaven's sake—I cannot bear it."

"No," said Dick, sternly; "you shall not go till this has been set right. Do you, too, believe ill of my girl?"

"God forbid, uncle. I only wanted to know that my case was hopeless, and I have seen."

"Seen what?" whispered Dick.

"What you have heard," said Tom, bitterly.

"Do you dare to say——"

"I say nothing, uncle—only that what those men have said is true."

"Here!" cried Dick, furiously; "mother, quick—tell Jessie to come here. Oh, you are there," he cried, as, hearing a door close on the landing, he looked up, and saw Jessie standing there.

"Uncle, for Heaven's sake think of what you are doing!" cried Tom, catching his arm.

"I am thinking, sir, of clearing her name. My girl would not be guilty of——" He stopped short; for he recalled the little incident in the old home.

"I don't care!" he cried, passionately. "I'm driven to it, and it shall be sifted to the bottom."

As he spoke he ran up the stairs, closely followed by Max and his private inquirers.

"Mr. Hopper," cried Tom, passionately, "this is your doing, to bring me in here. I can't bear it. Come away. This is cruel to her."

"Hey? cruel? I don't care," said Hopper, sturdily. "I'll see it out; for, look here, Tom Shingle—and you, too, Mrs. Richard—I say, as I've said before, she'll come out of it clear as day. Now, come up."

He stumped hastily up-stairs, Tom feeling compelled to follow, but hating himself for the part he was playing—the result of hanging about the house evening after evening for the sake of catching a glimpse of Jessie, and then telling Hopper that evening what he had seen.

The old man had been astounded when, half frantic, Tom had met him on his way to Richard Shingle, and then insisted upon his coming to have the matter cleared up, vowing that there was a mistake; and the result was the encounter we have seen.

As the party reached the large landing, Jessie stood in front of the door of her room; the policeman, helmet on head, being the last to complete the half-circle that surrounded her. And then Dick spoke.

"Jessie, my darling," he said, tenderly, "I know this will upset you; but, my girl, when cruel conspiracies are hatched against us by scoundrels, we must meet them boldly."

"Yes, father," said Jessie, who did not shrink, but darted a reproachful look at Tom that went to his heart.

"Your uncle, to stab your fair fame, my gal, has brought these men to swear that they saw you let in some one to-night by the breakfast-room window; and they say he has not gone out. Speak out, my gal, and tell them it's a lie."

There was no reply, and Mrs. Shingle caught at her husband's arm; but he flushed up with passion, and shook her off.

"Jessie," he cried, in a choking voice, "speak out, quick—is any one in that room of yours?"

Jessie looked wildly from face to face, her glance resting longest on those of Max and his son Tom.

"I say, is any one in that room?" thundered Dick, catching her by the wrist, which she snatched away, and, spreading her hands from post to post, as she turned her back against the door, she cried out, wildly:

"No, father, no!"

As she spoke there was a sharp, creaking noise from within, as of a sash being thrown up; and Dick once more caught her by the wrist.

"No, no!" she cried, struggling with him frantically. "Tom, dear Tom, for pity's sake save me from this disgrace!"

Tom dashed forward and caught her in his arms, more in sorrow than in anger; for Dick had swung her round with a savage oath, throwing open the door and dashing in, with the private inquiry men, to return dragging out a man with a strong resemblance to Tom, till Gilderoy gave one of his whiskers a twitch, and pulled off both, revealing the sallow, frightened countenance of Fred.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### AFTER THE DISCOVERY.

"FRED!" cried his father, in alarm.

"Yes," said his son, savagely—"if you must blab it out!"

"Tom, Tom," whispered Jessie, going on her knees to him, "for your own sake save him—he is your brother."

Tom turned from her with a sigh, as he freed himself from her grasp, and placed her hands in those of her mother.

AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

"And this is my child!" groaned Dick.

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, "don't condemn me unheard. Frederick Shingle, speak out!"

"Not I," said he, cynically. "Why should I?"

"And this is my son!" exclaimed Max, who was terribly taken aback.

"There, don't cant, father," cried Fred, brutally. "I don't suppose you have always been so very particular."

"Fred!" exclaimed Tom, savagely, "it is enough that you have brought this disgrace upon your uncle, without insulting the poor girl you have injured."

"You mind your own business!" cried Fred.

"It will be my business to knock you down," cried Tom in a rage.

"Then I shall be off," said Fred, flippantly; and, as he spoke, he made for the head of the staircase, not noticing that a movement had been made in that direction by the private inquiry men, the principal speaking to the policeman, who nodded sapiently.

"Stop!" cried Max. "You shall not go without hearing a few words from me. I have no sons now; but you shall listen, as you are present, to advice that may——"

"Do them good," cried Dick, turning upon him savagely. "Give it them, then, in your own place, and not in mine. You coward—you pitiful miscreant! To revenge yourself on me you stoop to this low, beggarly watching; and when your tools warn you of your opportunity, you are such a high-toned, moral man that you come with your scoundrels to degrade and disgrace my poor gal before her father. I don't defend her—she did wrong; but I'm not a high-toned, moral man, I'm not, and I know what she has suffered; and I say to her, 'Come here, my poor darling, I'm only a weak fool, and I forgive you.'"

"Father!" cried Jessie, and she sprang to his breast.

"Yes—lie there, my darling," cried Dick, glancing round at all in turn. "Now let's see who dare say a word against you—or touch you! You're my gal, and always will be, come what may; for blood is thicker than water. I can't cast you off—not being a high-toned, moral man—and say I have no child; but—but, my darling, I'd sooner have been back, a poor man again, in Crowder's buildings, and bullied for my bit of rent, than this should have happened."

"Oh, hush, father—hush!" said Jessie—"wait till they're gone—wait till they're gone."

"No, my gal, I've nothing to be ashamed of," said Dick, "without it is of my brother and his sons. All the world may know that I was a poor man—a poor shoemaker, who made his fortune, but never lost his simple, ignorant ways."

"Uncle," cried Tom, "I have given you no cause to speak to me as you do."

"Well, perhaps not, my lad—perhaps not. I'd take it kindly of you and Hopper, then, if you'd clear the house and then go."

"I'll soon rid you of my company," said Fred. "Ta-ta, uncle. Good-by, little Jess."

Dick's fist clinched as the young man approached him, and Tom saw that Jessie shrank from him as if with loathing, though she watched his movements with a strange, keen interest.

He laughed lightly as he passed, and then started back in alarm, for the policeman placed his hands across from the balustrade to the wall.

"One moment, please, sir. This is your photograph, I think?"

He held up a card, and Fred pushed it down and tried to leap past; but the policeman caught him in his arms and forced him back.

"Oh, no, you don't, sir," said the constable, laughing. "E. Gilderoy, send your men down to keep the door. The fact is, Frederick Shingle, *alias* Captain Leroux, *alias* the Honorable Algernon Bracy, there's a warrant out against you, and two-fifty reward. We only knew this afternoon that you were F. Shingle, and you were to have been took this evening; but the job has fallen to us."

"Man, you are mad, or drunk!"

"I dare say I am," said the constable, laughing, "but Mr. Gilderoy and me means to have that two-fifty."

"Father—uncle—Tom—this is a lie—an imposition!" cried Fred, wildly glancing round for a means of escape, but seeing none.

"No, sir," said the constable, "it was them forged bills was lies and impositions."

"Constable, this is all nonsense—some trumped-up case!" cried Max. "An invention, perhaps, of the poor boy's uncle," he added, malignantly.

"Oh, no, it is not, sir; the game's been going on for close upon two years, only my gentleman here has been too clever to be caught. There's over two thou. been discounted. It's all right."

"Fred!" cried Max, "why don't you knock this lying scoundrel down?"

"Don't want to bruise my knuckles," said Fred, carelessly. "There, the game's up, and I'm sick of it."

"What?" cried Max.

"It's all right, father," said Fred, callously. "I had the cake, so I must pay for it."

"You lost reprobate!" cried Max, furiously; "do you dare to own to my face that this is true?"

"True enough," said Fred, taking out his cigar-case. "I can smoke, I suppose, constable?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and make much of it," said the man, grinning. "I don't suppose you'll get another—not *just* yet."

"Good heavens, that it should come to this!" cried Max, turning up his hands toward the ceiling. "Lost, depraved, reckless boy; you bring down your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"What!" shrieked Fred, with a sneering laugh.

"After the Christian home in which you have been brought up! Oh, lost, lost, villainous prodigal!"

"Look here, father!" cried Fred, "slang me, if you like, for being an unlucky scoundrel; but, curse it, give me none of your sickly cant."

"Away with him, constable—his very presence makes me loathe the day when I became a father. Out of my sight, wretch. I disown and curse you!" cried Max.

"Take your curse back!" shrieked Fred, savagely. "Example—Christian home! What of the office? What has been done there? Where is Violante's money?"

Max stepped back, with his jaw fallen.

"Where is the five hundred pounds the old man in Australia sent for Uncle Dick? Example, indeed!"

"What?" cried Dick, starting forward. "Say that again!"

"Say it again!" shrieked Fred, who was now mad with rage. "I say two five hundreds were sent by an old relative in Australia, for you and him, and he kept them both!"

"It's a lie—a base lie!" cried Max, foaming at the mouth.

Oh, Max, Max, Max," said Dick, sadly, "and when I was close to starving!"

"It's a lie, I say!" cried Max.

"It's the truth, you pitiful scoundrel!" said old Hopper. "But I made you disgorge some of it again."

"What, you turn against me too!" cried Max, furiously. "I say it's a lie—a conspiracy! No money was sent; there was no uncle to send it."

"No?" said Hopper, quietly. "Well, I can prove it all; for I sent the money for the sake of Dick here, and to try you both."

"I tell you it's a lie!" shrieked Max, foaming at the mouth.

"You've got to prove it one," said Fred, carelessly.

"Come along, constable—let's be off. Here's my last half-crown. I'll go in a cab."

"Stop!" cried Dick, whose face was now puzzledom *in excelsis*. "I won't have it. I forgive Max. I forgive Fred here. I've plenty of money, constable. Can't it be arranged. I'll—I'll pay the reward."

"No, sir," said the constable; "not if you doubled it."

"But I will double it, constable," cried Dick.

"Hold hard, uncle," said Fred, smiling. "It's no go. The game's up. But you always were a trump—always. Thank you for it. Sorry I've disgraced you. Tom, old man, it's all right. Uncle, it's all right about your little girl here. I came to-night, and she admitted me, thinking it was Tom; and as soon as I was inside I told her the police were after me, unless she could help me to escape. There's the bag inside, with the purse and the pearls she gave me to sell, watch and chain, and the rest of it; for I was off across the herring-pond if I could get away. Fetch it out."

Tom ran into Jessie's room, and brought out a little traveling-bag which lay beneath the open window.

"I didn't like to jump it," said Fred, laughing—"it was too high. But I should try if I had another chance."

"Fred—brother!" cried Tom, passionately, as he held out his hand; and Fred seized it for a moment, and then flung it away.

"No, Tom; let me be. I've always been a bad one. As for you, little Jessie—God bless you! you were a little trump! I told her it would disgrace you all, and poor Tom, if I was taken; and she told a lie to save me. Good-by, little Jessie," he said, holding out his hand.

Jessie ran forward and took it, and he tried to speak in a light, cavalier manner; but his voice faltered.

"Good-by, Fred," said Tom, stepping before him, as if to shake hands. Then, forcing the little bag into his grasp, he whispered, "Run for it, Fred—the window. I'll cover you—Run!"

As he did so, he gave his brother a push into the bedroom, and then faced round with clinched fists.

For a moment the men were paralyzed, but the next they flung themselves on Tom.

Gilderoy was nearest, and a blow sent him rolling over; but the constable evaded a second blow, and closed with Tom in a fierce struggle, which, taking place at the doorway, prevented the next man from forcing his way through.

Mrs. Shingle shrieked; but Jessie stood firm, gazing with dilating eyes at her lover, as he wrestled bravely with the policeman, whom he kept between himself and the second man, still covering his brother's flight.

They were well matched, and victory might have been on the constable's side but for the action of Dick, who, seeing the second man about to leap on Tom, thrust out his foot, and laid him sprawling.

It was unfortunate for Tom, though. The man was so near that he tripped over him, and lay for the moment half stunned; while now all three rushed into the room and to the open window.

"Below there!" cried Gilderoy—"have you seen him?"

"No," was the reply. "He came down with a crash, though, into the shrubs, here, and I think he's hurt—he hasn't moved since. Come down, and bring a light."

Jessie's window looked down upon a great clump of lilacs, into which it seemed that Fred must have jumped; and, running back to the landing, the three men dashed down-stairs, through Dick's studio, into the conservatory, and thence to the inclosed back garden.

As they did so, Fred glided out from behind the hangings, placed his hand to his lips, and bounded down the staircase, almost into his brother's arms.

Tom saw the *ruse*, seized a coat and hat from the stand, and opened the front door.

"Cab-stand at the corner," he whispered. "Walk—don't run!"

Fred went leisurely out, and as Tom closed the door the private inquiry man came back, and placed himself as sentinel to guard that which had gone.

The search went on for a few moments outside, and then there was a shout.

"They've got him!" cried the sentry, eagerly. "Got him?" he shouted.

"No!" cried the constable, running into the hall, hot and panting. "He threw a great ottoman out of the window, and didn't jump. Keep that door; we must search the house."

The search began, and it was not until every nook and corner had been hunted over that the men stood looking at one another in the hall.

"A pretty mess you've made of this, Mr. Gilderoy!" cried the constable, at last.

"Two-fifty thrown into the gutter by your bad management," groaned the other.

"P'r'aps you'd better go and search all London now," said Hopper, with a quiet sneer, "for he can't be far off."

The men turned upon him, angrily.

"We haven't done yet," said the constable. "We must have some one for this. The law can't be resisted when its officials are at work."

"I'm ready to give up," said Tom, quietly.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried Hopper, hastily pushing him away. "Here, you there; don't be fools. Come in here. The man's gone—off by the front door."

"I must have some one!" said the constable, surlily.

"Hey? Have some one?" cried Hopper. "Then have me?"

They followed the old fellow into the dining-room, where a little private inquiry went on; and the result was that soon after they left the house, evidently having forgotten to call Tom's behavior into question; while as for Max, he had not been seen to go, which Dick said was a blessing in disguise, as the meeting might have been painful.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### JESSIE'S MALADY.

"I CANNOT forgive myself," wrote Tom to Dick—and the latter read the note aloud—"I feel, uncle, that I have wronged her twice in thought most bitterly, and that I dare not hope for her forgiveness till time has enabled me to prove myself more worthy of her——"

"Read more loudly, and don't mumble," said Hopper, who was present.

"Tell her, uncle, that I love her dearly—more dearly than ever; and some day, if she has not made another choice, I may come and ask you all, humbly, if you can forget the past, ignore the misfortunes of my family, and give me room to hope that there is a happy future where at present all looks black."

"I've read that ten times over," said Dick, "and hang me if I know what it means. It's too fine and sentimental for me. Why, if he was half the man I took him for, he'd come down here and say, 'Uncle, blood's thicker than water, shall we say wiped out to all that's gone by?—because, if so, 'ere's my 'art and 'ere's my 'and.'"

"Hey?"

"'Ere's my 'art and 'ere's my 'and," roared Dick.

"And what should you say to that?" chuckled Hopper.

"I should say, 'Tom, my lad, I don't want your 'art, and I don't want your 'and, for I've got a 'art as is, I hope, a warm one, and I've got a 'and to offer to the man I can believe in and trust. Take yours somewhere else, and offer 'em where they may be taken.'"

Dick winked at his friend, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder, where, seen dimly in the further room, were Jessie and Mrs. Shingle—Dick having taken a house at Hastings, and come down for change, he said, but really on account of the weak state of Jessie's health; and now he and his friend were having a pipe together.

"He's too proud," said Hopper; "he's as proud as Lucifer. He won't come and ask till he's made money, and can be independent."

"That's where he's such a fool," said Dick. "Of course I'm not going to say 'Come down and marry my gal,' who's dying to have him; but blood's thicker than water, and he can have her when he likes; and as to money, why, there's enough for them too."

"Tom won't want for money," said Hopper, blowing out a great cloud.

"Oh, won't he?" said Dick. "Well, a good job, too. What's become of Fred?"

"Married that violent girl, who was dead on him, and who joined him as soon as she knew he was in trouble."

"Did she, though?" said Dick. "Well, 'ang me if I ever liked her, with her twissened eyes, till now; but that was a good one. Hopper, Max spent all that poor gal's money, which was hard on her. Could you get to let her have a hundred pounds, if I give you a check? You can come those dodges of sending money on the sly most artfully."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Hopper, as Dick poked him in the side with his pipe-stem. "No, no, no, Dick. They are in America by now, and Fred will be better without money. Make him work."

He began to fill his pipe as he spoke.

"I never could make out how it was he got off so easily to America. The police wasn't half sharp; but it was a good job. How about the extra tradition, as they called it?"

"Hey? Extradition?" said Hopper. "Ha! there was a reason for that."

He opened his pocket-book, took out a slip of blue paper, folded it, and, striking a match, lit the paper, and held it to his pipe.

"I say," said Dick, "what's that you're burning?"

"An old bill," was the reply. "I'm using 'em up by degrees."

"An old bill?" said Dick.

"Yes," said Hopper; "I've done a deal in bills. This is one of ten—of Fred's. I bought 'em—for his grandmother's sake," he added, softly.

Dick stretched out his hand, grasped the other's, and then turned his chair to have a look at a ship in the offing, which seemed quite blurred.

"Dick! Dick!" cried Mrs. Shingle, in a loud voice.

"Yes, yes—what?" he cried, starting up and running in, to find Jessie lying white as ashes in her mother's arms.

"Quick!" cried Mrs. Shingle; "tell—tell the doctor—this is the second time to-day. Dick, Dick!" she cried, passionately, "she's dying!"

Old Hopper was the most active of the party. But long before the doctor could be brought, Jessie had revived, but only in a restless way, gazing out to sea; while when the medical man left, it was with a solemn shake of the head, which sent a chill to the hearts of Dick and his spouse.

They had been sitting by their child for about an hour, when old Hopper came in, and stood looking down at her in a quiet, unsympathizing way.

"I've come to say good-by," he said, roughly.

"Good-by!" said Dick. "Why, you only came yesterday."

"I know," he said; "but I'm no good here. Good-by, my girl. I wish you better."

She half raised her head to kiss him, and the old man bent down and pressed his lips to hers very tenderly, before leaving the room, closely followed by Dick.

"I know it's a dreary place to come to, Hopper," he said; "and we've only had one tune-up together; but when she's—better—Hopper, old man, if I wrote and asked Tom to come, would it be wrong?"

"Hey? Wrong? Yes. Don't do anything of the sort. Hey? What's that?"

"Only a letter for Max. I hear he's laid up. Don't let him know who sent it, that's all."

The old man nodded, and held out his hand.

"Do you know why I'm going in such a hurry?" he said.

"No," was the reply.

"I'll tell you," said Hopper. "If that girl's left like that, she'll die. I'm going to send her the best doctor in town."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BEST DOCTOR IN LONDON.

TEN minutes after, Hopper was at the station, where he telegraphed one short message, climbed slowly into his seat, reached the terminus at Cannon Street in due time, and, on being driven to his chambers, found Tom waiting for him.

"How is she?" cried Tom, eagerly, as the cats crowded round their master.

"Dying," said Hopper, briefly.

"Dying!" cried Tom, in an agonized voice.

"Yes. I've come for the best doctor in London."

"And you sit still there!" cried Tom. "Have you sent him?"

"No," said Hopper, coolly. "Wait a minute. Tom, my lad, do you think you can throw away your pride to save her?"

"I'd throw away my life!" he cried, passionately.

"That wouldn't save hers. Here, take this, quick—there's a hundred pounds. Take it, you young fool! Go down at once to her, and throw away all nonsense. Tell her you love her; ask her to forgive you; and——"

"Yes, yes," cried Tom. "Go on."

"And marry her, you young idiot!" cried the old fellow.

"But a train?" cried Tom, despairingly. "It will be too late to-night."

"You have the money—if necessary, take a special," said the old man. "What's fifty or a hundred pounds to happiness, or life?"

Tom caught the old fellow's hand in his, and he retained it.

"Stop one moment, my lad," he said. "You feel some pride about your brother's disgrace. I was burning these by degrees. See—the last of the forged bills."

He took six from his pocket-book, and burned them.

"There," he said, "that disgrace is dead, and you can

go with a happier heart. Perhaps I shall come down next week. Be off."

Tom bounded down the stairs, leaped into the first cab, and bade the man gallop to London-bridge Station.

The little door in the roof was slammed down, there was a flick of the long whip, and for about half a minute the horse broke into a short canter, one which subsided into a walk a few minutes later. A loud rattling at the top of the cab spurred the driver to fresh exertions, and once more the wretched horse cantered, but dropped again into a trot, and there was an end of it. Tom had to sit and fume, as at every turn he seemed to be hemmed in by other vehicles; and, no matter how the driver tried, there was always a huge, heavily laden van in front, blocking up the way.

"I think I'll take a short cut round by the side streets, sir," said the cabman. "The streets is werry full to-night."

"Anything to get there quickly!" exclaimed Tom.

And the driver turned out of the main thoroughfare, and began to dodge in and out of wretched streets, all of which seemed ill-lighted, and so strongly resembling the one the other, that Tom soon grew bewildered, and sat back thinking, and trying to arrange his thoughts.

"What have I done! what have I done!" he moaned, as he thought of the anguish that he must have inflicted upon the poor girl, who had slowly pined away, and was now dying—dying through his blindness and want of faith in her poor, sweet, gentle, loving heart.

He prayed mentally that she might be spared, that he might ask her forgiveness—forgiveness that he knew he should receive—and then covered his face with his hands, as a feeling of hope came upon him that he might yet be able to save her. He might, he thought, bring joy to her poor young heart even yet.

A sudden stoppage nearly threw him out of the cab, and looking up hastily, it was to find that a barrier was across the street, from which hung a red lantern.

The street was narrow, and he could see beyond, while the driver was sulkily backing and turning his horse, that the paving-stones were all up, and the inevitable long fosse and hill of earth lay by the side.

He sank back shuddering, for it looked as if a grave were yawning in the path: and, with a low moan of despair, he covered his face once more, and tried to reason with himself that this was merely a superstitious fancy.

But all in vain. There was the long, dark cutting fixed upon the retina of his eye; and he could see nothing else as the cab slowly went back back over much of the ground already traversed. What was more, his distempered fancy magnified and added to it, so that he could see trains of mourners, the clergyman, hear the solemn words of the burial service, and these the revolving wheels and the rattling cab kept repeating, till at last it settled itself down into a constant reiteration of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," "In the midst of life we are in death," till he grew almost frantic, and stopped his ears in vain against the weird, funereal sound.

At last, after wearying himself by trying to bring reason to bear, the cab reached the comparative freedom of London Bridge, and then he began to think of the hour, and wondered whether there would be a train.

"Perhaps I shall be in time," he thought, as he sprang out of the cab, and, paying the fare, ran up to the doors, where a porter was standing.

"You should have gone to the other gate, sir," he said.

"No, no," he replied, hastily. "Main line. I want Hastings."

"Last train for there was at 8.43, sir."

"What time is it now?" he gasped.

"Ten fifty-five, sir," replied the man.

"But—but is there nothing more to-night—say, to take me part of the way?" he exclaimed.

"No main-line train to-night, sir. Nothing till six in the morning."

"How long would it take to get a special ready?" asked Tom.

"Oh, not very long, sir. I dessay they'd get you off in half an hour. Costs a deal, sir—'bout a pound a mile."

"Where is the superintendent?"

"This way, sir," said the man; and, following him, he was taken to the official's house, just in time to catch him before he retired for the night.

"I want a special train—engine and carriage—down to Hastings immediately," said Tom, scarcely able to speak for agitation.

The superintendent looked at him curiously, as if he doubted his sanity.

"It is only excitement—trouble," he said. "It is a case of life and death. A dear young friend."

"All right, sir," the superintendent said, quickly. "I see," and there was a look of sympathy in his eyes. "But I am only a servant of the company. The charge for a special train is high."

"If it is a thousand pounds, man," cried Tom, "I must have it!"

"It won't be that, sir," was the reply; "nor yet a hundred." Then naming a sum, Tom hastily placed it in his hand, and the superintendent left him.

He was back directly, and Tom accompanied him then to the telegraph office, where he gave certain instructions, and the clerk began clicking the instruments in his cabinet very forcibly.

"Sending word on for a clear line," said the superintendent. "Warning for the special."

"How long will they be?" asked Tom.

"What, with the special? Oh, not long. There was an engine with steam nearly up. But you had better take some refreshment before you go. The place is closed, but come to my room."

"I could not touch anything," said Tom.

"But you have no wrapper or rug," said the superintendent.

"No," he said. "I came in a great hurry."

"You must let me lend them to you," continued the superintendent; "and, excuse me, you have given me all your money. You had better keep the gold; you are sure to want some cash."

He handed him back the money, and Tom took it mechanically.

"I cannot thank you now," he said, in a choking voice. "Some day I may."

"I hope so, sir," the superintendent said, cheerily; "and that the young lady will come and thank me too."

"Heaven grant she may!" Tom said, with quivering lip, and he turned away to hide his emotion; while the superintendent turned back to his office, leaving Tom walking up and down the platform, where the lamps quivered in the night-breeze, and the whole place looked ghostly, dim and cold.

"There, sir—slip that on," said the pleasant voice of the superintendent. "Here's a rug, too, and my flask, with some brandy and biscuits in one of the pockets of the Ulster. You'll find it cold, and you'll turn faint when you get on your journey. Oh, here she comes!"

There was a sharp whistle, and Tom could see the lights of an engine passing out of a shed, to run a little distance down the line, then back on to another, and come

smoothly along to where they stood—hissing, glowing and bright.

Tom saw at a glance that there was only an engine, tender, one carriage and the guard's break; and turning to the superintendent—

"Can't I ride on the engine with the driver?" he asked.

"No, sir," he replied, sharply. "In with you, sir."

The superintendent opened the door of the saloon carriage, and shut him in. Then Tom heard him give a few quick, decisive orders to the guard, there was another sharp whistle, he waved his hand from the window, and the superintendent leaped on to the step.

"Tell them to go as fast as possible," exclaimed Tom, as the train was gliding past the platform.

"I have," he said, quickly; "full express speed. Hope she'll be better. Good-night."

As he spoke, he leaped off at the end of the platform, and, shrieking and snorting, the little special went rather slowly along, past hissing goods engines and long, black-looking trains, such as might be the funeral procession of an army. Lights flashed here and there, and far to right and left shone the glow of great London; while the big, illuminated clock of the Parliament Houses loomed out of the darkness like a dull, fog-dimmed moon.

"They are crawling!" Tom exclaimed, as he started up to look out from the window. But as he did so the wind was already beginning to whistle more quickly by his ears; they were clear of obstructions, and speed was getting up rapidly. There was the quick, throbbing beat of the engine, a crash as they passed under bridge after bridge, and soon after, as the engine gave a weird scream, they seemed to skim through a long station, whose row of pendent lights ran together like closely-strung golden beads; and then, as Tom sank back in his seat, he felt the carriage begin to vibrate from side to side, as he knew that the telegraph had flashed its message that the line was clear, and that, ever-increasing in speed, they were off and away through the black darkness of the night—the best doctor in London speeding to the patient dying to hear his words.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A RIDE BY NIGHT.

With the speed of the special train the excitement seemed to increase; but, for a time, Tom's attention was taken up by the stations they passed, and he tried hard to recall their names, referring at the same moment that they passed through to his watch, so as to endeavor to calculate the speed at which they ran.

But soon they were going so fast that he ceased to hold his watch up to the thick glass lamp in the roof, and he missed count of the stations, unable to tell one from the other; seeing merely a streak of light directly after the warning shriek of the engine which told of their coming. And now, as he threw himself back, and began to think once more of his dreadful trouble, the roar and beat of the engine resolved itself into the words that had troubled him before; and with feelings of anguish that he could not express, he sat listening to the reiteration.

"In the midst of life we are in death!"—"In the midst of life we are in death!" and, with a bitter groan of anguish, he bent down and wept like a child.

But for the relief those tears afforded his throbbing brain, he would soon have been suffering from incipient fever. The relief was but short, though, and he rose to gaze out of the window at the black darkness. Then, removing his hat, he lowered the glass and leaned out, letting the cold night air blow upon his heated face as the train rushed on.

All was black darkness, save the glow shed by the rushing train, and he could make out nothing but that they were dashing on at a frightful pace, seeming to tear up the very earth as they thundered along.

"Faster, faster," he began repeating to himself, as, in spite of his efforts to master the fancy, he kept hearing the words into which the noise of the train resolved itself, though, as he leaned out again, he felt a sensation of joy, for he was being borne nearer and nearer to where his darling lay.

Then he would walk to and fro in the narrow space that formed the saloon carriage, the difficulty of preserving his equilibrium taking up some of his attention, and relieving his mind from its dreadful strain. But it always came back to the throwing himself back on a seat, to sit and listen to those dreadful words; and at such times he was for ever seeing the open grave, the funeral procession, and, in a despair that was almost maddening, he told himself that by his folly he had dashed away the cup of happiness from his lips, and that if Jessie died he would be little better than a murderer.

"My poor darling—my poor darling!" he moaned, and then her sweet, pensive face seemed to look up in his, and he was once again with her in the days of their early love. "And are those times never to come back again?" he asked, aloud; to get back for answer the constant, dull repetition, "In the midst of life we are in death," "In the midst of life we are in death," till he groaned in the anguish of his heart.

Onward still, with a rush and a roar, through tunnels, with a quick, sharp crash, as if wood and brickwork had come into contact; and then on again. Over bridges, with a strange, quivering vibration, and a dull, metallic roar, and on once again through the black darkness, till the engine began to shriek once again, and the speed slackened, grew slower and slower, and ended by the little train gliding alongside a platform.

The guard was at the door as Tom let down the window, and met his question with—

"Tunbridge, sir. Take in water. Engine's been detached. Back directly."

"Don't lose a moment."

"No, sir. Like to get out, sir?"

"No."

Tom threw himself back in his seat, and waited impatiently what seemed an hour, but what was really only five minutes, when, just as he was rising to thrust his head from the window, there was a slight concussion, the rattle of chains, and he knew the engine was once more attached.

"Right away!" A whistle from the guard, an answering shriek from the engine, and they glided along the platform, where the night-porter on duty looked curiously at the carriage where the young man sat, after giving the signal to start, and in a few minutes, always gathering speed, away they went once more, faster and faster, into the darkness of the night.

It was refreshing to feel the wind blowing against his cheeks, even though at times he could scarcely get his breath; but as he gazed forward it was almost with a feeling of wonder that they had had no accident, so black was all ahead.

From time to time a goods-train or the mail dashed by them in the opposite direction, while as often they rushed by carriages which stood in sidings until those on an urgent way had passed. At last, after trying all he could to contain himself, and grow calm, and fit to see the poor sufferer whom he feared to encounter, he sat in despair, listening to the dreadful fancied utterances of the train.

With a prayer on his lips that it might not be too late,

he lowered the window on the other side, and gazed out through the darkness in the direction that he believed to be the one where Jessie lay.

They seemed to be going at a tremendous speed; and, once more returning to his seat, he was in the act of taking out his watch, when the whistle began to pierce the black night air; and directly after there was a sharp crash, a stunning blow, the end of the saloon carriage seemed to come suddenly upon him, and he knew no more.

Tom's next recollection was of feeling drowsy, and being troubled by some one holding a lantern close to his face. There was a buzzing of voices about him, and, close by, the glare of a fire, which flared and crackled loudly. Men were moving about, and they would not leave him alone, so it seemed to him; ending by lifting him up, and placing him carefully upon cushions, which cushions they had laid upon a gate; and then he was carried some distance to a well-lighted room, where he seemed to go to sleep.

He must have lain some hours quite insensible, for it was broad daylight when he came thoroughly to himself, and found he was upon a mattress in the waiting-room of a little station.

"Where am I?" he said, wonderingly, as it seemed that the troubled journey must have been all a dream.

"At Broxton," was the reply, and a gentleman, whom he immediately set down to be a doctor, came forward.

"But how—what is it? I remember now!" he exclaimed, with a dull, aching pain in his head and arm—"there was an accident to the train."

"Yes," was the reply. "A couple of goods trucks that were being shunted ran back down the incline, and met the special train you were in, and wrecked it. You had a narrow escape, sir."

"The driver—stoker—guard?" he said, eagerly.

"A bit cut and shaken, but you are the great sufferer."

He lay still for a few minutes, trying to collect himself; and then all came clear once more.

"I see!" he cried. "Left arm broken—head contused—cut or two. Much loss of blood, doctor?"

"Not much," he said. "A fortnight's quiet. Well, I think——. My dear sir, are you mad?"

"I hope not," said Tom, sitting up. "There, don't touch me, doctor. I can judge by my feelings that my case is not serious. When is the next down train?"

"In half an hour, sir," said a fresh voice, and a man he had not seen came from behind the extemporized couch.

"Help me to put on my coat and waistcoat," he said. "Doctor, I'm much obliged for what you've done; but I was traveling special to a case of emergency. I must go on, if it kills me."

"I will not be answerable for the consequences if you do," the doctor said, tartly. "Fever is almost certain to supervene if you exert yourself, and then I would not give *that* for your life."

*That* was a snap of the fingers, evidently intended to get rid of some snuff.

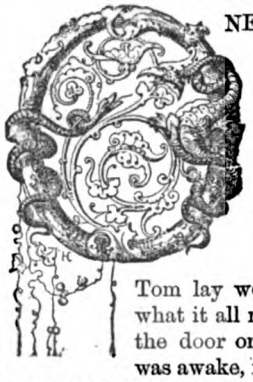
"Make me a sling for this arm," he said; and one being extemporized with a handkerchief, he had to fight hard to master the deathly sick feeling that kept attacking him; but he persevered—had the bandages on his head replaced by strapping where his hair had been cut away on account of a couple of ghastly cuts; and finally had himself led to the platform, where he sat down, waiting.

Twice over the doctor persuaded him not to go; but he felt that he must, even at the risk of his life; and at last, on the morning-train coming up, he stepped in, feeling deathly sick and faint, and, leaning back, reached Hastings at last, scarcely able to crawl.

It was with a sense of dizziness that he could scarcely counteract that he stepped into a fly, and gave orders to the man to drive to Richard Shingle's house; and then once more he appeared to sink into a dreamy state, in which he seemed to be always hearing the words—"In the midst of life we are in death," and then came a long blank.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE GILDED PILL.



ONE morning, when the sun was making the sea shimmer and glisten like so much frosted silver in constant motion, Tom Shingle awoke, calm and placid, after a long, burning time of fever, to find the soft, pleasant face of Mrs. Shingle bending over him; and on seeing him awake, she stole gently away, when, while Tom lay wondering and trying to make out what it all meant, and whether it was a dream, the door once more opened, and he knew he was awake, for Jessie appeared, to run sobbing to his bedside and clasp him in her loving arms.

Invalids recover fast under such circumstances. In his character of the best doctor in London, sick and injured as he was, Tom's coming had effected Jessie's cure; and now, in turn, she nursed him back to health, ready to become his wife when he should ask her to crown his joy.

It was not long first; for at a meeting one day, old Hopper had proposed to Dick that they should put down so much apiece for the young folks, and this was done without their consent, the donors running a kind and generous race as to who should do the most.

Old Hopper beat, for he was very wealthy.

"Better in wealth than health," he said, as, back in town, they were walking one day by the great hoarding in the Strand. "Dick, my lad, we'll have a good tune-up to-night, and go through the old pieces; then I'm coming home here, and I'm going to take some of these. They say they're good."

As he spoke he pointed with his stick to a great placard, on which, in red letters, appeared the words:

"THE GILDED PILL!
FOR EVERY ILL."

"No, no," said Dick, with the puzzled look coming on his face. "I wouldn't do that."

"Hey? Not do it? why not? Speak up—this traffic makes such a noise!"

"Oh, take them if you like," said Dick, smiling. "They won't hurt you."

"How do you know?" cried Hopper, testily. "Everybody says they're good. Hey? How do you know?"

"That's my secret," said Dick, laughing.

"Your what? Look here, what do you mean, Dick?"

"I say take 'em if you like—hundreds of thousands do. Small boxes one and three-halfpence, large boxes two and nine, with the Government stamp."

"Bah! I know all about that," said Hopper, rattling the box close to his ear, and then opening it, to show a dozen boluses covered with gold foil. "Have one?"

"No, thanks," said Dick, smiling. "I know 'em by heart—compound rhubarb and a little new bread. That's my secret—my fortune, old lad."

"What?" cried Hopper. "Hey? what? You made your fortune with these?"

"Yes," said Dick; "the murder's out now. My bright idea was '*The Gilded Pill.*'"

THE END.

THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK.—THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

# THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK.

By Hon. Erastus Brooks.

The opening of the State Capitol in the 102d year of the legislative history of the Commonwealth, so soon following the session which a year ago commenced the second century of its connected legislative record, demands some special notice. The age of the Old Capitol was just three-score and ten years, and some there are now living who remember the laying of the corner-stone, and who may survive its final removal. The probable age of the New need not enter into calculation; but our prayer is that the future may prove in all that is patriotic, wise, and prosperous, at least equal to the past. The New Capitol, like the Old, though not founded upon a rock, is set upon a hill, and built of granite—it is for all time. The Old has a history of events with scarcely a parallel in the history of the Republic, and the City of Albany, at one time called the colonial capital, eclipses all localities as the place where the union of the colonies was first inspired, if not consummated.

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

Albany was the seat of the real Union in the Congress of 1754, as New York City was the colonial centre in the Congress of 1765. It was just here that Franklin and his compeers, and Franklin especially, sowed the seeds of liberty which gradually ripened, in 1775, in the Declaration of Independence; but away back of this, in 1691, under William and Mary, the New York Colonial Assembly asserted, in manly spirit and noble words, the rights and privileges which belonged to the subjects of the Crown in the Province of New York, and from that year on, there was an annual Assembly. These early meetings were held in New York City, and from 1777-8, some of them in Kingston and Poughkeepsie.

In the years of the past, the States have grown from thirteen colonies to thirty-eight commonwealths. Our fathers found here, whatever their beginning, the best blood of the Indian race, of whose real origin we know so little, and the fathers came before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, or of the Virginia colonists at Jamestown.

These Indians are known as the "Five Nations," and to name them is to prove their courage in battle, their eloquence in council, their wisdom in government, and this not less when they acted together in cases of emergency than when they acted as independent tribes. These tribes—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas—were the Five Nations of the English and the Iroquois of the French. They formed a confederacy which was recognized from Nova Scotia to the Mississippi, and here, where we meet to-night, then called by the Iroquois "the ancient place of treaties," and then, as now, the oldest chartered town and city in the United States, they were oftener the friends of the feeble white and red men than their enemies; and, with all their faults, I venture to say, that but for their friendship with the Dutch, New York, in their day, would have been almost an unknown land, and the independence of the people a long-postponed event.

If the love of religious liberty was the secret of the change desired by the Pilgrims of Old England, we must remember that Holland was both the place of their debarkation and the land where they first found a welcome. The intended destination of the *Mayflower*, as she lifted her anchor at Delft-haven, South Hampton, and Old Plymouth, was the Bay of New York, but an overruling Providence directed the ship to the coast of Massachusetts. First Cape Cod was sighted and then Plymouth. So, also, the Virginia Colony—destined for North Carolina—was by a tempest driven into Chesapeake Bay.

Our present interest, however, is in New York, whose

colonization, like that of New England and Virginia, forms an epoch in the history of the world. We justly praise the Pilgrims, who left their homes and crossed the sea for freedom to worship God. The Dutch came, if need be, to repeat the story of the Netherlands, and that story means all of independence that belongs to the republic of that name. It begins, indeed, in the terrible reign of Philip II., aiming to crush out every trace of civil and religious liberty in Old Holland. It recalls the honored names of Egmont and Horn, of Barneveldt and Grotius, of Erasmus and Maurice, and in art the marvelous skill and taste of Rembrandt and Rubens.

Eleven years and two months before the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the *Half-Moon*, Henry Hudson, commander, entered Sandy Hook, just where the *Mayflower* was directed to sail. Hudson's employers, once London merchants, but now the East India Company, sent him in search of some nearer route to Asia than by the Cape of Good Hope, and his purpose was to reach China *via* some-to-be-discovered northwest passage. He believed he could pass through the waters dividing Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla. Icebergs, then, as since, presented eternal barriers through which no ship could pass. From Newfoundland *via* Cape Cod on to the mouth of the James River, thence to Delaware Bay, thence again to the high hills of the Navesink; stopping as he came by the coast of Maine to cut a foremast from the forest, was the work of but a few days; and the *Half-Moon*, a yacht of eighty tons, which started for China, picked up at James River on the 18th of August, and passed the Highlands of New Jersey on the 3d of September.

The river which bears Hudson's name he took to be an arm of the sea, leading, it might be, to the Pacific and on to the eastern shores of Asia; but the nearer discovery of land, whose uplands divided waters flowing both into the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—the great water shed of the cold north and the warm south; the great-passage-way also in time from the lakes to the Hudson, and from the Hudson to the sea, was a discovery of vastly more importance to our own commerce, and to the trade and prosperity of the world, than all the wealth and honors which could have come from the fulfillment of his earliest and best expectations.

This is not the time nor place to compare what followed from the New York, the Jamestown and the Plymouth landings, nor the relative advantages and adventures of Captain John Smith, Sir Walter Raleigh and Henry Hudson. The bay of New York, and "the great river," as the Hudson was then called, charmed the eyes of the few beholders as they looked out for the first time, from their little vessel, as they have delighted the vision of many millions since. The great navigator, who had already traversed nearly all the known seas, and approached nearer the pole than any one born before him, as his vessel lay at anchor off the shore where is now the present town of Yonkers, wrote home, that "it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man."

But the greater beauty of the Hudson, then as now, was beyond the Highlands. Just what its charms are, we all know. The Danube has more of history, and the Rhine castles an older record, and our own great American rivers more commerce, and more vast proportions of length, breadth, and of great connecting waters inland to the wonderful West; but where in all our land or in any land, as a whole, is there a river of more real grandeur, or of such varied beauty, as the Hudson?

Contrast, too, the warm Indian welcome to the *Half-Moon* and Hudson by the River Indians, as they were called, 269 years ago, with the almost daily Indian strife and bloodshed of the past fifty years. The little vessel seemed to come from the Great Spirit, and with its sails spread to the breeze to wing its way as from some celestial sphere.

Say what we may of those we call North American savages (and the subject is important in the light of present discussion), there remains the fact, not to be blotted out, that Hudson, a stranger to the shores, and in pursuit of gain and fame for a foreign Power, was welcomed by the natives, with rare exceptions, all along the river which bears his name, from the Island of Manhattan to the Katskills, and beyond to the capital of the State. He found here a simple and happy race of beings, living upon maize, beans and fish, smoking their copper pipes with earthen bowls—a fact proving that there lived upon this continent a race of semi-civilized people, which makes the year 1609 comparatively a period of modern time. Indeed, Verrazani, nearly a hundred years before, had rounded the headlands of the Navesink and anchored in the same bay of New York, and lay there until the storm drove him seaward, to visit, as he did, 900 leagues of coast, or from Cape Fear to Newfoundland.

The river Indians were found eager for traffic, and, at least, were as fair at a bargain as those who came from the Old World to the New in pursuit of rewards and honors and wealth.

Near the now great city of the New World, but nearer the Jersey shore than our own—though belonging to the waters of New York by its earliest charter—the Indians presented themselves in the Autumn-time, clad in gay feathers and heavy furs won from the games and sports of their own forests. The Autumn foliage, in its grandeur of crimson and gold, green and purple, in itself a mass of beauty, made a picture which needed but the blue above and the blue below to be pronounced perfect, and with the active life of the Indians bartering on the water in their light canoes, the scene was almost one of enchantment.

Wherever the *Half-Moon* moved on the Hudson, she received a hospitable welcome. Reaching the shores of the Katskills, where is now Hudson City, this welcome became an ovation. The chief, whose years and honors gave him precedence, invited the master of the seas to his wigwam, and there all the hospitalities of the now despised race—most despised where most wronged—was bestowed upon Hudson and his companions. In return, just then, they received none of that fire-water which, at the hands of heartless Indian traders and other men of greed, has since killed so many natives of the forest, and so many pale-faces of both town and country, but rather a hospitality seen in the abundance of the last year's harvest, piled up in high stacks and pyramids within a vast circular building constructed of oak-bark. The beans and maize found here were enough to fill three ships; and while the elders received their visitors with the ease and grace which belonged to their chief and race, the young men were in the forest with their bows and arrows providing game for their guests.

The feast, when prepared, made a repast which even kings might desire and their subjects crave. The corn, or succotash, was served to their guests seated on mats, and nature's fingers, no doubt, were in part a substitute for our present steel carvers and silver knives and forks. But the tokens of good-will did not end here, and as the captain re-embarked for his ship, these (so-called) savages broke their arrows into pieces, as a pledge of perpetual peace.

"Of all the lands I have seen," the navigator wrote home, "this is the best for tillage;" and he would have added, if need be, "Of all the strange people I have met, these

natives of the forest are, at least, as capable as the best of mankind for reciprocal hospitality and friendship." So, at least, the apostle Eliot found them in Massachusetts, Roger Williams in Rhode Island, John Smith in Virginia and William Penn in Pennsylvania.

It is worthy of remembrance, also, that twelve years after Hudson's visit to the Hudson River, a treaty of peace was made with the Indians which continued for more than fifty years, and which would have endured for a century or more, but for the interference of those vicious intermeddlers and numerous busybodies who are usually more successful in marring friendships than in maintaining peace and good-will among men.

This was true of the Five Nations of New York; and the Hollanders commenced an alliance which bade fair to continue for generations, but for the tyranny of the one bad man, Kieft, who first disturbed the common harmony, and then destroyed all hopes of peace. No Indian treaty or agreement was ever broken while the Dutch held power in the territory.

Alas! for the sad ending of the life of poor Hudson. His own people, only a year after his sail up and down the Hudson, were his murderers. On the coast of Greenland four of his own crew, all dying men, with his son, his companion also to the New World, were set adrift upon the merciless waters. While the distant North Sea became his place of burial, his best monument is the beautiful river flowing by the capital of our State. All we know of him in the end is that, with his eyes streaming with tears, he gave his last crust of bread to men so maddened by hunger that they banished their commander and best friend from their presence, and from all probable hopes of safety.

With Hudson it was as with the more renowned John and Sebastian Cabot, over one hundred years earlier, and with the brilliant Florentine, Verrazani. No man knows the sepulchre of either of these great navigators and New-World discoverers. The voyages of the Northmen, who visited New England far back in the pre-Columbian age; that of Biarne, in 986, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, and driven southward upon the American coast; of Leif, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000; of Karlsefne, who spent three years at Mount Hope, R. I., in 1007, and on, while matters of much speculation, are also facts of history, if we are to credit the past; but it is almost sad, after long research, to see how little we really know of the earliest men and earliest times in the discovery of America, and even of our own State. But, happily, there is much that is known and proved beyond all cavil.

The Dutch, five years after the first great navigator had left our shores, were established at Castle Island, on the Hudson, just south of Albany, where for years they were engaged in the profitable trade of furs and peltries with the Indians; and in 1628, two hundred and fifty years ago, the Dutch Reformed Church and school were planted in the City of New York.

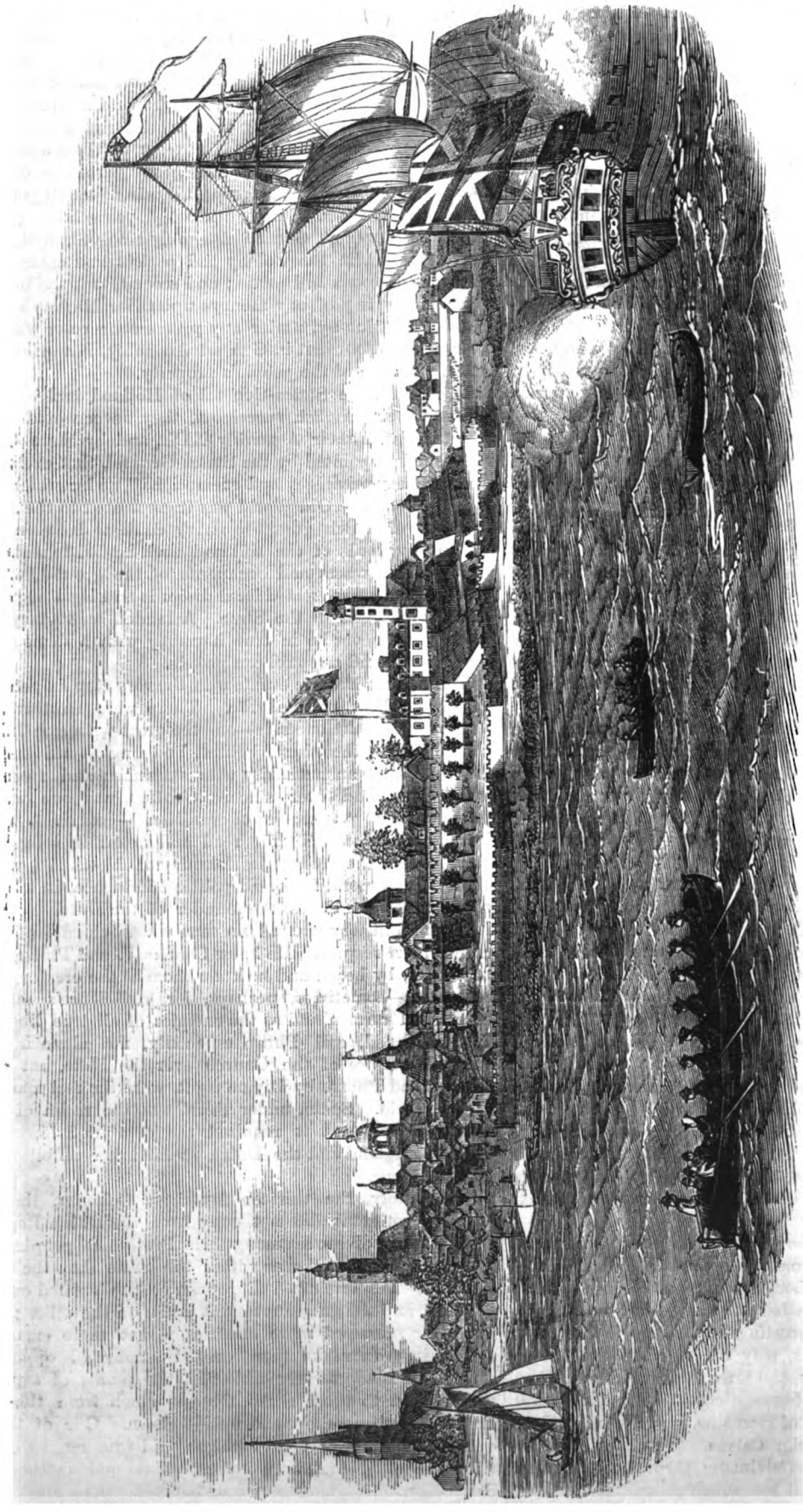
In the meantime, the *Unrest*, Adrian Block in command, a little yacht of sixteen tons, passed up the East River, and found her way by Long Island Sound to Montauk Point, and so on to Rhode Island and Nahant.

Some of the most interesting revelations in the early civil history of New York may be traced to the Thirty Years' War in Germany; the Reformation inspired by Luther; the fierce strifes between conservative and radical Protestants; the burning of Servetus, and the harsh doctrines and dogmas of John Calvin. The whole Dutch system was, indeed, then Calvinistic throughout; but in the Colony of New York it was much more. Here, from the beginning, the maxim was, as it was later in the United Colonies: "In union there is strength." Even before the Revolution of 1688 by five years, and eight years before Massachusetts asserted the right of her citizens as free subjects of England, the New York Bill of Rights proclaimed that supreme legislative power should for ever be and reside in the Governor, Council and People in the General Assembly. Among these recited rights were trial by jury; freedom from taxation, except by their own consent; exemption from martial law, the quartering of soldiers upon citizens; and perfect toleration to all persons professing faith in Christ. Twenty years later, or in 1708, the New York General Assembly resolved, first, that every freeman in the Colony had perfect and entire property in his goods and estate; and second, that the imposing and levying of any moneys upon Her Majesty's subjects of this Colony, under any pretense or color whatsoever, without consent in General Assembly, is a grievance and a violation of the people's property.

If, in 1629, the States-General of Holland had been as wise as their English successors, they never would have granted, as in their Assembly XIX., and by State Commissioners appointed by the States-General, that exclusive charter of "privileges and exemptions" under which the feudalism of the Old World was transplanted to the New, and out of which grew the angry contests between the patroons or lords of the soil and their landed tenants, or between the owners and occupants of the ground, which for so many years created local discords and legal disputes in different parts of the State. A landed aristocracy, let me say, can never be in true harmony with a democratic government and a republican people.

These great historic events were the very stepping-stones to our earliest colonial life. There were Grotius and Barneveldt on the one side—one the great writer on International Law, the wisest, boldest and bravest thinker of his time, and an authority with statesmen and freemen everywhere and ever since. Grotius was one whom Ménage called "a monster of erudition"—and so he was but his erudition was alike read and heard in song and story, and in the profoundest learning of the schools, while Barneveldt's moral force and political influence, in a large sense, made him almost the founder of the Dutch Republic. In all history we find no man whose character commands more respect. He knew Charles V. and Philip II., as it were, by heart, and he knew them as the creators and promoters—sometimes, perhaps, for conscience's sake—of colossal crimes, and as the enemies of all true liberty. They believed, and Philip especially, not alone in the supreme empire of the Church over the State, but that Charles and Philip, by Divine right, were the real masters of the world. Spain, under them, was the realm of immense power, and it required the combined forces of France, England and the Dutch to hold her ambition in check.

Fortunately, the thirteen American Colonies, though largely Protestant, did not copy from the Dutch Republic the angry divisions among their Protestant people, for these quarrels were fiercer within the State than the wars without. The organized European league existed on the one side, and the great Protestant union on the other; but the latter possessed more enmities, if not more enemies, within its own ranks than existed among all opposing forces. It is almost incredible that the points of separation related to those sharp dogmas which from time to time seem to turn the world upside down. One of these was the doctrine of predestination, and whether, by election, one child was born to salvation, and another to damnation. In almost ludicrous contrast, some, and even a large party of the English Separatists, which met at



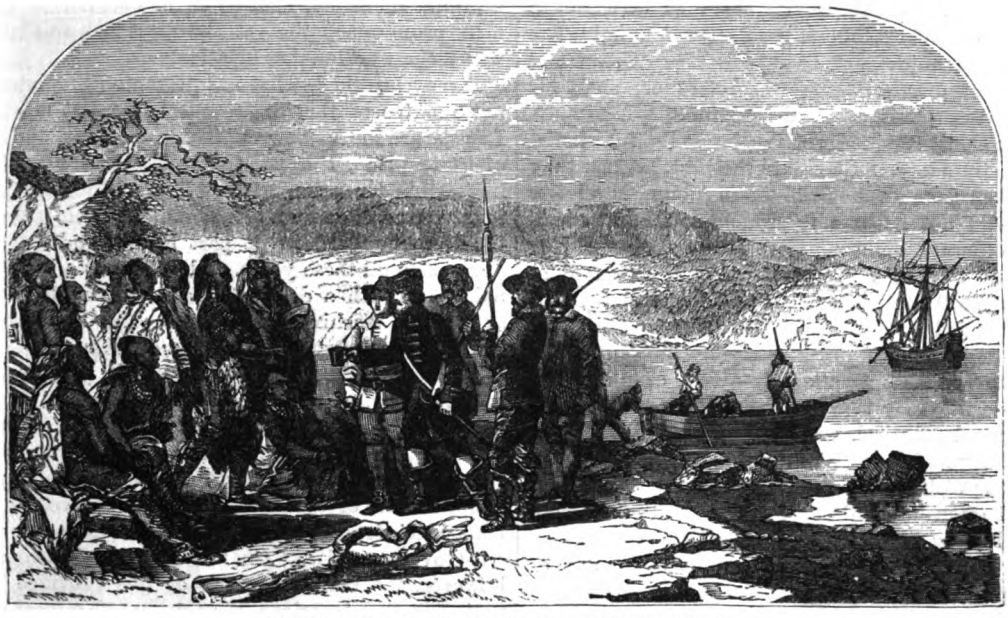
NEW YORK CITY IN 1752.

Amsterdam, became involved in a quarrel about the starched bands for men, and the right kind of apparel for women. Happily for the Pilgrims at Holland, all their residence there was during the twelve years of truce with Spain, after forty years of continuous war.

In some portions of this grand edifice I am reminded of the Spain of a thousand years ago; of Roman and Moorish splendor, as at Cordova; of decorations in the style of the Alhambra; of the blended Roman and Gothic, Moorish and Christian beauties of old Seville. We honor, however, only the glowing art of Andalusia, and not the follies of the old Andalusian age and people. The vaulted roof above us, sixty feet higher than the cornice, the massive corridors, decorated in blue and gold; walls tinted in olive, amber and maroon, and belted with gold and saffron; the allegories above us painted on stone—the one illustrating the "Flight by Night," followed by the coming day, and the other "The Discovery," with Fortune at the helm and Hope at the prow, pointing to the west, with Faith and Science surrounding all—are but the contributions of old-time genius to the demands of modern art.

While we copy from the past for the enjoyment of our present senses, we also stop with the eye, remembering the fate of cities and nations whose luxury and pride proved their ruin.

But to return. The

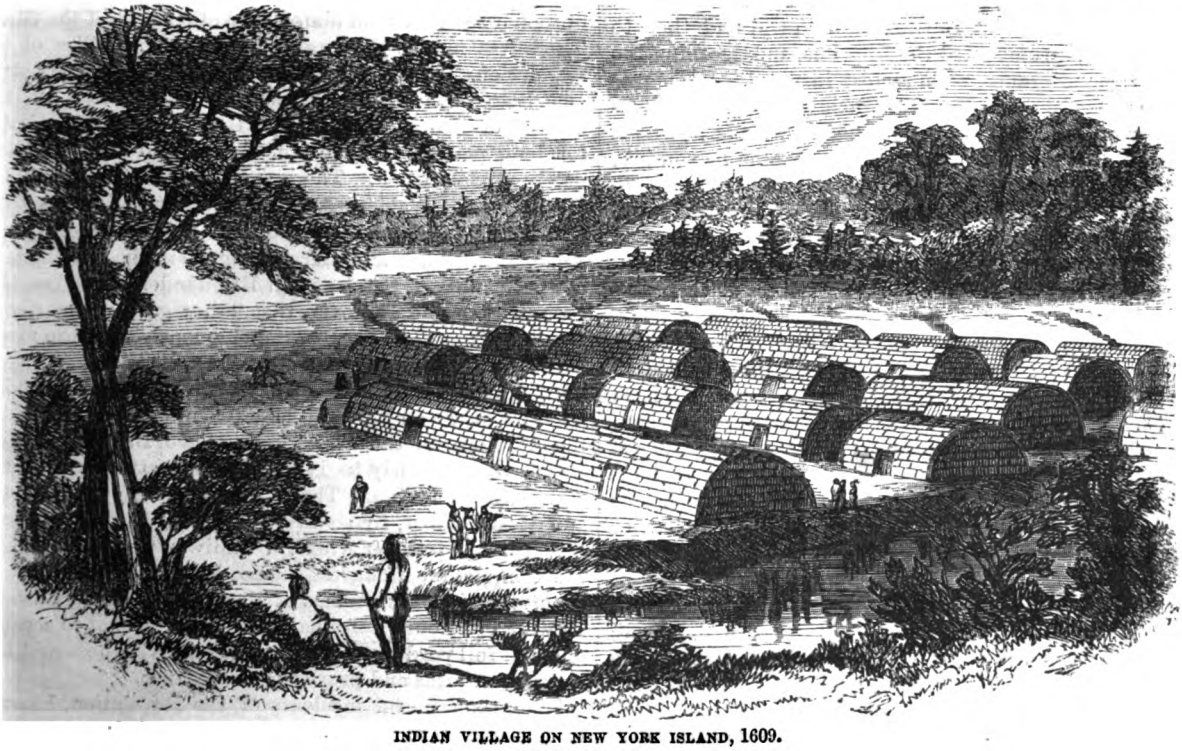


HENRY HUDSON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIVES.

fault of Barneveldt—and this, perhaps, was a necessity of the times—was in asserting the supremacy of the political state over the minds and souls of men. Thankful to Almighty God should the people of the United States be for the inspiration of His word, the teachings of history, and especially of that Old-World history, which secured for us the separation of Church and State, with perfect freedom of conscience to worship God. Never in the United States of America, as so long in Holland, shall religious dissensions sever the bonds of the Republic, and never again can the dark spot of slavery, inherited in part from our Dutch ancestors, and largely from our English parents, and wholly from the Old World, but only too eagerly adopted in the New, prove the cause or effect of dissension by State separation.

I dwell upon such facts because it was amidst the throes of these European revolutions in the struggles for a freer thought that our American Colonies, and New York especially, were planted. There, amidst contending factions, Catholics, Lutherans, Baptists, Arminians, Calvinists and the innumerable throng of schismatics, the reformed religion, as was said by the author of the "Dutch Republic," found the chasm of its own grave.

Out of the Old World's strifes grew the New World's peace, embodied ninety years ago in the Federal Constitution, declaring that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Our State Constitution is even more explicit. The preamble reads, "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our



INDIAN VILLAGE ON NEW YORK ISLAND, 1609.

freedom, and in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution." Then follows the declaration that "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this State to all mankind."

If our first Constitutions were the latest (both Colonial and State) finally adopted, they were the best, because they gathered wisdom from all the rest. John Adams, in a letter to John Jay, did not hesitate to pronounce the last excellent over all others.

We have but to recall John of Barneveldt, executed at the Hague in 1619 for his faith and independence, and Grotius, imprisoned for life for his fidelity to truth, but happily escaping from his prison-house by the skill of his loving wife, to see what fanaticism may do, even in a Republic. Those who may think that the Hague was singularly despotic and fanatical, will remember the like fate of Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell half a century later, and of Sir Walter Raleigh only the year before. How true it is, and often how sad it is, that in matters of state and religion, history is always repeating itself.

The Dutch Republic won her independence in spite of the most despotic power of the Old World, but only to lose it after nearly forty years of war by her own internal, and these chiefly religious, dissensions; and as if these forty years of war were not sufficient, her later destiny was again foreshadowed in the thirty years' conflict soon to follow the twelve years' truce.

Grotius, for his own country, for our country, and for all lands, most truly said, "If the trees we plant do not shade us, they will yet serve for our descendants."

It was in the midst of this internal religious war in the United Provinces that the Puritans fled from England to Holland, with Robinson and Brewster for their leaders—men who have been christened as the Paul and Timothy of religious brotherhood, as "the Æneas and Ascanius of the Pilgrim epic," and who, only just before the embarkation on the *Mayflower*, had planted the tree of that free religious government at Amsterdam and Leyden, which was soon transplanted, with entire religious freedom, into democratic government at New Plymouth and New York.

The words written at Leyden, first to Old and then to New England, accompanied the Pilgrims, and, recalling the date of their utterance, seem almost inspired. "Whereas you are to become a body politic, using among yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminence above the rest to be chosen by you into officers of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear, not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will promote the common good, but also in yielding to them all honor and obedience in their lawful administration; not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's ordinance for your good."

Our forefathers, almost without exception, held that political bonds between Church and State made an incestuous union; and so they departed as far as possible from that dangerous, anti-democratic, anti-republican maxim, *cujus regio, ejus religio*, or, whoever governs you binds you to his religion. This was not a question so much of sects as of dogmas, and in time dogmas have burned thousands at the stake, or tortured great multitudes in dungeons, or hung them upon the gibbet. Almost just when Hudson and the Pilgrims set out for New York Bay by order of Philip III., a million of people, the most industrious of the realm, were banished from Spain because they were Moors, and from that day to the present Spain has ceased to be a prosperous nation. The cruel exile was the work first of the Archbishop of Valencia, backed by the primate of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Toledo; but the wiser Cardinal Richelieu, half-priest, half-soldier, and all statesmen, pronounced the act the most rash and barbarous of which the world makes mention.

It may be asked, what has prompted this interest of one not a native of this State, and in the first meeting of the Legislature in the New Capitol? I answer, and with more of State pride, I hope, than personal vanity, that it was impossible for a son of New England to have been forty-four years a citizen of this commonwealth without feeling the deepest regard in its past history and future welfare. For nearly all these years, and chiefly as a New York journalist, but with a divided official and unofficial residence at Albany, Washington, and the great metropolis, I have watched the growth of the State.

Nor could I forget the fact—which, considering subsequent events, as citizens of New York, will almost create a smile on your part—that not long after Governor Stuyvesant had surrendered all New York to the English, in that memorable year, 1688, this entire Colony, now the Empire State of the Union, was surrendered to New England, retaining only the privilege of possessing a Lieutenant-Governor. King Charles II. and his successors were, however, the real Governors of this Province up to the period of the American Revolution. No local representative government was permitted until 1683, and after three years the General Assembly was extinguished until 1691. From that time until the Revolution the Legislature made laws for the Colony, and the members increased in numbers from seventeen to thirty-one in the space of eighty-eight years, and the pay of members from 75 cents to $1.25 a day! The counties or districts, and not the Colony, paid the bills, and the same per diem for travel, which was also limited by law. The term of legislative service from 1691 was from two to ten years, and in 1743 the limitation was for seven years, unless sooner dissolved by the King or by the Governor upon his authority. From 1683 to 1776, it is due to the past to say that New York won the first victory both for civil and religious liberty, as it did in the Congress of the Colonies for our present American Union.

Besides, the county of Richmond, from which I come, was the scene of almost greater interest through the Revolutionary period than almost any other part of the State. There was nearly the beginning of the real War of the Revolution. There, for six years, the islands Manhattan and Staten (the latter christened "the Island of the States" of Holland) were under British rule. Over both, for long periods of time, the Dutch and English alternately predominated. There were the early homes of the Walloons, the Waldenses, and Huguenots, all exiles from Old-World bigotry and oppression. King James, Queen Anne, and William and Mary, all figure in the local history of that county. Hessians and Highlanders there boasted, even after battle was over, that "they gave no quarter to rebels." There, almost contemporaneously with the meeting of the first Assembly of New York, came and anchored 267 sail of British vessels-of-war, with troops commanded by Lord Howe on the land, and the navy by his brother, the Admiral, on the sea. There 33,000 British and Hessians crossed the bay to Long Island to attack our feeble and scattered militia. There, 101 years ago on the 14th of last September, by an invitation from Lord Howe, sent through his prisoner, General Sullivan, and addressed to the Continental Congress, came Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, John Adams of Massachusetts, and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, to receive, but not to accept, offers of full pardon to "repentant rebels" who would lay down their arms and prove their allegiance.

In all the eventful incidents of the Revolution, I know of not one more impressive than that at Staten Island in

1777, where, surrounded by British grenadiers, in the room of a house still standing, then a barrack for British soldiers, Lord Howe offered a royal pardon to that triumvirate of patriots, Franklin, Adams and Rutledge, and through them to the then nearly three millions of American people, half a million of whom were slaves. Lord Howe was in manners every way a gentleman, as he was a soldier in courage; but with only pardon for men who had taken up arms for "independence now and independence for ever," there could be no reconciliation short of eternal separation from the mother country. When his lordship told the committee sent by Congress that he had a very great regard for Americans, and that their precipitancy was painful to him and perilous to themselves, Franklin answered: "The American people will endeavor to take good care of themselves, and thus relieve as much as possible the pain felt by his lordship for any service he might deem it his duty to adopt." And when Lord Howe repeated his regrets that he could not receive this committee as public characters, John Adams replied: "I should be willing to consider myself in any character agreeable to your lordship, except that of a British subject."

Later on in the war—such was the retributive justice of the times—Mr. Adams, who was made prominent enough to be singled out as one of the unpardoned and unpardonable rebels, had to be received by the King of England, in person, as the first Minister from the United States at the Court of St. James.

In later years, on Staten Island, also lived and died one who, seventy-seven years ago, was a leading member of the State Legislature, as was his father during the whole of the Revolutionary period. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court, State Chancellor, Governor of the State before the age of thirty-three; the first Governor who sat in the Old Capitol (elected in 1807, re-elected in 1810, 1813 and 1816), where sixteen other Governors have since filled the executive office; chosen Vice-President of the United States in 1817, and re-elected in 1821, after taking a soldier's and statesman's part in the war of 1812–15. As a financier, Robert Morris was scarcely more successful in the War of the Revolution than was Governor Tompkins in the second war with England. From New York City in 1801, from Richmond County in 1821, and from the latter made President of the Convention, Governor Tompkins was elected to revise and amend the State Constitution. Whatever he did, he did well, and this, whether as military commander or financier in war, or when, as in 1812, in his message to the Legislature at the commencement of the session, he asked that "the reproach of slavery be expunged from our statute book"; and in proroguing the same body, the same year—the only like executive act in the history of the State—declared that the banking system of that period had been increased and fostered by bribery and corruption which threatened irreparable evils to the community. His honest courage was met by the hottest of party anathemas; but, strong in his integrity and in a righteous public opinion, he secured the admiration of the people in all the States.

Our State abounds in many like honorable examples, which for the honored dead there is not time to mention, and still less for the living, whose fames and names will survive them. Here, of the now dead men of the past, sat also as Governors, and in more than regal state, the Clintons, Van Buren, Marcy, Wright, Seward, Lewis, Bouck and Yates; and in the halls of legislation, three candidates for President of the United States, one of whom was elected, and three of whom were chosen Vice-President. Nineteen of the citizens of New York have also filled the best places in the Cabinet at Washington.

There were also, in the past, in the halls of legislation, in Senate and Assembly, a long line of honored names, as the Livingstons, the Roots, the Grangers, the Youngs, the Spencers, the Tallmadges, the Verplancks, the Dickensons, the Beardsleys, the Tracys, the Cornings, the Cadys, the Williamses, the Wheatons, the Taylors, the Van Vechtens, the Butlers, the Bronsons, the Van Rensselaers, the Hoffmans, the Wendalls, the Ogdens, the Savages, the Oakleys, and a multitude of stars, only less in magnitude, whom no man can number, many of whom are examples for the present and for all time.

The century of our legislative history has witnessed, after the fiercest and costliest civil war on record, the growth and extirpation of slavery. The institution died out in the North by peaceful means, simply because it was unprofitable, and not alone because it was immoral. Slavery continued longest at the South because the negro was most at home in the tropics, and because, for half a century or more, it was thought—happily a mistaken thought—that cotton, sugar and tobacco could only be successfully cultivated by negro labor. Once, indeed, New York had more slaves than Virginia, and the old Holland Company agreed to furnish slaves just so long as they were profitable. On penalty of exile, no colonist could then weave an inch of cotton, woolen or linen cloth, and for any departure from this rule, to exile was added the eternal displeasure of the weavers of Holland, whose monopolies, however, let me say, were no worse than those of old England, also long enriched by the slave trade.

Just one hundred years before the close of the Revolution, Governor Dongan, directed by the Duke of York—later, James II.—and advised by William Penn, laid the foundation of a freer government in New York, where, in 1683, was legally called together the first Assembly of the people's representatives.

Passing over these nearly one hundred years, I see George Washington proposed by John Adams in the Continental Congress—John Hancock being its President—to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. As modest as he was brave, and as unselfish as he was wise, the office is accepted, with the desire and pledge that he may serve his country without personal reward. Ten days later he is received, in his uniform of blue, in New York City by great masses of people with an enthusiasm never surpassed. The Provincial Congress of New York shared in these honors, and bid God-speed to one whom, as with the great chief of Israel, Heaven seemed to inspire with wisdom, patience, and especial courage and endowments for command. All the way to old Cambridge was a scene of ovation and thanksgiving.

New England, with Washington in command, is soon free from British rule. Boston harbor and Boston town are no longer tenable for British troops or British ships; and Washington now moves unobstructed toward New York, from henceforth until the war closed, the stronghold of the enemy. The flag of a new Union now floated for the first time unmolested over New England, as did the British flag over the Island of Manhattan.

Boston and Philadelphia were then the largest cities. In time, Philadelphia was destined to share the fate of New York. The purpose of Sir Henry Clinton and of Guy Carleton was to cut off all communication between New England and New York; but Washington kept his eyes fixed upon the Hudson, and especially upon West Point, as the key to the North and the gateway to the South.

Soon and sadly, Long Island, New York, Fort Lee and Fort Washington were all surrendered. For forty-eight hours Washington was in the saddle, superintending the retreat of his few but brave troops from Long Island, and

THE LANSING HOUSE, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ALBANY.

moving them all in safety, even when within gun-shot of the enemy; but later, losing his artillery and baggage in the uplands of the City of New York.

Thoughtful men have often paused to contemplate the possible fate of North America had Washington fallen during the retreat of his army from Long Island. The young nation wept at his disaster, but rejoiced that an overruling Providence preserved his life. Trenton and the Delaware alone turned the tide of battle, and Washington at Morristown, with 2,000 men, kept 25,000 at bay, and soon lifted the gloom which for a time seemed denser than Cimmerian darkness.

Later on, Burgoyne at the North, Howe at the South, an advance from New York by the Hudson, and an alliance with savage men, was the year's plan of campaign. All along our frontier the Ottawas, Wyandottes, Senecas, Delawares and Pottawatamies were in league with the scarcely less savage Hessians and Britons, led by Lord George Germain and Sir Guy Carleton.

For six months more the tide rolled like the billows of the sea against the Americans. La Corne St. Luk, the remorseless partisan, enraged by age and inspired by hate, pledged himself to Carleton that within sixty days he would bring his Indian followers to the very spot where the Legislature is now assembled.

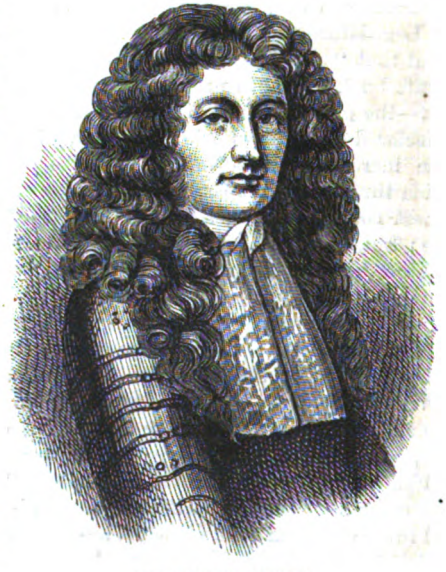
Indians, Tories, Hessians and Canadians moved for a time toward the Hudson, like so many torrents from the mountains, but long before they reached Albany they were met by one to whose ears the roar of cannon was as natural as the music of the spheres. General Stark and his New Hampshire and Green Mountain boys stood like a wall of fire between the assault and advance of the enemy, and soon drove back the latter, both defeated and dismayed.

Ere long, King, Ministry and Parliament tire of Indian allies and Indian massacres along the Mohawk and Hudson, at Forts Stanwix and Edward, and elsewhere. Burgoyne's surrender soon followed, with the loss of 10,000 men, thus relieving the now capital of the State, instead of placing it, in the promised sixty days, in the hands of the enemy.

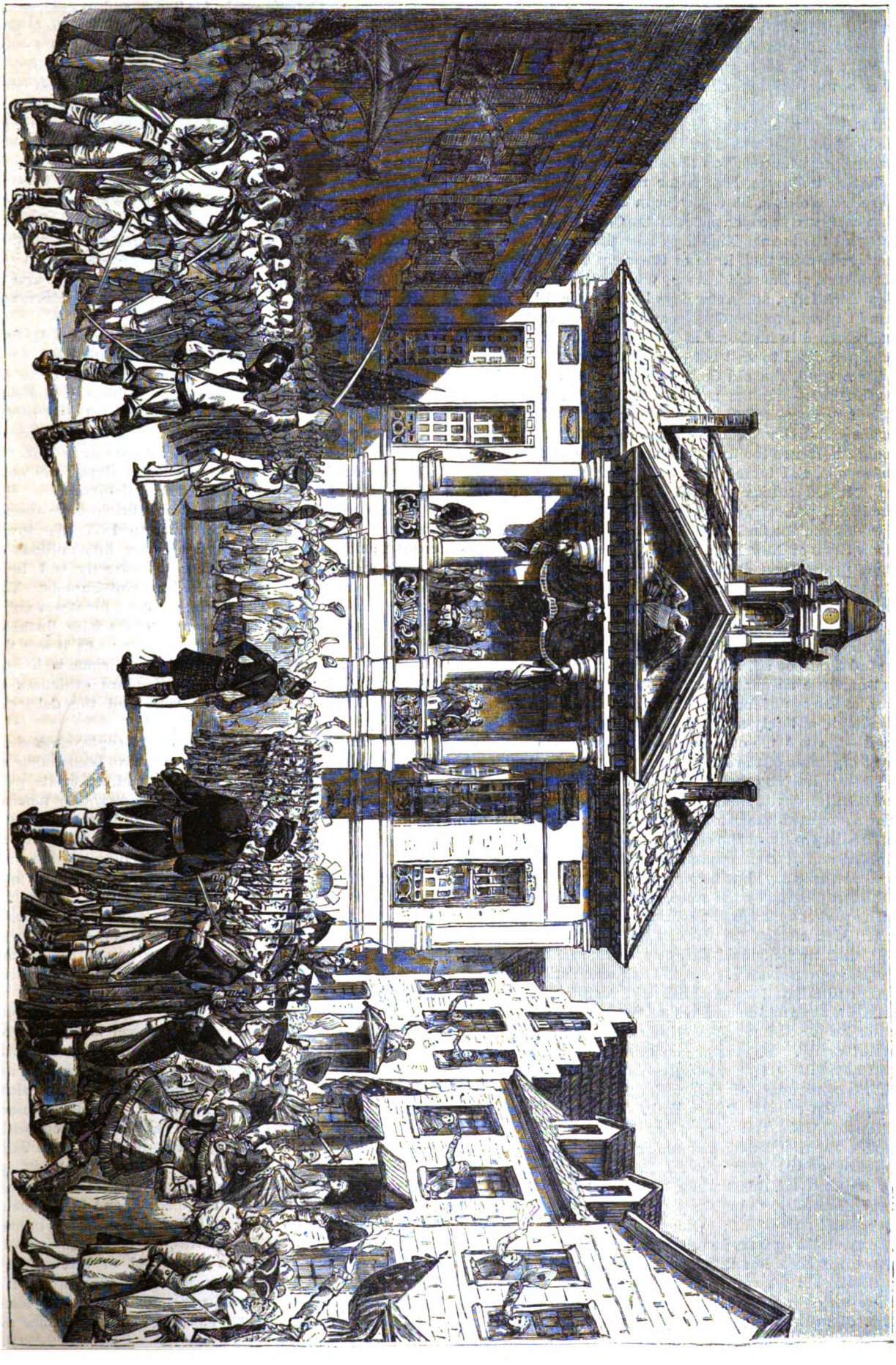
As the clouds rolled over and along the Hudson, the spirits of a long-despondent people also rose in the Colonies; but all through 1777, '78, '79, there was alternate sunshine and storm, disaster and victory, until at last, with France for our ally, the mother country became weary of hostility to her own offspring, in a war that often seemed as unnatural as the mother feeding upon its young.

The story of the Wallabout and of the prison ships, of Dartmouth prison, filled with American sailors, worse than the stories of the Bastile crowded with prisoners, was a part of the cruel and bloody history of one hundred years ago. The massacre at Wyoming was only more sudden and ferocious; but, thanks again to an overruling Providence, the end came, but only after Monmouth, Stony Point, Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse, Yorktown and many victories upon the seas. It came in spite of Arnold's treason, the mutiny of unpaid troops, and a condition of finance so deplorable that it took thirty-three dollars of Continental money to secure one in specie. It was a maxim, even then, that bad money in the end made bad times, and always failed to pay, satisfactorily, one's debts; and it has never been otherwise, from the days of Chinese paper money to the paper notes of John Law, the Mississippi bubble, the French assignats and the currency of the rebellion.

It was just eight years from the battle of Lexington to the proclamation of peace, and nearly nine to the evacuation of New York City, ninety-five years ago, where, upon a bright and frosty November afternoon,



SIR EDMUND ANDROS.



THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, AT FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

the last of the Britons took their leave of America, then and for ever! They left the British flag nailed and flying at masthead upon the Battery, but before they were out of sight upon the bay it was torn to tatters, and in place of it a noble sailor, whose descendant still lives to raise the stars and stripes every 25th of November, raised the Union flag, which soon floated in the breeze, and, with God's blessing, it will float there, "not one star polluted, not one stripe erased," to the end of time!

Governor George Clinton for the Colony of New York, seven times elected its Governor in Colony and State, with General Knox, in command of all the Colonial forces, at once occupied the town. Nine days later the ever-beloved commander-in-chief took leave of the army, in the presence of his officers, at Frazer's Tavern, Whitehall, near the present New York ferry, and a few days later tendered his resignation in person to the Continental Congress, at Annapolis, and returned to his home at Mount Vernon, which he had been permitted to visit but once in seven years.

Then came the old Confederacy, which, as you know, was a failure—like the new one of 1860–61, though for a different cause—and then the Constitution, which was, and is, the grandest work in the history of nations. Under its benign influence the first Congress assembled in our great metropolis, and there, April 30th, 1789, the great charter was received and inaugurated, John Adams, the first Vice-President, presenting to take the oath of office George Washington, the first President, to Chancellor Livingston of the State of New York. That oath was a pledge to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. As it was obeyed by Washington and his successors, so let it be observed for all time, and not less in the spirit than in the letter.

What a Cabinet was the first one! the President, the central figure of all, and around him only four members; but of these secretaries were Jefferson, the senior of the four, at the age of forty-seven; Knox, at the age of forty; Randolph, at thirty-seven, and Hamilton not quite thirty-three—the last the ornament and pride of the State, the great organizer of the Federal Treasury, whose method of collecting, keeping and disbursing the public money has not been improved from that day to the present; the man who so framed the law that he could not draw his own small salary without the signatures of the Comptroller and Auditor, and of the Treasurer and Register—too much red tape, you may say, but better red tape by the mile than dishonest officials by the score, or even one.

The past is secure, and the future must be judged by the past. Men change for the better rather by the grace of God, than by individual instincts or human institutions. But free government is born of God, and nations rise, advance and fall as they establish and maintain, or neglect the right way; and men who love their homes and country watch its life and progress with an interest akin to their love of family. The truest patriotism rests only upon the solid foundation of private virtue and public purity.

With something of this feeling, I hope we have all watched the growth of New York. The population, only 340,000 in 1790, and only about 750,000 when the Old Capitol was completed; and under the census of 1835, at the close of the year, when I first knew our great city, it numbered 2,130,000 white, and 43,000 colored persons. Forty years later, the white population was 4,642,837, and the colored only 56,127. Only in two decades, since 1790, have the latter grown in numbers, and this increase altogether has been less than one per cent., while the white population, in the same period, increased 3.22 per cent.

The cities and city suburbs of the State, always the focus of growth, have advanced as 34-93 to 1-93 of the rural towns. Unfortunately for States and people, gravitation is ever chiefly toward the town. Of our whole population, 3,503,300 were native born; 1,195,658 foreign born, and only 301,240 were born in the other States.

Our State growth in agriculture and mechanical occupations has fairly kept pace with our increased population. If, as in the tillage of the soil, families and dwellings, work-shops and churches, with conjugal life, are the best signs of prosperity, New York deserves to be, as she is, the Empire State of the Union. Unfortunately, in some things our growth shows both our shame and our sorrow. Just as ill weeds grow apace, so public debts often increase, bringing with their burdens more self-denial than is agreeable, and more taxes than are bearable. In our city, town, village and corporate debts, I see the source of nearly all our woes. Debt is the hardest of masters, and her servants usually the worst of slaves.

The Federal and State debts are happily on the decline, but in 1875 the local debts, if the State Comptroller is correct, make the startling sum of $250,000,000, and the decrease is not large. Ten thousand millions is the estimated debt of the nation, and the estimated debt of the world three times as many billions. It is not an encouraging fact that in the City of New York alone, in 1878, the fifth year of the panic, there were 917 failures, and only $18,695,531 of assets for $63,958,403 of liabilities.

With all our present easement and brighter prospects, we must also take in the fact that in 1877, the town, county, and State tax summed up over fifty millions of dollars, with as much more imposed, directly and indirectly, upon the people by the Federal Goveanment. The people were drawn into this crime of debt, for it was nothing less, not so much by war alone, as by a false financial policy, and by a fiction called prosperity; but it was the prosperity of a man who thinks that delirium is happiness, and that profits from gambling are evidences of wealth. After the dinner, the wine and the debauch, comes repentance, but it comes too late.

In this and in other States, too many people, clothed in silks, broadcloths, and costly apparel, have been riding as it were upon the horns of the moon, and, as by its pale light, they beheld their lengthened shadows, they fancied indeed that the moon was really made of green cheese, and the cheese itself was both as yellow as gold, and quite as large as the orb of day. Pay-days have been coming, and coming for more than five years past, and they have not been like angels' visits, few and far between. When the debt is all paid, either by wholesale millions, as through the late Federal Bankrupt Law, or by means provided by State law, or, what is better, by the honest dollar for every honest debt, we shall once more stand upon solid ground.

But, as a contrast to this debt-picture, we have a right to contemplate our growth in political and scientific knowledge. When the first New York Assembly met, and for nearly half a century later, there were no telegraphs, no deep-sea cables putting a girdle around the earth in a wink of time, so that Valentia and Heart's Content are now twice spanned 3,700 miles over two cables in a second with the simple contents of a lady's thimble, and these contents composed only of acids, zinc, and copper. A battery of 20 cells has proved more potent than the aforetime one of 500. Our good home-spun forefathers and foremothers had no railroads, no illuminating gas, no electric lights, no friction matches, no iron stoves, no heating by steam, or steam motive power, no side-wheel or screw ocean steamers, no sewing machines, no American pottery, no heliographs nor photographs, nor phonographs nor telephones; no steam-plows, no balloons to survey armies as

from the clouds, nor diving bells to collect treasures from the deep, no anæsthetics or chloroforms to produce deliverance from pain while limbs are being amputated, and the decayed tooth of old time removed for the brand-new porcelains of the dentiist and chemist of to-day. The Indian trail path, the saddle horse, and here and there the lumbering coach, the canoe, and by sail or on foot, were the only ways and means of conveyance. And now, in sixty days one can circumnavigate the earth. The brick and Dutch ovens were the bread and meat bakers, and pine-knots and tallow dips the chief sources of light, while about the only means of warmth were the stone hearth and the deep fire-place. Carpets and rugs and mats were almost unknown. Sanded floors and the tinder-box, with its flint and iron, were the substitutes for parlor and kitchen matches. The old oaken bucket and the deep-sunken wells took precedence of our Croton pipes and hydraulic rams.

All is changed now. Our State population increased 23 per cent. between 1865 and 1875; and, judging from the past, at the close of 1899, a period not far distant, the Empire State will have 6,136,000 inhabitants.

A fact also of public interest is the rather close relation of the sexes to the number of people, or, 2,378,780 females to 2,320,178 males—an excess of females of 58,602. Our foreign population is a trifle in excess of 25 per cent. of the grand total of 4,698,958, which does not include children born of foreign parents; but even these give to New York City only 57.337 of native population; to Kings County 65.24; and to Erie County 66.578. New York City has 19.198 per cent. of Irish, and 15.465 per cent. of Germans. All our sister States together have contributed only 6,411 to our whole people. The Empire State to-day has a population larger than any one of the South American States except Brazil, and more people than Holland or Denmark, Greece or Portugal, Saxony or Switzerland, and close on to the numbers in Bavaria, Belgium, or the whole of British North America, from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains. Of our 4,698,958 people, 1,141,462 were entitled to the ballot in 1876, after subtracting 126,060 aliens not entitled to vote, but including 394,182 naturalized citizens and 747,280 native-born citizens. Only in New York, Kings and Erie is there an excess of naturalized voters: 50,206 in New York, 5,610 in Kings, and 399 in Erie.

The charge of fraudulent voting in our two great cities, let us hope, is no longer true; for if the census be correct, New York City in 1875 had 232,152 legal voters, and polled 171,374 votes for President, or only 73.81 per cent., and Kings County but 84.43. Where 49 counties cast 90 per cent. of their legal votes, 26 of the more rural counties cast 95 per cent. Perhaps, however, it is a creditable fact to state, as a whole, that in 1876, 1,015,527 votes were polled of the 1,141,462 State voters, or 88 per cent. of the whole voting population.

The military capacity of the State is equally striking, with 956,874 males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five; and so with the schools, with (in 1877) 1,586,234 persons between the ages of five and twenty-one, which is the school period.

It is also creditable to the State that its families number 995,502, and its dwellings 728,688, or 6.45 per cent. to each dwelling, but only 4.72 to each family—a fact not so creditable to the people, and wholly in contrast to the examples of our good grandparents. The family is the only safe and sacred abiding-place of the State, and without it the sun would almost cease to shine in the heavens, and the earth prove but a living sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The true family means husband, wife, mother, father, children, grandparents and grandchildren—all, indeed, who are under the same roof. These are the household gods of the commonwealth, the mainstay of its power, and the very essence of its present strength and future life. The family of States is the union of States, and this means noble ancestry and lineage, the descent from a common stock and race, kindred people in life and thought; while the human family means, and by no stretch of imagination, the welfare of our country and of mankind all over the world.

It is agreeable to say that the value of our State dwellings alone is far in excess of our national debt, or $2,465,033,634; and nearly one-half of this value is taxed to the City of New York. Of $50,224,848 of taxes for all purposes levied by the State in 1877, New York and Kings Counties paid $35,653,834, and still more in 1878.

Next to the family, the glory of the commonwealth is its common schools, open to-day to 1,615,256 of our present children, not counting 7,000 students in our colleges and higher seminaries of learning, and most of all these soon to be the fathers and mothers of the State. Ninety-five years ago there was not one academy nor common school, and but one poor university, in the State. If knowledge is power, our schools, public and private, are the sources of our future greatness.

Kindred to the schools, and as the sources of Christian education, are 6,320 church edifices, with an enrolled membership of 1,146,537, and sittings for 2,537,470 people. The New York churches are valued at $117,597,150, with salaries in gross of $5,308,231, but making an average of less than $840 each. In their order, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian lead the way in church buildings. In membership, also in their order, the Roman Catholics, Methodists and Presbyterians take the lead. I can find *only* forty-four sects or denominations in the State; but it is to be hoped, and indeed it is true, that many of these divisions, like kindred drops of water from one great fountain, not only mingle into one, but have their source in one great Father, their life in one great brotherhood, and their final faith and destiny in the one great Creator and Saviour of the world.

If figures were not tiresome, and sometimes exhausting, one might remember with instruction, though not with satisfaction, for the numbers are far too few, the fact that less than one-tenth of our entire people are landed proprietors. Then comes the unwelcome fact, also, that the largest proprietors are gradually but certainly sbsorbing the land of the smallest. In 1875 there were 241,839 farms in the State, the whole having 25,659,266 acres, the value of which was $1,221,472,277, besides stock valued at $146,497,154. It is to be regretted that there were 2,018 less farms of ten and twenty acres each, 14,908 less of twenty and fifty, and 2,838 of fifty and one hundred acres each in 1875 than in 1870, while the net increase of farms from 1870 to 1875 was 25,586; and this difference will be more marked in the future than in the past. Capital, machinery and competition, with a constant tendency to centralization, are always powers of absorption, but against them you may place skill, industry, order, temperance and thrift—in one word, capacity, which, in man or woman, as a rule, are elements of sure success. Land and building incumbrances were the plague-spots of so-called prosperous times, and year by year, for over five years now, the money-lenders and capitalists have demanded the promised pound of flesh, in the form of surrendered acres, workshops, stores and dwellings.

The products of our farms, providing work for 351,638 people, present almost exciting results; the sales of 1876 returned $121,187,467, and the variety embraced

everything belonging to the soil, the dairy, and to the raising of stock.

The population representing the productive industry of the State, in 1870, was 1,537,726; of whom 1,275,372 are males, and 262,354 females. Of these, 925,293 were natives, and 612,433 foreign born; and the females were only one-sixth of the whole force. One-half of the female contingent are domestic servants. Of the rest, 81,758 were engaged in trade, and 15,140 were teachers.

Let me say here, and upon the evidence of long observation, that skilled work, in man or woman—and especially is this true of woman—is sure to find both place and reward. Alexander Hamilton once prayed for diversity in the industries of the New World; and his prayer is heard.

In the United States' roll-call of 1875 are 6,000,000 of persons engaged in agriculture, 2,700,000 in mining and manufacturing, 1,200,000 in trade and transportation, 2,600,000 in professional life, of whom 40,000 were lawyers, 62,000 physicians and 43,000 clergymen.

The conclusion of all these figures and of the brief record of history I have recited is, in the words of Franklin before the Continental Congress: "That God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, neither can a kingdom rise without His aid."

We write Excelsior upon our escutcheon, placing the scales of justice in the right hand of one figure, as symbolical of purity and truth, while the cap of liberty is held in the left of the fair Goddess of Freedom, the eagle ever watching with eager eyes and free wings these emblems of our State. Ships upon the sea, steam upon land, river and ocean, and industry and thrift all around, fill up the picture and become the evidence, under Providence, that God has always blessed our homes and our State.

TEA IN THE COTTAGE GROUNDS.

## MARK DAVENANT'S VISION.

By C. D. Beebe.

He was a bachelor, our hero, handsome and thirty-five. His father, an English tradesman, had educated his favorite son for a lawyer; but Mark did not take kindly to the law. He soon found he could spend money more readily than he could earn it; and his most impressive pleas were made before his sire, in his own behalf, his object not justice, but money.

He had an easy temper, however, and agreeable, *debonnaire* ways, which won him many friends, notwithstanding his general worthlessness.

MARK DAVENANT'S VISION.—"HE GREW INTO A FASHION OF DROPPING HIS PEN, OR HOLDING IT IDLY IN HIS FINGERS, AND PICTURING DREAMILY SKETCHES NOT WRITTEN OUT FOR MORTAL KEN, BUT ONLY FOR HIS HEART'S COMFORT."

But there came a day when the once thriving business of Mr. Davenant, the elder, grew very dull, and gradually continued to decline. Being an extremely cautious man, he began to close both his ears and his purse-strings to his son's demands, and Mark, highly offended in consequence, rushed away from home and took passage in a steamer bound for New York, without even pausing to bid his friends good-by.

He fully expected to make a princely fortune in the New World in a wonderfully short time; but, as he had little money in his possession when he arrived, and for the first few days found nothing to do, the ardor of his hopes was somewhat dampened.

But fortune sometimes favors the rash as well as the brave, and through a friend "on the other side," he obtained a situation as correspondent for a Dublin paper. His salary was variable, according to the amount of work he accomplished; but Mark had talent and pride; and, being thoroughly aroused, he worked with a will, obtaining sales for articles written for American journals also.

He soon found friends, and had little time or disposition to regret his hasty departure from home. An affectionate letter to his mother won her ready forgiveness, and he began to feel at peace with himself and all concerning him, if we except one little circumstance which I am about to mention.

Like Joseph of old, our Mark was given to dreaming; and his dreams, strange to relate, were never upon the subject of his surroundings, but had a trick of spiriting him three thousand miles away.

Prominent in the foreground of the visions that appeared to his sleeping imagination figured a fresh, rosy, English face; a strong-looking but ladylike English form glided gracefully about; a full, red-lipped mouth smiled upon him serenely, disclosing a set of pearly teeth that flashed with a distinctive character of their own, and "two eyes of English blue" opened widely, as if in slight surprise.

A pleasant picture; but a feeling strangely akin to loneliness crept into the heart of our dreamer when he opened his eyes to the daylight, and the vision vanished into thin air.

It was very strange, he told himself, that this girl's face, scarcely thought of in the day, should so haunt his dreaming hours. He liked her, true; but he had fancied other girls as well. And he had known other women far more beautiful than she would ever be.

But then this Isobel Gilmore had a wonderfully bright and graceful way of doing things. Whatever she did seemed the very thing she ought to do. She might not be as brilliant at a ball as other more beautiful belles, but she was never silly, never commonplace, never cross.

Of all the young ladies his acquaintance numbered, she had been his mother's favorite, and at times Isobel had spent weeks with Mrs. Davenant in her pleasant home.

Mark had not cared much for home in those days; but now, looking back to it over the sea, with eyes glamoured by the distance, or, possibly, grown clear-sighted from gazing constantly so far, it seemed the most restful and attractive spot on earth to him.

So, as the days passed, Mark came to spend his evenings

in his room, instead of attending public places of amusement with his friends. He had so much work to do, he told them; but when seated at his table under the gaslight, and before the grate, he grew into a fashion of dropping his pen, or holding it idly in his fingers, and picturing dreamily sketches not written out for mortal ken, but only for his heart's comfort. However these pictures began, they always ended in a vision of a long, cheery parlor, with warm-looking, crimson hangings; a fire of cannel-coal casting a yellow and scarlet light over the carpets and pictures; a pale, grave woman sitting with folded hands and dreamy eyes; and another, much younger, moving staidly about in graceful, soft-colored draperies; and whatever she did or said, there was a little look of expectancy upon her face and in her matchless eyes, as though in her heart she was watching for some one to come who was far away.

Once, when he had been weaving these fancies, he turned to his window a moment, and looked out. It was only a little past the gloaming, but the opposite houses were nearly all illuminated.

"American eyes," he said, "unused to the long Summer twilight nights, or the twilight Winter days of England, are impatient of the darkness, and require artificial light to dispel the gloom as soon as the sun goes down."

One house alone seemed wrapped in darkness, but while he looked, a light flashed through the parlors, and—was he dreaming now?—a woman's hand put aside the curtains of the window, and a face looked out; a bright face, framed in braids of heavy, red-brown hair—an earnest face, with outlines strangely like——

It vanished suddenly, and Mark rushed down the stairs, through the vestibule, and out of the doorway, never pausing until he stood directly under the window where the vision appeared; and there he waited until a sense of coldness called him back to himself and to the knowledge that he, who cared for nobody, had actually stood, for he knew not how long, under a strange woman's casement, in the dark, where she was, in all probability, taking her dinner unconcernedly in another part of the house; and all this because she bore a resemblance to a young lady he would never, in all probability, see again. Feeling very humble and very cold, he went slowly back to his room, and set to writing, as if his very life depended on finishing a certain article that night.

A few days afterward, while passing along the street, he observed a lady, on the opposite sidewalk, whose form seemed very familiar. He crossed over, meeting her face to face. He paused a trifle, waiting for her to recognize him, but, with a slight and seemingly indifferent glance, she passed on. He followed her, fully convinced, each moment, that it was Isobel Gilmore. She wore a thickly dotted, black lace vail over her face, but the figure, supple and erect, the thorough patrician air about her, the step, firm but light, the features, which he could see imperfectly through the vail, all were too like Isobel to be only her counterpart.

Raising his hat politely, at last, he stepped beside her.

"Miss Gilmore, I believe?" he said.

She paused, and the very blue eyes he had so often pictured looked up with the surprised expression in their depths, only they were too careless for Isobel's. The very voice, too, only it was colder than hers ever seemed, answered quietly:

"You are evidently mistaken in the person, sir."

"I beg your pardon, miss," in a tone which betrayed his disappointment; "but you are so like her, and—and she was my friend!"

The lady passed on with only a distant bow. Mark went home, feeling dissatisfied and disquieted, and wrote a long letter to his mother.

"I'm growing tired of America, mother," he said, "and think I will return home soon. I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction the fact that I am competent to take care of myself. Remember me to Miss Gilmore, and say to her I shall go home in the Spring."

Next day, it happened in a business way that Mark was introduced to an old gentleman whom he had known by reputation as a man of wealth and distinction. He had, through a mutual friend, heard Mr. Dale spoken of as a man of great shrewdness of character, though slightly eccentric. He was, therefore, disappointed to find him prosy and garrulous, and at times partly deaf.

"A young Englishman, are you, Mr. Davenant? My wife is English, and her niece, the same countrywoman, is now on a visit at our house."

Mark bowed and listened patiently.

"Indeed, Mr. Davenant," he said, at the close of half an hour's conversation, which he had mostly to himself, "I think I must invite you to call at my house some evening, sir. My wife is very fond of English friends, and my niece, sir, is considered very attractive."

"Ah," thought Mark, "she is probably an old maid, and has come here in the hope of marrying."

"My residence, as you may be aware, proceeded Mr. Dale, "is 54 Carleton Place."

Mark opened his eyes.

"Exactly opposite me, sir," he said; "for my number is 53."

"Ah!" prolonging the word; "a striking coincidence, Mr. Davenant, indeed!"

"Pardon me," interposed Mark. "Possibly I may be acquainted with your niece. What, did you tell me, is her name, please?"

"A remarkable coincidence," continued Mr. Dale, discreetly deaf. "Very convenient for you, sir, if you accept my invitation."

Mark was interested, and repeated his question.

"Not at all, sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I shall be delighted to see you, sir, whenever you may make it convenient to call."

He seemed almost moved to tears with his earnestness, and Mark forbore to question him further. But he found, immediately after leaving Mr. Dale, that he had forgotten some important paper, and must go home and bring it at once; and, chancing to walk on the opposite side of the way, he discovered that the house where he saw a vision of a young lady a few nights previous and 54 were the same.

"She was very like Miss Gilmore," he said; "and the lady I chanced to meet in the street was like her too. A young English lady is visiting at 54, and her uncle becomes suddenly deaf when I ask her name. Two and two make four, certainly; but why?"

Mark did not believe in bottling up happiness for future need, if he could make any sort of use of it in the present. So he determined to soon find out the reason why. He did not wish to appear in too hot haste, however, and, besides, he really had an unusual amount of work on hand that week. He watched No. 54 as closely as possible, and made moderate progress with his work.

By the time he was ready to call, he had worked himself up to quite a pitch of excitement. Carefully making an elaborate toilet, he set out, determined to end his suspense at once. Vain resolve! He succeeded in finding Mr. Dale at home; but his wife and niece had set out that very morning for a Western city, and would not return for a month.

Mark gave himself up to despair, figuratively speaking,

and listened resignedly to Mr. Dale's conversation, making all manner of absent replies. One tidbit he grasped eagerly, however. The old gentleman spoke of his niece, calling her Beatrix. Very unlike Isobel, certainly; but when Mark came to think the matter over quietly in his own room, he was very decided in the opinion that it was only done for a blind.

Isobel was, without doubt, piqued because he had left home so unceremoniously, forgetting to leave her one word of farewell. Of course she had a right to be offended, for he had really been more intimately acquainted with her than with any other lady friend, excepting his mother, for he had no sister.

She had doubtless followed him to New York, and succeeded in finding him, just making herself known, and then tantalizing him with her flittings to and fro. And he confessed to himself, as he sat solitary over his papers, that, if she had resolved upon punishing him, she had succeeded only too well.

The next revelation came in a letter from his mother. Miss Gilmore had received his message graciously, and sent him a courteous one in return. Every day he became more and more convinced that there was a plot against him, and it hurt him a little to think his mother was implicated in it. He worked hard, trying to keep unpleasant thoughts away, and still every night the vision appeared to him—a pure, womanly face, and eyes in which there seemed no shadow of guile.

Spring was coming, and whenever he caught sight of the ships on the river, he had a childish longing to leave everything, as he had left England before, and go back to the home that seemed so inviting to him now. He only waited for the return of Mr. Dale's niece, and at last his patient watching was rewarded.

It was just at nightfall. Fifty-four was illuminated early. The housemaid was watching from an upper window, the cook from below.

Mark watched both, with occasional glances up and down the street. A carriage with two trunks strapped on behind appeared in sight, and stopped at Fifty-four.

Somebody emerged from the opposite door. Was it Isobel at last? No; a tall gentleman, with a stylish Spring overcoat and the smoothest of shining beavers, seeming, from his bland smile, to be in a particularly happy frame of mind. Then came an elderly lady, doubtless Mrs. Dale; and lastly, but not leastly, Isobel, or Beatrix—which?

It didn't matter which to Mark, after the space of a moment. The gentleman offered her his arm, and assisted her up the steps as carefully as though she had been both lame and blind; and Mr. Dale, appearing at the door at that moment, caught a hand of each in his own, and congratulated them so loudly that Mark heard nearly every word, while Mrs. Dale stood quietly by, altogether forgotten by her lord and master.

Mark closed his blinds, lighted his gas, and packed his trunks. Unfortunately for his haste, it was Thursday evening, and no steamer left till Saturday; so he had ample time to make all necessary adieus. New York was an abominable city to live in, he told both himself and his friends. He greatly preferred London.

Nevertheless, when he had reached London and taken a cab for Weymouth Terrace, a desolate feeling crept over him, and he closed his eyes tightly to shut out the picture of home without Isobel. The city was enveloped in clouds of smoke and fog; everything looked dreary and forlorn.

Here the cab stopped, and he alighted, and a moment after was standing in a dim hall, his hand upon the knob of the door leading to the room he had pictured so often, eager, yet fearing to enter.

"If it would only dispel the vision!" he said, between his teeth, as he set them hard together. "But it cannot. I loved her, and I love her still. I shall love her always, even though she can never be mine."

He turned the knob desperately, and stepped quickly into the room, without waiting for his sudden courage to fail him.

A bright fire softened with its scarlet light the gloom of the twilight afternoon, and before it sat his mother, in the waiting attitude of his vision.

"Said he, 'Wake me by no gesture, sound of breath, or stir of vesture;
Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine!
No approaching—hush, no breathing! or my heart must swoon to death in
The too utter life thou bringest, oh, thou dream of Geraldine!"

For there, as he had pictured her, only brighter and far more beautiful, stood Isobel.

Mrs. Davenant looked up suddenly.

"Mark! my dear boy!"

"Mother!" and his arms were around her, the lips which stooped to touch hers almost as unsteady as her own. "Mother, darling, I'm so glad to be home again! I learned its value while I was away."

Miss Gilmore drew back, half in the shadow, resting her white, slender hand upon the back of a heavy armchair, as though for support, her eyes opened widely—not, this time, in surprise, but to keep the tears from falling over her cheeks.

"Isobel!" he called, softly, releasing his mother at last.

She came slowly forward, and put out both hands, in a blind, uncertain way.

"Have you no welcome for me?" his lips very near hers as he asked the question.

"Yes"—smothering a half-sob on his shoulder as he held her fast. "You were gone so long, Mark, and I—we waited and watched——"

"Did you, dear? I'm so glad, if you watched for me. I dreamed you did."

"You dreamed——"

"Of you, certainly, my love. But, Isobel!"

"Well, Mark?"

"You never went to America to see your uncle, Mr. Dale?"

"Never!"—in deep surprise.

"And you didn't walk the streets in a brown dress and thickly dotted vail, and then run away to Chicago and marry a tall man with a long red beard and a blue nose?"

"No, Mark. Did you think I did?"

"My darling, I never dreamed of such a thing. But I'm so delighted to be home again, and to find you unchanged—except that you have grown lovelier—I'm almost bereft of what small stock of common sense I ever had. And, Isobel, if you'll consent to marry me, I'll be content to settle quietly down in London for the remainder of my natural life, and devote myself to business and you."

Isobel consented; and Mark, after pondering upon the subject deeply, came to the conclusion that any man who could, from very slight premises, argue himself into the belief that such an improbable plot had been laid against him, was undoubtedly fitted to adorn the profession of the law; and, accordingly, he set to work with a will, and succeeded beyond the expectations of himself and his friends. And he had the satisfaction, also, of seeing in reality, each evening when he came to his home, the fair vision which had often visited his longing eyes in dreams.

LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT.—A CHINESE LABORER'S CAMP-SCENE.

# LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Frank H. Norton.

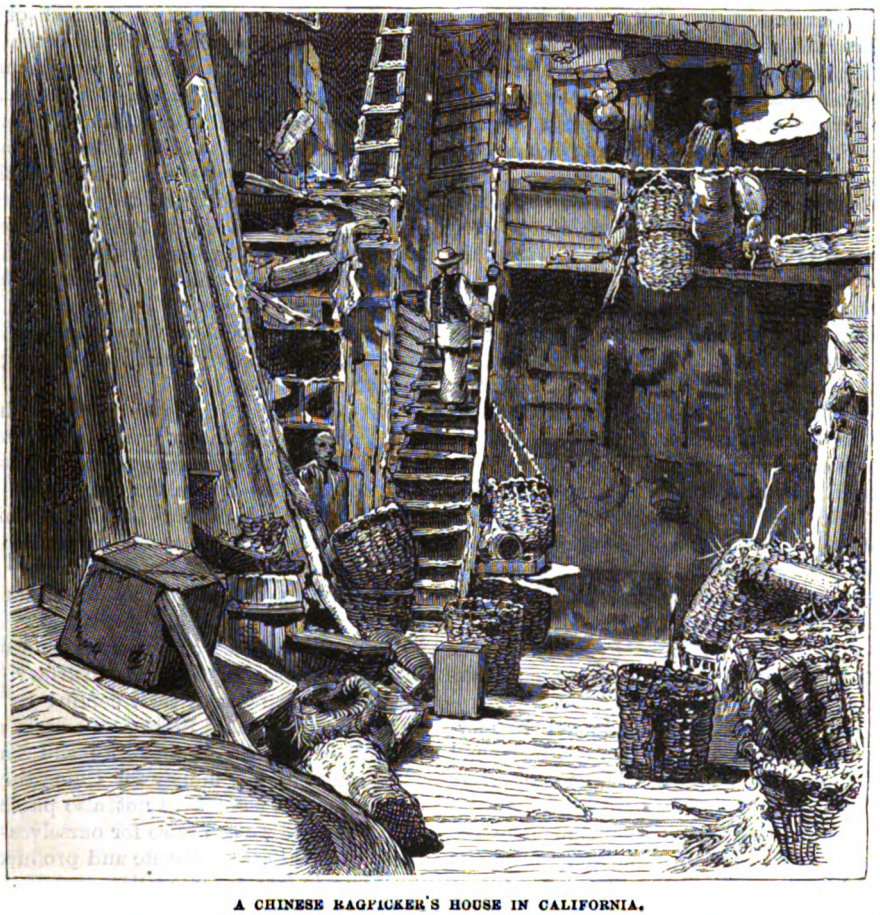
## III.

AFRICA AND CHINA IN AMERICA—TRADE UNIONS—THE RELATIONS OF HUMAN AND MACHINE LABOR.

In our examination of different labor systems, we have failed to allude to two which are more prominently known to modern times than are those which we have discussed. Slave-labor, as it appeared in the Southern States of America from 1620 to 1863, and the Coolie system, as this has been enforced in the States of South America.

Before proceeding with the concluding one of this series of papers, we will briefly review the main features concerned in the existence of these two modes of servile labor.

Slavery was introduced into the American Colonies in 1620, when a Dutch vessel brought a cargo of negroes to Jamestown, Va. In those days, pretty much every nation dealt in slaves, particularly the English, Dutch and Portuguese; but the greater part of the business, so far as North and South America were concerned, at last fell into the hands of Boston and Salem vessels, and New England resisted the suppression of the slave-trade to the last. It was a very lucrative thing for her merchants, and they were naturally loath to give it up. So late as 1795 a cargo of slaves was brought into Boston and sold at auction. This, by-the-way, was almost twenty years after the declaration of "independence."



A CHINESE RAGPICKER'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA.

The slave system, as engrafted on the American Republic, was an anomaly, which only the cotton trade enabled to exist. Indeed, had it not been for the invention of the cotton-gin, it must have died out early in its history. As it was, it continued to sustain itself until it became involved in the political system of the country, when it was sustained by politics. From the time of its first being viewed from a compromise standpoint, at the foundation of the United States Government, to that of its abolition by the emancipation act of Abraham Lincoln, January 1st, 1863, this system was a constant and fruitful source of political and social tribulation.

The temptation to secure additional power, or to strengthen that already possessed, was, in the Southern States, impossible to resist. The situation eventually narrowed down to limits which established the basis of political supremacy on a "color line," and then, as is usually the case in such instances, a catastrophe came to break the sequence.

The slave-trade having long ceased to afford a means for supplying the demand of the South in this direction, it became necessary to resort to breeding for the purpose, and this was carried on systematically and successfully. It is to be said of slavery in the Southern States of America, as has been already said in regard to the States of Antiquity, that it was employed as an instrument to hasten civilization and culture, but that it exceeded its period of usefulness. Another illustration of the narrowness of the line which divides usefulness from detriment in the economy of natural law.

Quite another institution of labor, and exercising influences peculiarly its own, is the Coolie system of South America; out of which has sprung the Mongolian emigration to the Pacific shores of North America, which latter movement is one which has not received due consideration or statesmanlike analysis at the hands of our political economists. "When it is considered that this immigration is not an accidental occurrence, occasioned by the existence of temporary influences, but, possibly, a vast swaying hitherward of forces which, similarly directed heretofore, have changed the fate of nations and altered the aspect of the earth, it should be seen that it is taken at once out of the control of humanity; though it may still, in a measure, be directed for good or evil under an intelligent judgment."

Since the appearance of this statement, the feeling of uneasiness occasioned by the appearance of large numbers of Mongols in California has increased to the extent of rousing an effort to suppress, or at least modify, the immigration. This uneasiness and this effort are an instinctive impulse, such as has characterized the occurrence of all great changes in the history of the world. The introduction of machinery by the application of power to the loom was followed by such outbreaks of dissatisfaction and

doubt. The tremendous emigration of the Irish to this country, brought about, a quarter of a century ago, the organization of the "Know-Nothing" party. The antagonism of the North to slavery, and an instinctive appreciation of the existence of danger to that institution, were powerful impulses of influence in the Southern States, long before the occurrence of any overt act. It has ever been, in such instances, like the effect produced upon animals by the coming of a physical catastrophe in nature—and the psychic or instinctive disturbance has proved politically, as it has proved physically, of no value save as a warning.

There has occurred no case in history of the retarding of one of these great movements. Similar instances recur to the mind on a moment's thought. The reception by the natives of the first emigrations to North America; the doubts of the Aztecs concerning Cortez and his crew; the reception of Pizarro by the Peruvians; the Mongolian invasion of Europe; the descent of the Barbarians upon Rome; the Osmanlis and Asia Minor—these things were; they occasioned dismay and fear for the future; no human power could repress them: and now, viewing the history of the past from our standpoint, we can see the wisdom which guided the movements and restrained opposition to their freedom.

The first Chinese who arrived in California were runaway Coolies from Callao, and the incident happened in 1849, the number of the new immigrants being twenty. From 1852 to 1870, the number of Chinese arriving in San Francisco was about 90,000, and the number existing in the United States in 1870 was about 75,000. During the eight years following this period, the number is alleged to have increased to double this figure, or 150,000.

The Coolie-trade was inaugurated at Macao so late as in 1847, when the first cargo sailed from that port for Callao. From that year to 1870, 150,000 Coolies are known to have arrived in Peru, of whom not 500 ever returned to their homes, although this trade is carried on upon a basis of a distinct term of service. The entire shipment of Coolies, during the same period, from Macao, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and Whampoa, to Cuba, Java, Peru, and other parts of South America, the Indian Archipelago, and Australia, amounted, in round numbers, to 269,000.

The business of the Coolie-trade is conducted by merchants in Callao and Lima, and in the Chinese ports, and by "brokers" (Portuguese or English), who take *lorchers*—boats specially appointed for the traffic—and go up the coast and the rivers of China after men. The net result is that the Coolie sells himself into slavery for eight or ten years, his term of service being transferable, like that of any other animal.

This is the Coolie-system, but that of Chinese emigration to California is very different. In the latter instance the Mongol literally *emigrates*—obtaining means either by mortgaging his wife and family for the period of his absence, or by giving notes payable at a certain period after his arrival in America. These notes include interest, commission for brokerage, bribery, and whatever other charges may be made upon him by the agents. Arrived in California, the Chinese emigrant is taken in charge by one of the five "Companies," who represent the different districts of China, and act as intelligence-offices, or "labor-bureaus" on a large scale. They effect engagements for the Chinamen, look after their interests here and at home, are bankers and brokers, see that they are cared for in sickness, and return their embalmed bodies to their families in China after their death. For these services they are paid a percentage on wages received, "acting in fact as a sort of general assurance office for the benefit of their clients." The companies are entirely honorable and trustworthy; and will, if desired, guarantee the conduct of those whom they supply for positions. Of course they have a firm hold upon the Chinese immigrants, as a threat to dissolve connection with them would be equivalent to depriving the latter of their only trusted protector.

The Chinese in California have developed mines, built railways, introduced a new and satisfactory system of domestic servitude—wherein the employer is the master, and not the servant—and have been found more faithful, industrious and capable than their equivalent of the ordinary stock labor (not skilled) of other races. Opposed and attacked in San Francisco, they have gradually, as individuals, pushed their way eastward until every principal city has a large and growing quota of Celestials, silently but rapidly worming their way into the practice of different industries. It is this method of *percolation* which makes the entire movement so formidable. It has the bearing of a reaction against previous miserable systems of labor, and of the opposition of a new and powerful force against the inroads of machinery. Certainly the opposition of machine-labor against hand-labor, if tried with the Chinese as one of the adversaries, is likely to be an improving spectacle for political economists.

The Chinese are the most deft, cunning, exact and fertile hand-workers in the world; it would be an astounding incident if the Providence of Natural law, which has left them "behind the age," as it is called, for all these centuries, should have done it to offer them, in the nineteenth century, as the only possible bulwark against the ravaging tide of machinery.

But our business is to wait and watch, to apply and to utilize, not to oppose or vainly speculate upon the apparent designs of the Almighty. In the matter of the Chinese emigration, the opposition of "sand-lot" orators and "local option" legislators is futile. While they are trying to stop the leak at the spigot the entire country is going to be drowned through the bung-hole. It is the presence of the Chinese *east* and not *west* of the Rocky Mountains that is portentous.

Meanwhile, since we borrow the Chinese, why not borrow also their interests and their industries? Particularly, why not pay the expense of their coming by founding the tea-culture in the United States, on a scale which shall enable us to dispense with Hong-Kong and Canton altogether? If we are to supply money for China through the Chinese emigration, let us at least not also purchase from China a product which we can raise for ourselves—making, instead, these very Chinese cultivate and produce it for us. This would be, in fact, poetic justice, as well as skilled regulation of the balance of trade. "The present condition of our labor-system is to be feared of all men. That any improvement can come to it, except by means of the freest competition, is impossible. That closely bound up in it are our present happiness and future prosperity is a plain truth, obvious to all.

"As no great event can take place in the world without a wise ulterior design, it may be that the final solution of the labor problem will be found in the advent into the West of the 'Heathen Chinee.'"

* * * * * * *

This matter of Chinese immigration, digression as it is, is not the less pertinent to the general subject of the history of labor, and to the special question of the entrance of Machinery as an element.

We return now to the condition of labor in the sixteenth century, when the old guild system was passing away, to be replaced by that of Trade Unions, with its following catalogue of uses and abuses. To recapitulate: we have

first the guild system, organized from skilled workmen who became employers; next, these grew rich and powerful—as a consequence, oppressive and exclusive, and out of such a situation grew a distinct "working class." The conflict was now between capital and labor, as it had previously been between the crafts and patricians. To offset the money power, Trade Unions came into being; and thus history repeated itself from the old slaveholding days of the Phœnicians and Carthage.

Trade Unions are voluntary (or involuntary) associations of workingmen for the purpose of securing and advancing their own interests as a body, and as individuals. The latter function is carried out by the application of benefit funds to the sick or the unemployed. The former function is contrived by extraordinary pressure upon manufacturers and employers, generally through the media of combinations and "strikes." As a compensation for the tendency of employers to reduce wages beyond a living point, they have been fruitful of good. In the hands of unscrupulous and ignorant demagogues they have been fruitful of evil. This may be said of every powerful institution under the sun.

As early as the time of Edward III. and his "statutes of laborers" (1349), the oppression of the working class began by men being consigned to prison for asking increase of wages. Succeeding reigns were characterized by the passage of similar acts, including particularly the 5th Eliz. cap. 4. which is noteworthy, however, for being manifestly in favor of the workingmen. By this statute, no one "could lawfully exercise, either as master or as journeyman, any art, mystery or manual occupation, except he had been brought up therein seven years, at least, as an apprentice. Every householder dwelling in a city, town-corporate, or market-town, might take apprentices for seven years at least. But only those youths could be taken as apprentices whose parents possessed a certain fortune; and none could be bound but those who were under twenty-one years of age. Whoever had three apprentices must keep one journeyman, and for every other apprentice above three, one other journeyman. As to journeymen, it was enacted, in most trades, no person should retain a servant under one whole year, and no servant was to depart or be put away but upon a quarter's warning. The hours of work were fixed by the Act to about twelve hours in Summer, and from the day-dawn till night in Winter. Wages were to be assessed yearly by the justices of the peace or the town magistrates, at every General Sessions first to be holden after Easter. The same authorities were to settle all disputes between masters and apprentices, and protect the latter. The 1st Jac. I. cap. 6 expressly extends this power of the justices and town magistrates to fix wages, to the wages of all laborers and workmen whatever."

These regulations were entirely satisfactory to the workingmen, and had they been carried out as they were honestly intended, there would probably have been no trade unions, and, possibly, no machinery—though this latter is rather a startling intimation. The fact was, that the employers grew restive under the Statute 5th Elizabeth, and so manœuvred during the following century that it became a veritable "dead letter." By the time of Queen Mary, they were legislating as to how many looms a weaver might run—and this was machinery.

In 1720, the custom of "fixed wages" having fallen into disuse, the justices re-established it, but its provisions were not carried out. Now we have the overt act on the part of the employers, who were, in fact, seeking to oppress in the matter of wages; and, as a result, combinations were formed by the laborers to antagonize this course on the part of the masters.

In 1725 an Act was passed forbidding combinations of workmen employed in the woolen manufactures. And in the following year the rate of wages was ordered to be fixed by another Act. This, however, was not done, for some reason; and in 1756 the workmen petitioned the justices to proceed under the Act. The masters put in a counter-petition, the justices refused to act, and the weavers revolted, hindered the journeymen who went on working, and drove them from their looms. The losses which occurred to the country during the prevalence of these riots were estimated at about £20,000.

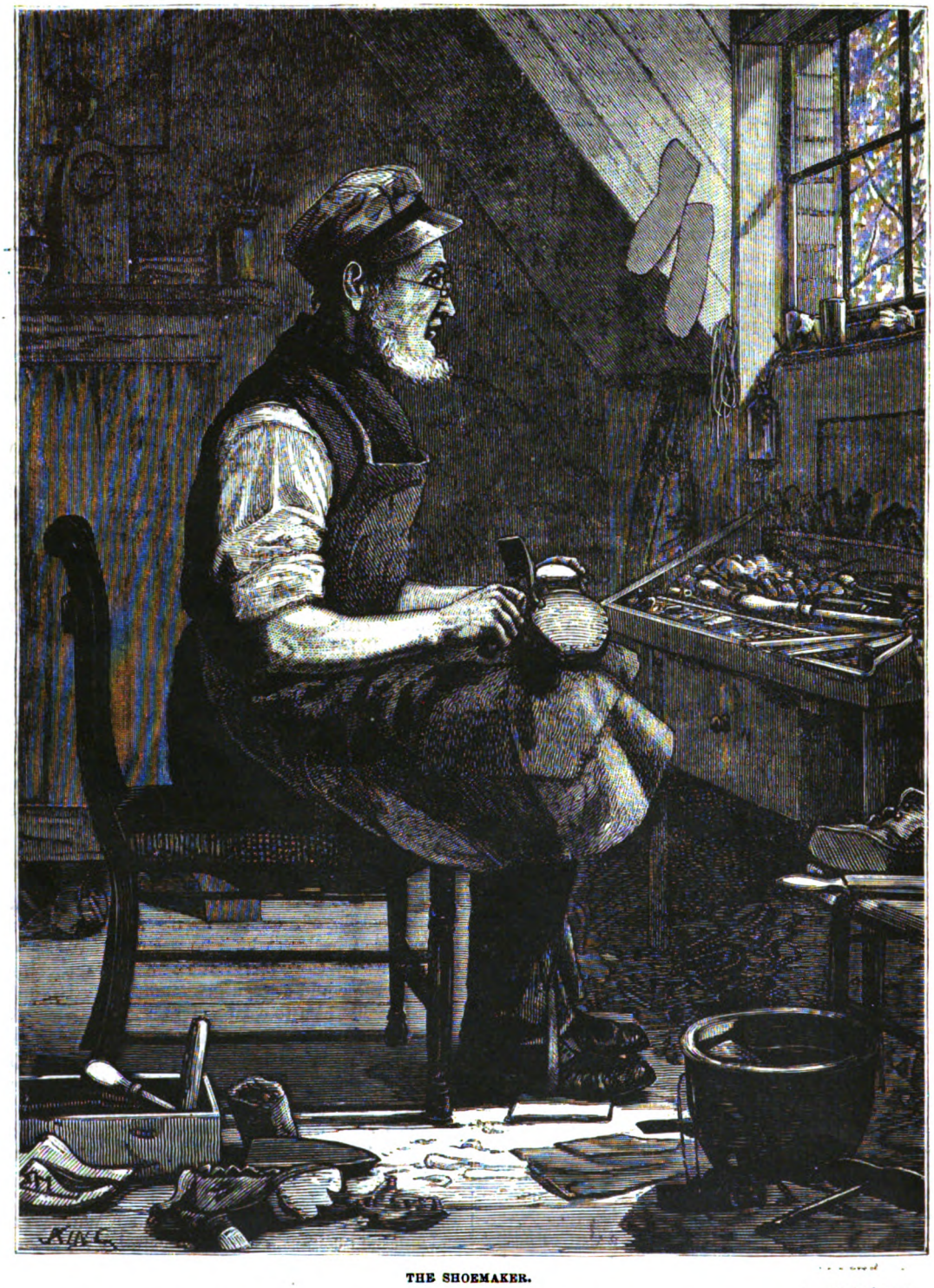
It is probable that the occurrence of these riots awoke the employers, in the woolen manufacture of England at least, to a sense of possible danger. It is probable, indeed, that, in their consultations over the question thus suddenly sprung upon them, these masters took into consideration the possibility of constructing a future in which the workman should be less indispensable than he was at this period. In fact, it was at this time that the idea of the factory system dawned upon the minds of English manufacturers and capitalists.

It should be observed here that the persecutions of Philip II. and his emissaries in the Low Countries had driven the unfortunate Netherlanders to despair, and forced emigration upon the best craftsmen of Holland and Belgium. Such was also the case in France, where, in 1685, Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had insured religious freedom to the entire Protestant population. By this act the looms of Lyons were reduced from 13,000 to 4,000. At Tours, 40,000 artisans were lessened to 4,000. Crowds of the best weavers were thus driven by intolerance to flee to England, Prussia and Switzerland. We are thus reminded that the prevalent distress of the laboring class in England (*tempus* Jac. I. *et* Carol. I.) was paralleled upon the Continent, and that everywhere there existed a design to grind this order to the lowest condition, that they might be forced to yield the largest possible pecuniary return to their employers, on the smallest possible investment of capital.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the woolen manufactures of England were carried on by small masters in their own homes. They dwelt in villages and scattered houses, and often cultivated, besides, a little land, from three to twelve or fifteen acres. Often, too, they had a horse to carry their cloth to market. The number of such small masters, for instance, about Leeds was 3,500. Each master employed, on the average, ten journeymen and apprentices, besides which he was assisted by his wife and children. By the system then in vogue, a young man of good repute could always get credit for as much wool as would enable him to establish himself as a small master. Then, too, if stagnation occurred in the foreign market, or a large firm became bankrupt, the losses were distributed among so many small manufacturers that they were not felt seriously by any. The employment of the journeymen was regular, apprentices were taught by their masters, and there existed among masters and men a sentiment of mutual confidence and regard which was in the highest degree advantageous to both parties. This was the case until the thirst for wealth, and the desire to extend and enlarge business, came into operation; working, too, as has been shown, through oppression and to mutual distrust and dislike, instead of the ancient candor and affection.

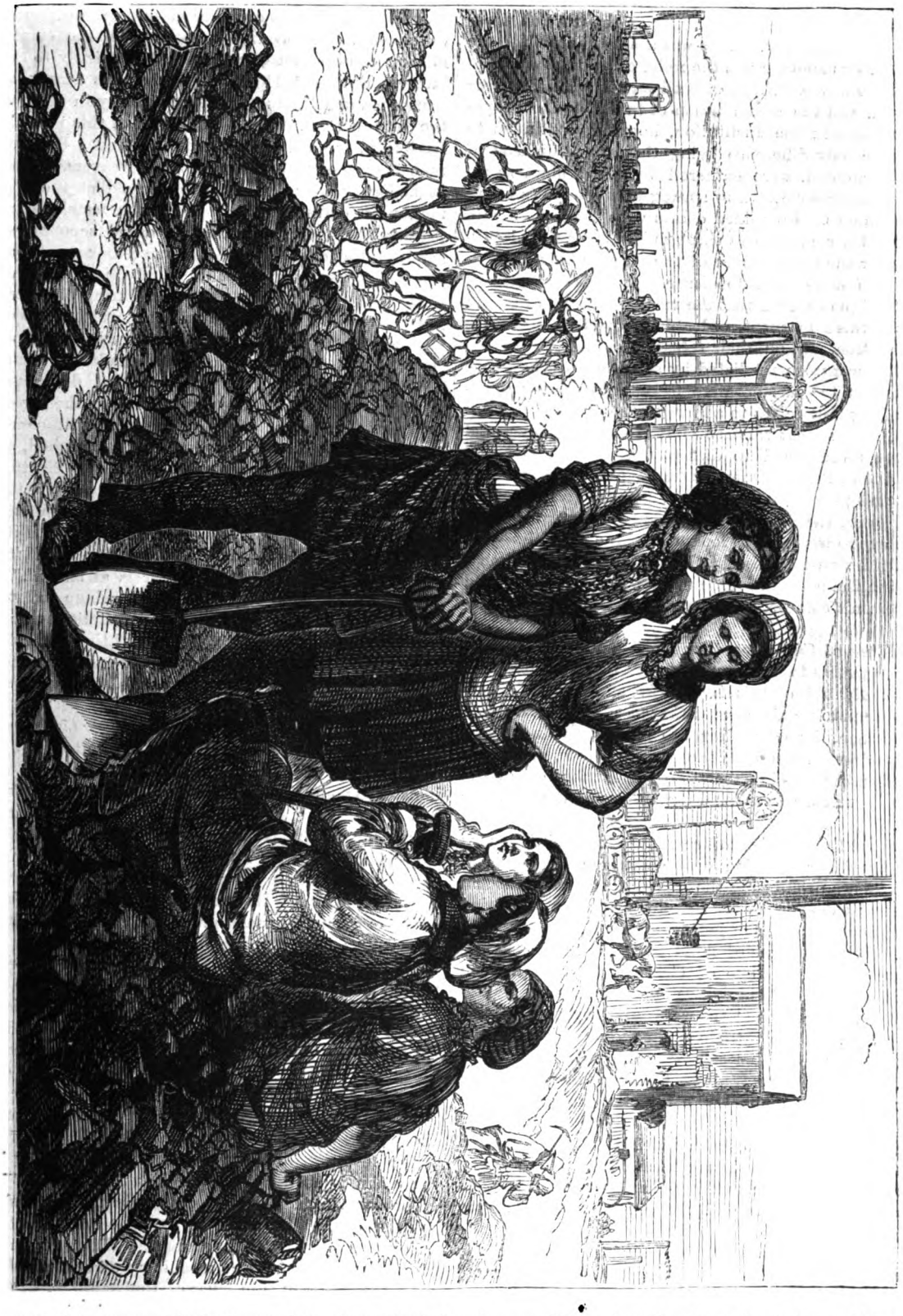
Into this condition of things was pushed the introduction of the factory system and the application of power to machinery. Mills were first erected on rivers and streams, to make use of the fall of water. Various processes which had before been chiefly performed by hand under the master's own roof were now executed in public mills by

machinery. Merchants now became manufacturers themselves, and owned large mills. The skill which had been gained through generations of constant labor and thought now became replaced by mechanism, which, while seeming to perform a larger quantity of work, was found to be less successful in the quality of the latter. Apprentices were now not obliged to serve by indenture, and it soon became customary to employ in the mills those who had served no apprenticeship, and, particularly, large numbers of women and children. The restrictions which had formerly guarded admission to the cloth-halls were now removed, and any class of work was accepted. Then, too, employment became much more irregular than formerly. Every small fluctuation in trade affected the capital of a single large manufacturer much more than it had formerly affected a multitude of small ones; and every stop in the sale led at once to a discharge of workmen. Formerly, too, wages had been settled for each year; now, every fluctuation led to a reduction in wages. At first workmen were enticed to the mills by promise of high wages; but as these became changed with the changes of trade, the operatives were glad enough to go back to the employ of



THE SHOEMAKER.

the small manufacturers. "Whenever such discharged workmen found work again, even for less wages, at a domestic clothier's, on account of the greater regularity of employment they never wished afterward to change their place, even for higher wages at the factories." (Parl. Report, July 4th, 1806.) Many who had been masters now sank to be workmen, and the feeling of uneasiness concerning the future, to which we have already alluded in connection with other and similar conditions, took possession of skilled workmen, who feared that the factory system would supplant the domestic, and were determined to resist this, at all hazards.



FEMALE LABOR IN THE ENGLISH COAL-MINES.

It seems that at the beginning neither master nor journeyman resisted the violation of the old customs and laws.

But the employment of great numbers of children, apprentices, and journeymen who had served no apprenticeship, soon took the bread out of the mouths of these craftsmen, and this led in 1796 to the formation of a *trade society*, called the "Institution," among the cloth-makers at Halifax, to prevent people from carrying on the trade in violation of custom and law. This was the main object of the Institution, but another was the relief of sick members.

In 1799 (39th Geo. III., cap. 81) all such Associations were suppressed, and the accumulation of funds by them especially prohibited; the Institution, however, continued to flourish, the only difference being that funds, instead of being accumulated, were gathered by subscription as required. Similar societies now sprung up in every direction, and in all trades. Combined efforts were made to obtain redress for their grievances through Parliament, and particularly for the maintenance of the Act 5th Eliz., cap. 4, which had fallen quite into disuse. It is characteristic of the spirit of the contest, that the master manufacturers, on hearing of this movement, ordered their workmen to leave the Institution, and on their refusal promptly discharged them. The workmen retaliated by striking work in all the factories, and the masters were forced into signing a contract binding themselves to adhere to the obnoxious Act.

But this agreement remained but of short standing, and the masters continued to disregard the prescribed and legal rights of the workmen, until the latter became exasperated and proceeded to violence. In 1805 a factory was burned down, the London fire insurance companies were notified by the workmen to look out for their policies—and so the fight waxed continually hotter, and more and more societies in the nature of trade unions were organized, and the workmen's combinations were thus materially strengthened.

The House of Commons, though often appealed to, was seldom favorable to the employed, but to the employers. Adam Smith said of this fact: "Whenever the legislature attempts to regulate the differences between masters and workmen, its counselors are always the masters." This, by-the-way, has been the case ever since, and down to the assembling and deliberation and lucubration of the peculiar Hewitt Congressional Committee of the Summer of 1878.

It is a fact that the Committee of the House of Commons having the labor question before them in 1806, recommended "laws prohibiting the export of raw materials and machinery; the emigration of skilled workmen to foreign parts, and combinations of journeymen."

Such being the frame of mind in which the legislators and statesmen of the time of George III. entered upon their consideration of this grave question, it may readily be imagined that combinations were only provoked by their future action. Already trade unions existed among the ship-builders, tailors, hatters, stocking-makers, scissors-smiths, and many other trades. In Nottingham, riot and sedition were rife; mobs broke into the factories of the framework-knitters, broke hundreds of frames, and thrashed masters and workmen indefinitely. But it is to be remembered that the laws of the land, so far as they benefited or favored the working-class, were a dead-letter, and that the legislature and the courts were in league with the employers.

Violence is always wrong and always injudicious. In the present instance it but served to bind the shackles more firmly. So far from having driven the employers to just consideration of their rights, the outraged and foolish workmen of the eighteenth century only managed to project their wrongs as an heirloom into the nineteenth. Instead of running counter to the positive tendency of the age, they should have adapted themselves to its uses, and its uses to their practical benefit. It was the old, old story of "kicking against the pricks."

It is true, however, that whenever the workmen in the time of which we write found their complaints listened to, and the slightest evidence of interest in their behalf developing, they invariably ceased from the employment of their combinations, and trusted implicitly to the legislature. But in 1814 the final blow was struck, and the master manufacturers gained the victory in the repeal of the Act 5th Eliz., cap. 4. The result of this procedure was terrible in the distress which it involved. Parliamentary reports on the condition of the silk-weavers, for instance, immediately after this repeal, declare that the "journeymen were driven to famine and the female workers to prostitution." An absolutely identical account was also given of the condition of the watch-makers of Coventry. Combinations now rose in every direction, and the workmen, driven to despair, committed, during the next fifteen years (or until 1830), acts of violence and brutality, which can only be accounted for on one theory: constant injustice and shameful ill-treatment had gradually demoralized these unhappy creatures, until, rendered desperate, property and even life itself lost importance in their eyes. Said William Pitt, years before, "The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages, and all the other manufacturers must follow. If ever it does arrive at this pitch, Parliament, if it be not then sitting, ought to be called together; and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end." Occasional sayings of this nature show that here and there in the dreary story of stupidity and iniquity, some mind appears with foresight to follow existing conditions to their logical conclusion, and virtue to indicate a means of improvement. But these are isolated instances, and the rule has been to the contrary.

"Combinations," says a writer in *Fraser* (January, 1879), "were the inevitable and necessary outcome of those changes in industrial life which led to the growth of a capitalist class—men who were not craftsmen, as formerly, but manufacturers: they were fostered by the introduction of machinery, the consequent division of labor, the aggregation of large numbers of workpeople in certain localities, and the inauguration of factory life."

The invention of Hargreave's spinning-jenny, the application of power to machinery by Arkwright in his mills for carding, the invention of the Jacquard loom and Eli Whitney's "cotton-gin"—these were the chief elements which, in the eighteenth century, disorganized the existing conditions of labor, superseded handicraft, established the factory system, and gave rise to trade unions. Had the application of machinery and the uses of power been entertained in the spirit of ameliorating the condition of workingmen, the result in our day would have been to advance civilization; controlled, however, by the desire for wealth and power, these elements have worked destructively. As to the necessity for the vast and unwieldy factory system, the claim is answered by the fact that India, by hand-labor alone, consumes more cotton than all the rest of the world put together aided by machinery and both water and steam power. Concerning the difference in quality of workmanship between machinery and hand-labor, it is conceded that this is in favor of the handicraft in all articles whatsoever. No machine has ever been constructed which could equal the human hand, directed by the human brain, and guided by the human eye. Yet no reasoning man is so absurd as to argue against the use of machinery,

*within proper limits.* It is only against an over-use, which is being found detrimental to the race, that the wise man protests, and against which the laborer struggles in vain. Yet the capitalist, no less than the laborer, if he would but see it, is a terrible loser in this untoward employment of the forces of nature—those forces which, rightly used, are our servants, but which when extravagantly employed become our masters.

Against this over-use, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have set the front of a series of combinations in the trade unions, which are among the most formidable and dangerous organizations ever founded. To refer still further to the writer in *Fraser*, four trade unions in England comprise 1,010 branches, 94,172 members, and have at present funds in hand amounting to £446,323, or two and a quarter millions of dollars. These four societies are the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Friendly Society of Iron Founders, the Boiler-makers and Iron-Shipbuilders, and the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners. The payments of these societies in 1877 were as follows: To persons out of work, £126,576; sick benefit, £50,772; superannuation, £18,810; accident benefit, £6,203; funeral benefit, £13,310. This displays somewhat the nature and scope of this vast organization of workingmen against capital *plus* machinery, against undue depreciation of wages, against concentration of power. Quoting now from the writer already mentioned (George Howell): "The chief objects of trade unions are the protection of their members in all matters pertaining to wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment, such as over-time, piece-work, and the like. These may be said to be their primary and fundamental aims; all others are accessory. To say that the trade unions use their funds for trade purposes is equivalent to saying that they are used for the specific purposes for which they are contributed; to assert that the unions use the funds contributed for Friendly Society objects for other objects not named is incorrect. The Friendly Society purposes of the union are in all cases subordinate to the main object—namely, the protection of trade privileges."

This frank statement is valuable, as covering the entire question, objections and all. That, in the pursuit of their objects, individual members of trade unions should go beyond their privilege of legal opposition, or resort to violence and license, is merely to say that individual men are sometimes active in wrong-doing. Soldiers in wartime commit depredations on neutrals; bank-cashiers levant with their assets; life insurance companies and trust companies make way with trust-funds in faithless speculation; and railroad corporations water their stock, and flood the market with counterfeits. Had the manufacturers of the eighteenth century kept faith with those in their employ, or even only obeyed the law of the land, trade unions would not have been. If the manufacturers of the nineteenth century, as a body, ruled their affairs wisely and honorably as regards their employés, trade unions would cease to exist. That some manufacturers do thus conduct themselves, restraining their business within sensible limits, and that these have no trouble with trade unions or with their workmen, is evidence that all might experience the same conditions if their course were wisely and justly, instead of selfishly and foolishly, directed.

Perhaps the strongest argument to be used in favor of trade unions, and of the right of laboring men to dictate their own terms, is offered by Mr. Howell in his article on trade unions: "Labor, we are told, is a commodity, and as such is governed by the same laws as all other commodities. But in the sale of other commodities it is the seller, not the buyer, who fixes the price. . . . If workmen seek to take the same position with regard to their labor, it is denounced as presumption on their part; and yet, be it remembered, they are the sellers of labor, which is their commodity." There is no getting away from the logic of this position, and the situation is certainly an anomalous one. The statement, however true, that workmen are not obliged to accept certain low wages unless they choose, does not mitigate the injustice, nor disturb the argument; because, by *combining*, manufacturers are able to command the market and dictate their own terms. It certainly would seem inconsistent to characterize similar action on the part of operatives as an impropriety, when it is common for employers to use this means to lessen their expenses or losses—as in coal mining in this country, for instance.

The present series of papers is designed to present facts in the history of labor; and, so far as is practicable, to show the general tendency of its many phases. If the sequence of events proves anything, it is that the law of labor is the law of God, and that, so far from events in its history being fortuitous, they flow naturally and by natural law, and can be predicated on any given course of conduct, as readily as harvest from seed-time.

That labor, so far from being a curse, is a blessing, and the father of blessings, is self-evident. Yet to bring this natural and normal result about, it needs that intelligence should direct government and legislation, and "charity to all" soften the hearts of all. Meanwhile the fight, as between labor and capital, goes on as it went on two hundred years ago. But it is not, and never was, a fight against capital *per se*, for capital is a good and a necessary thing, and is so recognized. The fight is between labor illy paid and capital illy directed. The disturbance of society which is occasioned by the misuse of capital in ignorant, selfish and injudicious hands, is an unqualified abuse which is being daily perpetrated.

During recent years, the ill-favored condition of the laboring classes has been manifest and increasing. This has been the case in England, Germany, and the United States, to an alarming degree. And perhaps a peculiarity not less alarming, is the fact that this condition has not been confined to the laboring classes. Instead of the "rich growing richer, and the poor poorer," it is doubtful if, in proportion, the rich have not been growing poorer than the poor. It may be pretty nearly set down for an axiom, that when labor ceases to be remunerative to those who perform it, its results will not be advantageous to those who enjoy them. This has at least been the case of late, and strenuous efforts have been made, now on one side, and now on the other, to avoid the general ruin which has seemed to be impending. In England and the United States, employers have reduced wages to the lowest practicable point, run factories on half-time, and finally closed altogether. In 1877 and 1878 two-thirds of the blast-furnaces in the United States were out. The number of failures in business has increased steadily, year by year, since 1872. Strikes of tens of thousands of laboring men have been constant occurrences during the last three years, in England and America. The number of failures in Great Britain during the year 1878 was 15,059, being an increase of nearly thirty per cent. over 1877. In South Wales the strikes, after causing a loss of nearly $15,000,000, ended in the formation of a Board of Arbitration, and the adoption of a sliding scale of wages.

The Christmas season of 1878 will long be remembered in England as a period of exceptional trial and sorrow. In Parliament, a member addressed to the Home Secretary this question: "I would like to ask whether the Home

MY FAITHFUL STAR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 106.

Secretary can correct or corroborate the report that we are almost face to face with such a crisis of distress as this generation has never known—a distress affecting even the metropolis, but operating even with greater intensity in the cotton, coal and iron districts?"

In Manchester, times were worse than in the cotton famine. In London, cases occurred of literal starvation; the same thing occurred in New York. The Midland Railway of England reduced the wages of its service a shilling a week. On the London and Northwestern Railway, 5,000 men obtained an enforced holiday for ten days. In Birmingham the distress was the greatest known for many years; in Ulverstone the iron trade stopped, and soup-kitchens were opened. In Chard the lacemakers were refused work unless they retired from their trade union. The colliers of Tunstall had their wages reduced ten per cent.; the silk trade of Leeds was at a standstill; and in Staffordshire, the great pottery country, there was never known such depression. In the iron district a reduction of wages of two shillings per week was made. On one day in Manchester, at one agency, relief was asked for 10,800 souls; this was in December, 1878. [N. Y. *Herald* corresp.]. One hundred thousand colliers were threatening a strike, their wages being reduced twelve per cent.

At Preston a ten per cent. reduction occurred among the cotton operatives; the railway operatives of Barrow were fighting an increase of hours of labor; six hundred weavers in Carlisle were on strike early in January, 1879; in the iron trade at Warrington there was a strike involving 1,500 men, January 13th; in the cotton and iron districts there was a general reduction of five per cent. in wages by January 15th.

The weavers of Carlisle, the employés of the Midland Railway, and some other strikers, accepted terms of arbitration. In the iron shipbuilding yards and foundries in Liverpool a reduction of seven and a half per cent. was enforced, a great strike resulted, and ships were unable to load and unload, the transatlantic steamers being greatly obstructed in consequence. In Liverpool also occurred, early in February, a strike of sailors, involving from 10,000 to 15,000 men, while 2,500 engineers were on strike in London. This was the middle of February.

In the meantime the depression of trade was something quite alarming, as a falling-off in the prices of staple articles occurred on an average of twelve per cent., and this when prices were already extremely low, and many industries on the verge of ruin. In the County of Durham, on January 28th, 7,000 miners were idle, and the distress had not been equaled since the great strike of 1844.

This condition was not confined to England. The distress in the United States is generally known and admitted. In Berlin there was, between 1876 and 1878, a decrease in the number of factories of 400, and of more than 3,000 workmen. The statistics of crime throughout Prussia showed an increase of twenty-five per cent. between 1873 and 1877. France, however, had increased greatly in wealth and prosperity, recent reliable statistics showing that country to be the richest in Europe. Yet at St. Etienne the velvet manufacturers reduced the wages of their operatives twenty per cent. in January last.

These few statements of facts of recent occurrence in the history of labor sufficiently illustrate the present condition

of industry. We might enlarge on the "tramp system" of the United States, but that the conclusions of the Hewitt Congressional Committee, and the statistics of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of Massachusetts, demonstrate that the "tramp" is a figment and a myth, having no existence save in the imaginations of vivid and unscrupulous socialists.

Mr. T. H. Walker, "mechanic and manufacturer," of Worcester, Mass., gave evidence before the Congressional Labor Committee; and, having no mean opinion of the value of the information which he imparted, caused his testimony to be printed in a pamphlet of forty-three pages, and published with the imprint of the American News Company. Referring to page 18th of this document, we find that shoe factories in England can be run for about forty-five per cent. less (that is, with a given number of hands) than they can be run in the United States. Yet shoe factories in England have failed and shoe operatives have been on strike, to the result of general distress in that trade. How, then, must it be with the trade in this country, working at an increased expense of "forty-five per cent"?

Mr. Walker kindly answers the question out of his own experience, and shows (p. 10) that in Worcester, Mass., since 1840, thirty-three firms in the shoe-manufacturing trade have failed, out of forty-eight engaged in the business; and further states that he thinks "the manufacturers have shod the people since 1873 at a great loss to themselves." Yet Mr. Walker remarked, "the people to-day are, in my judgment, fifty per cent. better off than they were in 1840, in regard to the comforts which they enjoy." Casually observing, also, that the introduction of machinery "holds the same place which higher education holds to society"; but qualifying this, and clinching the whole evidence in that direction before the Congressional Committee, by his assertion that "more can be produced from the soil with the careful culture of the spade and hand, than by any other contrivance, and machinery will never add any power to the productiveness of the land, to make it support an increased population to the square mile." All of which testimony is submitted to the present reader to illustrate the hopeless muddle of right and wrong, accurate and absurd, which the intelligent American manufacturer compasses when he undertakes to talk political economy.

The statement made by Mr. Walker as to the value of hand-work in tilling the soil was certainly an inspiration. Not only is there more soil tilled where there is no machinery employed, and a result of better tillage (witness the Chinese, the best farmers in the world), but the more machinery there is employed in farming, beyond a certain point, the less profit is there obtained. Thus the vast machine-farming operations of the Far West, working tens of thousands of acres by steam-power and machinery, have in nearly all cases arrived at bankruptcy; and it is generally conceded that the method of *concentration* as applied to farming is a failure. Michael L. Sullivant, who owned the largest farm in the United States, it being eight miles square, died on a steamboat on the Ohio River in January last, at the age of seventy-three years, owing one and a half million of dollars. His farm was mortgaged for $473,000, his personal property for $200,000, and at one time he was paying $5,000 a month interest money.

The principle of centring vast operations of business in a few hands, and that of concentration instead of distribution of capital, and the over-use of powerful and complex forces to accomplish this, have been the main features in the history of labor since the breaking up of the trade-guilds of the Middle Ages. That these have brought the civilized world to its present condition of financial distress and

MARRIED AT THE SWORD'S POINT.—"I FOUND IT HIDDEN BETWEEN TWO GREAT ABORTIVE ATTEMPTS AT CLASSIC GRANDEUR—A LITTLE BIT OF CANVAS, NOT MORE THAN SIX BY NINE, HALF-TORN OFF THE STRETCHER, AND DUSTY AS THE CATACOMBS."— SEE PAGE 107.

disaster should by this time be appreciated of all men. Yet serene optimism blinds its eyes to the situation and persistently ignores facts which are obvious; preferring rather to sacrifice human happiness and prosperity, than to acknowledge error and retrace misguided steps. The purpose of the present series of papers is accomplished, if from them can be gained a general idea of the progress of the institution of labor from the most ancient times to the present. It is no part of the intention of this writing to set forth theories of possible improvement, or to advance or encourage radical changes. Indeed, the wrongs and the errors which by faulty legislation in the mass, and grasping selfishness in the individual, have been permitted to poison the institution at its fountain-head, have progressed so far that probably a *laissez-aller* policy is the only one left—until the right shall right itself through influences against which ignorance and stubbornness may vainly strive. But there are certain suggestions drawn from history which will not be out of place here, and which might prove of use in individual cases.

We would direct the attention of the reader for a moment to Spain, once supreme among nations, and where labor throve under benign aspects, and the lot of mankind was perhaps as pleasant and as prosperous as in any land whose history is known to us. As it would appear to be a part of the law of races, that these rise, decline, and fall, without exception, in their own good time, the condition of Spain during the past century is no evidence against the peculiar institution to which we are about to refer. The *Cortes*, or legislative body of Spain, is composed of a Senate and House of Representatives. In the election of members of the lower House it has been customary from time immemorial, to *represent* the different trades and avocations, by electing members from them, of persons absolutely engaged in their practice. There has, perhaps, been no other case known to history where this course has been pursued.

Now, as legislation is to be credited with most of the evils which have embarrassed and oppressed the laboring-classes for five centuries, would it not be wise to try this course as an experiment elsewhere besides in Spain? Theoretically, it certainly seems logical and appropriate. The iron interest or the cotton interest has just as much right to be represented in legislative assemblies through its operatives as in the person of its employers. Intelligent miners could better state the case of their fellows, than masters; and if the colliers were represented in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, perhaps there would be fewer "Molly Maguires," less shouldering of the burdens of mammoth coal companies on their laborers, and more able-bodied men earning more than a dollar a day for the support of families of half a dozen persons. The principle of "no taxation without representation," for which our ancestors fought, is involved in every act or want of action on the part of legislation as to labor. Even in the Congress of the United States, possibly the entire country would be as well served by such representation as is here indicated (and which has ever been thought good enough for Spain), as by the mass of lawyers and politicians who now furnish legislative action for a nation, of whose adult male individuals more than one-half are employed in the mechanical trades, and only one-twelfth in the professions and personal service.

One other suggestion occurs here, which might at least be applied in individual cases, and possibly with the effect of relieving individual distress. It is a fact admitted by so many authorities, as well as by the general public, that hand-made work is better than that made by machinery, that it is needless to multiply such testimony—better in design, because always subject to the instantaneous inventive power of the fertile human mind; better in execution, because executed by skill tutored by experience, and because never subject to the cast-iron restrictions as to taste and judgment which are necessarily imposed by mechanism. Such being the case, and it being the fact that hand-made clothes, hand-made shoes, hand-made furniture, never fail of a good and remunerative market, why might there not profitably be attempted an invasion into the handicrafts of the Middle Ages, on the part of the skilled mechanics of the nineteenth century? A little courage, a very little capital, and a determination to work with fidelity and honesty, and with respect for self and for one's own handiwork, would serve to start such an experiment, and it is worth trying. It is worth trying, if only that truth and honesty of purpose may thus be allowed to emit one feeble outcry against the sham and the counterfeit product on the one hand, and the grinding tyranny on the other, involved in the crushing mechanism which is become the soul of our race and our day—a mechanism which has even entered into morals and manners, and now throttles religion, stifles honesty, and aborts education.

While such suggestions may be of little service, they seem not altogether unwise, and may bear fruit when and where would be least expected. It is certain, however, that the condition of labor to-day is about where we found it more than twenty centuries ago—that of practical slavery.

## MY FAITHFUL STAR.

Down the moonpath, softly creeping,
  Came my little love to me;
Wakened from her first, fresh sleeping
  By my farewell melody.

Chaste and childlike, 'neath the moonbeams,
  Stood she there to hear my love;
Which, e'en through her deepest night-dreams,
  Thus had power her soul to move.

Round my outstretched, fevered fingers
  Closed her soft and cooling palm;
Round my heartstrings fondly lingers
  That loved touch, so pure and calm.

Up unto the heavens then gazing
  With those liquid wells of light—
Up to heaven her white hand raising
  To the maiden Queen of Night,

Said she then—(I yet can hear her):
  "As that moon and planet pale,
Ever near, but never nearer,
  Sadly through the night-air sail;

"So on earth, though doomed to sever
  (Tears her lifted eyes now fill),
Still our hearts will cling for ever—
  Cling through parting, pain and ill!"

Thus she spoke, and softly creeping
  To my heart, one kiss she gave;
Then she left me, gently weeping—
  Left me, oh, so strong and brave!

Still beside me, ever gliding
  Near me, yet, alas! so far;
Patient, watchful and confiding,
  Steals my fond and faithful star!

When, in a case of doubtful morality, you have to ask, Is there any harm in doing this? answer by asking, Is there any harm in letting it alone?

# MARRIED AT THE SWORD'S POINT.

I AM very apt, of a sunny afternoon, to turn my back upon the Park and its brilliancy, and, eschewing the solemn dress-parade of Fifth Avenue, or the gay bustle of Broadway, to make my way through Tenth Street to that rambling and mediaeval structure where, in the midst of the most restless city in the world, one may still find a breath of quiet, and a suggestion of the world of art. I am so happy as to have many acquaintances among the artists who hive there like bees, storing honey to mollify many a slice of every-day bread-and-butter, and among them all I count one friend —a large proportion, as the world goes, I suppose.

But Peter Paul and I met in Rome, and something in each claimed so strong a sympathy in the other that, scarcely waiting for the customary probation of liking, we fell almost at once to loving each other, in the fashion of our sex, strongly and very undemonstratively. If ever I stand in need of a man to put his own life in jeopardy for my sake, I know just where to find him; and I doubt not that Peter Paul would say precisely the same thing, if he spoke at all upon the subject; and yet neither of us ever dreamed, or probably will dream, of making to each other any sort of profession of affection, or using any tenderer appellation than "old fellow" in our tenderest moods. Women can't understand that last sentence or two, but I fancy some of the men will.

About a year ago I strolled into the studio, and found Peter Paul hard at work finishing up the portrait of probably the ugliest woman who ever posed before an artist; but, fortunately, she is very rich, and keeps a French maid, so that her velvet and lace and jewels made up a picture very well worth looking at, and one needn't notice the face; in fact, I fancy that this is the fashion in which most of Mrs. Bullion's acquaintances, including her husband, contemplate her.

I looked over Peter Paul's shoulder for a little while, and made some criticisms, to which he grunted a response with his brush across his mouth, and then I began to prowl about the studio, glancing at the show-pieces, which I knew by heart, and exploring various crowded nooks and shelves of the great room, in hopes of finding something new, until at last I found it, hidden between two great, abortive attempts at classic grandeur—a little bit of canvas, not more than six by nine, half torn off the stretcher, and dusty as the catacombs, but still with proof enough of what it was, visible at the first glance, to make me bundle up all the rest of my treasures-trove; and after carefully wiping the little canvas and placing it upon an empty easel, to seat myself in front of it for half an hour's contemplation before I opened my lips again.

It was an interior; the hall of an old castle, its walls hung with suits of armor and tattered banners, and pointed windows, through one of which a waning moon peeped, in a frightened sort of way, her pale light carefully contrasted with the yellow glare of the torches set in silver sockets upon the walls, and the candles in great, branched candelabra upon the table. Those contrasted lights made up one of the cleverest effects I have ever seen, and I looked at it for a long time before going further.

In one corner, its rich draperies trailing upon the dark, polished floor, which sent back a dim reflection, stood, as if hastily pushed aside, a table covered with the remnants of a feast—glowing fruits in silver dishes, a vase of flowers, and some flasks and goblets of old Venice glass, fit to have ornamented a state banquet of the Doge.

Beside this table, and so rather in the shadow, stood a monk, his rosy face blanched with sudden terror, his hands and eyes upraised in expostulations quite unheeded by the three richly dressed cavaliers who surrounded the prostrate body of a young man dying at their feet from the wound upon which his right hand was convulsively clasped.

The flesh-coloring of that dying man's face was something marvelous; the flush of wine and passion lingering still, and the greenish pallor of death creeping over it, the low, full brow so damp with the last agony that the disordered hair clung to it in a heavy, lifeless way, horribly true to nature; the eyes so languid and yet so anguished; the parted lips pale and drawn, and the ghastly look of the disclosed teeth! Oh, it was marvelous! marvelous! And so surely as I lie awake at night, or my dreams are bad, the face and figure of that dying man rise before me, a type of all that is ghastly in sudden death.

Beside this figure knelt that of a beautiful young girl, pale as the muslin wrapper hastily thrown about her slender figure, while the long, dark hair falling about her shoulders, the little slipper dropped unheeded upon the floor, and the absence of any ornament, suggested that she had hastily descended from her chamber to the scene of revelry, so strangely changed to the scene of death.

Pointing with his naked and blood-stained sword toward this group of dying man and mourning maiden, stood a tall and powerful man, in whose dark face one could not fail to trace a resemblance to the pallid beauty of the girl, although the expressions were so widely different. Pointing, as I have said, toward them, with a contempt and anger in the gesture that one could feel as if he heard the accompanying words, his face was turned toward the other two cavaliers, who stood close together looking down at the dying man, and in one of these faces, half in shadow though it was, I thought to recognize Peter Paul's features, not as they appear to-day, somewhat livid and careworn, and almost savagely set in snow-white beard and mustache, but as I first saw them in the gallant and golden days of our mutual youth beneath the enchanted skies of Italy, and radiant with hopes not yet fulfilled. It was at this point that I spoke:

"See here, old fellow; what is this that I have unearthed?"

"Nothing much, if I have not set it up for sale," replied Peter Paul, a little bitterly. "I should be very glad if I could make my own soul available in the market."

"Well, look at it," insisted I, bringing the little canvas, and thrusting it between his eyes and Mrs. Bullion's diamonds. He glanced at it; then slowly took it, and studied it almost as closely as I had done, and finally asked:

"Where did you find it? I thought it destroyed."

I told him where, and waited, knowing that if he chose to satisfy my ardent curiosity he would do so without further questioning.

At last he set it in front of Mrs. Bullion's portrait, and began most carefully and tenderly to touch up little points in the girl's white draperies, and finally in her face, throwing an added shade of terror and despair and deathless love into the exquisite features, and suggesting, I know not how, an idea of tragedy yet impending over that frail life, until I cried out, unconsciously:

"Stop! She can bear no more, poor child!"

Peter Paul looked up in a dazed sort of way, that told me plainly enough my presence had been forgotten, and then, resuming his customary manner, he rose and put the little canvas carefully into an old Italian chest of carved

oak, which I always had insisted was the veritable coffin of Ginevra, turned the key, and resumed his palette and brush and Mrs. Bullion's picture.

Still I waited, and at last my patience was rewarded, for my friend began to speak in the fragmentary and sketching manner peculiar to artists who work and talk at the same time, using the two sets of senses with which every delicately organized man or woman is provided, if he ever finds it out.

"You know you left me at Modena——"

"Thirty years ago?"

"May be; I am not strong in chronology, but I mean when we were young and parted in Italy, you to come home and eat the fatted calf, and I to put myself to hard study at my profession. Well, Modena is very nice; but I did not stay there long. That chest, by-the-way——"

"Ginevra's?"

THE FRAZER SENTINEL AT CASTLEBAR.—SEE PAGE 111.

"So you insist—I bought it in Modena, at any rate; and you know what Rogers says."

"Yes; but——"

"Well, it was at Modena that I became acquainted with Paolo di —— just as well, though, not to remember anybody's family name. He was a count of lineage such as nobody but an Italian or a Spaniard would trouble himself to recollect, it was so long and intricate, and with not much else, except a ruinous old castle at the foot of the Apennines, and the remnant of a moderate fortune which he was gayly spending at cards and entertainments, and in some more objectionable fashions. But if not a saint, he was a very pleasant fellow, was Paolo, and suited me in those careless days better than he might now. We spent a merry month in traveling together, and then—then——"

Peter Paul paused to elaborate an emerald, and at last went on, with a brush across his mouth:

"Then he invited me to spend a few weeks at the old castle, promising some shooting and an introduction to his sister, the Contessa Bianca. I accepted, and *en route* we picked up another fellow, a count, too, and, for a wonder, as wealthy as he was proud. Rinaldo his name was; and when Paolo invited him to join our party at the old castle, it struck me that my friend remembered that his sister would be there also, and that she was beautiful and portionless. At any rate, Rinaldo had seen the Contessa Bianca, and was very willing to see her again, and we all journeyed along together, like the three princes in the old fairy story, and reached the enchanted castle in the twilight of the loveliest of Summer evenings.

"It was a charming old place, ruinous and uncomfortable to the last degree, of course, but immensely fascinating. As for Bianca—well, you have seen her picture, and I don't care to talk much about her—she was only seventeen, poor child, and had scarcely seen half a dozen men in her life besides her brother, the servants and her spiritual director, Padre Guiseppe—you saw him, too, in the picture there.

"Well, we shot, we rode, and amused ourselves both in and out of the house until the third day, when, returning to the castle at night, we found a new guest, a young gentleman whom our host greeted, with somewhat chilly ceremony, as Signor Matteo, and introduced to us as a neighbor, and, in fact, his only one. I did not take to the fellow from the first. He looked sly and dangerous, and, more than that, I felt that he was a coward before I ever heard him speak. Count Paolo, I fancy, shared my sentiments fully, but, nevertheless, hospitality is a great tyrant, and he forced himself to welcome this Signor Matteo, and invite him to spend the night, and join our excursion of next day. Matteo accepted, with a strange sort of timid alacrity, as if he found himself frightened to death to be Paolo's guest, and yet had come with that very purpose.

"Bianca appeared at supper as usual, welcomed the visitor in her pretty, girlish way, but seated herself between Paolo and me, and scarcely spoke to any one else during the whole meal. As soon as it was finished she retired to her own room, and we, calling for more wine and cigarettes, sat around the table talking and laughing in young-man fashion, discussing the events of the day, and then drifting off to other matters, never forgetting to fill our glasses as soon as they were empty, or to compliment the count's incomparable vintage.

"Padre Giuseppe was present, and proved himself the jolliest of boon companions, telling more than one merry anecdote better fitted for the Decameron than the pulpit, and hinting at adventures in his own person rather singular, to say the least, for a priest selected as the domestic and spiritual director of a noble maid. Some such thought probably crossed Count Paolo's mind as well as mine, for he listened to the most striking of these anecdotes with a black scowl, and suddenly grew silent and thoughtful; but neither the priest nor the other two guests were by that time in a condition to notice mere looks, or to be very sure of either what they said or what they heard.

ON THE WATERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 111.

"I had done my share in disposing of the rich old wine the count had set before us, but my head, you know, is of iron, and I was perfectly in command of my senses, when Signor Matteo, turning to the priest, babbled something about his not bringing Bianca to the rendezvous yesterday, as he had promised. Padre Giuseppe's rosy features suddenly paled, and he shot a warning glance from the drunken fool who addressed him toward Bianca's brother; but it was too late. With the spring of a tiger, Count Paolo was already at the throat of the defamer, choking the breath out of his shivering body, and pouring out upon him all the exaggerated maledictions in which the Italian tongue is so rich; while the poor, craven cur, not making the slightest resistance, could only gasp at intervals, 'Padre, Padre! Pardon, illustrissimo!' and the like.

"Count Rinaldo and I threw ourselves upon the infuriated brother, and succeeded in dragging him from his victim, who would not otherwise have come living from his hands. The priest preached peace in as solemn a manner as his own terror would permit, but a word from his master soon silenced him, and presently Paolo, resuming some thing of his usual manner, informed Rinaldo and myself that we were quite safe in releasing him, which we at once did.

"Summoning a servant, the count briefly commanded that the Contessa Bianca be requested to come at once to the dining-hall, even though she had retired for the night, as her brother desired to speak with her.

"Again the padre tried to speak, but Paolo shut his mouth with a single glance, and not a word was uttered until the door opened noiselessly, and Bianca glided into the apartment, white as the robe she had hastily thrown about her, and with great, frightened eyes fixed at once upon her brother's face.

"Advancing to meet her, he took her by the hand, and ceremoniously led her to a seat; then, still retaining her hand and fixing his eyes upon her own, he said:

"'Contessa, I have a question to ask of you, and I charge you, by your father's name and your mother's honor, to

answer it to me fully and truly. What are your relations with this man, Matteo Valpi ?'

"Sliding from the chair to the floor, the poor child clasped her brother around the knees, and hiding her face upon her arms, while her splendid hair swept like a vail about her, she gasped out:

"'Oh, Paolo, do not kill him! do not hurt him! He is—he is—he is my husband!'

"'Your husband! And who dared to marry you to him without my knowledge ?' asked Paolo, in a low and menacing voice, while his eyes traveled toward the cowering figure of the priest.

"'Padre Giuseppe; but, oh, Paolo, do not hurt him, either; it was I who prayed him to do it.'

"But here the priest broke in, his teeth chattering with terror, and the words tripping headlong from his stammering tongue:

"'Pardon, pardon, most illustrious master, but it is not a marriage, not quite; it is no more than an affiance, in fact, for I left out all of the ceremony that should make it binding, thinking that you, most illustrious, might some day choose to marry the contessa to some high and mighty noble like yourself, and then I could give her absolution from the engagement, and no one need be the wiser, even yourself, my noble master, and it may still be thus arranged, if your magnificence will but have a little patience, and——'

"'And so, my sister, the Contessa Bianca di —— is not even the wife of Matteo Valpi, but only his mistress; and you, miserable priest, have helped to trap her to this infamy!' thundered Paolo, while the wretched Matteo tried to steal from the room, but was quietly stopped by Rinaldo and myself.

"A few more questions dragged the whole shameful truth from the false priest and craven lover, and then Count Paolo grimly said:

"'You speak of absolution, most holy father, if a sister chooses to hide her disgrace by marrying an honorable man, while concealing this half-marriage; but I will absolve her from her vows without your help, and after that you and I will settle accounts. Bring me that pair of rapiers upon the wall. Now, Matteo Valpi, arm yourself, and stand there opposite to me. You are about to die, but you shall have the opportunity to defend yourself; and I know that you can use a sword, for I taught you myself. Signor Pedro Paolo Americano, will you oblige me by acting as witness to this man? and, Count Rinaldo, will you be mine ?'

"We both accepted, and Matteo, pale, shivering, and, I really believe, too terrified to speak or to resist, was placed in position, and the weapon thrust into his hand. Feeling it in his grasp, some instinct of self-defense animated him for the moment with a semblance of manhood, and he made a few passes with some amount of skill, and a sort of despairing energy; but his doom was sealed from the moment Paolo had determined upon the duel, and not three minutes from its commencement, Bianca's lover fell at her very feet, the blood from his mortal wound jetting out upon her white robe as she threw herself upon her knees at his side. I, too, stooped for a moment over him, then rose and said, in a whisper:

"'He is dying, count. In five minutes he will have ceased to breathe.'

"'He is dying! He is dead, and that is well,' coolly replied Paolo; and then raising his dripping sword, and pointing with it toward his sister, as you see him there in the picture, he slowly added: 'And now, gentlemen, listen to me. You see there my sister, the Contessa Bianca di ——, the last daughter of a long and noble line. She has committed an imprudence—contracted a mésalliance, we will say—and to-morrow's sun must not rise upon her disgrace. It can be wiped out in two ways, and only in two: either she dies, here and now, or she shelters her sullied name behind that of an honorable husband. Signora, do you understand me? Listen once more, and I pray you to do me the honor to believe that I mean what I say. My sister sleeps to-night in a marriage bed. It may be made in the bloody grave of Matteo Valpi, or it may be in this castle. I leave you to decide the matter for her, if it interests you.'

"He folded his arms as he spoke, and stood staring straight in front of him, more like one of the effigies of his ancestors hanging upon the wall behind him than like a living man.

"I looked at him a moment, then turned to Count Rinaldo, who met my glance with a shrug and a gesture of the hands that told me his decision more forcibly than he could have spoken it. Nevertheless, I led him aside into the embrasure of the window at the left of the picture, if you remember, and said to him:

"'Well, count, what is to be done ?'

"'Nothing but to shut the eyes, and leave here in the morning. Perhaps, as it would be disagreeable to be called upon for testimony, one might make a little turn in Switzerland for the next few weeks. It will blow over by then, if indeed it is ever known outside these walls.'

"'Great Heaven! Do you really suppose that he will fulfill his threat? Why, it would be murder!'

"Again the count shrugged his shoulders.

"'In these out-of-the-way places, signor, we hold very much to the what you call patriarchal style. Our friend, Count Paolo, is the head of his house. His sister, the contessa, has committed a fault. He buries that fault in a grave, over which he plants the whitest of lilies, and—*voilà tout!*'

"'And you will not prevent it ?'

"'Pardon, signor; I allow nobody to interfere in my family arrangements. I interfere in no one's.'

"And the cold-blooded scoundrel walked back to his former position, and stood, elegant and motionless, as he evidently intended to remain, while the poor girl should be murdered before his eyes.

"That was too much for me. With two strides I confronted Paolo, met his cruel eyes, read the unshaken meaning glittering there, and said:

"'Count Paolo, do you still adhere to the intention you expressed a few moments since ?'

"'Signor, I do.'

"'Will you not permit your sister to enter a convent instead ?'

"He smiled, coldly, and glanced toward the priest.

"'Such men as that are the directors of convents, and my sister shall not live a life of infamy, either in public or in secret. She dies within five minutes, or——'

"'Or becomes my wife, as I now ask her to do,' interposed I, turning to Bianca and taking her cold hand. She rose mechanically to her feet as I did so, but her eyes remained fixed upon the dead face of her lover, and I do not think she knew what was going on about her.

"A shade of disappointment crossed Paolo's face. He had hoped it would be Rinaldo, who had seemed much impressed with Bianca's beauty before this, and he glanced toward him now, with a sort of proud appeal upon his face very pitiful to see; but Rinaldo met it with an icy smile and a ceremonious bow which sent the blood up to Paolo's face, and the fire from his eyes with renewed rage. Then he turned to me, and said:

"'Signor, it has perhaps never occurred to a head of

my house to feel gratitude to any man who asked the hand of one of its daughters in marriage; but I thank you very heartily, and I accept your offer. Priest, do your duty.'

"'A little time, a little preparation, most illustrious,' mumbled the priest, and Paolo fiercely interposed:

"'How much preparation did that mock marriage require? But, mind you, this is to be a binding and solemn one, or woe to you, false priest! Get you to the chapel and we will follow, to see that you do not escape. Go, villain!'

"Half an hour after that I stood before the altar of the castle chapel, with a cold, white figure at my side, her dress yet dabbled with her lover's blood, her look like one who walks in sleep, her motions those of an automaton. I put the ring upon her finger, the priest pronounced us man and wife; her brother and Count Rinaldo addressed her by her new name, the first with frigid ceremony, the other with graceful gallantry; and then we were marshaled to the great, dreary state-chamber, where the marriage-beds of the Counts di —— had always been spread. Then, for the first time through all this tragedy, Bianca spoke. Looking wildly about her, she seized my hands and whispered:

"'Where is he? Oh, let me watch by him to-night!'

"'You shall, my poor child,' said I. 'And do not fear that I ever shall forget that you were his wife as honestly and truly as if the priest had not played you false. Stay here, and I will go to arrange matters as you wish.'

"'Thank you, signor. You are very good to me,' she said, but in a listless and dreamy way that should have warned me that her strength was failing after all the strain it had borne.

"I went down, found the priest, forced him to help me carry poor Valpi's body to the chapel and lay it before the altar. Then, leaving him to say the suitable prayers over it, I went for Bianca and brought her down. As soon as she saw the body she ran toward it, fell upon her knees, and hid her face upon the motionless heart, which, with all its craven weakness, had, perhaps, really loved her with the highest emotion of which it was capable.

"Bidding the priest remain at his prayers, and to call me if it should seem necessary, I retired from the chapel, and spent the rest of the night in pacing the hall where the duel had taken place, and where the blood still glittered upon the floor as the moonbeams fell upon it.

"In the chill gray of the morning I returned to the chapel, where the feeble light of the corpse-candles struggled with the growing light of day. The priest was gone—fled, as we afterward learned, from the wrath of the count, and Bianca lay much as I had last seen her—upon her knees, her head resting upon her husband's breast. Something in the outline of her figure, however, something in the heavy fall of the arm, whose fingers touched the floor, sent a thrill of terror to my heart; and I sprang to her side, spoke her name, laid my hand upon her shoulder, and at last raised her head and laid it upon my arm.

"Poor girl! Poor, wronged, heart-broken child! She had died there all alone; and, as her unrelenting brother had threatened, her marriage-bed was made in Valpi's bloody grave."

Peter Paul paused abruptly, and began painting diligently upon Mrs. Bullion's draperies; but I think he must have painted out again the strange lights and shadows I saw him putting in that day, or Bullion never would have paid for the picture.

I watched him a little while in silence, and then I said:

"Peter Paul, if you ever feel that you can part with that picture—the one in the chest, I mean—will you promise to give it to me?"

"Yes. If I die before you do, you shall have it, and the Italian chest, too; but until that day, don't mention it to me again—that's a dear fellow," replied the artist.

And with that I went away.

Since then I often go to the beehive in Tenth Street. I often sit and watch Peter Paul at his work, and talk with him in dreamy, fragmentary fashion of our old experiences in Italy, as well as elsewhere. Sometimes, too, I prowl through the dark corners of the studio, and cast loving, lingering looks at the old Ginevra chest, with its monstrous lock; but never from that day to this have I seen the cover raised, nor has an allusion passed my lips, or those of Peter Paul, to the relic it incloses, or to the story of the artist's few hours of married life.

## ON THE WATERS.

WATERS, ye are fair
  In the winding river,
Running here, and twining there,
While the waking, twilight air,
Stirs the spreading sails ye bear,
  To a flapping shiver.
"Outward bound," the stripling one
Sighs to see the setting sun;
  And shadows lengthen on his heart,
As the rays that meet his gaze,
  One by one depart.
"Outward bound" for many a year—
  A dream comes o'er his brain;
He looks into the lucid wave,
Where he was wont to plunge and lave
  In waters cool and clear;
And wonders if the chance of time
Will bring him to his native clime
  And native stream again.
He leans against the vessel's side,
  And the big, burning tear
He cannot check, but fain would hide,
Has mingled with the river's tide.
Waters, ye are beautiful,
  Take what form ye will;
Leaping in the yeasty billow,
Toying with the pensive willow,
Bearing the mast before the blast,
  Or straws upon the rill!
Waters, ye are beautiful,
  Howsoe'er ye come,
In sheets that pour with falling roar—
  Or moisture on the purple plum.
Ye are free as aught can be,
Singing strains of liberty
In bubbling Spring and booming sea!
Waters, living waters,
  Strew your pearls upon the sod,
And man needs no other beads
  To count in memory of God.

## THE FRAZER HIGHLANDER AT CASTLEBAR.

WHEN the French, under Hombert, landed in Ireland in 1798, they totally defeated the British forces at Castlebar; but one gallant act is recorded, which, had it been imitated, might have changed the whole fortune of the day.

When the Royal Irish Artillery had been cut down at the bridge by the French cavalry, and the British line was in full retreat, only one regiment held its ground. This was the Frazer Highlanders, which were the last to give way. Even then, one heroic fellow refused to leave his post or flinch from the duty confided to him. As the regiment fell back, his friends called on him to join them

in the retreat; but he bravely refused to quit his post, which was elevated, and reached by steps. As the French came up, he loaded and fired five times in succession, bringing a Frenchman down every time; but before he could load his weapon for the sixth time, he was overpowered and killed.

This was almost the only gallant feat that redeemed this disgraceful day.

# LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

By Jane G. Austin.

"Mine! mine! mine!"

The speaker was a young and handsome woman—though, stop a minute—handsome? Well, Waldron said she was, but perhaps you mightn't. Let us see. Tall, and so slender that every movement, every gust of wind, swayed her lissome figure like a young birch-tree; a small head, habitually bent, and wound round and round with braids of pale, dead-brown hair growing very low upon the brows; slender, straight brows of a darker shade, as were the drooping lashes which almost concealed the great, transparent eyes, more green than gray; a skin utterly colorless, and fine as satin; a narrow jaw and pointed chin; thin lips, whose half-formed, mysterious smile had something sphinx-like about it; long, slender neck, hands and feet; and a motion as graceful as a snake's. There! that is Veronica Vassall; and yet it don't in the least describe her as she stood, on that fair Summer morning, at the head of the steps leading, terrace after terrace, from the old house at her back down to the riverside; and it was of stately house, and widespread, fruitful fields, and the rich, quaint old garden, bourgeoning to its Summer bloom, that she spoke in that low, sibilant whisper, as the glances of her strange green eyes shot hither and yon, gathering in all the wealth and beauty of the scene, and claiming it as her very, very own.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.—"THE OLD MAN STARTED, FIXED HIS EYES ANGRILY UPON THE INTRUDER, GRASPED THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR, AND MADE AS THOUGH HE WOULD HAVE RISEN TO REPEL HER."

Did she include in this possessive pronoun the figure of the man lounging up the garden-paths from his early plunge in the river?—a man whose dark and sensuous comeliness might well touch the fancy of such a woman as this; for does not Psyche ever seek Eros? does not intellect love strength, and the fragile crystal best suit the fiery liquor? Tall and broad-shouldered, and rich of coloring, with clustering chestnut curls and virile beard, glowing dark eyes, and a rich, deep voice—yes, of course, Max Waldron was a handsome man; but I have known very ugly men whom I liked much better.

He sprang up the steps now, and seized Veronica's hand with a movement so suggestive of a kiss that the girl drew suddenly back, murmuring:

"Imprudent, always! Papa is at the window."

"Ah!"

And, carelessly raising his eyes, Waldron glanced toward the house, started with well-

A BOY'S LOGIC.

Observant Youth.—"*Ma, is that lady in mourning?*"
His Ma.—"*No, not exactly. She is in half-mourning.*"
Observant Youth.—"*Then she is only half sorry, ain't she?*"

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.—"'THERE, THERE, DON'T TALK, BUT HURRY, HURRY!' AT LENGTH HE REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT, AND, WITH ONE LAST CONVULSIVE EFFORT, DREW HIMSELF OUT."

feigned surprise, and at once went forward to the open casement upon the lower floor, where, warmly muffled in invalid wraps, sat a stately old man, attentively regarding the pair.

"Why, good-morning, my dear sir!" exclaimed Waldron. "I am delighted to see you up again. Three days since you sat at this window."

"Yes; and the worst of it was that you all seemed to think I was never going to sit here again," replied the other, in a slightly offended tone. "If I had waited for Veronica's morning visit, she would have persuaded me that I was far too ill to rise, even to-day; so I just had Julius Cæsar get me up and put me here before any of you were astir, and I feel the better for it, sir—very much the better."

"That is right, very right, Mr. Vassall; but if Veronica errs on the side of prudence, you must attribute it to filial anxiety and tenderness."

A gleam of annoyance shot from the still fiery dark eyes of the old man, and he answered, very haughtily:

"Miss Vassall is infinitely obliged to Mr. Waldron for his defense, but possibly it was not required. Remember, young man—remember what I told you three months ago. I like you very much; I find you an excellent and trustworthy overseer of my estates and my business; I trust you, and like you, and have almost the feeling of a father for you; but I will not, I swear I will not"—and the old man clinched his hand and struck it violently upon the table beside him—"I will not give you my daughter, nor any share of her, while I live! She is all that I have, all that is left to my old age, and I will not give up one thought, one affection, one caress, to any man alive. When I am gone it will be different; she is my heiress, and will be her own mistress; after the days of mourning are over—for I will not be stinted of them any more than of her affection while I live—but when two years are past, if she likes to marry, why, I will not haunt you; that's all I can promise. But, mind me, Waldron, one act of disobedience—a kiss, a pledge, a promise, even—if it once comes to my knowledge, will be enough to banish you from my house, and strike her name out of my will; and don't delude yourself with the idea that these are but words and idle threats. I had a child whom I loved indeed—a child far nearer, far dearer to me than ever Veronica can be—and for an act of disobedience I—— Well, well, all that is nothing to you. Go and get your breakfast, and then come to see me. I want to tell you about beginning the harvesting, and to hear about the crop in the riverside lot, and some other matters. Go now, my dear boy."

Veronica, lingering outside the window, and so close to the house that her father could not see her from where he sat, had listened attentively to this conversation. Her head swayed forward upon its slender stem; her hands tightly closed in each other; the lashes drooped over her eyes until only one thin line of greenest light betrayed their watchfulness.

As the young man turned from the window, she turned also, and the light sound of her footsteps was lost in his resounding tread.

Inside the little breakfast-room, where stood a table laid for two, she turned, and, winding her arm around his neck, met more than half-way the forbidden caress; murmuring, the while:

"Two whole years after he is dead, and he may live a very long while yet!"

Selfish and remorseless and calculating as he was, the cynicism of a daughter thus bewailing her father's life, and grudging the mourning that should follow his death, revolted all that was left of good in Max Waldron's nature, and he withdrew from the circling arm about his neck almost in terror, saying:

"You're a cool one, Veronica. I wonder if you'd stop at anything to gain your end?"

"If the end was your love, Max, I do not believe I would," replied the girl, fondly.

And, with almost a shudder, Waldron moved away from her side, and went to seat himself at the table.

The bright Summer day went on, through dewy morning and glorious noon, until the golden sunset. The invalid old man had given audience to his manager—as, with unconscious sarcasm, he called Max Waldron—had eaten his simple midday dinner, taken his afternoon repose, and was once more seated in the great armchair at the window, looking down upon the garden and the glittering river beyond. The negro valet, nearly as old as the master whom he had served from their mutual childhood, first as bondman, now as freedman, and always as lover, stood respectfully leaning upon his master's chair.

"Julius Cæsar, you may cover my feet and legs with something light. The evening draws in cooler."

"Yes, Mas' Peyton, I just thinkin' that way."

And Julius Cæsar, with the air of a man in a crisis whose danger he knows, but is determined to face, went to a cedar chest in the great closet of the bedroom, and, taking from it a bright, soft afghan fantastically wrought in crimson and gold, shook it out, and laid it carefully about his master's limbs.

The latter looked at it, carelessly at first, then with a start of displeased remembrance, and laid a hand upon its edge, as if to tear it off; but even in the act the trembling, white old fingers sank nervelessly into the soft fabric, and the angry mouth quivered a little, and was still.

Julius, watching the signs of the times out of one corner of his umber eyes, was content, and, adjusting the wrap more carefully, said:

"Hope it won't rain 'fore Miss 'Ronica and Mas' Waldron git home."

"Oh! Mr. Waldron went with Veronica, then?" asked the master, trying to speak carelessly.

"Yes, Mas' Peyton. She rode de Barberry mare, an' he had Black Sultan."

"My own horse! Who gave him leave—— Ah, well, ah, well; I shall never mount Black Sultan again, and he must be exercised. As well Waldron as one of the grooms. But they might have consulted me; Veronica might have said that he was going with her. Well, well, a little while and they will have it all their own way. I had a child—oh, Alix, Alix! Ah, well! ah, well! a little while——"

Julius Cæsar, who had learned many years before that "Mas' Peyton" was as much alone in his society as in that of the chairs and tables, except when his services were required, stepped back, and listened to this soliloquy, nodding assent to all, while through his mind ran the unworded thought:

"It was the afghan that did it—too bright a thought for me, but just what I should expect of Miss Alix."

A light, a very light and timid, step upon the gravel outside, and then the sound of slow feet ascending the steps at the end of the terrace, and then the head of a long shadow thrown upon the flags by the setting sun.

Julius Cæsar started, turned light yellow, caught his breath, and glanced at his master, who, all unconscious of the present, was playing with the fringe of the afghan, and smiling placidly as he looked down upon its bright arabesques and thought of the day when it was new, and had been flung playfully over his shoulders with a merry jest and gay caress. Then, and now!

The shadow crept on, the footfalls sounded closer at

hand. The negro shifted his weight to the other foot, and moistened his quivering lips. It was coming; substance followed shadow; the footfalls ceased, and there, just within the edge of the window-frame, she stood—a wan, piteous woman; no trace of beauty remaining, except the great, dark eyes and mass of golden hair; no trace in form or bearing of the bright, audacious creature who had flung the afghan about her father's shoulders and gayly mocked at his attempted dignity, but five brief years before.

The old man started, fixed his eyes angrily upon the intruder, grasped the arms of his chair, and made as though he would have risen to repel her; but, before he could speak, she cried:

"Do not curse me, father! Do not drive me away! I am no more worthy to be called thy child! but is there not some humble corner in my father's house where I may hide until I die? Father, father, I have crawled to your feet with my last strength! Oh, do not spurn me from them!"

She had fallen upon her knees as she spoke, and crouched now upon the low stone step of the window, her bright hair tumbling about her shoulders, her face hidden in her wan fingers.

The old man sat as if turned to stone, his face ashen white, his hands still clinched upon the arms of his chair, his eyes fixed upon that prostrate figure.

A long silence, and the sun went down, and the damp night-wind flew up from the river, and the faithful servant leaned forward and looked uneasily at his master's face, fearing lest the shock might have been too much for him.

The motion broke the spell, and, like the rising of the sun over a cold, gray country, a light of love and longing spread over that stern face.

"Alix! My child!" said he, softly; and with a cry of exceeding great joy she sprang to her father's side, and knelt at his knee, and bowed her head in happy, happy tears upon his hand.

"'Scuse me, Miss Alix, but don't you think Mas' Peyton better lie down and rest a while 'fore he talk much more?" insinuated Julius Cæsar, whose eyes never wandered from his master's face.

"Not until I know one thing!" replied the old man, peremptorily. "Alix, you were married, so you wrote me. Are you free?"

"I was married, father, and I now am free."

"With no tie, no encumbrance—nothing to come between us in the future, Alix?"

"Nothing, father. For the rest of my life, and I do not think it will be long, I am wholly, only yours, if you will take me as nurse, servant, lowliest and most grateful of penitents."

"That is enough. You have broken all other ties, or death has broken them for you; you have come back to me, and the past is forgiven—and forgotten. Kiss me, girl; I have been hungry for that kiss."

The embrace was not quite finished when horses' feet clattered up the avenue at the front of the house, and this sound was followed by that of Veronica's voice in its gayest tones.

Julius Cæsar again turned yellow, and fixed his eyes imploringly upon Alix, who returned a look of intelligence, and said:

"And now, my own dear papa, I will leave you for a little while, and after you are in bed, if you will let me, I shall come and read you to sleep, as I used in the dear, dear old times."

"Yes, child," replied the father, delightedly. "And I have missed it so. Veronica used to read at first, but after a while we both tired of it. She is not like you, Alix—she never was."

"She is coming home now, and I will go and speak to her, if you please, papa," replied Alix, hastily; for she understood and partook of the faithful valet's anxiety that no further agitation should come near the invalid, and both of them well knew that Veronica's greeting to the sister whom she had never loved was likely to be the reverse of friendly.

If the father entertained the same thought, he said nothing, except as he drew down his daughter's face for one more caress, and murmured:

"Bless you, my child; do not be long away."

"Send for me as soon as you are ready, papa," returned Alix, almost gayly, and then she went out, carefully closing the double doors behind her, and passing swiftly through the well-remembered passages, she came upon her sister just at the foot of the stairs leading up to her own room.

No one seeing her now would have denied Veronica's beauty, for the air and exercise had given her color and animation, and some words that Waldron had whispered as he lifted her from her horse had set all her blood to dancing with delight; her eyes, for once frankly open, were brilliant as the sunlit sea; a happy smile softened her thin lips; and, lifting the refrain of a merry song, she had just raised her habit and set one slender foot upon the stair, when out from the dark arch of the passage leading to her father's room glided a sombre figure, its black draperies rendering yet more ghastly the white face and falling golden hair, its pale lips whispering her name.

Veronica thought she had seen a spirit, and, with a faint exclamation, staggered back against the wall; but swiftly gliding to her side, the figure paused, and raising her sad eyes to her own, said:

"Veronica, my sister. It is poor Alix come back to see if there is a little love left for her in this world."

"Actually!" And all the beauty faded very swiftly from the younger sister's face, to be replaced by scorn and coldness. "I could not have believed in such audacity, Mrs.—Mrs.—really I forget what you now call yourself."

"Call me Alix, will you not, sister?"

"I suppose, then, you cannot lawfully claim any married name, and are ashamed to speak that which you disgraced five years age. But do not look for my good offices in getting your father's pardon, for I assure you he is implacable, and very justly so, I must say. He has forbidden you to be admitted to the house, or for any letters from you to be received, or even your name to be mentioned. No, really, Mrs.—Mrs. Alix, it is quite useless for you to make the attempt, and you had better not risk a disgraceful expulsion from the premises; you had better go at once, and, as I see both by your face and dress how reduced you are, I will give you something out of my own pocket to get a lodging and food, and some decent clothes."

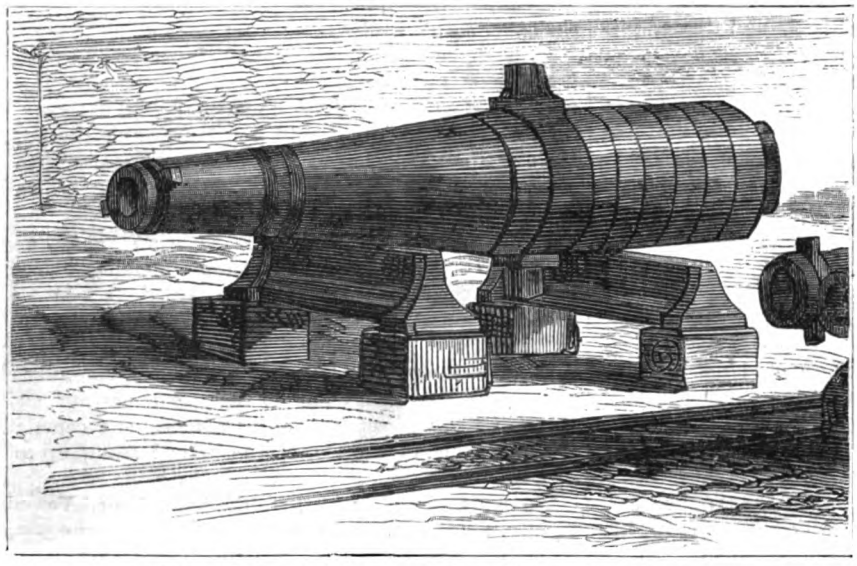
"How hard you are, Veronica! My father was not so."

"Your father!" almost screamed Veronica; "you have seen your father, and he did not turn you out of the house?"

"I have seen him, Veronica, and he forgave me."

"We will see about that!"—and, gathering her long dress in her hands, the younger sister, her face livid with rage, hurried down the passage toward Mr. Vassall's apartments.

Alix looked after her for a moment, then turned, and laying her arm upon the baluster-rail, hid her face upon it and moaned wearily. Must it always be bitterness and



GREAT GUNS.— FRENCH NAVAL GUN OF 1866.— SEE PAGE 123.

strife and struggle for her, even here where she had hoped for rest ?

A ringing footfall, a man's rich voice humming the same refrain that Veronica had sung in leaving him, and Max Waldron came in at the door and across the hall.

At sight of that bowed figure and hidden face he stopped, and gazed inquiringly.

Subduing her agitation as quickly as she might, Alix turned, and, half bowing, was passing him without raising her eyes, when she was startled by an exclamation, coupled with an oath, as Waldron sprang to her side and grasped her arm.

"Alix ! It cannot be !"

"You—you here, Harry March !" gasped the woman, staggering back and catching at the baluster.

"Hush ! That is not my name ; I am Max Waldron, and I came here—I swear it to you, Alix—I came here to try to reconcile your father to you, that I might bring you home, and so undo the harm I did."

"The child and pupil of 'him who was a liar from the beginning,' and always ready to serve him," retorted Alix, scornfully. "And what has become of the wretched woman for whom, and with whom, you left me ? Is she here too ?"

"Hush ! for God's sake ! You will ruin me !" gasped Waldron, already hearing Veronica's angry tread. "Meet me in the drawing-room at midnight, and I will explain everything —settle everything ! Do not betray our connection to your sister, or you will precipitate matters to her destruction. She is coming !"

"Very well, craven. I will be in the drawing-room at midnight, and until then hold my peace."

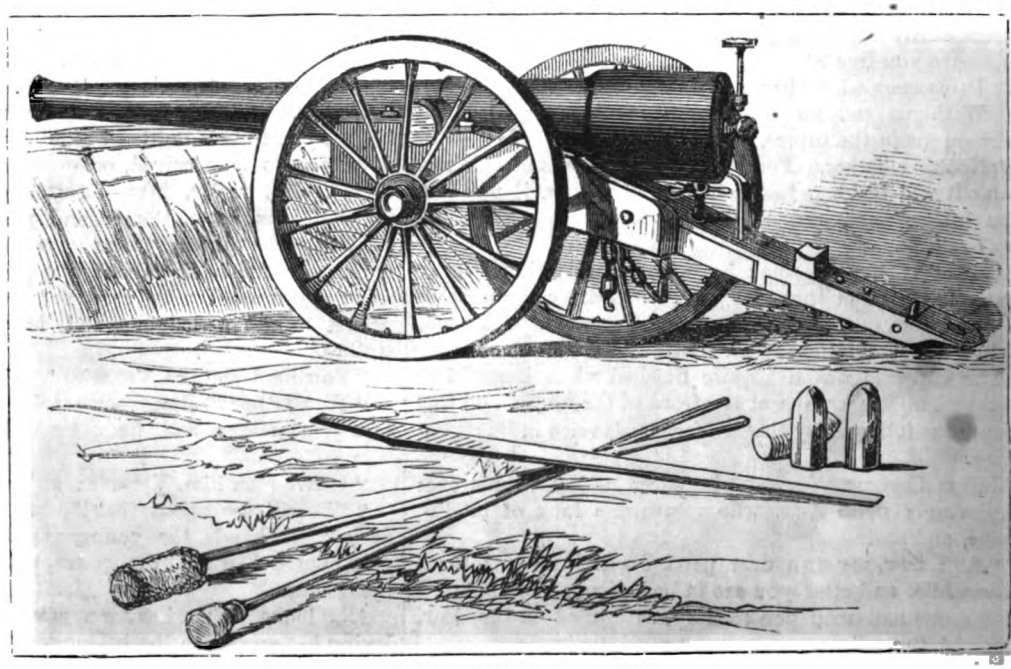
She had scarcely time to turn her back upon him, in unfeigned and superb indifference, when Veronica came hurrying out of the passage, her face demoniac in its impotent rage and disappointment, and without glancing at her sister or seeing her lover, rushed past and up the the stairs to her own room, while Julius Cæsar, following her, cheerfully announced :

"Mas'r's love to Miss Alix, and all ready for to see her now, and hope she 'scuse him for keepin' her so long waitin'."

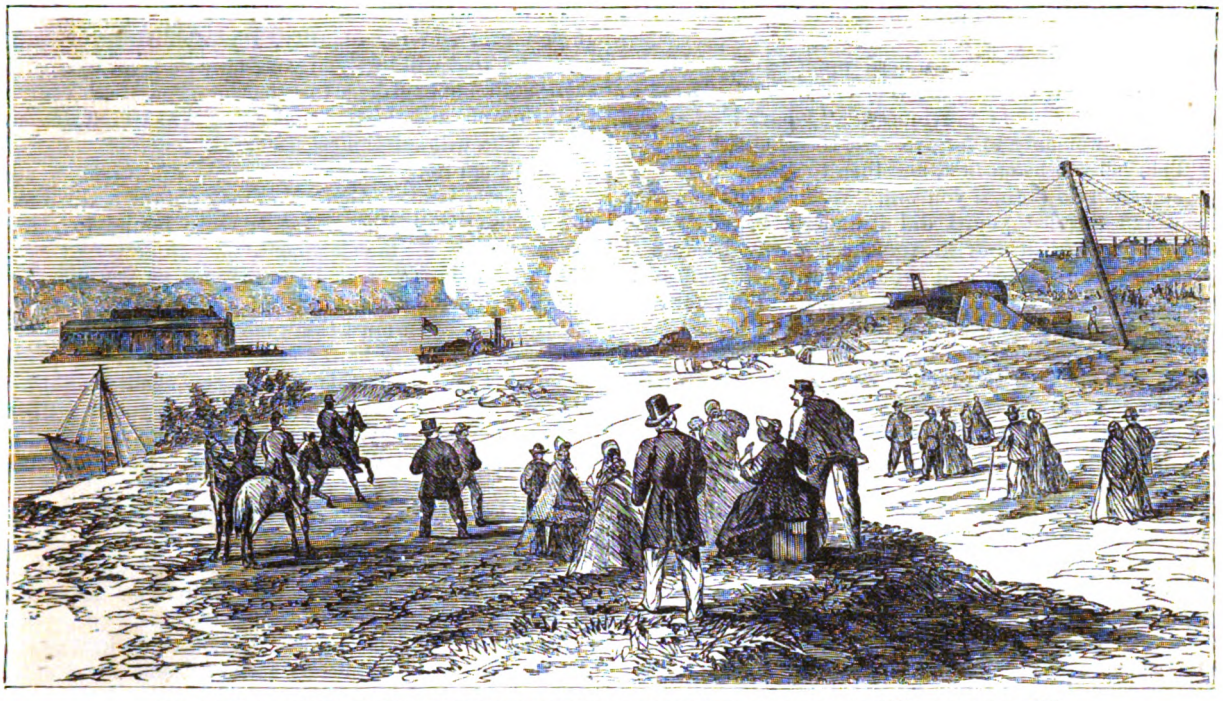
Alix followed without reply, and with a face full of perplexity. As his heart was full of fear, Max Waldron left the house, resolved not to face Veronica until his mind and his plans should be somewhat determined.

Midnight, as told in twelve solemn shocks by the great clock in the turret, whose face and whose time were the criterions of time for all that region, and Alix, rising from her knees, and wiping her almost blinded eyes, prepared for the coming interview.

Softly opening her chamber-door, she looked timidly up and down the corridor, listened for a moment, and then stole out, leaving the door ajar. The old housekeeper had given her the key of her own room, closed, at her father's command, on the day when her flight from school was made known at home, and in the wardrobe she had found and put on a long white wrapper, and some soft slippers,



THE PARROT 30-POUNDER OF 1862.



GREAT GUNS.—TESTING THE RODMAN GUN AT FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK BAY, IN 1864.—SEE PAGE 123.

so that now, gliding noiselessly along the corridor and down the wide, dark stairs, her white draperies flowing softly about her, and the dark eyes shining like stars in her pale face, she might well have passed for the spirit of some dead-and-gone daughter of her proud race come back to visit the scenes of her sufferings, her wrongs, or her sins.

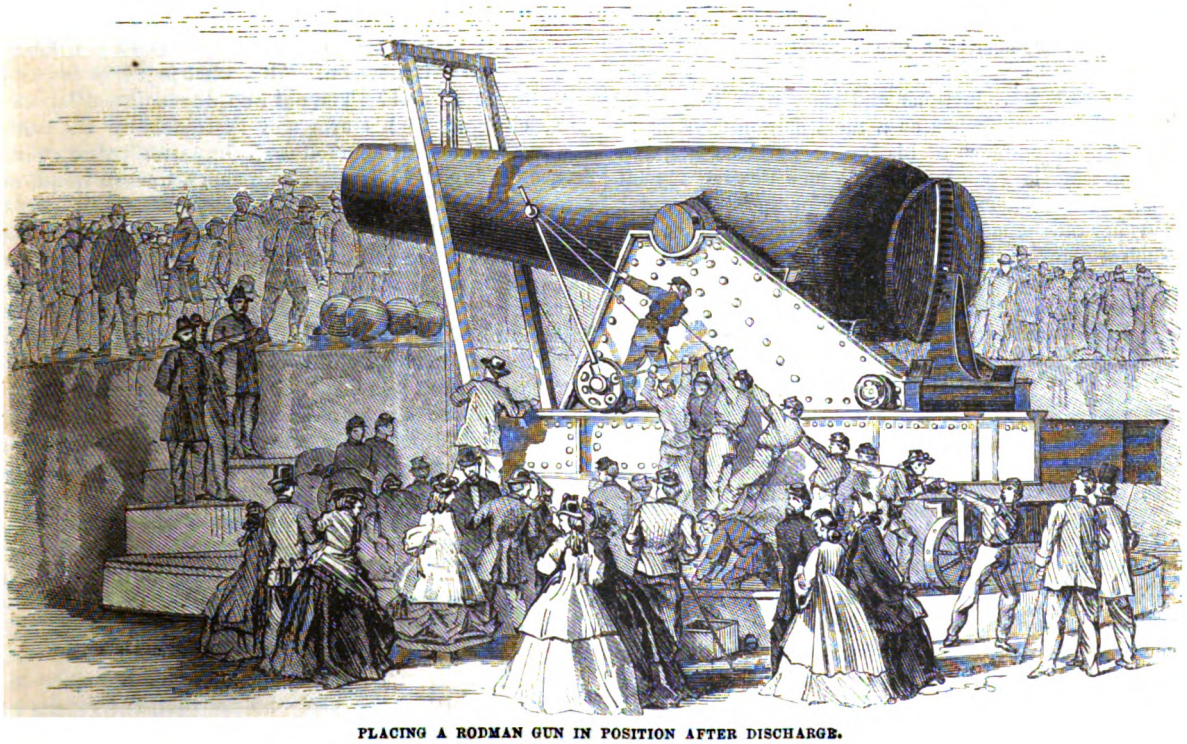
Hark! half-way down the stairs she pauses and turns affrighted eyes over her shoulder, straining her gaze into the profound darkness of the space beyond. Nothing—of course, nothing; and she creeps on, pausing again at the foot, and then, with one wild rush crossing the hall and springing in at the door of the drawing-room, she stopped, and, throwing it wide open, gazed back at the space she had just traversed, as if she expected and dreaded to see there some fearful sight.

Waldron, who was seated moodily beside the hearth, where a light fire had been kindled to dispel the evening chill, rose hastily and came to her side with unfeigned anxiety and tenderness.

"What is it, Alix?—What has frightened you?"

"Did you not hear? Can you see? It is nothing, Mr.—Waldron—since that is your present name."

And forgetting, or laying aside, her unexplained terror,



PLACING A RODMAN GUN IN POSITION AFTER DISCHARGE.

Alix closed the door and drew her arm from the grasp that Waldron had laid upon it.

"Why so bitter?—why so hard upon me?" exclaimed he, unconsciously echoing the very cry she had uttered to her sister a few hours previously. "I have treated you ill, but it is womanly to forgive. At least listen."

"I am here to listen first, and then to speak."

"You shall do both, if you will. When I took you from school and married you, I did it under a feigned name, partly from foolish boyish romance, partly because I feared my own father and yours, partly—I confess it frankly, Alix—because I thought, if matters did not turn out well, the marriage need not be binding."

"I believe those last words, Mr. Waldron."

"You may believe them all, Alix, for they are all true. We were not happy very long, you know, and I never succeeded in winning my father's forgiveness any more than you did yours. At last, when I found that poor girl was ready to add me to the list of her lovers, and you found her letter saying as much, and we had so desperate a quarrel, I told you that our marriage was not valid, contracted as it was under a feigned name; but I only said it to humble and conquer you, for I had already taken legal advice, and found that it was valid, at all events in this State. But you fired at the insult, and taunted and lashed me so with your scorn and rage, that I left you that very night; and when I came back—as I did in one short week, Alix—to sue for pardon and reconciliation, you were gone, none knew whither—you and the child. And tell me now, where is she, dear little Lily? where have you left her?"

A heavy shudder passed through the woman's frame, and she cast one wild look toward the door, then said:

"No matter now; go on, and tell how you came here!"

"When I could find no trace of you, and the fear that I had lost you for ever came to quicken and strengthen all the old love, I resolved to come and live in some way near your father's house—that, if you ever came back here, I should be at hand; and also that I might possibly find means to gain his forgiveness for you, even if by the promise of my never again intruding upon either of you."

"And how have you succeeded?" asked Alix, coldly.

"I see by your sneer that you know how weak I have once more proved myself, and I make no excuse. I found it easy, through introductions and references, to recommend myself to your father as a most suitable person to take the superintendence of his business and estates, and after a little while I succeeded in domesticating myself with him. Veronica and I soon became intimate, and I sounded her on the subject of your restoration; but she drew such a dark picture of your father's relentless displeasure and resolution never to hear your name or see your face again, that I almost gave up my project. Once, however, I did venture to allude to his elder daughter, and was so peremptorily silenced that I never attempted it again."

"But made love to Veronica instead," suggested Alix, in the same tone of icy scorn.

"Made love!" repeated Waldron, slowly. "A man may not say, as you women can, that he is the recipient rather than the giver of love."

"A man may not; a coward may, and does."

"There! Why is it, Alix, that you never can let me love you without thrusting my feelings back upon me, wrapped in words of hate and scorn?"

"Because—— But it does not matter. And do you think I am going to let you live here under the very roof with me, cheating my father and making love to my sister, and I stand silently by?"

"A little while, Alix—just a little while. Do but think. If you proclaim my identity, I must claim you as my wife, and that will lose you your father's favor again. We shall both be banished, together or separate. Veronica will triumph, and the poor old father will be left desolate. It's he who will suffer most, after all."

"But I am not your wife."

"You are, indeed, Alix. You may obtain a divorce, if you choose; but without that you are bound to me. I have authority for the statement."

"I will divorce you, and you may marry Veronica."

"I love Veronica's sister."

"How weak you must think me!"

"I think you very hard and unforgiving."

"Well, I will yield this much: you shall remain here as I found you, provided you forget that you and I have ever met before to-day. Not a word, a tone, a look, must claim any secret intelligence between us. Do you promise this?"

Yes, if you exact it. And what are to be my relations with Veronica?"

"What is that to me? After my father's death, if my own does not come first, I will set you free. Meantime, we are strangers."

She opened the door and went out, with a slight gesture of farewell. Waldron slowly followed, and stood watching her as she swept across the hall and began to ascend the stairs.

Was it the echo of her almost noiseless steps? was it imagination, or a trick of his disordered nerves? or did he actually hear light, quick footfalls, as of a little child pattering after her across the marble and upon the polished stair?

He bent his head to listen, and she, too, paused and turned, and cast one affrighted look behind her, and then sprang down the stairs and fled to him, and caught his arm, sobbing:

"It is dreadful! it is dreadful! It will drive me wild!"

"What is it? What do you mean, Alix?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you. But come with me through these dark halls and passages—come to the door of my room."

"Was it that sound of little feet? Hark! I hear it again, as we two move on. Alix, what is it?"

"How can I tell? The old house is haunted," moaned Alix, clinging to his arm and hastening up the stairs, while close behind them followed the patter, patter of little feet, climbing the low steps with short, uneven tread, and always just behind Alix.

At the door of the room that had been hers from a child, the woman turned and cast another of those wild and fearful looks behind her, and darted through the door. Waldron put out his hand that it should not be closed, while he solemnly asked:

"Alix, where is my child—where is Alicia?"

"My God, can you ask? Do not you hear her?"

And with a sudden movement she shut and locked the door, and Waldron slowly returned to the drawing-room, no longer pursued by the little footfalls, but shuddering as he thought:

"Are they closed with her in that locked room?"

And now the days and the weeks and the months went on in the stately old house, and brought little outward change. The father, happy in recovering his favorite child, seemed to take a new lease of life; and, in the balmy Autumnal weather, walked up and down his favorite terrace, leaning upon her arm and upon his stick, and talking for ever of the past, the far past, before she was born, and of the young wife who had died while Veronica

was a baby, and of his brothers and sisters, all dead years ago, but living to his memory.

And still, as Alix listened and murmured brief reply, her ear was strained to catch the sound, too faint for the dulled hearing of the old man, but how fearfully distinct to hers—the light, irregular pattering of those little feet, following, for ever following, her every motion, loud upon the flagstones, soft upon the grass, echoing in the stately corridors, almost lost upon the carpets, but always there, always audible to her—the source of such terror to her loneliness, such anxiety when she was with others.

That Waldron heard and watched for this sound she was sure, although he had honorably observed their compact, and never claimed so much as a glance of secret understanding from her.

Her father was saved by the dullness of his senses from alarm or perplexity; the negro might or might not perceive the sound—he was, at any rate, sure to be faithful, body and soul, to her interests; and so, of those with whom she constantly associated only Veronica was left to be afraid of.

Did she know, or did she not? It was seldom possible to judge what Veronica knew or did not know, if she chose to conceal the knowledge; and she had this great advantage over her elder sister: her temper and her tongue were perfectly under control, and never betrayed her, while all the sorrows that poor Alix had brought upon herself had been embittered and exaggerated, if not caused, by the unruliness of her own nature.

Once Veronica, who maintained a cool and equable demeanor toward her sister, and a respectful devotion of manner toward her father, came to join them in their promenade upon the terrace. The old man talked as usual, making long pauses for recollection between his sentences; and in every pause Alix listened in agony. Surely they never had been so distinct, so resounding, as in this hour—those little footfalls, always, always following at every turn, always close to the hem of her own trailing skirts. She watched Veronica's face in agony, and Veronica, with a sidelong glance of her green eyes, saw that she watched, and slightly knitted her brows, as if asking herself, "Why?" At the next turn she suddenly paused in a remark she was making, and glanced behind her, then glanced again at Alix, who felt the blood surge and ebb in her face, but could not withdraw her eager, asking eyes from Veronica's.

Another turn or two, and the younger sister excused herself, and, standing still, allowed the others to pass her, then slowly followed a few paces behind, the whole length of the flagged walk.

How loud they sounded, those little feet, pattering along the space thus left between the sisters—between her the pursued and her the pursuer!

Alix grew sick and faint, and, as they reached the window, sank upon the step; while Julius Cæsar, coming out to receive his master, stooped and murmured:

"Hold up, missy, hold up! She's watchin' you. Miss Alix says she feel little bit tired, mas'r," reported he, offering his arm to his master's grasp; and Veronica saw and comprehended the movements, if she could not hear the words, and, as she left the terrace, she slowly swayed her head back and forward upon its slender neck, saying to herself:

"It was so, and it is a secret, and she is afraid of my finding it out, and Julius knows and helps to hide it from my father as well as me; and, Mistress Alix, that secret is the lever by which I will oust you from this house, and from my inheritance, and—from Max Waldron's fancy."

For, guarded as he had been, Veronica's green eyes had caught more than one glance thrown by Waldron after the retreating figure of her who had been his wife; had found him rapt in listening to her full, rich voice, as she sang to her old father the familiar songs he loved; had noted some tenderer inflection in his voice as he spoke to her, sometimes; above all, she knew and felt beyond all proof that a barrier had risen between her and the love she had felt so securely her own. He never spoke now of their future marriage, never sought occasion to be alone with her, scarcely more than responded to her demonstrations of fondness, and, although denying any change in feeling or purpose, was an absolutely changed man.

All her watching and espial, however, could not detect any private meetings, any secret understanding between the two, even though she made herself sure of her sister's occupation through every hour of the day, and set traps which could not fail to show if the door of her bedroom were opened at night.

They never met except in her presence or in that of her father, and she knew from her own experience how tolerant he would be likely to be of familiarity or side speeches between his daughter and any man.

So Veronica watched and listened, and consumed her own heart in jealous suspicions, until her Psyche-face grew sharp and thin, and her green eyes shone with phosphorescent light. And Alix, vaguely conscious how her life was dogged, yet powerless to escape either from this pursuer or from that other whose following feet never ceased and never tired—Alix wasted, day by day, her great eyes taking on the pathetic look of a hunted deer who feels her heart ready to burst, and hears the death-bay of the hounds.

Max Waldron watched them both, the woman whom he loved and the woman who loved him, and his heart sank within him in a sense of its own powerlessness to help or hinder either of them.

And still the old father told his old stories, and laughed and chuckled over them, and ate and drank and slept, and thanked God that his daughter Alix had come home to him, and that all her troubles, whatever they might have been, were past and over.

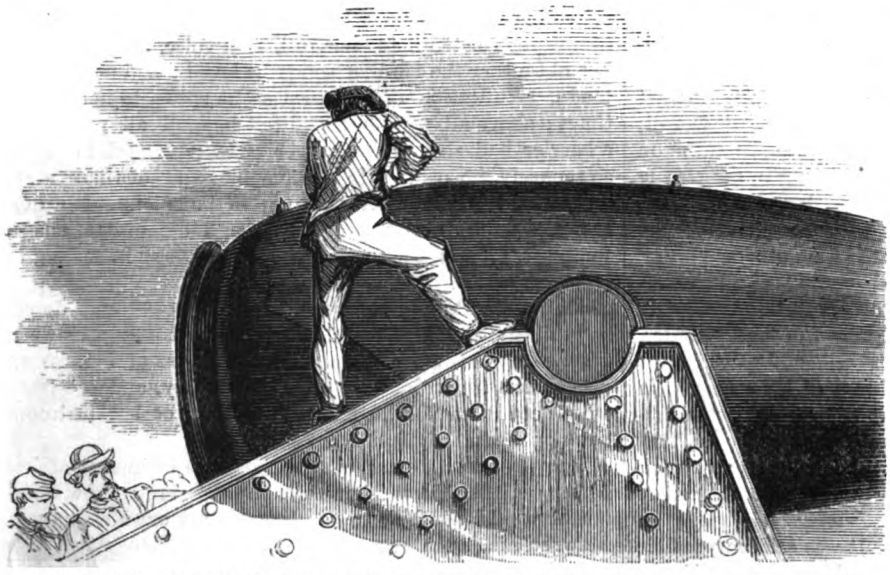
In the first days of her return he had sent for his men of law, and, destroying the angry will which had left her but a sarcasm for her inheritance, had divided his possessions between the two girls—not equally, but giving the fatted calf to the returned prodigal, after the manner of doting fathers.

Neither the sisters nor Waldron knew more of this will than the fact that Mr. Vassall had made a new one; but this fact in itself was sufficient to prove to Veronica that she was no longer her father's heiress, and the knowledge was scarcely needed to increase the jealousy and bitterness of her heart toward her sister.

And still she watched and listened and waited, scarcely allowing herself rest by night or food by day, while the golden Autumn-time passed on, and, in a bleak night of early November, the first snow fell—a light, sifting shower, lasting only an hour or two, but enough to whiten the earth, and cover it with a tell-tale surface like that which, so ruinously for "Eveleen's fame," showed the path of the false lord to her bower.

Just about midnight the snow ceased, and the moon, suddenly scattering the thin clouds, shone out in wonderful brilliancy and power.

Veronica, sleepless, and filled with watchful suspicion, had been for hours lurking about the corridors, listening at doors, and setting her favorite trap, by fastening a thread across her sister's doorway in such a manner that any one passing through would unconsciously snap it.



GREAT GUNS.—RODMAN 20-INCH COLUMBIAD OF 1864—ADJUSTING THE PRIMER.—SEE PAGE 123.

A little weary at length, she had returned to her own room, and stood at the window watching the scattering of the clouds, and darkly musing upon her own bitter suspicions.

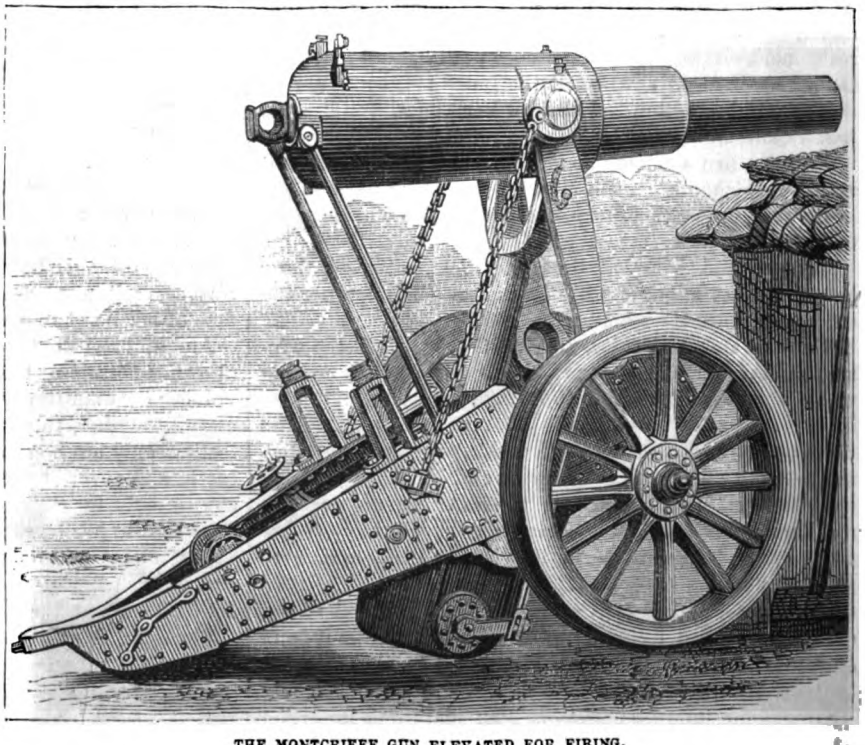
Suddenly the moon, clearing the last cloud-bank, burst forth in the unwonted brilliancy already mentioned, and Veronica mechanically noted how crisp and sharp were the shadows so suddenly thrown upon the smooth, white surface of the snow.

Something else she noted, too—something that made her pale cheek turn of an ashen gray, that made her great eyes dilate in feline brilliancy, that caused that painful stir at the roots of the hair that we mean when we say it stands upright. She saw, upon the track of a footpath leading through the grove of trees stretching far back behind the house, almost to the abandoned coal-mine in the wild hills beyond—she saw upon the smooth, white sheet of snow covering this footpath the print of a child's footsteps—not left there by one who had passed over the path and disappeared, but formed now, one by one, before her eyes; each following each, as if the little wanderer were slowly toiling over the frozen footpath toward the house.

Veronica threw open the window and leaned out. The moon shone undimmed, the frosty air was clear and transparent. The footpath ran not a score of feet from this side of the house, and ended at the foot of the terrace-steps at the further corner; and there, so clearly, so unmistakably, so palpably, she saw them printed off one after another, each following each, as the little feet toiled on, just denting the new-fallen snow, and lying now a faint but continuous clue, leading from that wild hill-land, through the darksome grove, and up to the corner of the house, where they disappeared. Disappeared where? Veronica felt that she must know, at whatever risk; and, softly running down-stairs, she was undoing a side door leading from the passage to her father's apartments, when, from the door of his sleeping-room—that door always so carefully locked at night—she heard the light sound of feet—of little, pattering child-feet—coming, as it were, through the door, and so along the passage, close past the spot where she stood, and on toward the stairs in the great hall.

Her blood chilling and her flesh creeping in horror, she followed almost in her own despite across the marble pavement, up the wide, shallow stairs, so laboriously climbed one by one by the little feet, and along the upper passage, until at the door of Alix's room they ceased, and a faint stir and move from within seemed to say that the wretched occupant of the room had expected and dreaded, and now received, her guest.

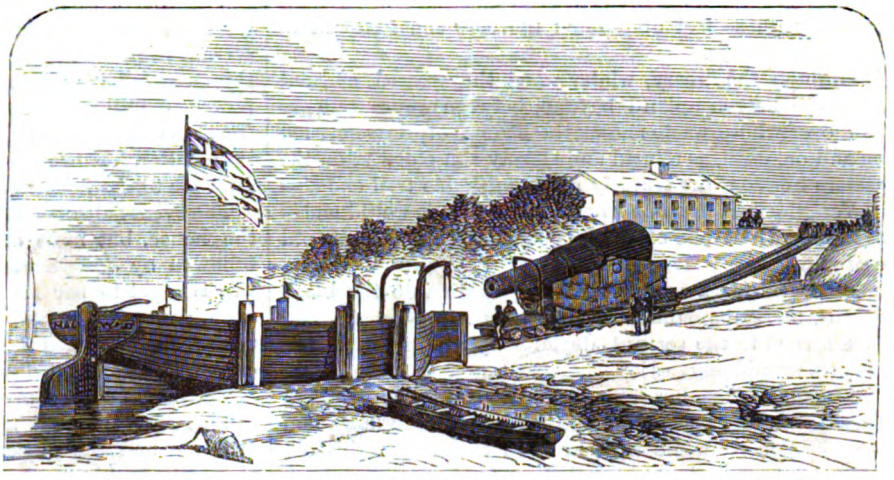
Veronica stooped, and felt that the fragile thread uniting door to doorpost was unbroken, and then she softly returned to her own room—not to sleep, however, but to pace up and down, gazing at every turn from the window, dreading every moment that that mysterious clue should disappear as wonderfully as it had come, consulting her watch fifty times in the course of each lagging hour, and casting imploring glances toward the east, where now at length the chill gray of dawn appeared, while the moonlight faded slowly in the west.



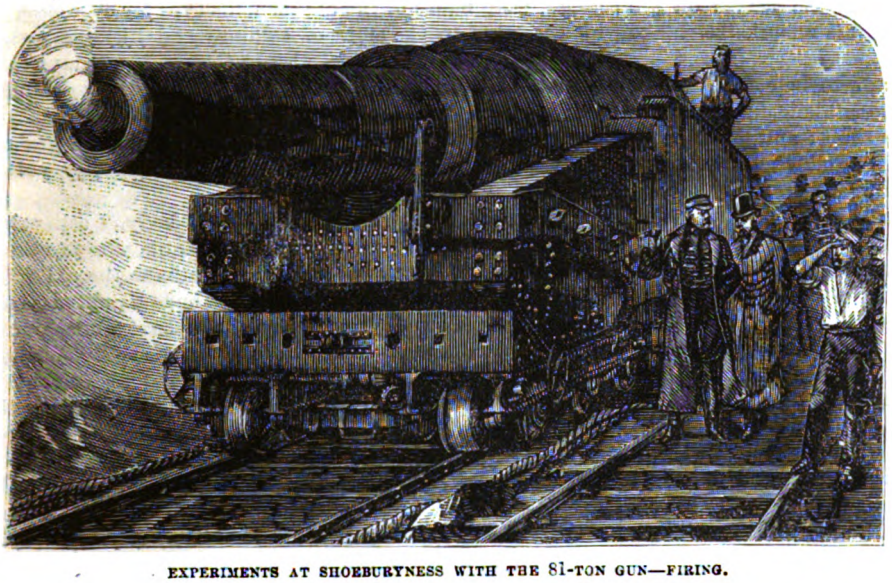
THE MONTCRIEFF GUN ELEVATED FOR FIRING.

"At last!" murmured Veronica; and quietly leaving her room, she went along the narrow passages and up the stairs leading to the servants' rooms, and rapped peremptorily upon one of the doors, calling, "Joseph, Joseph! get up; you're wanted!"

"Yes, miss," replied a sleepy voice, and in a few moments a bright, stout young mulatto appeared in the undress garb of a groom; for this was the servant whom of all the household Veronica claimed as her own, since he it was who cared for her horse, and accompanied her in the reckless rides which were her chief diversion. She now addressed him briefly and quietly:



GREAT GUNS.— LANDING THE 81-TON WOOLWICH GUN AT SHOEBURYNESS.— SEE PAGE 123.



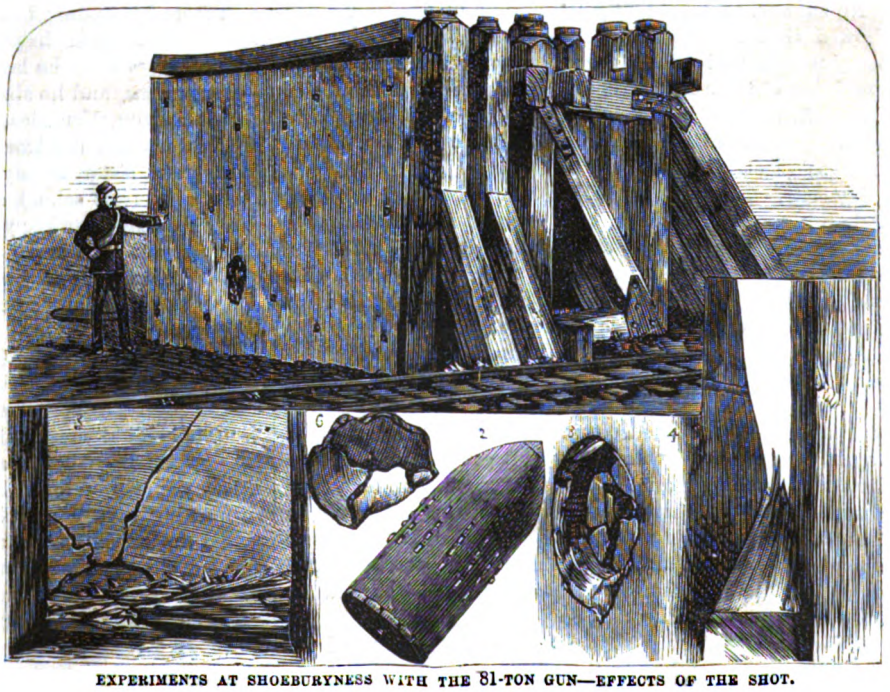
EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESS WITH THE 81-TON GUN—FIRING.

"Joseph, I have lost something which I wish to recover before any one knows that it is lost, and you must come with me to search before other people are awake. It may be in a certain well where I was yesterday, so you must get a stout rope, a lantern, and a hook to secure the rope to the edge of the well, that you may descend; also a bag or basket. Go down softly and find all these things, being very sure, you understand, that no one knows your errand, or that I have spoken to you this morning. Then come to me at the spot where the footpath to the hills enters the grove. Do you understand all this?"

"Every word, Miss Veronica; and if it's master's dog, I shouldn't wonder a bit if we found her. You know we heard shooting that way after we lost her yesterday."

Veronica nodded and turned away, remembering for the first time that her father's pet grayhound had followed her in her ride the day before and had not returned, and that her father's lamentations and anger had reached the whole household.

The gray dawn had become daybreak as mistress and servant met at the entrance of the wood, and the light, though faint, was sufficient to show Veronica the little footprints, which the first rays of the sun would probably efface, for the air was mild and pleasant.



EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESS WITH THE 81-TON GUN—EFFECTS OF THE SHOT.

Joseph, not yet quite awake, walked stolidly behind his mistress, whose feet obliterated the clew she followed in silence and haste.

Through the dreary, wintry wood they passed, and out upon the barren upland beyond, between whose hillocks and over whose waste snows the little footprints still led on and on, until, as a lurid and stormy sun stood upon the eastern horizon, the scarcely distinguishable trail ended—as Veronica had in some way foreseen that it would end—at the mouth of one of the long-disused shafts of the old coal-mine.

She stood for a moment peering down into the black depths, undistinguishable even by the noon-day sun, and then turned to the servant, dexterously availing herself of his own stupid suggestion.

"I think Diana has fallen down this shaft, Joseph, and I want you to fix the rope so that you can go down and see. Fasten your hook securely in the cleft of this old stump, light your lantern, and sling the bag at your back to bring her body up, if it is there. Go down all the way to the bottom, and look carefully at the ledges on the sides. Tell me whatever you see that is remarkable. Make haste, man!"

And, with impatience scarcely now to be controlled, she watched the preparations, saw the athletic figure of the negro slowly disappear down the shaft; and then throwing herself on the ground beside it, clinched her hands upon the edge, and waited in palpitating anxiety for his report. It came at last, in muffled and reverberating tones:

"Something or another here, mistress—way down to the bottom—air mighty bad, and can't stay long. It ain't Diana—she ain't there! Coming up!"

And the rope shook as the man began to climb it, eager to regain the less deadly air of the upper regions. But Veronica fairly screamed with rage, and thrusting her head over the shaft, hoarsely cried:

"Don't you dare! Bring up whatever it is that you have found—dog, or child, or the foul fiend himself! Bring it up, I say!"

"Yes, mistress," replied the man, faintly; "I'll get it into the sack, and then—if I can—I'll fetch it along—but——"

"There, there, don't talk, but hurry, hurry!"

No answer, and presently the motion of the rope again showed that the man was feebly climbing it; and with many pauses and efforts, for which only the love of life could have given him strength, he reached the mouth of the shaft, and, with one last convulsive effort, drew himself out and sunk, in an almost dying condition, at his mistress's feet.

But she, caring little whether it was death or not that had purchased her revenge, only thought of removing the sack from his shoulders and cutting it open, until she could see its horrible contents, at which she gazed with hard, unwomanly eyes, slowly nodding her head, as if in assent to her own unspoken thoughts.

At last, she carefully tied up the sack again, and, turning to Joseph, said, impressively:

"You have done very well, so far, Joseph, and you shall be handsomely rewarded either in money or in any other way in my power; I will help you to marry, and open a shop, if you still wish it, or—in short, you shall be amply rewarded, but on this one condition: you are never to relate this morning's work to living soul unless you have my orders to do so; and, if you disobey me in this, I will have your life just as surely as I stand here. I swear it, and you may well believe it, for you know me."

"Yes, mistress," replied the man, shuddering; "I remember how Nellie died in the old days."

Veronica frowned, yet turned pale, as she said:

"Nellie betrayed and disobeyed me, and she was my servant in the old days, as you call them. But, mind you, things may have changed about us, but my will and my power are still stronger than your poor life, and remember from this hour it hangs upon your faithfulness to me in this matter. Now get up, if you can, and bring this sack after me to the house."

The great hall-doors stood ajar as Veronica again entered the house, but none of the servants were in sight, and, followed by Joseph with his loathly load, she made her way straight to her father's room. This door also stood open, somewhat to her surprise, and, passing around the screen, she motioned the man to lay down the sack upon the carpet, and then turning toward the bed, she loudly said:

"Father, I have something to tell you!"

Then, for the first time, she perceived that Alix and Waldron and the physician stood about the bed, while close beside his master's pillow knelt Julius Cæsar, his shoulders shaken with sobs, and in the midst lay the grand, calm figure of the old man, his eyes for ever closed, his ears shut to the story of calumny and bitterness she had brought him, his mouth set in the placid yet mysterious smile so often seen upon the lips of the newly dead.

"Veronica! Our father is gone!" said Alix, coming to her side, her face streaming with tears; but the eyes of the younger sister were bright and dry, and her voice hard and distinct, as she replied:

"Then here, in presence of his dead body, I ask you, the woman with no lawful name that I know, who was that child whose body has moldered six months in the old pit-shaft, and whose ghostly footsteps have haunted this house, and followed you wherever you have gone, since the evil hour that saw you come beneath this roof? Whose child was that, wanton and murderess?"

"Hush, hush, for God's sake, Veronica!" exclaimed Alix, falling upon her knees; while the men left the death-bed and gathered in horror around the two sisters and the ghastly thing between them, from which Veronica had stripped the covering.

"Yes, I say!" screamed she, stamping her foot, "just here and just now I will have an answer to my charge. My father is gone—I cannot hear him curse you or turn you from his doors; but Waldron remains—this man, my lover, whom you have fooled and witched with your wicked ways until he has almost forgotten that he is mine—he remains, and he shall know you as you are!"

"It is you, Veronica, who do not see things as they are," interposed Waldron, in a grave, hushed voice, "This lady, your sister, is my wife, for I am he with whom she eloped from school, and so incurred her father's displeasure. In allowing you to believe me a single man, in offering you love, and deceiving you into an idea that I could become your husband, I have been very, very deeply to blame, and scarcely dare hope that you will ever forgive me."

"The child!" gasped Veronica, in a strange, shrill voice, at sound of which the physician quickly turned and passed round to her side.

"The child!" moaned Alix, clasping her hands and bowing her head, "was ours, Max—our little Lily. After I left you, I wandered, I know not where, for months, supporting myself and her by my own labor; then, at last, I drew near home, and one night I found myself in the hills, exhausted, starving, despairing. I think my brain gave way, Max, for I lay there for hours, long hours, of which I now remember nothing, except that I did not sleep, and that the moaning and sobbing of a little child seemed ever in my ears. I vaguely remember throwing

out my arms to push it further from me, and then came a shriek, a fall, a moan, and all was still. When I again opened my eyes in the bright sunlight, I lay by the mouth of the old pit-shaft, and I was alone. All day I lingered there, but there was neither sound nor voice, and, at last, when night fell, I arose and came to my father. The little footsteps followed me, and they have followed me ever since; but now that I have told all, and my darling shall be laid in hallowed ground, I hope that the curse may be lifted, and I may die in peace."

"Die! Yes, that you shall!" shrieked Veronica, crouching, tigress-like, for a spring, while her eyes shot green flames as they fastened upon Alix; but the two arms of the physician about her waist restrained her, while he hurriedly said to Max:

"Secure her arms. She is raving mad. I have seen it in her eye ever since she last spoke."

They secured her as tenderly as they might, and carried her from the room; but from that moment to the moment of her death, not one lucid interval humanized that demoniac life.

Under the best, kindest, and most skillful treatment, but closely confined in the securest apartments of a private asylum, Veronica Vassall lived out her appointed days, and passed from earth to judgment.

Waldron and Alix were not very long in coming to an understanding, now that all counter-influences were removed, and soon exchanged forgiveness and the assurance of renewed love.

Their marriage was formally announced, and as all the Vassall property was now theirs, the world consented very pleasantly to any little irregularities in the nuptials, which were now legally declared to be satisfactory and sufficient.

The baby bones were buried in consecrated ground, and so thoroughly did Joseph believe in his mistress's power even in a madhouse, that no rumor of how they were discovered ever crept abroad.

Little footsteps still patter up and down the terrace-walk and through the wide halls of the Vassall mansion; but there is no mystery about them; and they excite no terror in the heart of the happy mother, who still, as she embraces these, her later darlings, never forgets the little Alicia, or her fearful death.

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## GREAT GUNS.

A GUN weighing 101½ tons has been made in England by Sir William Armstrong for the Italian Navy, and this is to be followed by seven more of the same size. And it is said that this is not the limit of greatness in guns. As fast as the defensive armor is invented or discovered, so fast the offensive weapon is made to overcome it. The constant struggle for the victory, on both the offensive and defensive sides, has caused us to see floating vessels with iron, wood and steel sides, a yard in thickness, and guns which throw a projectile weighing a ton and a quarter, to a distance of nine miles, with an initial velocity of over 1,500 feet per second.

It is no less surprising than interesting to look back upon the guns with which ships of war were armored, even up to a comparatively late period, and to compare them with the guns now in existence, to say nothing of those contemplated.

At the commencement of the present century, the largest naval guns were of cast-iron, throwing a projectile of 32 pounds in weight, and as late as the Crimean war in 1854, the largest guns used were 68-pounders.

The growth of ordnance from the early beginning to its present size has been very gradual, and covers a long period of time. It was for a long time supposed that Berthold Schwartz was the discoverer of gunpowder, and the first to apply it to projectiles, but that idea is negatived by the well-established fact that the Arabs and Moors of Northern Africa had artillery at Cordova as early as 1280, and it is on record that in 969 the Chinese, under their Emperor Tai-tsu, tied rockets to their arrows to propel them to greater distances, as well as for incendiary purposes.

The Spaniards learned the use of artillery from the Moors, and soon the knowledge spread through the rest of Europe, and at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the English had three small cannon.

The first cannon were called bombards and mortars; the former were made of longitudinal bars of iron, bound together by hoops, and the latter having the semblance of an apothecary's mortar, which name it took and keeps to this day; while the bombard, after having passed through numberless changes of name and style, is utterly lost in the modern gun.

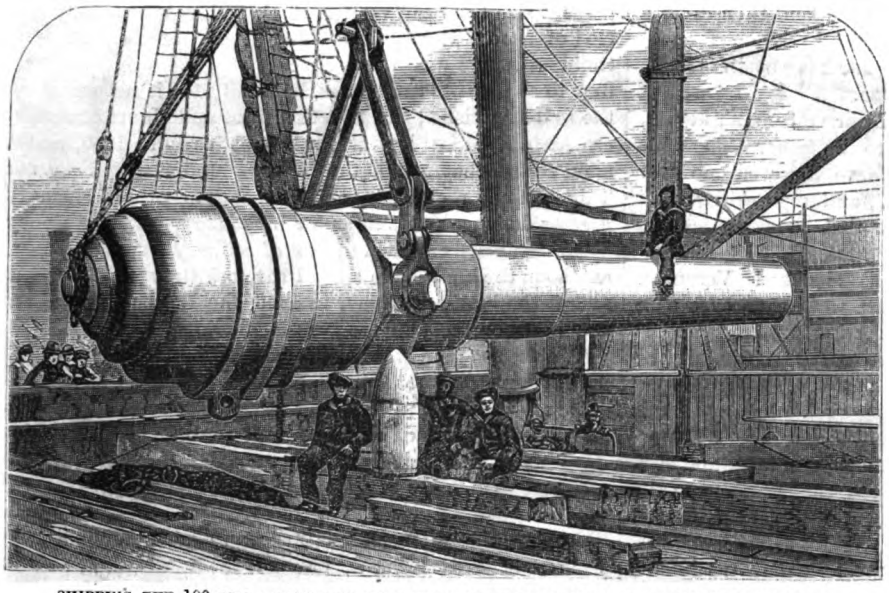
During the fifteenth century there were bombards in France of great weight, one of them weighing 36,000 pounds, with a projectile of 900 pounds. Various improvements were continually making. In the sixteenth century brass guns and cast-iron projectiles were adopted in Europe. In the seventeenth century howitzers were invented by the Dutch. In the eighteenth century very many improvements were made. Field guns were greatly increased in efficiency, and in the French army a thorough and complete system of artillery practice was introduced by Gribeauval.

Field ordnance, however, cannot be made larger than a certain limit. As it has to be drawn by horses from place to place, its weight must be kept within moderation, but no such restriction exists as to mounted guns and naval ordnance. The result has been, within the present century, an increase which has far outstripped the increase of all the other centuries since gunpowder was discovered. And this increase, too, has taken place in the latter half of this century.

The leader in the path of heavy ordnance was General Paixhans, of France, who, in 1822, proposed that large, heavy shells should be fired from long-chambered guns. Guns made on his principle were called Paixhans guns, and, although designed originally for naval service, have been used for seacoast defense with equal success, as they proved what had before been denied, that it was as practicable to throw shells to a great distance with slight elevations, as to throw shot. General Paixhans's guns were adopted into almost every service, and for a long time were esteemed the most effective weapons of their kind, but they have recently been greatly surpassed.

In America, the experiments with guns of large calibre have been neither so frequent nor so thorough as in England and France, yet there are names which are connected with the artillery which will ever remain famous—Bomford, Rodman, Dahlgren and Parrott, each made improvements in guns. Bomford, who was a colonel in the war of 1812, introduced the Columbiad, which was a long-chambered gun, capable of projecting shot and shell at high angles and with heavy charges. This gun was used with success in the war of 1812, and was the legitimate predecessor of the Paixhans gun, which it greatly resembled.

General Rodman, in 1847, developed his now universally adopted theory of initial tension—in other words, of such a disposition of the metal that, when the gun is at rest, the interior parts are in a state of compression, while the exterior are in a state of tension. This adds greatly to the strength of the gun, as the outer parts are thus compelled

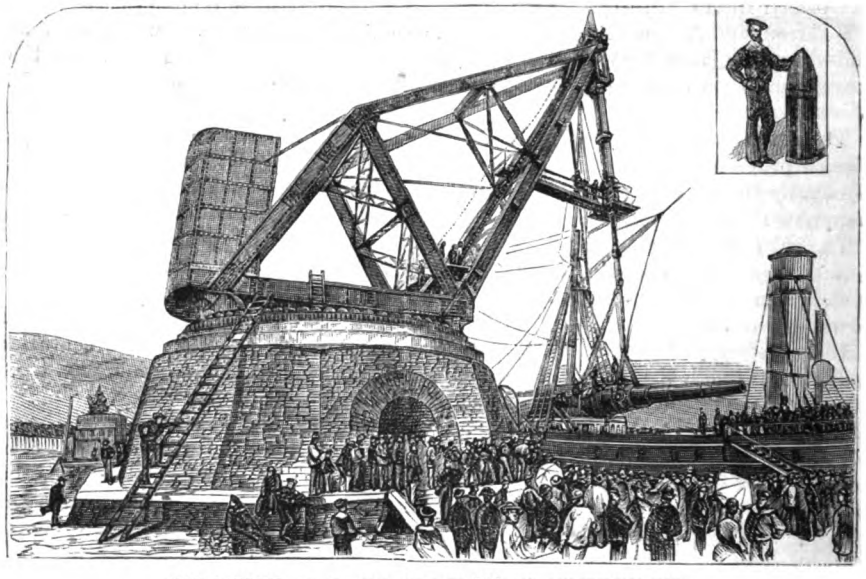


SHIPPING THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY, AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

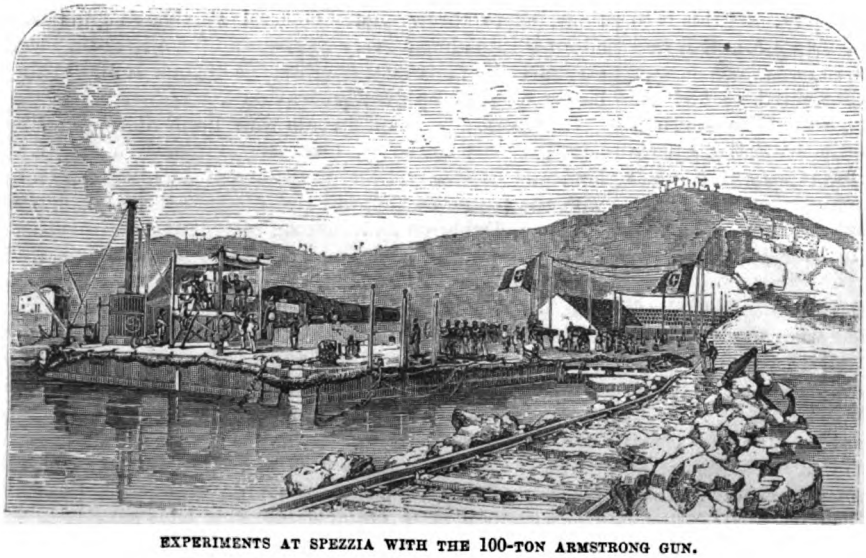
to stand more, and the inner parts less, when the gun is fired.

Admiral Dahlgren made, in 1850, a number of improvements on certain guns. They were cast solid, of a nearly cylindrical form, and cooled from the exterior. Then they were turned down to the required shape. Dahlgren's system was adopted for our navy in 1855. His guns were not as large as Rodman's, the largest being only 11 inch bore, while Rodman's were up to 20 inches; and in 1860, Rodman's model was adopted for all sea-coast cannon. In 1864 a 20-inch Rodman gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, on February 11th. Eighty-four tons of metal were used, but after finishing the gun the weight was reduced to about sixty tons. It was at the time the heaviest gun in the world, and has only very recently been surpassed. This gun was mounted at Fort Hamilton, in New York Bay, and on October 26th, 1864, a trial was made. Three shots were fired—the first, with 100 pounds of powder and no ball; the second, 50 pounds of powder, and a solid shot of 1,080 pounds, and the third with the same shot, but with 100 pounds of powder. At this last trial, the shot was thrown about four miles in 27 seconds.

The Parrott gun are rifles, which are strengthened by shrinking a wrought-iron hoop or barrel over that portion of



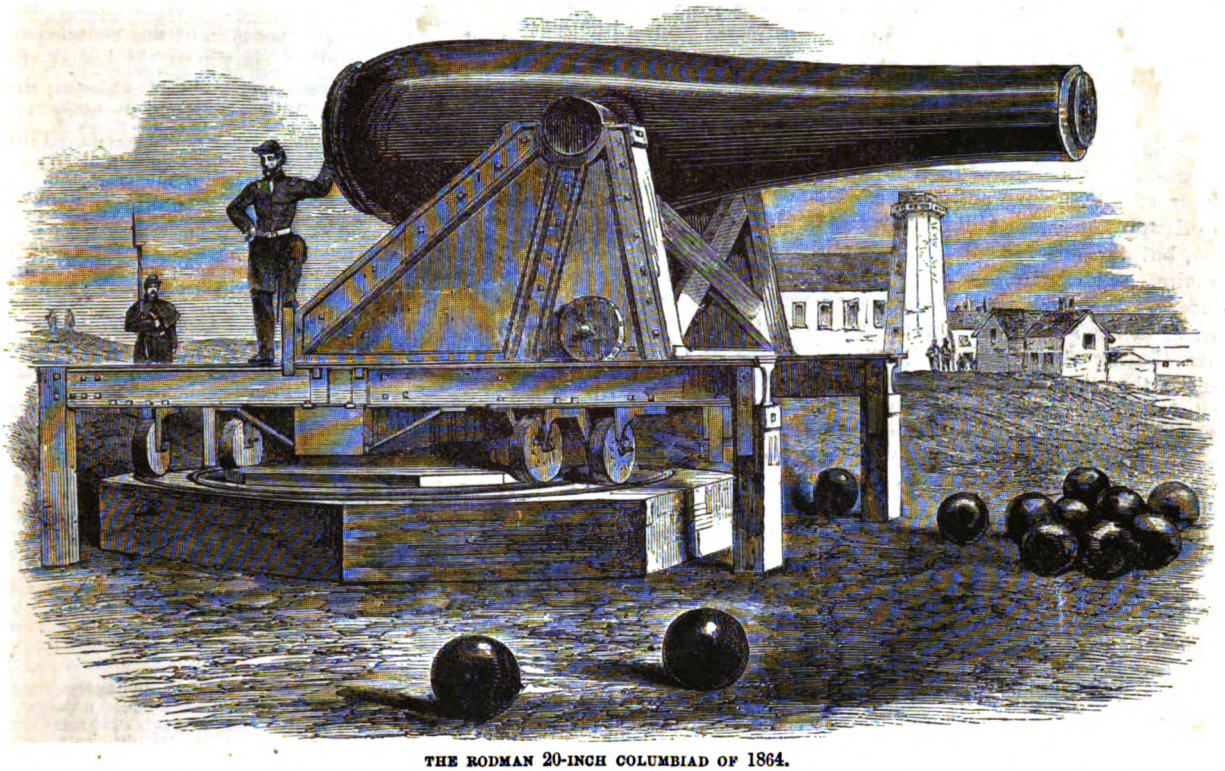
THE LANDING AT SPEZZIA OF THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.



EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZZIA WITH THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.

the reënforce which surrounds the charge. The cast-iron body in the larger calibres is hollow—cast on the Rodman plan. The largest Parrott rifles had a bore of 10 inches, and threw a projectiie of 250 pounds weight.

In 1859, Sir William Armstrong, of England, projected a plan of making guns of large calibre, which has since been perfected, and now the Armstrong gun is known over the world. In the first place, Armstrong adopted General Rodman's theory of initial tension, but applied it in a different manner. The gun is made almost in the way suggested, "by taking a long hole and pouring



THE RODMAN 20-INCH COLUMBIAD OF 1864.

melted iron around it." Sir William Armstrong takes a long steel tube, and forges wrought-iron bands around it, these bands growing thicker and heavier toward the breech. These guns showed great endurance and penetrability, and gave excellent results on trial, so that the English Government adopted them for their turreted ironclads and their fortresses, and some of the recently built powerful ironclads are equipped with these effective weapons. The *Dreadnaught* and *Thunderer* both have 28-ton Armstrong guns in their turrets, while the inventor is now making eight guns of the enormous weight of 100 tons each, which are intended for service in the turrets of the Italian Monitors *Dandolo* and *Duilio*.

Mr. Fraser, a British engineer, in 1868 proposed an important modification of the Armstrong system. The Armstrong guns were very costly, as the wrought-iron coils were thin and numerous, and the large forging for the breech piece was very expensive. Mr. Fraser's modifications consisted in using larger coils made of thicker bars, and so much stronger longitudinally that the forged breech piece became unnecessary.

LOADING THE RODMAN GUN WITH A 1080-POUND SHOT.

The Whitworth gun was made of a substance called "homogeneous iron," a species of low steel said to be made by melting short bars of Swedish iron and adding a small amount of carbonaceous matter. The smaller Whitworth guns are forged solid, and the larger ones built up with coils or hoops, which are forced on by hydraulic pressure.

Other Englishmen have made variations in gun-making, but at the present time attention is divided between the Armstrong gun and the Woolwich gun, the latter being the Fraser model, and made at the Woolwich Arsenal.

The Armstrong 100-ton gun is so far the greatest gun in the world, but it is closely approached, if not in weight, surely in effect, by the 81-ton Woolwich gun and the 40 centimeter breech-loader made by Krupp. The Krupp gun-works are the largest in the world. They are located at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, and occupy about 500 acres of ground. There are about 250 smelting furnaces, and 859 other furnaces, making a total of 1109 furnaces. Two hundred and ninety-eight steam-engines furnish the power for the machinery, and

there are 77 steam-hammers, varying in weight from 250 pounds to 50 tons. In 1876 there were about 10,500 workmen employed in the works, and about 5,000 in the mines and blast furnaces.

The Krupp guns are all made from crucible steel, prepared in a manner kept entirely secret. They are all breech-loaders, and have been made for every European power except England and France. One of the largest of the Krupp guns was exhibited at our Centennial Exhibition, but the one recently made is still larger, and is the heaviest gun of any kind ever made on the Continent of Europe. It weighs nearly seventy-one tons, and it is 32 feet 9¾ inches long, being three-fourths of an inch shorter than the Armstrong 100-ton gun, and 5 feet 5¼ inches longer than the Woolwich 81-ton guns. The latter were tested at Shoeburyness, and it is intended to place four of them in the turrets of the ironclad *Inflexible*. The Armstrong gun was shipped to Spezia, and there tested. The Krupp 40-centimeter gun has not yet been tried, but the results have been carefully estimated. The projectile of the Armstrong weighs 2,000 pounds; of the Woolwich, 1,700 pounds; and of the Krupp, 1,664. The charge of powder used is 375 pounds in the Armstrong, 370 in the Woolwich, and 385.8 pounds in the Krupp. The velocity in feet per second of the projectile is 1,543.8 in the Armstrong, 1523 in the Woolwich, and 1,640.45 in the Krupp. The Krupp gun has 90 grooves in its barrel, 0.372 inches wide and 0.078 inches deep; while the Woolwich gun has but 13, and the Armstrong but 27, the latter being 1 inch wide by 1-8 of an inch deep. The diameter of the bore is very nearly the same in all three; being 15.75 in the Krupp, 16 in the Woolwich and 17 in the Armstrong. Either of these three guns will throw its projectile, if not interfered with, to a distance of about nine miles.

Gunnery has become a positive science, and one which is constantly advancing. As fast as the tests show the practicability of a certain size, still larger pieces are planned. Guns far exceeding those above described, both in weight and power, are in contemplation in the great gun-foundries of the world. Krupp has a design for one which will weigh 124 tons, to be made on the same plan as the one described above. It will have a calibre of 18 inches, and throw a steel shell weighing 2,205 pounds, with a powder charge of 500 pounds. Drawings have been made at the Woolwich Arsenal for one intended to be between 160 and 200 tons in weight, and to be capable of sending its projectile through 36 inches of solid iron at a range of 1,000 yards; and Sir William Armstrong, at his Elswick Works, has a gun in contemplation which is to be 50 feet long, 21 inches diameter of bore, with a projectile 5 feet in length, weighing three tons, to be propelled by a charge of 950 pounds of powder, and it is expected to be able to throw this immense weight of shot a distance of 12 miles.

There is, however, a limit beyond which the size of these terrible weapons may not pass; and it is a question whether or not that limit has not already been reached. The 100-ton gun has not yet been used in the turret of the vessel for which it is intended, and whether it will prove as satisfactory as desired remains to be seen.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

COMPARISON OF LONGITUDES.—France and the United States will soon establish a comparison of the longitude of Paris and Washington by cable. As is known, these operations lead to a determination of the velocity of propagation of electric waves. Commander Perrier and M. Loewy have recently published a volume, giving the details of the comparison between Paris, Marseilles and Algiers.

THE SYRUP OF CHLORAL.—The Academy of Medicine of Paris having recently been consulted by the municipal authorities of Reims in reference to the propriety of restricting the sale of the syrup of chloral put up in bottles, the subject was referred to a committee for examination and report. The committee commence their report by describing the well-known properties of the hydrate of chloral, and conclude by saying that, as the bottles contain nine grammes of the hydrate, the absorption of this amount in the course of a few hours could prove serious, and even mortal; that the proposition has not been submitted to the Society of Medicine for approval, and thus falls under the ban of all secret remedies, and that so powerful a remedy ought not to be sold without the prescription of a physician in regular practice. The report of the committee was adopted as the sense of the meeting. They might have added that the syrup of chloral undergoes spontaneous decomposition, producing very poisonous compounds which have not yet been thoroughly studied, but which at once point to the danger of keeping the preparation on hand. The subcutaneous injection of chloral is also denounced, on account of the cauterization produced on the skin.

GAS AND ELECTRICITY IN PARIS.—The Municipal Council in Paris has made arrangements with the Jablochkoff Company to light certain streets, squares and the great market with 83 candles for one year, at an expense of 55,000 francs. The price hitherto paid to the gas company for illuminating the same place much less brilliantly, is 21,041 francs, leaving an excess of expense to the city for the electric light of 33,959 francs. It is believed that in the course of the year the Jablochkoff Company will realize material improvements, and it is supposed that other electric light companies will tender some fresh propositions for comparison. The gas companies have offered to furnish improved illumination to several streets without additional charge, and thus a regular competition will be carried on between gas and electricity before the Paris public during one year on a grand scale. The city can well afford to pay the small sum of 34,000 francs for experiments which must result in inventions and discoveries of importance to all concerned.

THE PLAGUE IN CHINA.—A French officer, M de Souzac, now in the service of the Chinese Government, recently read a paper, on the plague, before the Geographical Society of Paris. He mentioned a number of facts which seem to prove that the disease is originated by certain emanations from the earth, to which rats are the first to fall victims. The Chinese medical men do not appear to have any remedy against this scourge, rendered more terrible by the superstitious practices of the people, who imagine that the victims are possessed of an evil spirit, and who leave the bodies exposed to the sun in order that the infernal occupant may be obliged to leave it. That custom produces a horribly pestiferous state of the atmosphere, sufficient alone to cause an epidemic in the plague-stricken villages, and to render the prevailing disease a hundred times more deadly than it might otherwise be if proper sanitary measures were adopted.

FOSSIL FORESTS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—Mr. William H. Holmes, of the Hayden Geological Survey, finds that an extensive series of forests have been buried in the sedimentary formations of the volcanic tertiary, especially in the region drained by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. Throughout a long period of subsidence, a constant alternation of land and sea seems to have been kept up by the irregular deposition of fragmentary volcanic products, so that numberless forests grew and sank, one after another, beneath the sea. Fully 4,000 feet of the tree-bearing strata were formed before the final upward movement began. These same strata now cap some of the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and cover an area of upward of 10,000 square miles. The trunks are in many cases from 20 to 30 feet high, and fairly rival the big trees of California in dimensions.

DENTAL GRAFTING.—Grafting teeth is a new research in physiology. There are two kinds, the graft by restitution, and the graft by borrowing. The former consists in reimplantation after extraction, and is resorted to to rectify direction, to treat caries and periostitis easily, or to facilitate operations on some other tooth in the mouth. In twenty-two cases reported by M. David to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, only one proved unsuccessful. The graft by borrowing consists in substituting a sound tooth, which has had to be extracted from another mouth, for a bad one. Or a sound tooth from a lower animal may be inserted for a bad one, as base for a pivoted artificial tooth.

VANILLA FROM OATS.—It is well known that the German chemists, Tiemann and Harmann, some time ago succeeded in preparing artificial vanilline from the sap of pine trees. A French chemist, M. Eugene Serullat, has discovered a way of producing the same compound from common oats. The hull of the oats contains a principle which is very soluble in boiling water, and to which M. Serullat has given the name of *avéneine*. This principle is isolated from the residues of manufacture of oatmeal, is oxidized, and becomes converted into the characteristic perfume of vanilla. Whether it has all the properties of vanilline, as made from the bean and from the sap of the pine, remains to be determined.

EDUCATION IN ITALY—The Minister of Public Instruction in Italy has issued statistics of the number of students and auditors of lectures inscribed in the Universities of the Kingdom for the scholastic year 1878–79, viz., 10,028, of whom 609 only were auditors. The Neapolitan University counts the largest number, 2,817; Turin follows next, with 1,509; Padua, 948: Pavia, 672; Rome, 648; Pisa, 586, etc. In the classification, 3,907 are under jurisprudence; 3,151 under medicine; 1,421 under other sciences.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN GEOLOGIST.—Bartolomeo Gastaldi, the well-known director of the Italian Geological Survey, has just died in Turin. He was born in 1818, and was originally intended for the legal profession, but his fondness for geological studies induced his parents to send him to the School of Mines in Paris. He subsequently devoted himself to physical geology, in the study of which department he was greatly aided by his power as a pedestrian, and he soon made himself familiar with all the southern spurs of the Alpine chain. He succeeded Prof. Salla in the chair of Geology at the Engineering School of Turin, and during the latter years of his life has devoted most of his time and energy to the geological survey of Italy. In Turin, where he spent the greater part of his life, and where he occupied the position of Common Councilor, he was very greatly respected and beloved; this fact is testified to by the circumstance that, at his funeral, more than three thousand people followed his remains to the cemetery.

THE PLAGUE IN RUSSIA.—The first symptoms of infection are manifested by a violent fever, accompanied by an inextinguishable thirst; then follows the appearance of reddish tumors on all parts of the body, but particularly under the armpits, and they rapidly attain the size of a hen's egg, while the pain they cause is so intense that the patient speedily loses consciousness. By the time he recovers his senses, the development of the swelling is complete. If they have remained hard and firm, the sufferer has some chance of surviving; but if the contrary is the case, death is inevitable. The difficulty in finding a remedy for this scourge is, that no autopsy is possible, as all the medical men who have attempted it have died of their temerity. By the manner in which it spreads, it is evident that the contagious principle is communicated by contact.

PRODUCTION OF COCKS OR HENS AT PLEASURE.—M. Fairfax has announced to the Society of Acclimatation at Paris, that it is possible to raise roosters or hens at pleasure, by studying the method of breeding. To obtain cocks, it is necessary to pair a young rooster with an old hen, and to obtain pullets, just the reverse. Numerous experiments made at the gardens in Paris, appear to confirm the theory of M. Fairfax.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

NOW, ALL together! Who ever heard an ear drum?

A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.—A bookkeeper out of a situation.

A RUN on a snow-bank does not portend a financial crisis.

AN alarm clock in a house generally wakes up the wrong sleeper.

HOW WOULD you measure your lover's sincerity? By his sighs.

A PLAY is said to "run" when it stays a long time at one theatre.

THE man who is always as "cool as a cucumber," is generally as green.

IN the times of Noah the floods ruled the earth. It was reign water then.

WHEN the moon is full, is the man supposed to be up there in the same condition?

THE Princess Louise carries a little cane, because she is becoming a little Cane-adian.

ILL-TEMPER and smoke are about equal in their ability to drive a man out of the house.

WHY should you not rely on stuttering people? Because they are always breaking their word.

A BOY who is brought up right is apt to be an upright man, though downright in many respects.

"WHY is the sun masculine?" "'Cos wons allus is." "And the moon feminine?" "'Cos it is so changin'."

A TAILOR who was asked if the close of the year made him melancholy, said, "Yes, until they are settled for."

"TO GET the sack," is from the French; but a young man does not care where it is from, as long as it is not from his girl.

"WHAT do you think of me?" asked an old bachelor of a witty girl. "I think you are a single-r being," was the reply.

"BREDDREN," said a darkey in a prayer-meeting, "I feel 's if I could talk more good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

SERENADER: "Home, sweet home! Dar am no place like home." *Colored lady* (at the window): "Well, you jes better git along home, or I'll frow somefin."

THEY say that truth lies at the bottom of a well; but it is, of course, absurd to say that truth lies anywhere. That's about all that proverb amounts to.

IT is because he has heard that close attention to *little* things makes a successful business man, that the young drapery clerk pays such close attention to his mustache.

AN ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh," said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile, and feels ashamed of it!"

THE man who was carried away by his feelings has returned safe.

WHEN did Casabianca deliver his celebrated speech? Probably on deck-oration day.

A MAN entered a church during service in a country village not long ago, and used a rattan on a deacon sitting in his pew. He must have been a descendant of the pew-rattans.

A DEPOSITOR in a country bank says, "If the bank officers would look at burglars as scowlingly as they do at their poor customers, the burglars would give the bank a wide berth."

A LOVELY young lady from a neighboring town suddenly disappeared from society, and a shudder ran through fashionable circles when it was learned that she had gone home to dye.

AN ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is a resultant of two mechanical powers—the *inclined plain*, and *leave her*.

TO BEAT carpets: Use matting; for coolness, it beats carpets. To make a window blind: Fill it up with bricks and mortar. To obtain sleep: Have nothing but "nodding" acquaintances.

IT makes a young man feel very much as if some things in the world were all in vain to sing "Come to my bosom, come, love," under a window, and then happen to see a sign "To Let" on the door.

CUSTOM compels an Icelander to kiss every woman he meets. This accounts for the absence of well-traveled roads in that country, and the existence of trails and "short cuts" through the woods.

EVERY once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show us where a woman has ever settled a mouse.

WHEN a woman goes visiting, she wants shoes fully two sizes too small; but it's astounding what a deal of comfort the same woman can extract from a pair of slippers three sizes too large in her own house.

AN old lady seeing a sign over the door of an umbrella shop, "Umbrellas Re-covered," went in and told the shopman that she would like to have him recover the one that was stolen from her the week previous.

AN unsuccessful vocalist went to a country poorhouse, and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he'd been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

A WAG got a company of savants to discussing the question, "What is the half of the moon most like?" As they couldn't agree, he finally closed the debate by suggesting that it was probably most like the other half.

"HAVE you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver and cried, "No insinivations here, young man! We're honest here, and don't bone nothin'!"

"DON'T stand there loafing," said the master of a grammar-school to three students standing where they shouldn't. "We're not loafing," said one of them; "there are only three of us, and it takes 'leven to make a loaf."

"WHY do you prefer lager beer?" asked a Yankee of a German. "Because," replied the Teuton, as he held up his foaming glass—"because I loves my faderland, and dis, you see, always makes me tink of foam" (of home).

"WHAT sort of an offense would you call pulling a man's hair out till his head was bald?" asked a young lady of an old judge. "I can't exactly say," replied the cautious old jurist; "but it seems to me to squint toward wigamy!"

SHE wore a Dolly Varden the night when first we met; her chip hat, like a garden, with posies gay was set. A thumping, big blonde bunch of hair, when next we met, she wore; her skirts spread out from wall to wall, and dusted off the floor.

A MAN whose industry was very intermittent, being accused of laziness, said, "Excuse me; I'm not lazy; I'm only practising magic." "How is that?" queried his accuser; to which the lazy man replied, "Why, don't you see, I work by *spells!*"

AS A fop was riding a very fine horse in the park, a young and pretty lady was evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked, "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply; "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey!"

SOME of the historical critics are trying to make out that there never was any such man as William Tell. Others say that if there was such a man, he didn't amount to much, as, according to the most favorable accounts of him, he was an arrow-minded fellow.

A PROMISING FIRM.

MOMENTOUS Mush-head has found his mate;
Adventurous Foolhardy, just his gait;
They are partners now—a likely firm—
Dealers in cod-liver, whale and sperm.
One does the selling—"rattle-ty bang!"
T'other's collector—"pay or gee-lang!"

BUYING FLOWERS IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.

See Page 361.

A MEXICAN INTERIOR.— WOMEN MAKING TORTILLAS.

See page 243.

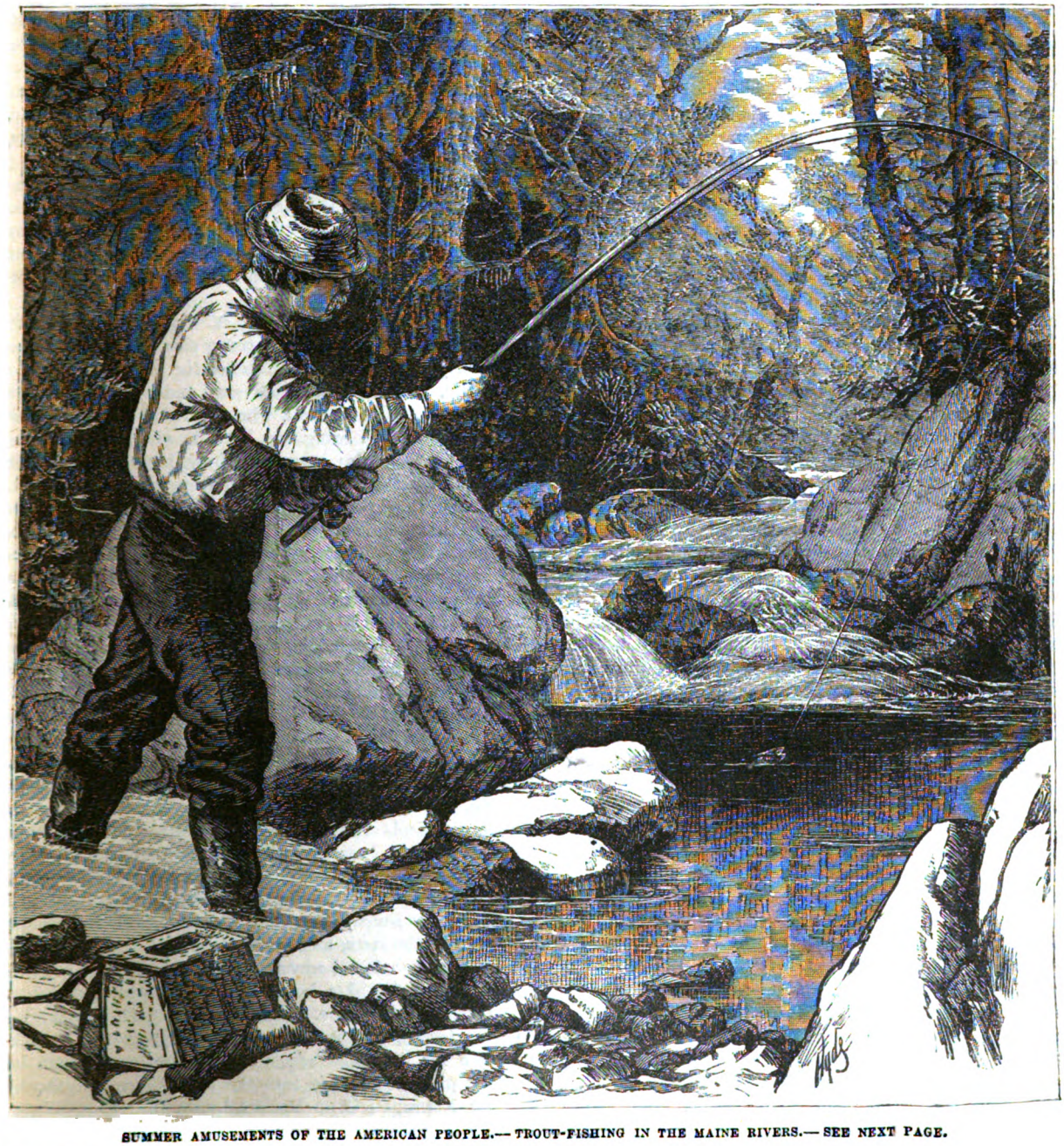
SCENE ON THE PIER AT TROUVILLE, THE POPULAR WATERING PLACE IN FRANCE.

French Watering Places.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.— No. 2. AUGUST, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

# SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.



SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE RIVERS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

# SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"His cold, good drink out of his leather bottle;
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade."

For the coming three months the capricious but beautiful American climate will, like the siren that she is, invite her 50,000,000 (more or less) to the grandest and most varied series of picnics which ever could have been offered to the seekers of out-door refreshment. Of all her adopted children, the Germans know best how to enjoy, in a simple and inexpensive manner, the benefaction of the open air. Their saengerfests, picnics, excursions: their beer-gardens and their open-air concerts are institutions which they have founded, and they have taught the self-conscious American many a lesson of the good to be derived by the inexpensive day's pleasure under the convenient trees of Jones's Wood or other suburban retreat, whither they go with their wives and children, coming home laden with flowers and leaves and fruits; stronger, like Antæus, for having touched again Mother Nature's broad breast.

Around New York and Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and wherever the German pitches his tent, are to be found convenient pavilions for open-air concerts and the rival passions of the Teutonic heart—beer and good music; not to mention tobacco and dancing, and, above and better than all, that love of nature which is a part of his dreamy and æsthetic brain, find expansion and enjoyment at a very small expense.

The opulent—here a larger class than elsewhere—demand not only these enjoyments, but those of a more elegant nature. Health is a convenient excuse (indeed, our somewhat trying climate does demand a great deal of change, and a free admixture of saline air, or mineral water, to keep us in repair). Of mineral springs the Goddess of Health has been very generous to the United States. Saratoga is probably the most remarkable place in the world for healthful mineral deposits. Sulphur, soda, iodine, iron, alum, magnesia, and that chalybeate which Sam Weller described as "being strongly flavored with warm flat-irons," are all concealed under that generous soil.

Added to these extraordinary and curative bubbling and gas-laden springs, we have the balsamic odor of forests of pines, and no wonder that the Indians, wrapping the invalid Sir William Johnson in a blanket, as he lay low with a wasting fever, told him that they would carry him where the waters would soothe his inward pains, and the air of heaven would cool his fevered brow. They were as good as their word, and carried him three days through the forests in their arms, until they laid him down by the Congress Spring, the first fashionable visitor to Saratoga.

Richfield, Sharon, Avon, the Virginia White Sulphur, red, blue and yellow, follow at a respectful distance; and now Arkansas claims the most wonderful hot springs in the world as a specific for rheumatic gout. St. Catherine's, in Canada, holds also a grand reputation for all those diseases which so haunt the American people, and especially for the constitutional curse of rheumatism.

Then, if we love the mountains, the Catskills, nearest New York, contain an inexhaustible store of health and picturesqueness. The Mountain House, famous for many years, and now the Overlook House, a thousand feet higher, are most romantic spots. The deep ravines, glens, waterfalls and illimitable forests, afford to the pedestrian the most exciting and amply satisfying woodland rambles. There are no peaks in the Catskills, the mountains are wooded to the tops. Bears (very gentle ones) are occasionally met with by the adventurous walker. There are boarding-houses and farm-houses scattered everywhere, more or less comfortable, and of the air it can be safely commended. As Artemus Ward said of the air of Colorado, "It is good; it ought to be, for I expect here is *where they make it.*"

West Point and the Highlands offer immediate and sure open-air delights, and the Profile House in the White Mountains, at the far-famed Franconia Notch, is quite perfect in every way, including fashion. The enjoyments of the White Mountain Notch, now increased by the railroad up Mt. Washington, are manifold; and youth and maiden, papa and mamma, uncle and aunt, and boys innumerable, will wander up and down the mountain side, ride on buckboards and on horseback, and clamber to the tops of crowded stage coaches, in emulation of the city crowds who engage the "Tally Ho."

Trenton Falls, Watkins Glen (most romantic and least used up), will offer their hand-rails and alpen-stocks to adventurous young girls who have the ichor of youth to work off, and who find the picturesque an admirable adjunct to an older and a more personal persuasion—in fact, the oldest of all.

Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, a sort of Switzerland by itself, and the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware Water Gap, are all near to New York and Philadelphia, and are cheap, healthful and well worth seeing.

The Adirondacks, "John Brown's Tract," have become an institution for the hunter and the fisherman and the excursionist, and now club-houses and hotels crop out at many convenient spots, where the less adventurous spirits can hold on to the last rope of civilization before trusting themselves to the unknown.

Camping out and "roughing it" does not agree with everybody. The young and strong can do it; not always the elderly and the weakly. Hence the attractiveness of a gypsy life, mitigated by mattresses and regular meals, a roof over one's head, and, when it rains, a wagon with springs, which will bring one back to civilization, at the moment when nature ceases to draw, have made certain hotels and boarding-houses, at the entrances to these pathless woods, very popular. The real Adirondack traveler despises them, and makes for the most interior lake, where you must carry your canoe on your back, quite as often as it carries you, over the frequent portages. Strange how the Indian comes out of the ground in this country! The effete Cit feels it in his bones, and he returns to the life of the woods with a haunting dream of a pre-existence. The men of the Six Nations have left their voices in the air, and their canoes in the lake.

Of lakes we have no end. Not to speak alone of such gems as Lake Greenwood, Mohawk, Mahopac, Geneva, Owasco, Cayuga, Saratoga, Cooperstown; or the greater Lakes George and Champlain; or the greater still, Erie, Ontario, Superior, Michigan—we have everywhere some hidden diamond, on whose glittering surface a shallop is seen to glide at eventide, with the white dress showing clearly against the twilight, the black coat less distinct, but sure to be there—the old companionship of Youth and Love, with the immortal setting of sunset, and the coming espionage of the stars, and crescent moon.

Of ocean resorts, wherever there is a bluff or a beach there is to be found a house of call, a bathing-house or houses, and some people. Come to these yellow sands!

Coney Island, with its thousands, a great gasp, a breathing-place for the millions; Long Branch, with even its splendid pier walking out into the sea—Venus advancing to meet Neptune; Cape May; Atlantic City (our Winter Torquay); Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, where once old General Jackson and his suite unbent for Summer

recreation; Mount Desert, where, as at Biarritz, the mountains come down to the sea; all the coast of Massachusetts; and far Nantucket, a gem of the ocean—once so lonely and so deserted; Fire Island—long sand-spit; up to gay, fashionable, courtly Newport—all, all is salt, breezy, refreshing, and crowded. Boating, fishing, driving and yachting are the business of the many.

Yachting is a business by itself. Our pleasure-navy is now quite a respectable fleet. Did the owners of the *Resolute*, the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, the *Wave*, the *Dauntless* and the *Magic*, and their companions, choose to put a howitzer on board, they could defend New York Harbor. Ladies wear their colors on their fans, dress in uniform, and wear hats and ribbons after the pattern of their dear yachts; and the annual regattas, the procession of the yachts to New London and Newport, whenever the commodore commands, is chronicled as one of the events of the age. To see the fleet come in at New London rouses all the blood along the coast, and to be invited on board is an event which one celebrates in champagne cups and with fitting solemnities. It is a fresh, beautiful, invigorating thing to do, no doubt, to spend a Summer on a yacht. Lord Dufferin has made one such voyage immortal.

Lesser means, but the same instinct, lead a crowd which is, to say the least, very republican, to try sea-fishing off the Fishing Banks, near New York. Steamboats, with music, dancing and drinking, take a rough crowd to these convenient open-air resorts; and it is to be feared that the fun gets fast and furious, and somewhat rough, on these predatory expeditions.

Still lesser enterprise, and no means at all, keeps many a poor family entirely dependent on the city parks, of which we have in New York two glorious examples of our own—Central Park and the Battery—and that of Brooklyn. Thither creep the tired artisan and his wife at the close of a hot, sultry, fatiguing day, with their pale children. "It is," says Dickens, "thank God! not easy to chase the cheerfulness from a child's heart"; but it looks almost a hopeless case as the poor children drag their steps toward the green grass. What a change! In an hour, what shouts, what gayety, what dear delight! Who would grudge them the hospitality of a dandelion? Nature is the great curative, the immortal nurse. Then, thank the philanthropist who suggested and carried out the plan of carrying off by hundreds the poor children to the farms and hillsides. The pine-tree called to the palm, and the palm has answered back.

Of outdoor sports, we have famous cricket-matches at Hoboken, at which ladies are often seen. This is a great improvement on the past.

Horse-racing has been improved by the introduction of beautiful club-houses, and the presence of refined women. The race-course and club-house at Jerome Park are among the prettiest in the world; and to see the well-dressed crowd who gather there every fine race-day is to see the most perfect out-of-door picnic possible.

Coaching must ever remain the pleasure of the opulent few. But it is, without doubt, a very growing taste with the American people. Four-in-hands appear not only at the fashionable resorts like Long Branch and Newport, Saratoga and New London, but in all the cities, at the popular Long Island resorts, and are the adjuncts of many luxurious homes in the country.

We cannot claim yet for our people the out-of-door luxuries of the English aristocracy. We have not yet the splendid opening-day of Ascot, or Epsom—probably we never shall have, as we have no Prince of Wales. We have superb horses, and we have zealous turfmen; we have a fine sky, and beautiful women—so much for our material. We have the sinews of war, also; but so long as we do not have an aristocratic class, we must miss much that makes a foreign race-day attractive.

We have not the hedgerows of Kent or Sussex—we have no such house to look at as we drive by as Eton Hall, or Blenheim, or Chatsworth, and our coaching must be done on rough roads—through environs not always beautiful, before we can reach a country which is pretty or attractive. Along the Hudson River we find the best roads, and the most beautiful surroundings (except those about Boston and Philadelphia) in this country; but to reach our own Hudson River, how much must the driver of a four-in-hand encounter which is neither savory nor picturesque!

The suddenness with which railroads came upon us, led to the abandonment of the old country inn and certain good roads kept up necessarily for the stage-coach—then the only carrier of the mails and of the suffering passenger. This is a pity, as there were some charming and comfortable old houses, known to all travelers. Now the second-class railroad-inn at railway-stations is the abomination of desolation, and the perfection of dirt, sun-heat, flies, feather-beds, and bad cookery.

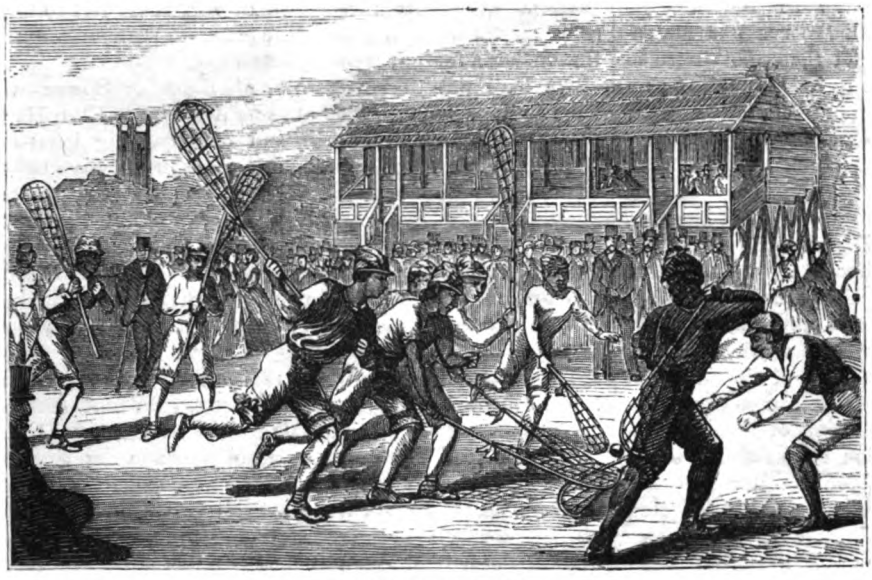
To mention trout-fishing is to invoke the names of two or three geniuses who have emulated Isaac Walton in their zeal and poetry. One of these, Mr. Robert Roosevelt, has left little to be said. However, we may allude to the Club Houses on Long Island, where the comforts and luxuries of the members, and the preservation of the fish have both become proverbs. The best mountain trout are being found in middle New York and Pennsylvania, and in the Adirondacks, in the Beaver Kill, the Neversink, the Calicoon, and other tributaries of the Delaware. This highly aristocratic fish haunts only the purest water and the most romantic scenery. He is hard to take, but when taken, he is a Prince.

Of sea-fishing off Newfoundland; of fishing in those streams which flow into the Bay of Fundy; of excursions from Boston for cod—"'Tis merry when you've wagered on your angling; when your diver did hang a salted fish upon your hook;" of Long Island sea-fishery, where the fisherman stands for hours playing with a gigantic bass; of the salmon fisheries—and of the enormous industries which fill our markets with the best of fish from Florida to Maine, we have no space to treat in detail.

"It is an instinct deep in the heart of an Anglo-Saxon," says some philosopher, "to kill something." Fishing has every charm. Hope is the foundation of it—we all of us expect, always, whatever time we fling, that there will be something at the end of it; and the fisherman who catches either a wary trout or a mighty bass, has had fresh air, scenery, health, exercise, and conquest thrown in, to his hour's sport. There is scarcely an innocent triumph over nature which so well deserves the name of sport as this. But stop!—"A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense."

All along the shores of Rhode Island, ascends as an incense to the genius of hospitality, the glorious aroma of baked clams! Could there be a more appetizing odor? As the sail-cloth, beneath whose damp covers the steam, passing through fragrant sea-weed, has cooked to perfection bushels of clams, heaps of Indian corn, loads of fish, is lifted—what a sensation! So might King Philip have entertained Massasoit!

There is something regal and Homeric in a clam bake. The sea, the land, have lent their best products. Fire has been called down from heaven, to make those polished stones give forth their most conservative heat; the sea-weed, washed by a thousand waves, comes up, an apotheosis of cleanliness, to make itself a voluntary *Norma*—a

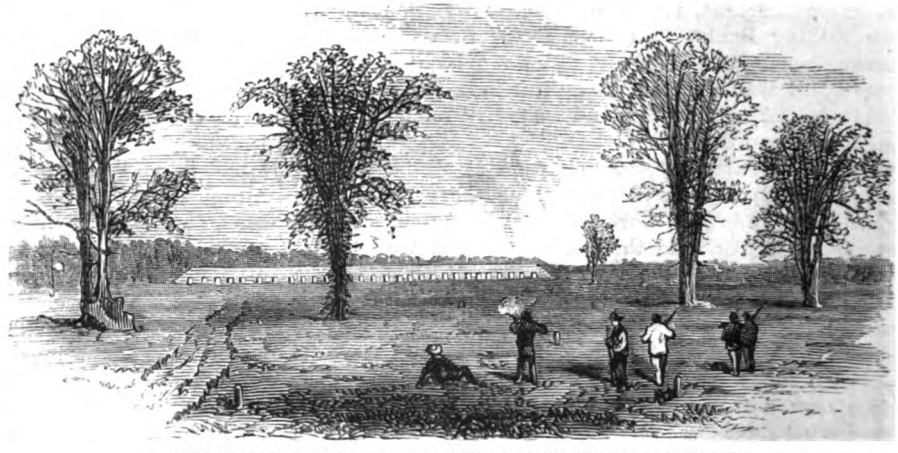


A GAME OF LA CROSSE.

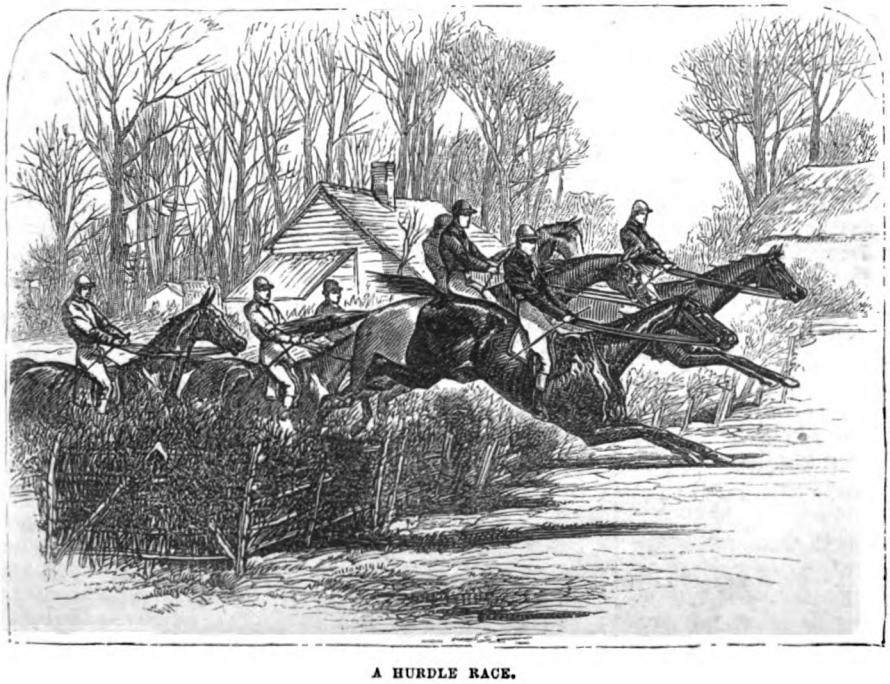
high-priestess of Nature, who is to be burned at the stake that we may eat. It is an epic sacrifice! After the diffusion of an odor which would make all the naiads, hamadryads, and fauns in the neighborhood die of pleasure, we mortals sit down to the treat of baked clams, dipped in butter; and breathing one word of warning, that the delighted epicure must not eat the tails, we go on to the corn, which, roasted in the silk, yields a flavor and a deliciousness which is unparalleled.

If Rhode Island had not already adopted the old Indian greeting, "What Cheer!" for her "field-mark and device," she should, after inventing the clam-bake, have that title conferred upon her by a congress of nations.

Agricultural fairs in a rural neighborhood, are very great blessings to a population who cannot go far from home. The improvement in stock, and the taste for improved breeds, give them an added interest for our dwellers in the country. So strongly had agricultural pursuits stamped themselves upon the mind of one of our country gentry, that on being asked if he had not been cheated in the sale of a bull, a gentleman farmer remarked: "Oh, no! Short-horned men are always



THE SHARPSHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR AND OTHER TRIAL GROUNDS.



A HURDLE RACE.

honest"—he confounded the man with the lesser animal. In great Central New York the cows have titles of nobility, and the "Duchess of Geneva" was sold for $50,000—that is, as much as the "Duchess" of Gainsborough was worth, perhaps more! From the grand re-unions at Rochester, Geneva, and in the West, where

"Slow paced the milk-white oxen garlanded,"

march to music and roll their great eyes calmly about, to the smaller county fair, in some little agricultural village, the great excitement, the pleasure and the usefulness of these beautiful September days devoted to fairs are unqualified. Many humble sports—the revolving swing, an occasional trotting match, a man with

LADY'S ARCHERY AND LAWN TENNIS.

performing bears, many talkative peddlers; an address from some foreign celebrity; the display of gigantic pumpkins, and all of Pomona's children; the elegant T-cart of the local beau; the carriage of the wealthy Summer resident, down to the unwashed wagon and dingy harness of the farmer, who, perhaps, contributes the best butter and cheese. All these go to make up a lively picture, and recall the *kermiss* of the German towns, particularly when some lanky Ichabod Crane drags his pretty, blushing Katrina across the track, or treats her to an aerial voyage in the revolving swing.

At one of these country fairs last Autumn appeared some Canadian Indians with their graceful game of Lacrosse. It was a pretty sight, and set the village youth to trying variety in the game of ball.

It is astonishing to the uninterested observer, this passion for ball-playing. Scarcely an illustrated paper but has some picture of a victorious team. The present enthusiasm may be said to be about ten years old, and every year, besides the numerous games between professional, semi-professional and amateur clubs, there are contests between the college "teams" of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown and Trinity. The college champion games for the last five years have resulted as follows: 1874, Yale; 1875, Yale; 1876, Harvard; 1877, Harvard; 1878, Harvard.

In 1874 the game of football as played at Rugby was adopted at Harvard, and has now become the regulation game at the football-playing colleges. In 1874, Harvard played a game with McGill College of Montreal, which resulted in a draw. In 1874-5 Harvard defeated McGill at Montreal. In 1875-6 Harvard defeated all Canada in two games, and Yale in one. In 1876-7 Yale won the championship. In 1877-8 Princeton defeated Harvard, and Yale defeated Princeton, but no game was played between Yale and Harvard; so, for the present, the honors are divided at football.

No surer test of the vitality of a taste or of its intense popularity than this record of contests of the leading colleges. The story that it tells is that of the tastes of our first young men—what they are doing, thinking of, and emulating. There can be no finer sight than to see them, in the vigor of youth and beauty, running, leaping, working, making a toil of pleasure, strengthening leg and arm and back, and really working while they believe themselves to be playing. It is, of course, the old story over again of the quoit-player; and the sculptor and the painter can have no finer living models. A fine, bronzed, vigorous set are these ball-players; and when the balls they will hereafter attempt to catch shall be what the world calls honors, names, fortunes and renown, may they find that they have trained for victory.

But of all the out-of-door amusements of the American youth, none has had so brave a showing, so proud a record, none has excited such wild enthusiasm, as the boating. The story of the American intercollegiate boat-races, the self-denial included in the long training, the noble and heroic devotion of each man to the tiresome drill, the courageous indifference to danger, illness and dullness in the seclusion of the weeks before the race, the pluck, magnanimity and courage—all, all would make a heroic poem. No doubt the sport, as such, is one of the greatest recreations in the world; but when it becomes a contest it tests the marrow in one's bones. It is a dangerous and an exciting exhibit of how much a man is worth. No doubt many a fine young life has been sacrificed to it. It is no child's play.

Boat-racing in this country is about thirty years old; Harvard and Yale conducting a yearly contest somewhat on the principle of Oxford and Cambridge, and other colleges—particularly Columbia—gaining great credit for races with amateur crews, as well as with those of the colleges. These races were continued harmoniously until 1871, when a foul occurred between Harvard and Yale at Worcester, and the colors were given to Harvard, although Yale was first to cross the line. Acting under the impression that the referee's decision was an unfair one, Yale declined to row with Harvard on the following year; and an intercollegiate association was formed by Harvard. The race of that year was won by the Amherst Agricultural School. The following year a number of other colleges, among whom were Cornell, Columbia and Yale, joined the association; and all three races at Springfield—single scull, freshman sixes and university sixes—were won by Yale. There was great dissatisfaction among the friends of Harvard at the result of this race, as it was claimed, according to their idea, that the finishing-line was diagonal, and that if allowance had been made for a turn of the river, the race would have been given to Harvard. In 1874 the races were on the beautiful Saratoga Lake, by far the best place for them in the United States, and the most elegant crowd of women ever seen at any similar gathering in this country stood on the shores to greet their favorite contestants. Never was there such a blaze of color! It was a saturnalia of flags. The crimson of Harvard, the blue of Yale, the blue and white of Columbia, the yellow of Princeton and the lavender of Wesleyan—all fluttered, not from the flagstaffs alone, but from the slender waists, the round hats, of pretty girls, who were watching "some friend, some brother there"; while they, the contestants, in close-fitting flannel and little turbans of their favorite colors, drew up, awaiting the judges' signal.

Saratoga Lake was capricious; for two days her waves put on white-caps; she was ambitious of a turban herself; the patient crowd came and went. At last, on the third day (Saturday morning), the judges announced that the hour had come, and the crowd went out again, plowing with impatient feet the beautifully-kept grounds of Mr. Frank Leslie, who had opened his gates to the spectators of all nations.

A splendid sight! One that those who saw will never forget, as those nine crews departed. What vigor, what certainty of stroke, what a fine set of creatures they seemed as they bent their lean backs to the work!

Every one felt that *the* race was between Harvard and Yale, with those two fine athletes at the stroke oar—Wendall Goodwin, of Harvard, and Cook, of Yale. Every one followed those two flags, now the crimson, and now the blue, when, alas! an oar was seen to flash in air, a few dewdrops were thrown upward—there had been a collision (*a foul*, as both claimed), and Wesleyan came in second, while Columbia, with her splendid young captain, Jasper Goodwin, coming in first, excited a magnificent enthusiasm. It is worthy of note, as corroborating the foresight of General Grant, that while nobody was talking about this crew, he prophesied that they would win, much to the disgust of his son Ulysses, who was a Harvard man.

This race, and the long quarrel between Yale and Harvard *à propos* of it, is a subject too personal to be entered into. It must be conceded, however, that to Cook, of Yale, the colleges owe the university stroke, and that he has personally given a great impetus to rowing. To him, to Ostrom, of Cornell, and to Bancroft, of Harvard, does rowing owe very much of its later prestige.

In 1875, Cornell came to the fore, and won the race; Columbia second and Harvard third. Cornell disproved the joke against fresh-water colleges, and took the colors

in everything. In 1876, Yale withdrew from the association, and Harvard announced that she would row, for the last time, an eight-oar four-mile race, with coxswains, against Yale. Yale won easily. This was at Springfield. In the later association-race at Saratoga, Cornell was first and Harvard second in all races, including the single-scull, freshmen and university.

In 1876, Yale won the intercollegiate four-oar race over Columbia, and also the Dublin University crew, at the Centennial Regatta at Philadelphia, and came very near defeating the famous four of the London Rowing Club.

Harvard defeated, first, Columbia, and then Yale in the eight-oared races at Springfield in 1877; again defeated Yale at New London in 1878, and in the latter year Columbia, bravely going over to England, entered a four in the Henley Regatta, and succeeded in winning the race for the "visitors' challenge cup." This, perhaps, was the proudest moment for American rowing. Every one remembers how Columbia greeted her victorious sons; how their boat, and oars even, were all carried by their enthusiastic fellow-students; how they were victoriously borne through the Fifth Avenue, with the city *en fête*, and received at the Windsor by their venerable President, Barnard, who congratulated them on not only beating England, but actually on beating *Time*—a greater, an older and a more obstinate antagonist than England. All this is history. This race, his victory at Saratoga, and all his connection with the oar, places very high the name of Jasper Goodwin in connection with American rowing.

And on Saturday, May 17th, 1879, occurred at Boston something never before known in American boating—five eight-oar crews belonging to one college (Harvard), each class and the law-school being represented, rowed in competition, the seniors winning and the sophomores taking second place.

They hope, undoubtedly, to go over to England, some day, to rub out the defeat which the college suffered in 1869, on the Thames, in which Oxford made an easy victory.

The principal intercollegiate races of the present season will be the annual eight-oar race between Yale and Harvard at New London, and the race between Harvard, Yale and Cornell at Saratoga, in July; the regatta of the "American Henley."

It would be impossible to enter into the illimitable field of the "single sculls," the freshmen, sophomore, or amateur racing clubs; their name is legion. A dozen "champions" exist; captains who make young oarsmen's faces grow pale. It will not do, however, to leave this fascinating subject without recording the proud international victory of the Beverwycks, of Albany, who won the championship of the world at the Centennial, 1876, defeating the London Rowing Club.

This hasty *resumé* of the boating at those "public pulses," the American colleges, shows that boating is, indeed, one of the prominent out-door amusements. We do not need to recall the figures on the Harlem River, who go darting up and down in the twilight; the long and interesting panorama of the Hudson, as one comes down on the evening train, and sees a boat putting out from every inlet, and gliding up and down the placid sweep of the noblest of rivers, to feel that this is true.

Polo has become an eminently popular thing within three years, at the expense of some broken heads. It first appeared at Newport, under the protection of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and was immediately taken up by Mr. Herman Oelrichs, Mr. Lanman Rogers, Mr. Howland Robbins, and Mr. William Douglas, who sustained a severe injury whilst playing it. It then spread to Long Branch; a Polo Club was formed in New York, and a club-house built about a mile from Jerome Park, about six months later. There the club have given some very elegant parties, and have amused their guests by spirited games. The importation of Canadian or Indian ponies, and the game from Canada, was one of the many out-of-door obligations which our neighbors at the North have laid us under. They certainly have a great proclivity for dangerous games—the Canadians—as their Toboggin, and shooting the slides would affirm.

A writer for one of the recent magazines declares that Polo came from India, where it has been known since the days of Scheherazgade—that is, a long time ago. The game requires fourteen men on vigorous, hardy Indian or Canadian ponies. The players wear colored shirts, velveteen breeches, and bright little turbans. One man advances to the centre, and throws up a ball. Immediately both sides start for it, with sticks four or five feet long, crooked at the end. The ponies rear, kick, and dash about; the mallets come down sometimes on heads, instead of balls! The idea is, of course, to spin the ball toward a certain goal, by the *ins*, the *outs* trying to keep the ball in the field. In this the game resembles our national pitch and toss for the Presidency. The ground must be 400 feet long, and 250 feet wide. It is inclosed by tall white poles, 50 feet from each other, and the ends are marked by two goal-poles, 25 feet apart, each bearing a white flag. The ball must be driven between the flags to secure a victory. The ponies must not exceed fourteen hands in height, and must not show any vice. Spurs with rowels are not allowed, except on special occasions. A player may interpose a pony before an antagonist, to prevent him from reaching the ball. When the ball falls out of the boundary, it must be returned by an impartial person; and before the ball is thrown up by the umpire at the outset of the game, each side must be stationed about twelve feet within the goal posts. Swinging the mallet is prohibited. Such is Polo—a very picturesque game.

There are, already, clubs all over the country. There is no reason why there should not be one in every village. It is very exciting, and not very expensive—the ponies cost about seventy-five dollars a-piece. It is a manly and courageous game, and develops horsemanship in the highest degree.

Lawn-tennis is an exceedingly pretty game, which ornaments a lawn, and makes the players quite pleasing objects from the library window. It is the old battledore and shuttlecock played over a net, at some distance, with balls. It can now be bought for about thirty dollars a set, and is much more exciting than croquet, which it displaces.

That would be a feeble and incomplete picture of the Summer amusements of the American people that left out our monster steamboat-excursions, which through all the Summer go out, loaded to the water's edge, with music, food, and people, for a day's fresh air. They are always crowded—so one wonders what fresh vitality can be gained from them. But they seem to be safe. One never hears of an accident, like that dreadful one on the Thames of last year. The management of all our monster steamboats must be admirable—they seem as safe, though trifling with two dreadful monsters, steam and ocean, or steam and the rivers, or our turbulent inland lakes, as in one's own parlor, and they are certainly very luxurious.

Sunday-school picnics to parks and to glades just outside the city limits are very gay and healthful occasions for city children, and it is claimed that no child has been lost in this great City of New York from such an expedition. How dreadful for them to return to the foul air of a

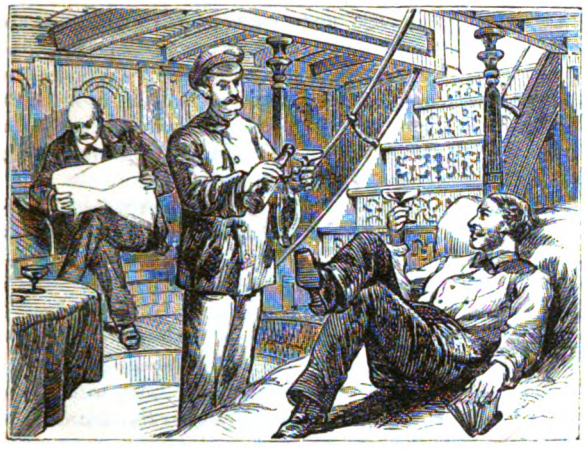
THE YACHTING SEASON.—REGATTAS ON THE LAKES AND HARBORS.

tenement house after such a day!

Horseback riding has become much more of a recreation for women during the last ten years. The park has offered to New York women unusual facilities for this delightful and healthful recreation. We have not yet utilized the donkey of England, or the mule of Switzerland, but their day is not far off. We need, also, for the transportation of the lame and the lazy, the *chaise à porteur* of Switzerland. Many women cannot walk, and thus lose the charming, intricate meanderings of a park, or of such a spot as Watkins Glen. Why not give us some drawings of the *chaise à porteur?* and then if some energetic person would only import a few! Those rolling chairs which came over for the Centennial have been of greatest service to many of the persons hitherto chained to the back piazza.

Of open-air concerts, we can only regret that they are so few. There should be one in every park in New York, at least one day in the week. How lovely the music sounds in our clear and unclouded air. All our watering-places should have a *casino*, where the music-loving could meet and cheaply hear the very best music. Our German friends alone conquer this in their open-porticoed and generously roomy beer-gardens or concert-rooms.

As for dancing in the open air, we have not yet reached that. The peasants of the South of France dance gayly under the wal-



ON BOARD A YACHT.—BELOW DECK IN A CALM.

RECREATION ASHORE.

nuts, but none but plantation negroes ever dance in America, except in hot and stifling rooms, under gaslight. Then, again, we do not eat in the open air as we ought to do. In Switzerland, who ever eats anywhere else if he can help it? and why have not the Delmonicoes, or some other vigorous and tasteful restaurateurs, taught us that we can enhance our pleasure by an out-of-door banquet?

ON BOARD A YACHT.—THE COMMODORE AND FLEET CAPTAIN.

Walking is a very old amusement; it can scarcely be called peculiar to America, and yet it is just now a very great passion. Many clubs are formed for walking into the country from towns, perhaps for journeys of twenty or thirty miles; young men take long walks over a certain State or tract. The Catskills

ON BOARD A YACHT.—UNDER FULL SAIL.

ON BOARD A YACHT.—SIGNALING.

offer great facilities for this sort of healthful recreation. The modern way is to study your shoes, your gait, and the posture of your arms. The result is in most cases good, but women should be careful. They often walk too far and too much. Horseback riding is far better for women, and moderate rowing. But all physical training should be gentle with women. They have not the fibre, the staying power of their English sisters; an American woman can readily ruin her health.

American people are very gregarious: they like to go in crowds. That is, perhaps, why they submit to most notorious inconveniences at watering-places, and endure the troubles of over-crowded cars and steamboats. The country everywhere, just off the grand routes, is full of most delightful retreats, and cool, comfortable, uncrowded seaside resorts abound, but they are not popular; people like to be in a great caravansary or in a crowded steamboat. Perhaps as yet, on this point, we are not entirely civilized.

Americans are prone to take long journeys in Summer—journeys which make a European traveler stare. Already, chartered cars are taking parties to Colorado Springs—that wonderful State, which should be spelled Eldorado—and to the Yosemite Valley, and to the Mammoth Cave. Anxious and determined sportsmen have gone to Lake Mollychunkamug, and other lakes with remarkable names, in search of fish, in the still unsported State of Maine.

It must be said in respect to our palace cars, however, that they have no equal in the world for comfort and convenience, and that they are as comfortable and luxurious as any moving thing can be. A journey, however, through our heat and dust is a trying thing, even with the best of appliances.

The old travel on the Great Lakes, Michigan, Erie, Superior, etc., making of that wonderful and beautiful and unique place, Mackinaw, a Summer watering-place, was as near the perfection of travel in Summer as could well be. "My dear sir," said President Van Buren, once, speaking of a tour through the Lakes on one of these steamers, "I have been to a cotillion party which lasted a fortnight." The first negro minstrels used to sing and play on these boats, and dancing was allowed without an introduction to your partner—such was the order of the day. *Nous avons changé tout cela;* but the question remains, Have we improved?

An American crowd bent on pleasure is a good-natured crowd, and the average American citizen is a well-behaved person. The patience and the serenity about meals always excite the admiration of an Englishman, who is furious if his beer and beef are kept from him a moment. Lord Ronald Gower, a noble and most just observer of our institutions, traveling *incognito* here last year, declares that this good behavior on the part of Americans in their out-of-door sports, their travels, and their contact with each other, struck him very favorably. He, with all Englishmen, was amazed at the profusion of good food furnished on a North River steamboat, and, like Thackeray, praised a country where a full meal could be obtained five times a day.

However, as the old proverb says, "Zeal without knowledge is a fire without light." So the American traveler must choose his pleasure discriminatingly. He can otherwise purchase fatigue and annoyance without much pleasure.

For a walking tour he cannot do better than to choose the Catskill Mountains; the valleys of the Catskill and Katterskill Creeks; the whole beautiful country of the Berkshire Hills, where, if fatigued, he can descend upon the charming and informal watering-place, Lenox; the Shawangunk Mountains, in New York and Pennsylvania, which for wildness are unsurpassed; or, for grandeur of view, the White Mountains of New Hampshire. For these last he wants almost a Swiss outfit. It is very simple—two pairs of easy shoes, some flannel shirts, an easy-fitting, light knapsack, and a coarse, light flannel suit; an india-rubber blanket, rolled tight, is also indispensable, although its odor is by no means pleasant.

Then, for a short tour with ladies, we have Canada and the Saguenay; the fortnight's ride through the White Mountains; the trip to the Wyoming Valley and Delaware Water Gap; and the never-failing Niagara. These trips cost scarcely more than a month at a fashionable watering-place, and require no fine clothes.

The Adirondack season—for it has a season—must be carefully calculated in order to avoid the flies, which sting dreadfully in certain months. Before committing one's self to this most daring leap backward into the manners of the Mohawk, a very careful consultation should be had with some experienced Adirondack traveler.

It would be an interesting dream to imagine old-Rip Van Winkle, or some proud and lofty chieftain of the Six Nations, standing on an imaginary height and watching the outdoor sports of the American citizen, who—hard-worked and brain-shattered man!—desires for a few weeks to creep back into that life of the woods, that solitude, which they enjoyed without interruption. They would be tempted, perhaps, to make that original remark, "There is nothing new under the sun," as they saw the attempts which the "civilizee" (to use Fourier's contemptuous expression) makes to reach what the chieftain and Rip Van Winkle enjoyed so much, and so without effort.

Particularly might they smile at that devotion to the rifle which has built up Creedmoor. Perhaps Rip would criticise some of the extraordinary crouchings which the amateur sportsman has invented to get a good sight. It is an extraordinary and almost universal American gift, this precision of the American aim. It is the only international trial in which we have always beaten the English. Lord Harris and his English team of cricketers beat the Americans off the ground, but no English team has approached the American Rifle Team. The grounds at Creedmoor are pretty, the shooting intensely interesting, and the ride thither, past Mr. Stewart's Garden City, very agreeable.

The rifle, that desperate and deadly thing, goes on being improved to that degree, and with such remarkable strides, that it almost defeats itself. The old story about Michael Scott's coon will cease to be a fable, for a thing which carries a bullet so far and with such unerring accuracy needs only to be seen to be avoided by a foe.

The Germans, sure to be in for any out-of-door sports, are already in the field—indeed, have long had their "schutzenfests"; and the American boy, who chooses for his Fourth of July holiday his gun and dog, and goes out to reprehensibly shoot robins, is only one of a vast procession of millions, who, with guns on back, are marching slowly but surely toward that inevitable warfare between the killer and the killed.

No doubt this passion for rifle-shooting is a most useful one, although to many of us it seems a waste of powder. Anything which cultivates the finer senses, anything which improves the eye and ear, anything which gives a man another means of self-defense, is useful and admirable.

Ever moving onward, with steps which hail the dawn,

or— "Brush the dew upon the upland lawn,"

or carrying off the crest of the sea-foam, are our peripatetic fellow-beings, the seekers of outdoor amusement for

youth and maiden, who climb yonder mountain, or who dash into the abounding wave at Long Branch. What an important Summer it may be! To many the great question will be put and answered, as to whether or not this Summer shall be the last they spend together, or only the first of many.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes says in his paper about the Schoolmistress, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"She asked me which way I preferred to walk home.

"'If you will go with me, we will take the long path,' said I."

## OXFORD AND DOG ROSES.

"It feels like England to-day," said a friend, as we drove through the Park together.

"Yes, Oxford and dog roses," said I.

"What association have you with the two?" said she.

"I do not know, except that I saw them together. Oxford, to American eyes, is almost too enjoyable; it almost defeats itself—the antiquity first and the architecture second, and those lovely gardens third. Those grotesque gargoyles, the luxuriant and dainty ivy, 'feeding on the ruins old,' and, better still, the dog roses in St. John's Gardens, and the lime-trees, heavy with fragrance and murmurous with bees.

"The students were gone when we were there, in June, so we had those slumber-laden old, quiet gardens to ourselves, and meditated on our short English journeys, past, present and to come; our perilous pursuit of a cathedral; our Arctic explorations in search of an English lake, or our now quiet, tranquil conquest of Oxford!

"Oxford, always rich, always powerful, always under ecclesiastical or royal patronage, Oxford has continually grown in the richest and most perfect manner. It is incarnate England in its best estate—the estate of Intellect and of Religion. Here is a great race rearing its young, under the combined influences of reason, beauty and of wealth. It seems at first as if no common man could exist, after an education at Oxford. He must be an artist after looking at his college, and a poet after wandering in its gardens; he must be an antiquarian, for every waterspout gives him a lesson several centuries old; he must be an architect, for in his daily walks he cannot escape looking at the best models in the world. Yet, alas for this speculation! how many poor, feeble, unworthy scholars has Oxford turned out! How little our surroundings have to do with our education; how entirely it is the mental food which we assimilate, not that which we eat, which furnishes us with the material for future work and achievement.

"But the short ride from Oxford to Blenheim, royal gift of Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, at once adds to, and takes from, the pleasures of Oxford. It mixes sensations to go from William of Wyckham to Queen Anne, the dullest sovereign England ever had. She had, however, a queenly gratitude when she gave Blenheim to the Duke; and old Sarah, his bad-tempered duchess, knew how to arrange her grounds. To be sure, she had the Royal Park of Woodstock, where Fair Rosamond's ghost still makes the hidden path romantic, to work on, and she had a long purse, which she and John Churchill had, not too scrupulously, filled; but she had taste, too. She planted great, stately groves of trees, which should resemble the Duke's forces at Blenheim; she made the wild park look like a country beauty in a Court brocade—an exquisite combination—and she led you by great, stately avenues, up to her commanding peristyle. Sir John Vanbrugh built the present palace.

'Lay lightly on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy weight on thee,'

said some poet, of this ponderous architect. But he built for grandeur, pompous greatness, elevated and sombre ideas. Blenheim is very impressive, very grand, very symmetrical; while within it is a treasure-house of pictures, statues, old tapestry, tables of rare and curious workmanship, and old china of the richest.

"The tapestry is peculiar, and I have not often seen it alluded to. It is a history of the Duke's victories, wrought by some Belgian nuns, and sent to him as a present. It has the merit of an excellent painting in drawing, coloring, atmosphere, and furnishes the walls of two rooms, yet every stitch was put in by those patient nuns. How many tears, how many regrets for wasted lives, how many hours of enforced solitude have been stitched into those spirited groups! It is the cleanest, clearest, most brilliant tapestry in Europe. Then the rooms are full of Rubenses and Vandycks.

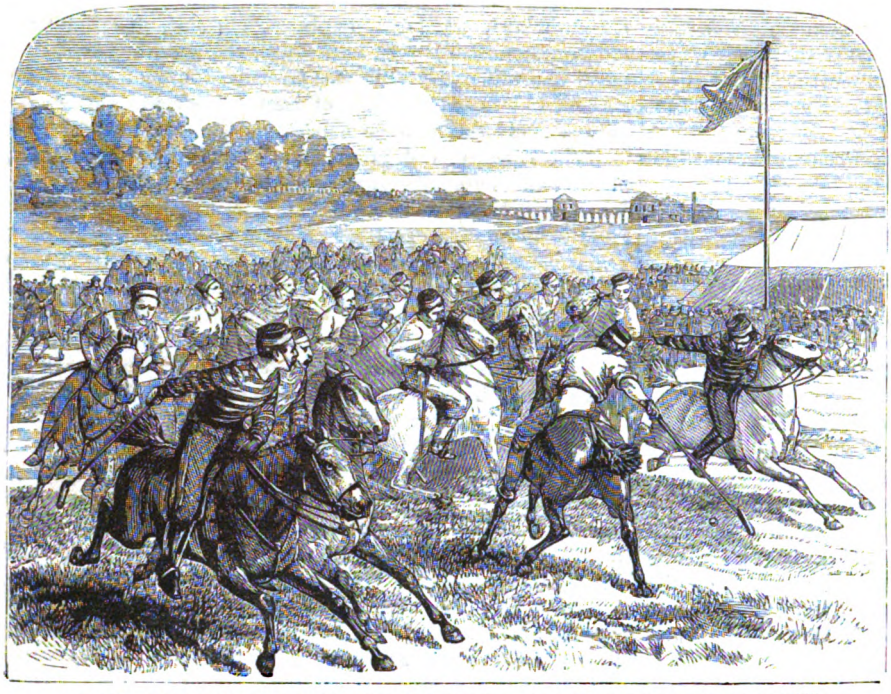
"One of the most beautiful 'Henrietta Marias' in all Europe is at Blenheim. Charles had his adored Queen painted very often. She is in her *premiere jeunesse*, with her little curls brought down on her forehead, her great, liquid black eyes and ruby lips looking the image of health and coquetry. She brought French taste to sombre England, and her dress is always charming. Probably Anthony Vandyck had something to do with the grace of that collar—but it was a nice thing in its way.

"After the pictures, then the china. Oh! what old Dresden, what Majolica, what Faience, what Henri Deny, what porcelain, and what not! But "that way madness lies," and we must not awaken the jealousies of the china-maniacs.

"The Gardens of Blenheim are superb. Every tree and shrub, every flower that England's gracious coolness and temperate climate encourages, is found in those delicious solitudes; for 'all the King's horses and all the King's men' would not break the stillness and quiet of Blenheim's grounds.

"From Blenheim, we follow up Fair Rosamond to the Abbey of Godstow, where she retreated and died, they say, and not by Eleanor's dramatic dagger or cup. How many tableaux would be spoiled, how many poems unwritten, if we believed history?—which we do not. We *read* History, and believe Legend. Yet there is something quaint in imagining the broken-hearted beauty in a nun's *coif*. I dare say she made it very becoming, and as one wanders around the ruins of Godstow, the lovely face looks out of yonder lattice, and brings back a vision of that early freshness—that fatal bloom, which insnared a monarch and ruined a woman. For royal favorites are especially to be pitied—they are raised so high, to fall so low; they taste the extremes of human emotion. A royal lover can alone of all men fulfill love's maddest lavishness. He can make Woodstock Park an Eden for his Eve; he can compel the sea and the earth to give up their treasures to his lady—as every lover would like to do; and, alas! he can forget and desert and betray, like any ordinary man.

"From royal Blenheim to holy Godstow, thence to a lovely, rose-embowered, English rectory, all in one day—such a short journey would only be possible in England—and we find at the rectory fruit growing on the walls, espaliers with early peaches, roses in myriads, strawberries by the bushel. Nothing can be so reckless as an English garden in its regulated luxuriance. We talk of Fair Rosamond, and our host shows us an apple named for her. Grave, saintly English rector, he is penetrated, too, by beauty, romance, misfortune. His house is long, low, vine-clad, lattice-windowed—if you dreamed a picturesque house, it would be this one.



SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— A MATCH AT POLO.— SEE PAGE 130.

"One of the sons has been in India, and has brought home his tiger-skins, and, alas! a lame leg from 'pig-sticking,' as he calls it. But what a home he has to get well in, and to forget hot and unhealthy India; and yet these luxurious homes have nurtured the hardy men who have conquered the world. After giving us roses and strawberries, our hospitable host allows us to return to Oxford.

"And the next day, in the learned city, we explore the Bodleian Library. We ask for the librarian, and a pale and educated face appears under a square Oxford cap, accepts our greeting and our letter, and, being supplemented by a tall, slender figure, proceeds to unlock the treasures for us. Here are illuminated missals, brilliant as sunset; here the work of a patient woman—a volume written in half a dozen different hands, and as many different languages; the literary knitting-work of some unoccupied life. *She* did not have to see Oxford in three days, as we did! Oh! enviable calm! she lived in trim gardens; she had sunny hours of ease and quiet. The pears over her head did not ripen more slowly and surely than she did—this English lady, who wrote this neat book. And so on, through innumerable treasures — autographs, portraits, royal gifts, curious old folios — all the acquisition of learning through the untroubled ages. No Cossack has watered his horses in the Isis. Oxford has never been invaded or destroyed by a foreign foe. There was a man named Cromwell — but even he respected Oxford. For that we will forgive him some of his crimes. Then we go to the great, round theatre, where the noisy graduates cheer their friends, and laugh at their grave and reverend teachers. Looking down on the bald heads, one irreverent boy says, 'That is Golgotha, the place of the *skulls!*'

"But we do not see Oxford in term time. They are off on a thousand hills, a thousand rivers, shooting, fishing, flirting, these men of Oxford, as we look in upon the empty theatre, with its immense and well-suspended roof; yet an atmosphere of youth hangs about it; we remember that for three hundred years young manhood in its prime has gathered here. Here hearts have swelled, and mothers' eyes have moistened; here sisters and sweethearts have cheered the young intellectual athlete at that proud moment of fruition, when the wreath of victory crowns his young brow for the first time. He is the rose and the expectancy of the fair state. Delightful moment of existence, so soon merged in the dusty streams of duty, work, disappointment and care.

"We go to the banqueting-halls of Oxford, and see the gold and silver cups presented by young princes who have 'kept their terms' at Oxford. They show us one given by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, first. England is loyal always. But we prefer that antique vase which another Edward gave—that royal and saintly child, who, dying at fifteen, left such a legacy of holiness to his people! Edward, beautiful, saintly boy! His mother's rather than his father's child. Edward, born of Henry VIII. and sweet

A GAME OF CROQUET.

Jane Seymour. Then we go to church in Oxford, and hear a brave discourse; but, better, we hear the boys sing. One soprano mounts to the heaven like a lark, and carries our hearts up with it. That music of Christ Church, Oxford, is world-renowned; the best boy-choir I have ever heard.

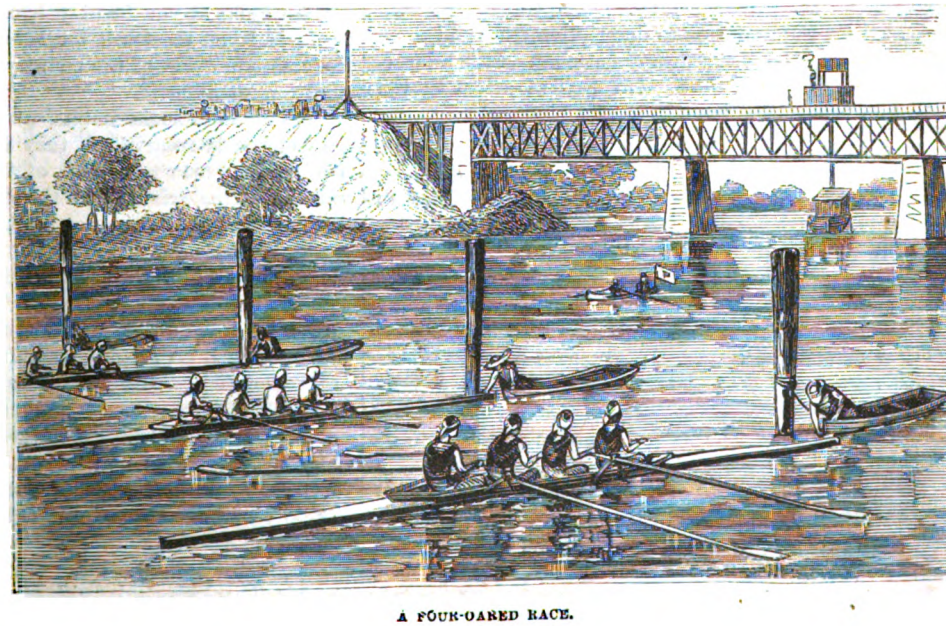
"Then we wander aimlessly and rather helplessly amid the churches of Oxford. We see a beautiful painted window in one, hear a glorious organ in another; but by this time antiquity and history have swamped us, and we are a pair of idiot tourists, the prey of vergers and guides; we go everywhere, pay everybody and see nothing. Our intellects have stopped, like watches, so we determine on another short journey.

"Not until we have refreshed our overburdened minds by a walk in St. John's Gardens. Here dear mother Nature furnishes us with lime-trees in full bloom, bees *ad libitum*, birds, flowers, shady seats, little children and nursery-maids; the calm waters of the Isis flow at our feet; we thank Nature and take courage, and tearfully leave Oxford.

"Leamington is a good base of operations. Leave your boxes there and drive to Warwick; see Guy's Cliff, covered with immemorial ivy. Warwick is the best piece of feudalism left in England. Those towers which Guy of Warwick built or christened are so grand, so useless, so picturesque, so impossible, they bring back the days when it must have been extremely uncomfortable to have lived. I wish Warwick had never been described. I think the thoughtless tourists of the past might have left that task to me. I would like to tell the world how that bow window hangs over the water, and all about the picture of Charles I. at the end of the long gallery. I think I could make a good thing of those tables given by different monarchs of Europe. But I have been anticipated. I have felt so when I have read Macbeth. If only Shakespeare had not happened to think of it, how I could have dramatized that

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— A CLAM-BAKE.— SEE PAGE 130.

A SINGLE-SCULL RACE.



A FOUR-OARED RACE.

scene on the lonely heath! But we are anticipated in everything!

"A visit to Warwick Church, and the poor little effigy of a royal child, heir to eight titles, moved me much. They called him the 'Royal Imp,' old English for child, or boy. He was poisoned by his nurse, dear child! As he lies there in his little embroidered gown, and his sweet, innocent profile rising against the blank wall, his chubby hands crossed on his breast, he seemed to me the symbolic infant-martyr, indicating the wrongs done to children by superstition, ignorance or malice. I would have liked to call him back to life, through three centuries, and to have apologized to him.

"Then comes the short journey to the shrine of Amy Robsart—Kenilworth, most disappointing of ruins! We left old Cromwell's face back at Warwick. I would like to go back and insult it, when I remember how his men disfigured Kenilworth.

"Yet you can fill up the chinks in the walls, and the courtyard with guests, if you have one volume in your hand. Take Sir Walter along, and you at least can sympathize with Thackeray, who said, when he visited Tours, and read Scott's description of it in 'Quentin Durward,' his 'regret was, not that the description was not like Tours, but that Tours was not more like the description.'

"When we drove along through the hedgerow toward Stratford-on-Avon, we felt that influence which made *English Shakespeare*. Here were the very dog-roses with which Titania crowns her dusky darling; and here were the starry primroses. Here was that singular insular atmosphere which at once calms, strengthens and encourages—an air good for animals, plants, and men; a fibre-giving atmosphere, such as we have not.

"We had the usual experience—the old house, the seal ring, the pitiable vacuity of information about the most famous man in the world; the church, the bust, and the strange inscription:

'Cursed be he who moves my bones!'

"We, like everybody else, drove on to see the home of the Lucys—Charlecote; and I remember nothing more beautiful than that Elizabethan façade.

"These are trodden paths. What path in England is not trodden? and what path but will be just as beautiful, fresh, and interesting a hundred years hence? It is like first love: every pair of lovers has to travel that delicious road for themselves—no description can spoil it.

"I think Coventry was a disappointment. It is a large, prosperous and modern town. No Godiva arises to the imagination here. She must

'Unclasp the wedded eagles of her belt'

in some more medieval spot. What did some English statesman say of the member from Coventry, when he was objected to because he was a sporting man: "The member from Coventry should have known how to handle the ribbons."

"They wear more ribbon at Coventry than in any town in the world—at least they claim to. That favorite article of female adornment grows by the thousand miles at Coventry. Is it a reminiscence of that favorite bit of *lutestring* with which Godiva tied up her abundant hair, or is it merely a freak of commerce?

"It is not a long journey to go up to York Minster. It leads you through a less beautiful country than that about Oxford and Leamington; but you see that fine old town of York, and revive your "Ivanhoe," for was not dear Rebecca here?

"The Minster is the most consolatory church, for you are not baffled in your researches—you can walk all around it. It has a commanding, clear situation. Almost all cathedrals suffer in this respect; therefore, I think York Minster the most beautiful of cathedrals. It is the only one I ever thoroughly saw. I saw others, as others see them; but the houses crowded about them, and the general effect was marred.

"It is a short journey hence to the English Lakes. I remember that we drove into Keswick just as a thunderstorm had passed. Some belated drops hung on the vines and trees, like tears on the cheeks of a consoled child. We stood beneath the 'dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn'; drove around Derwentwater and Windermere; saw that great fraud, the Falls of Lodore, where the only cataract is Southey's cataract of words—although I believe that it is a mountain torrent after the heavy rains of Autumn; and noted the cottages of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and DeQuincy, in a day and a half. It seems so impossible to the American mind, accustomed to our geographical distances, to see in a day or a week what you have been a lifetime thinking of!

"*All* these journeys took scarcely more time than it takes to go from New York to San Francisco; and cathedrals, churches, beautiful houses and parks were thrown in by the way. It is a delightful thing to go and see a beautiful English house. There are always surprises of art and wonders of the past; old portraits about which you can weave romances. The very servants are a curiosity, from the stately housekeeper—who, in a *moire antique* silk dress, receives your shilling with the air of a duchess—to the shiny footman, who, in the absence of his superior officer, is often very insolent.

"But the short journeys which one makes in England are not bounded by geographical limits. You travel into their language and social habits, their prejudices and their peculiarities.

"In the first place, you must learn not to say 'apothecary'—no one knows what you mean. You must 'send to the *chemist's*.' Then, you must not talk of cars, or baggage. One of our young friends, immediately on landing, conquered the phrase: 'When our *luggage* was on the *rans*, and they were *shunted off*, we came up by the *four* train'—three or four expressions which are wholly English. The street-cars are referred to as the *tram*, from the tramway on which they run. If you ask for rare beef, the servant looks at you blankly—you must ask for *underdone* beef; and you must ask for *bitter beer* if you want ale, or the common drink of the country. So on through a thousand ramifications.

"As for their social habits, we must learn much. They are singularly reserved if they think you 'another English'; if they hear you speak of America, they immediately unbend. This arises from the carefully graduated social distinctions. They are the most hospitable people in the world, if you carry a letter; the most severely inhospitable, if you do not. No such carelessness exists about your antecedents there as here. New York admits to her drawing-rooms a hundred, a thousand, English pretenders, where English people never admit one American one.

"One social custom strikes us disagreeably: the wives of artists, actors, singers, and other professional people, are seldom invited into the higher society. The husbands are, but the wives not. I asked if this social custom extended to the husbands of authoresses, or actresses, or female singers. I was told that it did not. They were considered good enough, if their wives were—a curious and poor distinction.

"Mr. Thackeray's daughters were always personages of society, because *he* had had social position before he gained

the higher distinction of his literary talents; but the wives and daughters of other literary men, however accomplished they might have been, were often ostracised. It did not seem to hurt their feelings; they were glad to have 'papa' go to see Lord This, or to the Duke of That, and diligently promoted his social pleasures.

"And here is another English custom which, perhaps, American husbands would like to see copied. English wives are far more obedient than American wives, expect less, and are quite patient in giving up proposed journeys, little pleasures and extravagancies, if the lord and master says so. It is a very marked thing to an American wife to see this English submissiveness! A husband comes home and royally says, 'Unpack your trunks, Sarah; we shall not go to Switzerland to-morrow.' And Sarah unpacks; nor asks the reason why. An American wife would look up coolly and remark, 'Very well, my dear; you can stay at home if you like, but I have a less changeable mind. I shall go!"

"I suppose the entire independence of American wives is observed on the Continent," said my friend, who had been a wondrous good listener.

"Oh, yes! I remember an English lady seeing an American husband traveling rather lovingly with his wife, asked the wife in a whisper what it meant. 'Is there anything peculiar in your relations?' said she; 'for you are the first American woman whom I ever saw traveling with her husband!'"

M. E. W. S.

## A MOUND DISCOVERY IN JAPAN.

A MOUND similar to those so common in our Western States was recently found and opened in Japan, and scientific examination of its contents affords ground for a very strong argument that cannibalism was practiced, perhaps habitually, by some of the ancient inhabitants of that country. That the Ormori mound was not a tomb was sufficiently shown by the fact that the skeletons found in it were never complete, and that the bones lay about in disorder, and in no relation to each other; whereas the bones of buried bodies would be found approximately in some position possible in life. Moreover, the human bones were found among those of other animals, and, like them, were broken into lengths convenient for cooking and eating, and were deeply scratched in those portions, such as the joints, from which the eater would find most difficulty in removing the flesh. The discovery is a curious one, as it is the first indication of cannibalism among a people whose characteristics as at present known strongly negative the practice by them of so horrible a custom. But similar evidence has been held by archæologists sufficient to prove the former existence of cannibals in North America.

## COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY.

FOR anything most of us know to the contrary, many of the animals with which we are acquainted may live for ever. We perhaps never saw one of them die a natural death, and on that account, if tempted to speculate on the term of years enjoyed by dog, cat, horse, or cow, we could make nothing but wild guesses, far wide of the true mark.

Even the best-informed speak on this matter with a reserve which shows that we are possessed of very little knowledge. And this is not a matter of surprise, for who ever took the trouble to register the births and deaths of all the domestic animals he owned?

With man it is quite another thing. Long life he has ever yearned for; and as the outcome of that yearning men often waste their lives in the search for an *elixir vitæ*. The age to which his fellows have attained has always been a subject for remark, and the rigid registration of every birth and death in civilized countries makes it now a comparatively easy matter to ascertain man's life-period.

Taking all the human beings on the earth's surface, it has been ascertained that the average duration of life is thirty-three years, and that such is their number that one dies at every swing of the pendulum. Now respecting such averages Babbage has well remarked that "nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life, where the maxim is applied to an individual; yet there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of a multitude of individuals."

It is just such averages concerning the lower animals that we need. At present the average duration of life is perhaps known for no other being but man. All our numbers refer to extreme age, and evidently belong to the hardiest which, in the struggle for existence, have survived that struggle the longest.

Even these extreme age-numbers are scanty. No one can tell us how long a cockroach lives. We know, however, that if a kitchen be troubled with this pest, the enraged cook takes pretty good care to reduce their average term of existence.

One feels very curious to know what is the extreme age reached by this insect, when it is remembered that it takes much longer in reaching the adult state than a horse. According to Cornelius, when a young cockroach is freed from the egg, it has to undergo seven molts before reaching the adult state—the first molt immediately on leaving the egg, the second a month later, and subsequent molts at least once every year. It is thus five years old when full grown. If it were not apparently the rule for an insect to live much longer in an immature state than in that of maturity, we should feel inclined to give a long number as the age of the most venerable member of a cockroach community. On this account, however, they may not exceed, six, seven, or eight years.

The ephemeron, so noted for its short life, dies in a few hours after attaining to its perfect form. The thousands of ephemera that may often be seen on a Summer's evening disporting themselves by the waterside, flitting hither and thither, and balancing themselves in the air, have all departed ere the close of another day. Seemingly so short a life bears a most remarkable disproportion to the time taken up in their development, as in the larva state they enjoy an existence of two or three years.

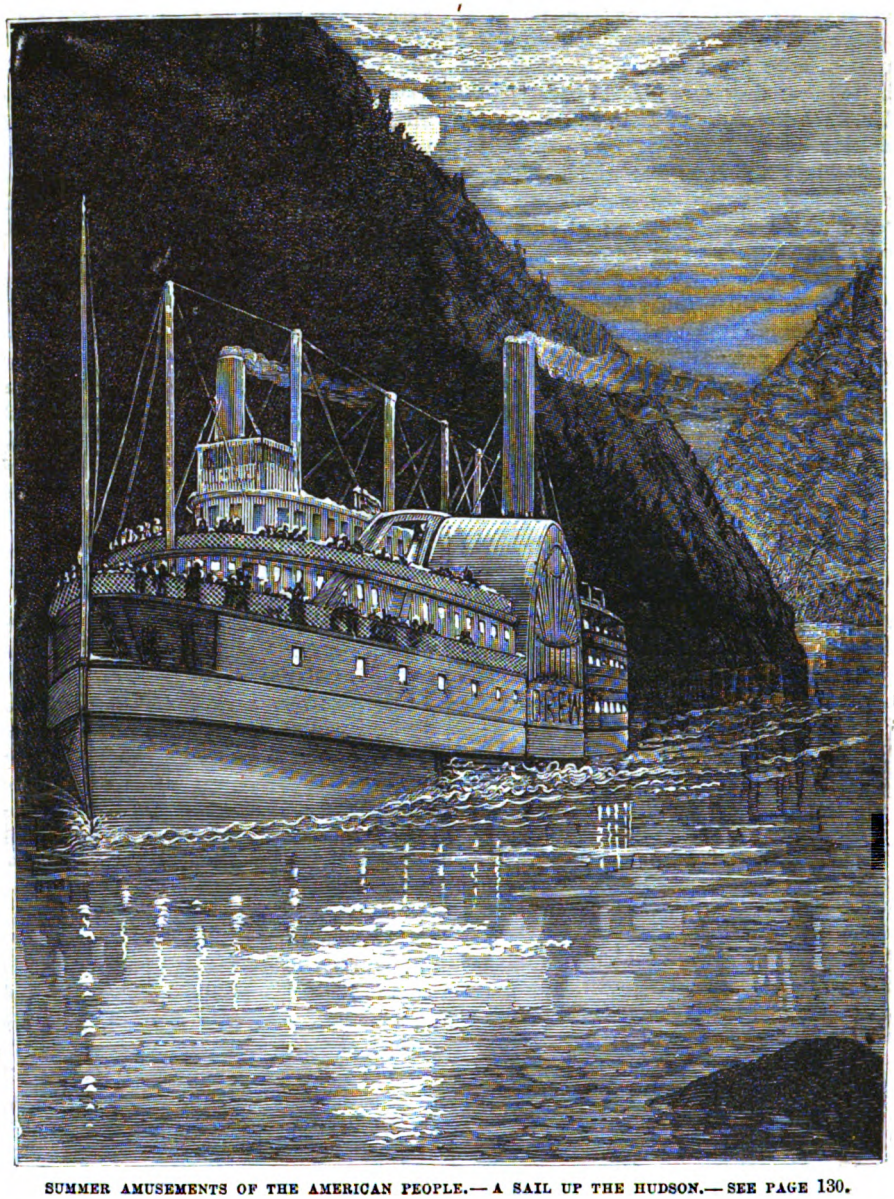
Now, among the backboned animals, the mammalia for example, the relation between the time taken up in development and that lived after full growth is just the reverse of what is found to obtain with the insect. A mammal lives much longer after reaching the adult state than it did before it.

We may here consider a few examples from the mammalia.

A draught-horse attains its full size at about three years old, and lives ten to fifteen. The life-period of a horse, however, and that of any other animal, manifestly depends much upon the treatment it receives. Your well-fed carriage or riding-horse, with plenty of good fodder and only enough work to prevent its joints growing stiff, may live twenty-five or thirty years. Captain Brown gives the case of a horse reaching forty-two years. This "Old Parr" among horses was a very docile animal, and a performer at Astley's Circus. At a public exhibition in the amphitheatre he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, take

a kettle of boiling water from off a fire, and do other equally astonishing tricks. When from age the animal had lost all his teeth, and was unable to masticate his corn, the manager had him fed upon bread.

A cow, which is full-grown when a year and a half old, has become old and unprofitable at twelve or fourteen years. Her life is a comparatively easy one, tranquil and indolent; for in this country, at least, she has nothing to do but eat in the meadows during the day and sleep at night. Lazy, well-fed, and otherwise well cared for, these twelve or thirteen years to which she attains probably represent the thirty years of an underworked horse. The horse and cow are good examples in support of the often-quoted generalization for the higher animals, that the sooner one of them reaches the age of maturity, the sooner does it end its term of years.



SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— A SAIL UP THE HUDSON.— SEE PAGE 130.

Of flesh-eaters, the cat and dog are generally supposed to live fifteen to twenty years.

The lion is commonly thought to reach twenty or twenty-two years, notwithstanding that decay of teeth to which they are subject, according to Livingstone's observations. The lion "Pompey" died in the Tower in the year 1760, at the age of three-score years and ten.

Perhaps one of the longest livers among animals is the elephant, and it is noteworthy that it does not reach its full size until eighteen to twenty-four years old. After this it is commonly reported to live for centuries.

Extremes meet. A highly intellectual animal may live long, and so may an organism not possessing mind at all. A plant has life, but not mind, and, of all living things, certain plants have undoubtedly the longest existence. The baobab of Africa attains to its 5,000 years; and, if we only knew, it is possible there may be even more astounding examples of longevity. Many assigned to the Dragon Tree of Teneriffe a still greater age; though it must be confessed that the estimates of the age of trees are based on vague theories.

EMBARKING ON AN EXCURSION.

THE RETURN.

IMOGENE GRANGER AND MOUNT WARAMAUG.—"A FAINT MOAN—AND FRANK HALLOED LOUDLY. THIS TIME THE MOAN WAS LOUDER AND CLOSE BY. ANOTHER HALLO, AND, STRIKING A MATCH, HE BEHELD THE LOST GIRL AT HIS FEET."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

# IMOGENE GRANGER AND MOUNT WARAMAUG.

BACK and forth, with a slow, dreamy motion, swung Imogene Granger in the hammock beneath the grand old maples. She had come out alone to read for the tenth time, if truth were known, a letter which the morning's mail had brought her; and now, while the letter was snugly concealed in her pocket, she rocked back and forth, with arms idly folded above her head, and her blue eyes dreamily watching the fleecy clouds which, far above, were lazily sailing over the soft, Summer sky. Imo could hear the gay voices of her friends, as they promenaded the broad piazzas, and chatted the after-dinner hour away, previous to retiring for—as is the usual custom with Summer boarders—the blissful afternoon nap.

She could catch distinctly the tones of her favorite among Strauss's waltzes, and knew well enough that the pianist, Clarence Boyd, was secretly hoping to entice her down-stairs. But, unfortunately for his efforts, she was not up-stairs, but hiding away in the grove, with a jubilant heart, and nobody near enough to bore her with small-talk, or wonder at her foolishly happy spirits.

Before her, Lake Waramaug stretched itself into a broad sheet of silver, and its ripples danced in the sunshine, and gleamed and sparkled brightly up at the tall mountains which kept guard on all sides of the pretty lake, and which cast their broad shadows above the margin of the waters for the accommodation of numerous merry boating-parties who picnicked on the shore, and fished for harmless sun-fish with intense satisfaction.

Imo's eyes climbed each mountain rapidly, and rested finally on the summit of Mount Waramaug, the oldest-looking sentinel of them all, and rugged and rough as any old warrior. A large rock, flat as a table, crowned the top of this mountain, and Imo likened it to the bold head of the grim sentinel who took its name from the Indian chief who—so says tradition—also named the lake.

"Time I was back among my law-books, and that's a fact!"

"I ought to be back, too; but half the club fellows are wandering yet. By-the-by, we've lately received a new member into the 'Jolly-Fellows'—Frank Hammerly. Know him, Jack?"

"Only hear about him now and then. Heard he is engaged to some Southern invalid heiress. Lives in Georgia, somewhere. Is it true?"

"Well, yes; guess so. I heard it also from pretty good authority. He's a lucky fellow, now, isn't he?"

And thus, chatting and smoking, the speakers passed on, nor dreamed of the sweet face hidden from their view by the thick growth of low trees.

And after the sound of their footsteps had died in the distance, Imogene Granger crept silently from her hammock, shuddered at the glare of the bright sunshine, which had all of a sudden lost its glory for her, and, with trembling, unsteady gait, turned her steps homeward.

A tiny brook ran merrily through the woods, and beside it the girl paused to tear into a thousand atoms the letter which, only an hour ago, her red lips had kissed in such a way as made her fairly blush at her own thoughts.

The two who had disturbed so cruelly her reverie were returning. Imo could hear their laughter, as hitherward, beneath the arch of trees, they slowly retraced their steps. Hastily into the swift-flowing stream fluttered the tiny atoms of paper, too atom-like to reveal, should any strive to obtain it, the secret but recently intrusted to them; and, with the flush of indignation and wounded pride yet on her cheeks, Imo moved away, and soon after gained her own room unobserved.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Granger found her daughter lying down, with bandaged forehead, in a room minus the beautiful sunshine which generally flooded it.

"I have such a headache, dear mamma; please do not ask me to go down to tea," pleaded the sweet, low voice.

And if the tones were tremulous with tears, Mrs. Granger failed to notice it, in her motherly rush for the camphor-bottle.

But camphor and solitude both failed to relieve Imogene from the sudden shock her heart had received, even in the midst of her happiest thoughts, and the contentment which seemed to flood her whole soul, as she laid so restfully under the maples a while ago, had changed to a bitter restlessness and amazement that would not be reasoned away.

And so the afternoon slipped, minute by minute, away, and at last, with the shadows of twilight, Imo herself slipped into the world of dreams, and again took up the joy and gladness that, waking, she could not touch.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Granger begs that you'll excuse her, sir."

Frank Hammerly stops in his pacing to and fro in the small parlor of the Jones House, and looks wonderingly at the trim servant, who fingers the door-knob and awaits further orders.

"Is Miss Granger ill?" he inquires.

"No, sir; leastwise she isn't lying down or nothin'."

"That will do, my girl."

The girl retires, and Frank Hammerly is alone with a vague fear in his heart, and a troubled face, very unlike that with which he had entered the house less than half an hour ago.

For the third time that morning he read over a dainty note received in reply to that which Imo had so angrily destroyed two days previous.

"Come and join us in a picnic to the summit of Mount Waramaug, next Saturday, and maybe—mind, I say *maybe*—I will give you an answer then."

Only a line or so, written with the impulse of a girl's glad, merry heart, and sent forth with the shy delight and consciousness that made its fair writer certain of how speedily the summons would be obeyed.

And now, as Frank Hammerly re-read the invitation which had brought him confidentially to Miss Granger's side, she sat alone in her room right above his head, though he guessed it not, with a haughty, pale face, and an inward loathing and contempt for the foolish heart which had so easily allowed itself to be the dupe of any man.

When supper-time came, Mrs. Jones introduced Frank as a gentleman who had merely come up to spend Sunday. But, to her amazement, Mrs. Granger, who had just finished excuses for her daughter's non-appearance, extended a cordial welcome to the newcomer.

"Why, Mr. Hammerly, what a surprise! How delighted Imo will be! When did you arrive?"

"It is plain she has learned nothing as yet from her daughter," thought Frank, as he bowed over the lady's hand. "Solely to see my friends, Mrs. and Miss Gran-

ger," he answered, gallantly, "I came up, madame. Shall only remain over Saturday and Sunday. Sorry Miss Imogene is unwell. Halloa! Fish! *you* here, old boy!" to a young fellow who entered the room, holding up a string of fish, the result of his day's sport on the lake.

A cordial shake of the hand, and Hammerly, in better spirits, seated himself at the well-filled table.

It was a comfort to find that Mrs. Granger was yet his friend, as for the last six months she had been. Little did she know of what had passed between her daughter and the handsome young fellow beside her; but she had always liked him, and her friendly manner now comforted the man more than she guessed.

Charlie Fish was an old classmate, whom Frank had not seen for some months, and his companionship was grateful to the disappointed fellow, who had expected a different welcome from one of the party, at least if the little silent missive yet lying upon his breast might be supposed reliable.

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Moonlight on the lake, and quivering here and there under the maples as it could find loopholes amongst the leaves and thickly interlaced branches.

Tired of her room, and weary of thought, Imo crept silently from the house, and, wrapping her white shawl about her, hurried toward the grove.

The cool night-breeze was refreshing, for her cheeks burned and her hands were feverishly dry. Toward the hammocks she walked with noiseless step, and only when she stood beside her favorite couch did she notice, a little distance off, the red light of a cigar, and suddenly recognized Mr. Hammerly.

"You looked like a fair spirit, Imo—pardon me, Miss Granger," he said, with forced gayety, for his heart was ill at ease.

The girl turned haughtily, and would have retraced her steps, but in a minute he laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

From the broad piazza of the house, across the lawn, floated the sound of merry voices, and Imo knew that the prospect of a dance to old black Jake's violin would keep the boarders at home for a time.

An uninterrupted *tete-à-tete* with Frank Hammerly was more than she desired at present, and, therefore, she turned a cold face toward him, icy enough to freeze any-other man save this one.

"Do not go, I beseech you, Imo—do not act in this strange way! What have I done that you should refuse to see me, when, by your own invitation, I am here? Answer me, if you are not made of stone!"

"What have you done?" she quietly replied. "Why, nothing, of course, except to enter upon a game which thousands of men like you have played, Mr. Hammerly—a game which, fortunately, can be played by two. And, as you know, I believe I have proved my knowledge of your plans sufficiently to thwart you, if I *am* a woman!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and carelessly turned away.

"One moment!" he exclaimed. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, but you have cruelly misjudged me. Oh! Imogene Granger, when I sent my note to you only because New York seemed like a wilderness without your presence, and because I could not wait longer without telling you all my heart had secretly held from you. Believe me, the most earnest hopes and longings that ever a man knew went with my letter over the miles between us. I meant *all* I wrote, and far more than I knew how to tell you. Why did you encourage me with this?" holding before her her own note.

In his excitement the paper fell from his grasp, and fluttered at her feet. Calmly and quickly, ere he could raise it, Imogene placed her slippered foot upon it.

"Your model letter, certainly, called for a model reply," she said; "and now that we have enjoyed our game according to the most approved laws of fashionable society, suppose we turn our attention to other matters. But, first, we will thus destroy the bone of contention."

She ground the note into the moist earth, and then, when it bore no resemblance to paper, it was torn to bits and scattered to the evening breeze.

Frank Hammerly froze at last under the iciness of her manner and voice.

"Give me, also, my unfortunate note, Miss Granger, that I may thus do away with my foolishness."

"I have long since spared you that trouble," with a light laugh. "Indeed, Mr. Hammerly, I wonder a man in your position dared attempt so foolish a game. For your own sake I destroyed the note. Thank me for my friendly service, please."

How beautiful she looked, standing there in the half-shadow, half-moonlight, of that Summer evening. Frank Hammerly longed for her then as he had never longed for her before, and yet while his heart was on fire, she could stand there with that careless, sweet smile on her lips, and a defiant look in her blue eyes which both invited and dared his love.

"Oh, Imogene!" he said, sorrowfully, "I am tired of this." If you are playing with me just to try my love, be satisfied when I tell you that you only on all this earth do I love! And——"

"Stop!" she interrupted. "For Heaven's sake don't add a falsehood to your foolishness. Go with your senseless vows of love to the woman who alone has a right to hear them. I am done with you! Friends we were, and might have continued to remain, had you not, in your man's vanity, dared to presume too far. For your folly of the other day (a folly which I am ashamed to remember I replied to, when I should have been scornfully silent), I may some day excuse you, as I shall, no doubt, forget you. But if you add falsehood to egotism, be sure, Mr. Frank Hammerly, I shall utterly *despise* you!"

"Falsehood—falsehood! Miss Granger, I do not comprehend your words. They are hard words, and, coming from a woman, I am helpless; but should one of my own sex——"

"Prove your helplessness, sir," she interrupted; "and be kind enough to observe that the dew is heavy, and I have on thin slippers only. Therefore I wish you good-evening." The pretty head bowed itself gracefully, and Imo took her departure.

Frank lingered a few moments, biting his lip in the effort to restrain his feelings, and watching the shimmering moonbeams as they fell softly through the lattice of leaves overhead, and dropped into the little brook which flowed, singing its one song, at his feet. But it told no tales of the weeping girl who cast one bright afternoon a well-read missive for ever away from her eyes, and allowed the streamlet to swallow up words which her lips had kissed over and over again.

The hammock swung beside him in the night-breeze, but it gave no hint of the glad heart which that same note had flooded with a sunshine all its own. It did not tell of the joyous face, or the blue, happy eyes which were lighted by thoughts known only to that same sunshiny heart. The brook and the hammock betrayed nothing, and Frank turned slowly homeward, and appeared no more that night amongst Farmer Jones's boarders.

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An early breakfast next morning, because the picnic

THE DERBY DAY—THE HORSES ENTERED FOR THE CONTEST, ON THE HOMESTRETCH, ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER, AND DESCENDING THE HILL.— SEE PAGE 151.

party longed to be off. Miss Granger, who breakfasted late, pleaded to be excused, on account of "a headache."

"Oh, come now, Miss Imo!" cried Clarence Boyd; "I am afraid these sudden headaches of yours are only a fraud, you know. You never used to be troubled that way. If you don't go, 'pon honor I'll lose half the day's enjoyment."

"Stake your hopes of pleasure on somebody else, then, Mr. Boyd," laughed Imogene. "I am not inclined to climb Mount Waramaug's back to-day—too lazy, or too obstinate, whichever you choose. *Au revoir!*"

She left the room as Mr. Hammerly entered, and, with a scowl at her heart for the wild throb it could not help, gained her room, and sat down beside the window to watch proceedings.

"Well, are we all ready at last?" cried one impatient soul from below.

"Too bad Miss Granger won't go!"

Miss Granger, half hidden behind the vine clambering over her small window, thought it was "too bad" also; but she had her reasons for declining the fun, and even her mother scolded vainly.

"Not going, Mr. Hammerly? Why, how provoking! There go two out of our party. Pshaw! Who'll back out next, I wonder?"

Imogene disappeared from the window, and made her appearance presently, equipped for the scramble, to the surprise of the assembled company.

"Woman's privilege, you know," she cried, gayly. "I've simply changed my mind; that's all right, isn't it?"

Then, remembering that she had left her alpenstock, she ran back for it. In the upper hall Mr. Hammerly met her face to face.

"I thought you were not going?"

"I changed my mind, as you perceive," she replied, coldly, passing on toward her room.

"I understand," he said, bitterly; "but you need not have declined in the first place. I should not have intruded upon your pleasure, Miss Granger."

She paused a little, impatiently.

"Will you let me speak to you a few moments alone, when you return to-night? I would like fully to understand your meaning of last evening's cruel speech. In what way have I deserved to be reproached for falsehood?"

"Conversation this evening will be quite unnecessary, Mr. Hammerly. I can answer your question in a few words. You dared to address words of love to me when you knew yourself in honor bound to another. I happened to be aware of the fact. That is all."

She waited long enough to see the look of dismay which overspread his face quickly, and noticed also the burning flush that rose to his very temples; then, with a blaze of indignation in the blue eyes, she turned away, and entered her room.

He stood where she had left him, when once more, stick in hand, she crossed the hall. Only once he raised his eyes to hers.

"*Some* day, Miss Granger, you will be sorry for all you now feel justified in saying. I cannot even guess when the time will come; but it *will* come."

"When I am sorry, I'll let you know, sir!" came back the mocking reply.

* * * * *

"Now, then, Clarence, pitch overboard that remnant of chicken. You've eaten enough, old fellow. Help clear up this concern here," pointing to the array of cleanly emptied dishes on the flat crown of Mount Waramaug's bald head, upon which the merry party had partaken of supper. "Lend a hand to save the ladies trouble, my boy, and we'll stow this plunder away in a jiffy."

Thus the masculine portion of the picnickers worked with a will, and it was not the fault of their clumsy but well-meaning hands that any dish was not speedily reduced to useless bits of crockery.

The sun was yet high in heaven, and the air perfectly delightful, as the group stood together on the mountain's summit, watching the beautiful lake below. Like a silver letter S, it wound itself gently about the feet of the grand old hills which guarded it so safely, and flashed up from its broad bosom a million times a million of diamonds glittering in the sunshine.

"How like midgets those people look, below there, don't they?" said one.

And Clarence Boyd lifted his voice with a clear, ringing "hurrah!" and presently upward floated from the "midgets" on the lake an answering "hurrah!" like the faintest cry of an infant.

"We are pygmies to them as well," said Clarence. "But come—who wants to explore the cave?"

A general assent followed, and the question arose who would venture a slide down the steep rocks, below which beckoned the narrow entrance to the famous cave.

Imagine a smooth-faced rock, some ten feet from base to crown, in an almost upright position, utterly destitute of shrub, or even the dry, tough species of grass usually covering the sides of a mountain. At the base of this rock a narrow ledge, where one might stand for a moment's breath, and then a slide similar to that first mentioned, ere the cave's mouth could be fairly reached.

What wonder that Mrs. Granger, from her safe perch on old Waramaug's cranium, shuddered a little, and desired to change her mind about exploring the cave!

"I wouldn't slide down that rock for the world!" cried the old lady.

Two or three others of the party slackened in their enthusiasm as the route downward was more intently studied, and at last the exploring party was reduced to four or five venturesome souls, who rather courted the

THE DERBY DAY—A SKETCH IN THE BETTING-RING.

danger of the thing. Imo, reckless and headstrong always, but more than ever to-day, refused her mother's advice to act like a sensible girl and stay where she was. None more eager to venture into and through the cave than she.

First young Boyd, seated upon the edge of the slide, slipped rapidly downward, until triumphantly his feet rested upon the ledge below. With open arms, he invited the ladies to follow, and he would receive them safely. Another gentleman half slid, half rolled, down the steep decline, and then followed the ladies, one by one, with little screams of terror escaping from rosy lips in quick succession, as, doubling their small feet under them, they fairly fell into the open arms below.

Imo led in this peculiar procession, of course, and Clarence Boyd and Mr. Fish received her.

A moment only to breathe, and then another slide; while far above, standing on the extreme edge of the summit of the mountain, poor Mrs. Granger and her timid companions peered anxiously down over the rocks, and screamed, vainly:

"Oh, be careful, Imogene!"

So faintly, however, her entreaties reached over the distance between herself and the explorers, that they had very little, if any, effect. And Imo turned her defiant face upward, and waved "hurrah!"

The cave at last! Seemingly nothing but a mass of rock, thrown by some convulsion of nature in a singular heap together. The largest of them had a round, smooth top, upon which were engraven curious hieroglyphics—by whom, or since when, not even the oldest native of Waramaug could explain.

The cave itself was once supposed to have been the hiding-place of a tribe of Indians. This tribe gradually dwindled away, until only the chief remained, and from him the mountain was probably named.

Our party of explorers were only following the example of hundreds of yearly visitors to the village below (New Preston, it is called by some, Waramaug by others), and as each visitor expressed himself or herself quite satisfied with one expedition to the cave, it is fair to presume that the process was far from being agreeable.

The entrance was between a narrow ledge of rocks scarcely wide enough to admit a good, ordinary-sized body; but through it Clarence Boyd pushed himself, with many grunts and groans, until once fairly inside he called out:

"Oh, there's plenty of room—come on!"

Imo followed, and stood beside him, finally, in total darkness save for the glimmer of light through the entrance, and with her cheeks scratched from contact with the rough granite.

The others followed, Mr. Fish bringing up the rear. For a few steps the party proceeded in an upright position; then a bump on the head caused Clarence, the leader, to drop, with a warning cry, on hands and knees, and for what seemed to them an interminable distance they crawled, like Eve's tempter, along the damp ground, while close against their shoulders and sides pressed the rough walls of the cave.

Then, far above, suddenly twinkled through the thick darkness a glimmer of light, and once more the explorers stood upon their feet.

The sensations of the party were dreadful; they could not breathe freely, so close and heavy was the atmosphere; and, if one spoke, how hollow and unnatural the voice sounded. As for seeing each other, that was simply impossible, except when, above their heads, a crack or shiver in the rocks admitted one tiny ray of sunlight.

"Once let me get out of this, and catch me doing the cave again!" exclaimed, in sepulchral tones, young Boyd, and the cave echoed his words dismally.

In some way the party got turned about. There were two wide fissures leading from the space in which, at last, they stood in dismay and darkness, uncertain how to proceed.

"I feel a passage this way!" shouted one.

"And I feel another here in this direction," came the answer.

Imo, without knowing it, had slipped into the fissure near her, and, supposing the others to be beside her, stood silently resting, and allowing her thoughts to travel back to one whose face had haunted her through the whole day.

"What a pity Frank Hammerly could not have come," at last spoke out Mr. Fish. "By Jove! he is a splendid fellow! Always the first, with his cool head, to lead in a venture like this, and always coming out right at the end."

Some light, gossipy talk concerning the face, figure, and manner of the absent gentleman took place while the party rested a while, sitting flat on the ground there in the darkness. And Imogene listened in silence, with her heart beating fast at mention of his name.

"Handsome, is he?" repeated Fish. "Yes; but his heart is the best I ever knew a man to possess. And yet, by George! he's got himself into a confounded scrape by that kind heart. I've a mind to tell you the whole story—only keep dark about it. I have a cousin who became insane at the death of a lover who resembled Frank. Frank met her, quite accidentally, soon after, and she imagined him to be the lost lover returned to earth. So, as her life depended upon the state of her mind, her physician urged Frank to allow her to think so, and see her as often as possible. Of course it was very embarrassing for the poor fellow, who really could not take a fancy to her in return. But, as she cannot live long, anyway, he humors her, and she acts, poor little girl, as if he were truly the lover so long dead. He is the kindest fellow in the world, and he told me, some time ago, that every time poor May puts her arms about his neck, and calls him 'Henry,' in those tender tones of hers, he feels like a scoundrel receiving that which he has no right to; and yet, for her sake, and for the sake of her mother, he is obliged to humor her notion. It is too bad! I'm sorry for Frank, with all my heart!"

Stifling the cry in her heart, Imo hastened away where she might think and weep unobserved, and blessed the darkness that shielded her. Closer and closer the air seemed. She could not breathe, and the cruel walls of the cave pressed closely against her.

"Where are you, friends?" she had strength to gasp, and then knew nothing more.

A little later—ragged, tired, scratched, and with disheveled hair—there emerged from a small hole, high up the mountain-side, a miserable party, who, having made the grand exploration of the cave, devoutly desired to let it alone for the future.

Up the rocks they scrambled in haste, and, some going one way, some another, Imogene Granger was not missed—or, rather, was supposed to be with one or another of the party—until, finally, standing on the pinnacle again, her absence was discovered.

But she would soon make her appearance, no doubt, they said to frantic Mrs. Granger, who declared loudly that "her daughter must be lying dead at the bottom of those horrid rocks!" and refused to stir from the summit until she was found.

It was growing dark, however, and Charles Boyd advised

the others to go home, while he and Mr. Fish remained to search for the missing girl.

An hour later, .Frank Hammerly, restlessly wandering around the farmhouse, welcomed the party back, and learned from the weeping mother of Imo's mishap.

* * * * * * *

"Clarence, where is she? Oh, can't you search more truly?"

"Hallo, Hammerly! have you come to help? She came out of the cave with us; I'm sure of it—or, at least, I'm almost sure! Where can she be, poor child?" and the three men called and called till voice gave out.

Through the narrow cave entrance pushed Hammerly in despair, and shuddered as he thought of Imo lost in the labyrinth within that mass of rock. He would search it through for her, he said to himself, while the others searched outside.

A faint moan—and Frank holloed loudly. This time the moan was louder, and close by. Another hallo—and, striking a match, he beheld the lost girl almost at his feet.

The blue eyes opened wider, and the pale face grew rosy, at last, when Imo knew whose arms raised her, and whose voice encouraged her to walk, despite her weakness.

So, slowly the rescuer and rescued crept back to the entrance, while thick darkness wrapped them about, and the silence was unbroken even by a whisper; for Frank could not speak from the fullness of gratitude, and Imo dared not lest tears should betray her. But, when finally the glimmer ahead showed them to be near the outer world, a soft voice said:

"Mr. Hammerly!" then paused.

"What is it, Miss Imo?" was the questioning reply.

"I am sorry now."

Very faintly and tremulously the words were uttered, and in the dim light Frank saw that Imo's head was bowed, and caught a glimpse of a sparkle on the lashes of the blue eyes he loved.

Well he knew to what she referred when the confession was made so humbly, but he could only draw the little figure closer to him, and kiss the hand which his own raised to his lips.

Then, "If you are really sorry, call me Frank," he whispered, not pausing to learn the cause of her changed opinion of him, but glad and content to take the joy thus suddenly offered.

"Frank, I *am* sorry!" she repeated; and the old cave seemed no longer a gloomy place of terror to either of them.

"Hallo!" shouted a voice from outside.

And "Hallo!" came the answer from within from two glad voices.

## THE RACE FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE DERBY.

THE Derby! Visions of assembled thousands, of flashing horses, of dazzling colors, of long odds, of bets and books, of straight tips, of gloves, of lobster salad, of champagne, of gypsies, of unlimited chaff, of dusty roads, and of splitting headaches!

"*Moi je suis de Marly!*" "I have been to the Darby!" —I pronounce it thiswise as is the fashion in Merrie England. I have nobbled my cool five hundred; I have plunged up to my chin on the favorite, and taken a goodly slice out of my ancestral estate thereby; I have backed the dark horse—a horse as dark as Erebus, and have landed my sixty chinking sovereigns to one; I have bet dozens of gloves with the fair sex, and have never been paid my winnings; I have gorged on *paté de foie gras*, and made a guy of myself over Veuve Clicquot; I have had my fortune told by melting-eyed daughters of Egypt; and have fractured the limbs of hundreds of wooden dolls; I have played at Aunt Sally, and have chaffed a live Duke; I have occupied the box seat of the crack drag of the Four-in-Hand Club with Baby Budcombe of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; and I have ridden behind a costermonger, seated beside a donkey as "vudn't go." I have tooled down in a white frock coat built by Smalpage of Maddox Street, with a Maréchal Niel bud, costing a guinea; and I have attended in a suit of garments handed from a peg by a gentleman of Jewish aspect, in Wellclose Square, off Ratcliffe Highway. I have hobnobbed in Chateau Yquem with the Prince of Wales, and have guzzled beer with a Welcher. I—— but why proceed thusly? Let me rather narrate the scenes and incidents appertaining and specially belonging to the great English festival of ye Darby Day.

Long before the earliest lark in the earliest London bird-shop hops down upon his square foot of dusty turf, to sing his welcome to the Derby morning—and even before his happier brother, the country lark, so long cruelly separated from him, has sprung from his nest in the dewy clover, and left his little family, to rise high up in the white clouds to greet the precious sun of May, hundreds of vehicles are already fitted out for the Derby—that great carnival and saturnalia of the London citizen.

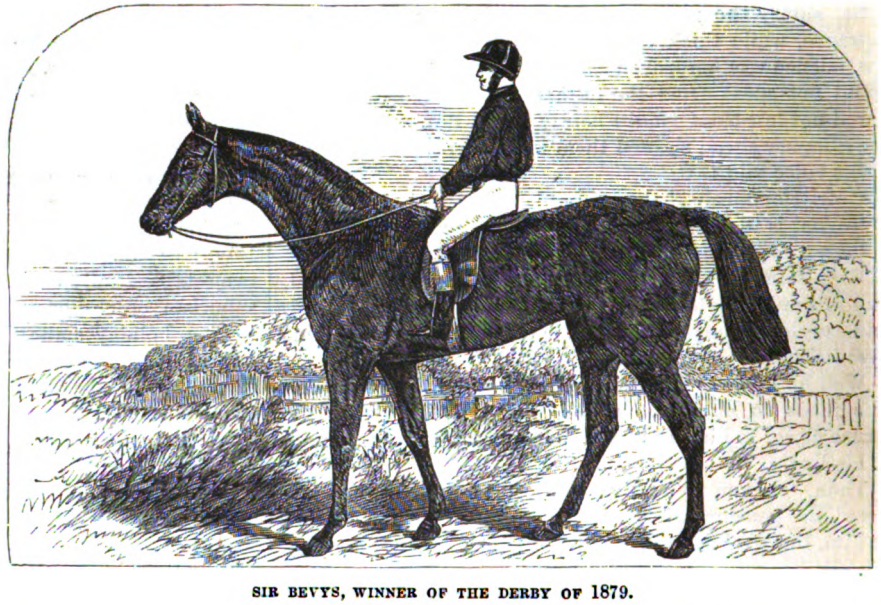
The giant, roomy van, that would comfortably hold a large portion of a regiment, has long since been launched from Bishopgate Street inn yards, and its red curtains and cushions brushed and tidied. Before sunrise on the Derby Day, natty dog-carts have been rinsed, and rubbed, and respectable family carriages have been dragged from dusty suburban coach-houses by amphibious men, whose faces wear a holiday smile. Even hearses have been looked on with longing eyes by greedy undertakers, who, finding themselves hopelessly melancholy and undisguisable, have ordered them in again with a sigh. Omnibi of all colors have been on the move at supernatural hours; noblemen's drags have been admiringly drawn from their hiding-places; Hansom cabmen have been hours at their toilet, or, rather at their cabs' toilet; and even the costermonger's barrow has been cleansed of its shrimps and whelks long before daybreak, ready for the day's pleasure —for on this day all London has risen, recklessly determined to enjoy itself.

There is, indeed, nothing you see in the streets, of a Derby morning, but has some reference to the day's enjoyment. Those sturdy girls, tramping along the Fulham Road, who are carrying on their heads huge baskets of crimson flowers, are coming from the market-gardens by the riverside with bouquets for the Derby. Those wagon-loads of lilac-blossoms that trotted into Covent Garden at daybreak are decorations for Derby cabmen. That smart man with the bowed legs and brandy-and-watery eyes, walking up Cheapside, is the driver of the Aldersgate Street Derby omnibus—I can see it by the red geranium in the buttonhole of his buttoned green cut-away, by his bird's-eye scarf, and by the oiled curls on his left temple. Those three young men in white dust-coats, going arm-in-arm up Newgate Street, are three city clerks in the house of Brown, Jones & Co. For to-day, at least, they will wipe from their minds all drudging thoughts of single and double entry. Early shops are already doing a large business in blue rosettes for whips, in green vails for white hats, and in cockades for the conductors of Whitechapel vans. In thousands of fish-shops hampers are loading with lobsters, and Fortnum and Mason are both nearly insane in

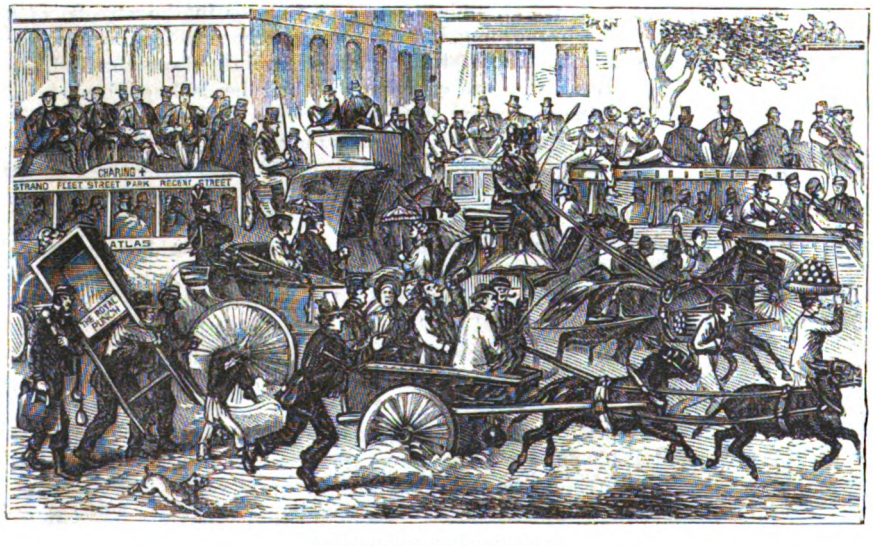
BRINGING IN THE WINNER.

their efforts to get off chicken salads, game pies and champagne in time and in sufficient quantity—for the Derby Day is a chicken-eating, champagne-drinking day, and either winning a bet or losing one makes a man very hungry and very thirsty. Bouquets, primrose-colored gloves, lobsters, champagne, green vails, post-horns and dust-coats are "moving off," as business men say, at high rates. Coaches, cabs and carts are being launched, early breakfasts are being eaten with great rapidity. All London is in a simmer. The very London sparrows are persuaded that something unusual is going on. Alas! did he but know it, many a fat man is that morning eyeing the frail gig which, ere the evening, will be a miserable wreck on some distant Surrey road.

From the nobleman grandly sipping his coffee in his Belgravian home, to the costermonger sopping his tea in a Holborn alley, there is throughout London one universal resolve to enjoy the day. At present all is smile and sunshine; the future is banished. The thief, who to-night will lie with blackened eyes and bruised mouth in the dark cell of the "stone jug," is now rampant and shouting; the betting-man, with thousands, who to-night will be furtively looking at his revolver, is now exultingly dotting up his betting-book. But away with these carrion-crow thoughts! for is it not the morn of the Derby Day? Parliament has suspended its labors to go to the Derby; fashionable doctors let death do its work for one day; merchants leave their offices; business, for one day only, is entirely suspended, and all the world, its sisters and its cousins and its aunts, hie to Epsom Downs.



SIR BEVYS, WINNER OF THE DERBY OF 1879.




ON THE ROAD TO THE RACES.

The excitement that, long before daybreak, begins to rouse London, commences, at about eight or nine o'clock, to assume an organized shape. The names of the running horses are talked about in the streets, and as the golden hands of St. Paul's point at IX, armies of carriages are on the move, and vehicles of all ages and

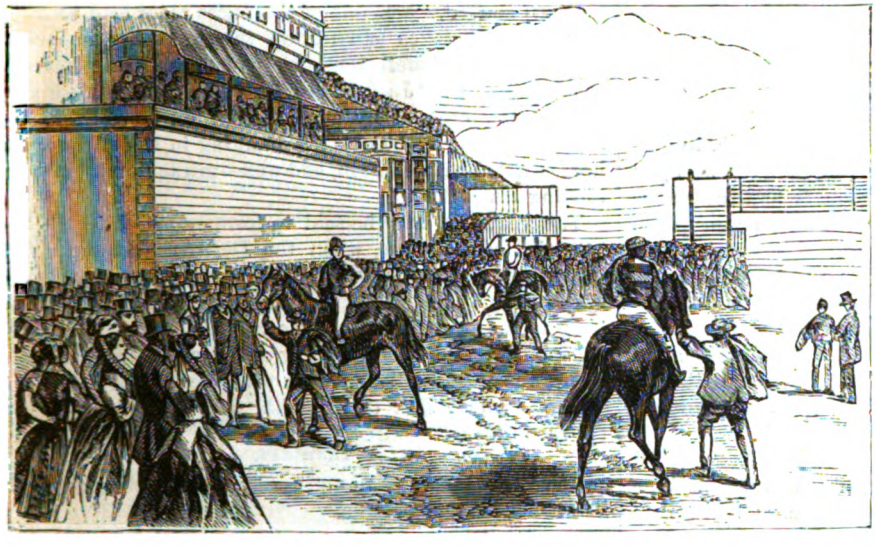
conditions begin to fill the roads leading to Epsom. The Westminster Road, the Kingston Road and the Blackfriars Road present so many distinct motley processions. The black mass is blossomed over with green vails, extempore flags and rosettes. The brass and silver harnesses shine gayly; the drivers' coats look glossily new; pretty faces and blowsy faces peep from vans; jolly publicans bowl along in traps, and already the thirsty van from Shoreditch is tapping its huge stone jar of porter, and offering a passing cabman early refreshment.

And now as the slow, ponderous omnibi, the small dog-carts, the flashing hansoms, the overloaded spring vans, the dashing drags, the insolent curricles and the quiet broughams get detached from London, the scene becomes more artistic. The saturnalia has begun; and now the pedestrians, the man in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat over his shoulder, the sham negro with his music-stand, the Aunt Sally proprietor with his clubs, and the three shies a penny with his truck of sand-bags and cocoanuts, begin to join the English carnival, and the country boys, in shapeless hats and smock frocks, begin to offer you birds' nests, and white thorn and green bunches of oak-apple, which no effort could carry home.

The man in the hansom cab buys a bough of May, and sticks it before him as if he was Birnam Wood, and was driving post-haste to Dunsinane. The man with the cornet ceases to tootle, and taking to pelting the next omnibus to him with thrush's eggs, is instantly touched up with a four-in-hand whip; upon which he leaps down and offers to fight the whole dragful of "men in the guards" for a new hat.

The green expanse of Clapham Common, its ponds, furze and clumps of trees are all welcomed, and here and there at entrance-gates, carriages are ready to start, and neat grooms, in white cords and the nattiest of boots, wait at the horses' heads.

SADDLING FOR THE DERBY OAKS.



PARADING THE HORSES BEFORE THE START.

"HERE THEY COME!"

Now, too, one begins to see the green, fan-leaved chestnuts, mountains of blossoming cones, and elms ruffling dark with countless leaves, all glowing with the tenderest green of Spring and Spring's sunshine. Through open gates we catch glimpses of ladies and nursemaids at windows, or ladies and gentlemen dressed ready for the carriage, which is coming round directly. There are tigers, too, sitting at garden gates, in a ruminating way, on luncheon hampers, and the daintiest of servant-maids, with sly pertness, stealing looks over garden walls.

Toward Tooting, there is not an inn where you do not see men in leggings, with handfuls of hay under their arms, like vegetarians gone mad; expectant landlords, standing in a Henry VIII. attitude, at doorways, and vans already prematurely broken down, stranded by the roadside on slips of dusty turf.

And now the country begins in real earnest. The great, uninterrupted green fields spread out, the ripe grass glitters with golden flowers, the lark sings overhead a short piece of music in honor of the Derby, and the thrushes may be heard at intervals from the whitethorn bushes in the orchard, soon to be scared away by the grind and roll of wheels, the clack of whips, the din of hoarse cornets, the missile-like chaff of cabmen, the songs, the shoutings, the cries of alarm, the shouts of "Correk card, with the names of the 'orses, and the names, weights and colors of the riders," and the offers of ginger beer, lozenges, taffy, oranges and gingerbread nuts; and as with these cries exulting shouters dash or creep by, the respectable people, in garden seats on the lawns, look on with quiet delight, and just beyond, between the lilacs, the gardeners and the maids snatch a furtive and a grinning glance as, in one unbroken line, three-deep, jerks forward the carnival procession.

There is not a fair widow or haughty old maid along the road to whom thousands of impertinent kisses are not blown by audacious men in omnibuses on this the Derby day; and through the whole cavalcade, through laugh and shout and storm of chaff, rises at intervals louder than all a stock cry—that of this Year of Grace being, "What, never?" "Well, *hardly* ever!"

The great army on wheels has left many stragglers wrecked in country lanes at sharp turnings and at cross roads, but the bulk has arrived by train or road, safe and well, and at last debouched upon the Downs. Epsom is full of men with blue cards in their hands, and is blocked up with bivouacs of carriages; beer is dashing into glasses, dusty throats are gradually recovering their proper tone; betting men are running about after betting men, and light-legged men after tight-legged men. As for the Downs, its rolling surface is covered as with the tents of an invading army.

The Grand Stand, like an unroofed house, is as yet thinly peopled, and only with a moving population, capricious in their choice of seats. All along the ropes the broughams and drags are moored in one long rampart; ladies in *ravissante* toilets are taking down bets in exquisite little books, with the greatest anxiety and the most delightful ignorance of what they are doing. Menkind, dressed by Smalpage and Poole, are engaged in mild flirtation or in making up sweepstakes. Aunt Sally is being dinted in the rear, and already have the varied booths, from sparring up to fortune-telling, commenced to do a rousing business.

Before I come to the event of the day I shall say a word or two anent the Derby and the Downs. Epsom is derived from the old Saxon name Ebbisheim, or Ebbis's Home or Palace—the name of an English Queen. For many years Epsom has been celebrated for its salts. About the end of the seventeenth century it rivaled Bath and Tunbridge Wells in the number and quality of those who resorted there to drink its mineral waters. Pepys, in his Diary, Aug. 14th, 1667, says, "To the Well—where much company; and I drank the water, but they did not, but I did drink four pints."

The precise period when horse-racing first began to be practiced at Epsom is a matter of uncertainty, but many believe it dates as far back as the reign of James I. Pepys, in his Diary, May 27th, 1663, says, "This day there was a great thronging at Bunstead (Epsom) Downs, upon a great horse-race and foot-race." Annually, from 1730, races were held at Epsom, and in 1743, the prizes were valuable ones, the field of horses running for them very large, and the company attending the races not only numerous and fashionable, but graced by royalty. Year by year the prestige and importance of the Epsom meetings increased, and in 1776 the *Morning Post* of Oct. 23d states that "On this day the October Meeting at Epsom begins, at which good sport is expected, many capital horses having gone down there from Newmarket to run for the different plates and sweepstakes." The account of the sport and the nature of the racing is given in the next day's *Post*, from which it appears that the race for the Town Plate of £50, for five, six year olds, and aged horses, the best of three 4-mile heats, and for which a field of thirteen started, "was one of the finest races ever seen."

In a sweepstakes run for on the same day, a curious accident which befell the jockey of the winning horse is thus recorded: "Just before he came in at the winning post, being crossed by a gentleman on horseback, the rider was thrown; but his leg hanging in the stirrup, the horse carried his weight in, and won—miraculously without hurting his jockey."

The year 1780 may be said to form an epoch in the history of Epsom Races, when the Derby Stakes were first instituted and the foundation laid for the subsequent honor of the "Blue Ribbon" of the turf conferred in name upon it up to the present time. The twelfth Earl of Derby was its sponsor, and like the "Leger," it was some five years before the "Derby" came into prominent notice.

The *Evening Post* of May 6th, 1780, merely mentions the race thus:

THURSDAY.

The Derby stakes, of 50 guineas each, h. ft., colts and fillies, the last mile of the course:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. | 1 |
| Mr. O'Kelley's b. c. | 2 |
| Mr. F. Walker's f. | 3 |
| Sir F. Evelyn's b. c. | 4 |

For the first twenty years from the institution of the Derby in 1780, its number of subscribers in each year averaged 35, the average number of starters 10, and the average number of those placed, 4. To-day, the average number of subscribers is 300, starters, 30, and placed, 3. Sir Charles Bunbury carried off the Blue Ribbon on three different occasions, Lord Egremont 5, and Lord Derby once only. S. Arnull rode the winner on four occasions. J. Arnull was equally fortunate. The Chiffneys rode the winner three times, and, and on one occasion, pocketed the full stakes through their own horse, Priam, winning. Clift rode five winning mounts, and Robinson six.

In noteworthy incidents connected with the Derby, the year 1794 was remarkable on account of only four horses starting for the race. In 1824, Robinson the jockey made a wager, in which he obtained *very* long odds, that he would in that year win the Derby, win the Oaks, and win a wife. Of course the chances were in favor of those who laid the odds, but on this occasion the odds were floored, for Robinson won the Derby on Cedric, the Oaks on Cobweb, and his wife—no, what I mean to say is, he also got married within the Derby week.

The late Sir Drury J. Dickinson informed the writer that he found Robinson (the greatest man in England for that day at least), after riding the Derby, quietly taking a glass of beer in a remote marquee, and that he, Sir Drury, sat with him for a long half hour, enjoying a most unhorsy gossip.

Originally the weights carried for the Derby were: colts, 8 st. 7 lbs.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lbs.; but now they are 8 st. 10 lbs.; and 8 st. 5 lbs.

The race-course at Epsom is not, naturally, one of the best in the kingdom, either for the horses to run on, or for that portion of the spectators who are obliged to stand on *terra firma* to view the running. The distance run by the horses for the Blue Ribbon is exactly one mile and a half, the first half mile being on the ascent; the next third of a mile the ground is level; from the bend into the straight run home, and to within the distance, it is on the descent, and from this point the remainder is again on the ascent. This great variation in the ground, as run over, often reverses and upsets calculations based upon the running of horses who may have previously shown to good advantage over the level flat at Newmarket; the contests for the 2,000 and 1,000 guineas' stakes, as run for at the latter place, are looked to as pointing out with some certainty the future Derby and Oaks winners, and the Epsom winners would be oftener and more truly indicated by the method of judging of a future result by a past and determined event, if it were not for the difference in the nature of the two race-courses.

The Grand Stand is the finest in England. Its length is 126 feet, and it will accommodate 5,000 persons, its immense leaden roof above having seats for 2,500. The interior is divided into several rooms, one of them a refreshment saloon, being 100 feet long by 38 feet wide. Dickens thus describes a visit to the victualing portion of the Grand Stand at Epsom: "Here we are! Let us go into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys 'come to scale' after each race. We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself; wine-cellars, beer-cellars, larders, sculleries and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed, and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an Ogre's castle. To furnish the refreshment-saloon, the Grand Stand has in store 2,400 tumblers, 1,200 wine-glasses, 3,000 plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odor of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls; confectioners are making jellies; kitchen-maids are plucking pigeons; huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, 65 saddles of lamb and 130 shoulders of lamb; in short, a whole flock of 65 lambs have to be roasted and dished and garnished by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, 400 lobsters, 150 tongues, 20 fillets of veal, 100 sirloins of beef, 500 spring chickens, 350 pigeon pies; a countless number of quartern loaves and an incredible quantity of ham have to be cut up into sandwiches; 800 eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon pies and salads. The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress and beds of radishes, which will have to be chopped up; the gallons of 'dressing' that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that department to the *chef de cuisine*, which happened, accidentally, to fall under our notice: 'Pray, don't forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad!'"

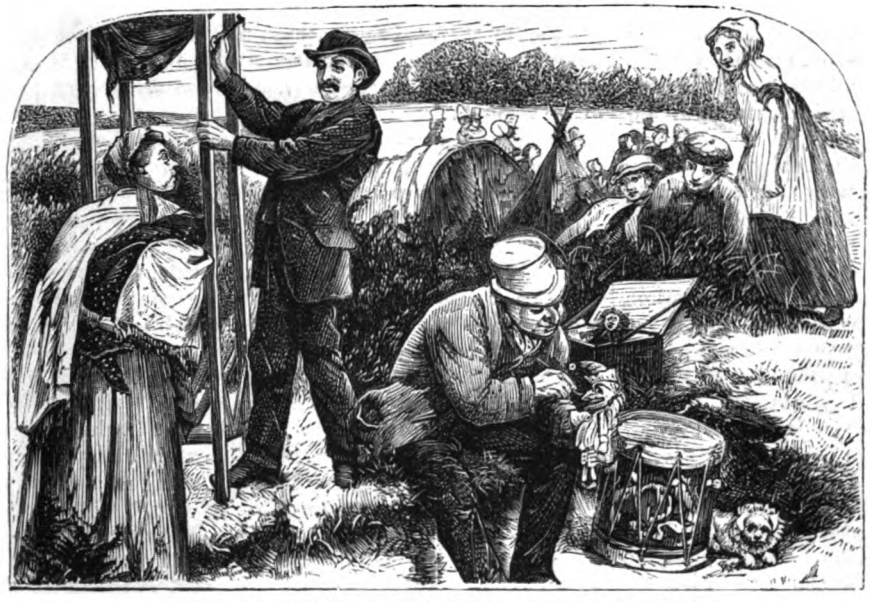
The House of Commons openly adjourns for the Derby Day, Lord Palmerston having settled the question for ever in the following emphatic language: "Sir," addressing the Speaker, "I rather think that we may say that an adjournment on the Derby Day would please the House. *In fact, to adjourn over that day, is part of the unwritten law of Parliament!*"

Having said so much on the subject of Derby, and the Downs in general, I shall return to my particular Derby Day. The first race is to the Derby merely what the tuning is to the overture; and let us suppose ourselves just in time for the "event." The black lines of people begin to huddle closer; the customers of the distant amusements collect nearer to the ropes; the luncheon hampers have a temporary respite; there is an uneasy ebb and flow of humanity—the thousands going this way meet the thousands going the other way, and jostle for a passage, especially in places barred by gesticulating and coldly logical policemen. Dwarf jockeys pass through the crowd, who observe them with respect, and pretend to know who they are, and whose horses they are going to ride. Turfy men shout to anybody in a maniacal and eye-rolling way, 3 to 1, bar 1; 7 to 2 against Zut; 8 to 1 against Falmouth; 11 to 1 against Cadogan; and the war-cries are answered by—12 to 1 against Squirrel; 30 to 1 against Blue Blood; 40 to 1 against Alpha; 1,000 to 5 against George Albert.

The farmers and citizens, the boys looking for bottles, and men putting up dangerous expedients for breaking legs, with planks and barrels, jam closer together; and now the inclosure around the Grand Stand is Babel with the voices of frantic betters. Every one is eager about he knows not what; crazed, he knows not why; and clamorous about something or some one—so infectious is excitement, and so much of the sheep flesh is there about us.

But hark! the bell rings—ominous warning to some; the death toll of a thousand fortunes. Now could we but see them—countless shoals of golden sovereigns flash by us, ready for the lucky winner's net; now, before the steady, unwavering cordon of policemen, the unwilling and remonstrating crowd slowly scatter and retire. With impatient clamor the bell rings, insisting on the course being cleared—and in time it is cleared, even of the usual dog, who, bewildered and impatient, races down for his life, and without a competitor, literally walking over the course. Now looking from the Grand Stand, the Downs seem alive with converging armies, the flags of its tents being their banners. Now looking from the Downs on to the Grand Stand that unroofed building seems black with the masses of the wealth, and rank, and beauty of England.

The weighing has begun, and the two hundred and eighty-seven subscribers and twenty-three riders are nervously quiet as the eventful moment draws near. The names of the twenty-three jockeys are soon on the telegraph, so that when the numbers are run up and the race is won, we shall at once know which horse has won. A deep hush falls on the betting men, as on soldiers advancing to the deadly breach; the little saddles are put on—the natty, little, new saddles, so light and tight, are examined; the girths are scrutinized and tested by shrewd eyes and hands. The small cavalry regiment is at length ready—the smart little men in the poppy-colored and canary-colored silk jackets, are at length equipped for the combat. They cant up almost simultaneously their left legs, and at that mute signal the trainer, in his rough gray coat, and the nose of a bottle of "gruel" sticking out of his side pocket, tosses "his boy" up into his seat. And now the horses leave the paddocks for their preliminary canter, and the crowd becomes so excited that it is all the "bobbies" can do to prevent their touching the horses with their handkerchiefs, and thereby making them run



A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO THE DERBY—PUNCH AT HIS TOILET.

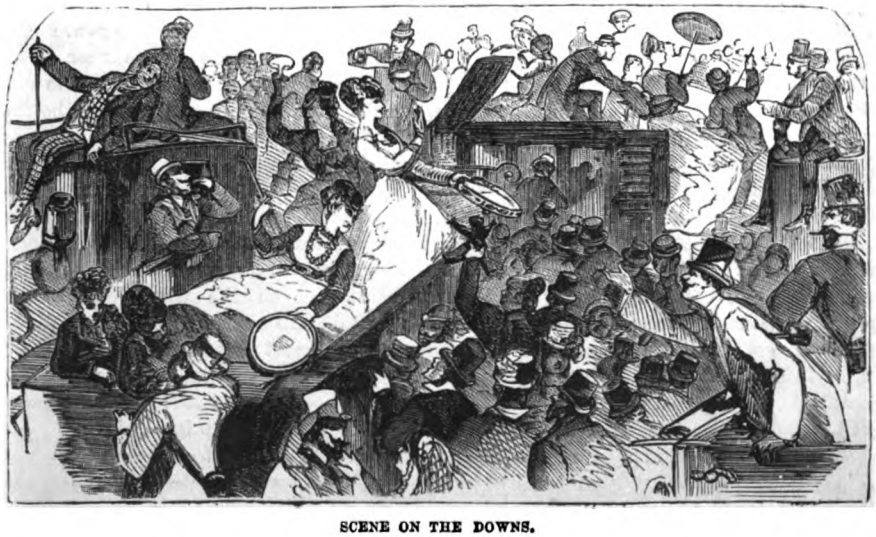
The real time for starting has come. The starter is at his post, and, with wonderful temper, trying to keep his rebellious twenty-three children in one steady line. But among thirty horses there are various tempers, and various moods of these tempers. High blood, with a dash of the Arab in it, is fiery and irrestrainable. The same spirit that makes them win makes them also restive, fractious and impetuous. They paw the turf, they snort, they rear, they prance, they jostle each other, they leap and start, and come back; and all this time the crowd on the stand, and on the tops of carriages, and on benches and amphitheatrical seats of all kinds, is in a fever of excitement. At every false start, thousands of voices call out, "They're off!" till at last no one believes the cry. "They're off!" causes every time a stir and movement in the crowd; but the final and true announcement, "*Now they're off!*" occasions a peculiar and indescribable pulsation that only the real start, after all, can produce.

The bulk of the people who are straining their necks and looking in every spot in the horizon but the right one, do not know what the horses are doing, or who starts them, or how far they run, or even whether they run once, twice, or three times round the course. It is only the more

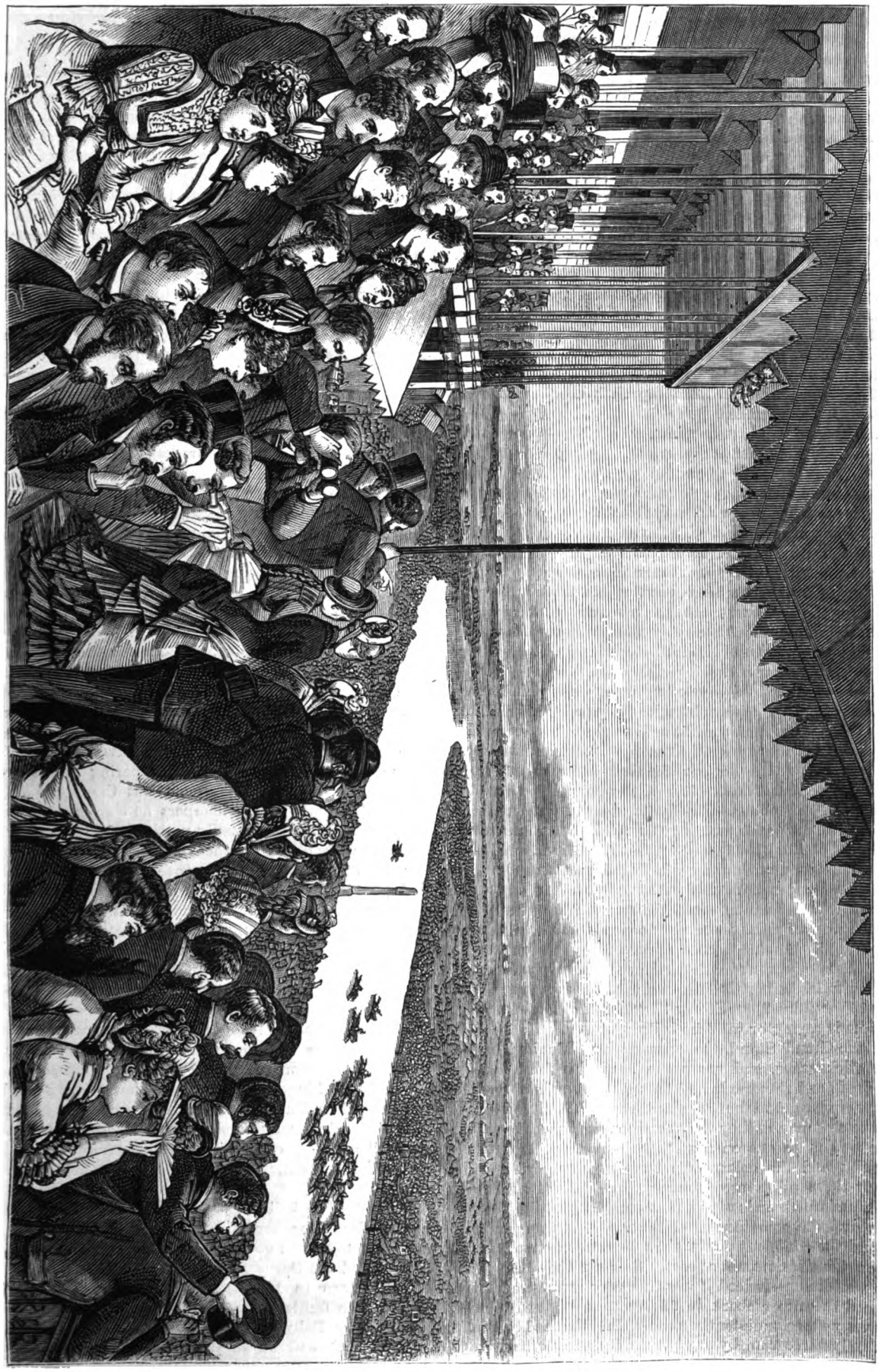
away, to the utter ruin of their owners and their riders. And this is one of the prettiest moments of the day. First, there is the long green ribbon of the turf, even and unspotted, save where orange-peel tinges it yellow, or where sandwich-papers blow across it, white and rustling. Then there is a stir and flutter in the crowd, as when wind passes along the top of ripe mowing-grass, as the first clump of horses appear, and dart onward toward Tattenham Corner.

The "correk cards" are consulted by thousands, to see which is Cadogan, and which Charibert, and which Palmbearer, and which Visconti. The blue jacket, the chocolate, the red, the black ball and orange stripe flash by, one after the other, with a careless vigor and splendid stride that astonish the foreign visitor. There is a hollow, "quadrupate" thud, thud on the turf, as Cadogan sweeps by at glorious speed, but apparently without effort or any painful sense of labor. The favorite is instantly a war-cry in the crowd, and passes by unthought of and unheeded, as the real winner in the race of life often does, till his destined hour comes. The novices have a firm belief that the race has begun every time a horse passes for his preliminary canter.

SCENE ON THE ROAD—STOPPING FOR A DRINK.



SCENE ON THE DOWNS.



DERBY DAY IN ENGLAND—ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

experienced ones who first see the little dots moving along the horizon, like puppet figures in a child's theatre. The horses have really been started as the flag lowered. They went off, as we hear afterward, in a magnificent burst, and rushed at high speed toward Tattenham Corner; and along that severe rise on the soft, elastic turf, they tore at a pace increasing at every stride. Now they are lost behind the crest of the hill, but reappear in an instant

This is the moment that makes every heart seem almost to cease its beating. It is the climax of all previous excitement. If you watch the Grand Stand, now packed so dark and close with heads, you can almost see the brasswork of the opera-glasses glitter, when the cry of "They're coming!" is raised, as the horses dart over the hill like arrows shot from a bow. Every face on the Grand Stand turns at once that way, with the simultaneousness of a drill movement—you can see the white of the faces as the heads turn all at once; and it pictures a grand mutual excitement in the hearts belonging to those faces as vividly as if each spectator had tossed up his hat, or screamed, or beat his hands together.

The race is run in two minutes and forty-five seconds; yet, in the excitement, it seems prolonged to half an hour. "Here they come!" echoes along the line, and those who do not take off their hats are gently reminded of the popular wish by pokes of parasols and rough, bonneting blows from unseen fists. Yet even now it is difficult to realize the speed of the horses, as the jockeys, their silk jackets puffing in the wind, steer them along, apparently calmly and with forbearance, for they are saving their full speed for the last burst, the last tremendous, fiery charge at the winning-post. Already the weaker horses are weeded out, and the poorer-spirited tailing off, but the bulk are still tolerably together.

Then a great soughing, as of an approaching wind-storm, will arise from the mob, whose impatience has carried it to the extreme bend of the horseshoe-shaped course, and round which they can see the racers winding. The soughing is heard by the host on the Grand Stand and in the betting-ring and thickly-studded low-lying parts, and as trees moan and move at the distant voice of the hurricane, so do these, each man nudging his neighbor and nervously asking, "What's that? what's that?" Then, sudden as great rain-drops, will be heard brief, sharp utterances from the favored ones who, armed with race-glasses, occupy high places. "Palmbearer wins! Victor Chief wins! he's lengths ahead! No, Charibert does it! Visconti is forging ahead!" As the horses approach us, the crowd rolls forward on the ropes like madmen, and every one, according to his bet or the inspiration of the moment, shouts "Red!" "Blue!" "Yellow!" "Black!" not knowing what he is saying or what he is doing.

At the Grand Stand, the cries grow maddening, hands, hats, sticks wave, and rouse the horses to fresh efforts. Hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of pounds snugly ensconced in the three leading ships! Which three? All twenty-three, as they weigh anchor on a sunshiny afternoon and glide out on a smooth, green sea, look likely enough; and the colors of all are equally gay, and the twenty-three pilots are jaunty and confident, as though shoals and quicksands were unknown. But, despite the sunshine and the smoothness of the sea and the gay bunting and the confident pilots, the adventurers on the beach and on the cliffs are not at ease. How can they be? They very well know—indeed it was this very arrangement that induced them to embark in the venture—that of the fleet of twenty-three, nine-tenths are certainly doomed to wreck; that only three can, by any possibility, make the voyage, the remaining twenty striking on unsuspected rocks and sand-bars, and sinking in sight of land, carrying with them the hearts of nine-tenths of the 200,000 venturers, who, turning their backs on the treacherous sea, will grind their teeth and curse their evil luck, while the fortunate few whose three ships have breasted the tide are radiant with delight, and stab the great host of ruined ones and beggars with shouts of exultation. Foreseeing this, is it any wonder that 200,000 spectators shout and cry and snigger, and act like the lunatics that they are?

The horses fly; the struggle is beautiful. Mr. Acton's Sir Bevys forges ahead, and, superbly ridden by Fordham, wrests the blue ribbon of the turf from Palmbearer. Sir Bevys is an outsider, starting at 20 to 1. The favorites shut up like snails. Long ago the telegraph has gone up with the number of the winner, and to the horror and amazement of thousands of betters.

And now, close after the last horse, like a black sea that has burst its bounds, the mob rush in, and lo! the long green ribbon of turf vanishes as if it had been sponged out. There is a tremendous meeting of conflicting tides of humanity. The mob push madly on to see the winner, and to swell the triumph of the jockey, that quiet little boy with the flushed face, and eyes staring feverishly with excitement. One can scarcely believe that that calmly pacing horse is the same one that, five minutes since, flew maddened before the clamor of 200,000 frantic people.

The winners are going about declaiming their superior knowledge on the subject of Sir Bevys; and the losers are going about, too, showing that no sensible man, knowing anything about horses, could have done anything but just what they had done; and only wish the race over again—that's all.

But one thought is now paramount in the minds of the majority on the Downs, and that one thought is "luncheon." In a moment the green Down is blooming with lobster salad—a perfect azalea-colored bloom freckles the grass for half a mile. Guardsmen on the tops of drags, throw themselves into cupbearers' positions, gold or silver headed champagne bottles in one hand, and tapering glasses in the other. Smart, soldier-like grooms cut the fetters of Fortnum and Mason's square hampers and release the imprisoned roast fowls. The family parties in the open carriages are busy with plates on their knees, and in a true picnic mood of enjoyment; glad for once to shuffle off the tedious and monotonous ceremonies of daily life.

In an equally happy, but much noiser way, the people from the vans are feasting, with the occasional episode of a friendly fight. Beer is glug-glugging out of shiny brown jars of the portliest dimensions, and huge books of sandwiches are being disleaved. If the foreigners present had any idea that the English were a grave people, they must have had that idea by this time thoroughly removed. Never was such Saturnalia or carnival scene as this, now that the excitement and noise, lulled for a short time by the interval of luncheon and dinner, bursts out again from the long white dining-booths, and the great multitude betake themselves, with fresh animation, to "three shies a penny," archery, cocoanut-splitting, shooting for nuts, and other amusements delectable to the holiday-seeking citzens.

Presently the bell rings for the last race. Again the course clears, the horses pass like a flash of lightning; again the telegraph goes up, again the mob surge over the course, and the Derby Day is over.

The return to London consists of collisions, breakdowns, free fights, flour-throwing, doll-pelting and chaff. Many enter Babylon rejoicing, and many—too many—with ghastly shadows on their hearts.

# PAUL AND VIRGINIE.

## A EUROPEAN ADVENTURE.

By M. T. Caldor.

AM charmed to be able to complete your European experience with a glimpse of my uncle's chateau life," said the young Baron L—— to his American guest. "We shall be likely to find him in the library at this hour, and you shall be informally introduced. Afterward there will be such a rush of visitors, one will not be able to obtain a word from him."

"And yet his nephew throws his sympathies on the other side, if I comprehend aright your tirade last evening over those matchless cigarettes?" observed Paul Dunmore, lightly.

The young baron shrugged his shoulders.

"My uncle is cold, cautious, calculating, and a great man. He has much to risk besides. And I, *parbleu!*"

"I cannot realize the good fortune that brought me here," returned Dunmore. "It seems all like a dream to me."

"A most unpleasant reality might have been mine but for your timely help there, on that treacherous Alp. I am only too glad to be able to be of service here, as a friendly acknowledgment," answered the baron. "But come—let me give you the introduction to the count before all the court politicians seize him," he added.

Paul followed, with a heart beating high with anticipation and gratification; as if it could not be really he himself who had found entrance into this charmed circle, of whose immense importance in the great political affairs of Europe he had heard in the reading-rooms and public places.

With the familiarity of a privileged member of the household, the baron went through a pretty music-room, and from thence drew aside the damask draperies of an arched entrance, and stood a moment on the threshold.

At one of the costly inlaid tables, each a gem of art, was a group of three gentlemen, evidently deeply absorbed in conversation over a small chart.

"Ah!" muttered the baron. "I have brought you to a sight not often vouchsafed to common mortals. Those three men are the 'chiefs of the clan'! Look well at them, Dunmore; for, I assure you, a single tilt of those united brains shakes the whole Continent. Look at that old fox, B——! Bah! how he crushes out men's hopes and lives and noblest ambitions, if they come in the way of his iron *régime!* What new mischief are they concocting now? Come, let me show you that world-famous old portfolio of which the count is so proud, and by that time they will disperse."

Dunmore followed his lead, and admired the treasures of art and letters as heartily as one could desire. But he could not forbear casting furtive glances toward the group of gentlemen.

The count's tall figure and stern, iron-like visage were easily recognized; but the others he might never have looked upon, except for this opportunity, and he desired to improve it.

Their entrance had been observed, and the count presently beckoned to his nephew, who advanced promptly, and, after a few low words were exchanged, came over for Paul. The presentations were made in the most simple manner, and the stranger received a courteous greeting.

"My nephew says warm things of your courage and gallantry," observed the count, in a tone that was evidently abstracted, and without vivacity. "I trust we shall be fortunate enough to entertain you while you stay here. Ludwig, did you show him that Shakespeare death-mask?"

And, in obedience to this hint, the baron took him away to a cabinet beyond, and Paul considered that they were again dismissed from the count's mind.

They remained some time before the cabinet, and the three magnates returned to their conversation. It was the baron's restive start and evident attention to their talk which drew Paul's notice that way.

"But now I tell you, count," the great man was saying, "the danger is not so insignificant as you think. Let this alliance be consummated, and the opposition party is immeasurably strengthened."

"Ay, the Princess Maude is their trump card," added the other. "If she wins the duke, there is no telling what anarchy will come of it."

"The real question is, can she hold that restless fancy of his?" asked B——, meditatively.

"I hear wondrous accounts of her remarkable grace and beauty. You know, count, that she is just brought away from her school, and kept in seclusion here. Lady Hildegarde, I understand, is her present chaperon."

"I begin to suspect that the affair is of more magnitude than I knew. It would be a sorry thing for this pretty schoolgirl to upset all our well-grounded plans."

"Many a good scheme before now has been ruined by a lovely woman's art."

"Or by her willfulness. They must needs guard her closely, if they stake their all on this chance."

"If she would only fall in love and be as obdurate as some of her sex," began the other.

Here the count burst into a low, mellow laugh. He had glanced over to the cabinet. All unconsciously, Paul Dunmore stood in the attitude and looked almost as handsome as the youthful Apollo in marble in the niche beyond. A swift, unfathomable look crossed the count's face.

"I have it!" he muttered. "Ludwig told about his wonderful gallantry and a romantic temperament. It is worth a trial, at all events."

The others looked questioningly into his face, and he laughed again, saying, in a still lower voice:

"Leave me alone. I have an idea, and I must see what I can work out of it."

After that the door was thrown open, and a string of visitors announced.

Paul Dunmore was not a little flattered to find himself the object of the count's chief attention in the drawing-room. Quite unconsciously on his own part, he was drawn to exhibit to that astute intellect his best aspirations; and it must be admitted that he betrayed also his weaknesses and shortcomings.

The Baron Ludwig lifted his eyebrows a little as he watched this most unusual attention.

"What now?" he queried, under his breath. "Has he so fervent gratitude for the safety of his graceless nephew and troublesome ward? or is it a politic movement, bestowed for the country's sake? However, it makes it very comfortable for me, and exceedingly pleasant for Dunmore."

"I have been persuading your friend to remain a few weeks with us," remarked the count to him. "He ought not to lose our fair and the *fête*."

"How very delightful!" declared the baron; but he pulled down the corners of his mouth, and commented, *sub rosa*, "There is certainly something in the wind—only, I'm so stupid and he so foxy, it's a wonder if I ever find it out."

THE DERBY DAY—THE RUSH ON THE COURSE—"WHO'S WON?"

"By-the-way, Ludwig, I am afraid I shall have to send you off for a few days. It is a small affair, and will not keep you a week."

"You are pleased with Mr. Dunmore, uncle?"

"Exceedingly. One does not often meet with so fresh and enthusiastic—I could almost say so poetical—a character."

Paul Dunmore heard, and his cheek glowed with something very like gratified vanity.

He retired to his private rooms, in a dream of enchantment.

The baron was off early in the morning. He took a hasty leave of Paul, assuring him that the count had promised him every pleasure the chateau could contribute.

The count made him, indeed, feel perfectly at home. Garden after garden, fostered with the most generous and unsparing care, opened upon him its charms as he strolled down the rolled walks. All was absolute quiet and silence—a sylvan solitude, indeed, with the plash of the water, and the murmuring rustle of the trees, and the low twitter of bird and insect.

Paul threw himself upon a mossy bank, and fell into a dreamy, delicious reverie, all unconscious that his own graceful figure and handsome face completed the picture.

"Shall I ever have another such glimpse of my ideal Paradise?" he asked himself, presently. "But a Paradise that has no Eve," he added, with a smile lighting his face.

Scarcely had the idea suggested itself, when a little rustic gate opened noiselessly, and a lady came tripping through.

Paul shrank back, and watched her graceful movements as she glided here and there. A wide-brimmed straw hat concealed her face, and the young man was wishing its envious screen away, when her own fair hands removed it, and tossed it lightly aside.

The Eve was worthy of the Paradise. A fairer, sweeter, nobler countenance Paul had never seen.

"Can she be of the count's

PAUL AND VIRGINIE. —"'THE DUKE—THE DUKE!' REPEATED HE. 'YOU TAKE ME FOR A DUKE! WHAT, THEN, ARE YOU!' 'ALAS! I'D RATHER BE THE HUMBLE VIRGINIE THAN THE PRINCESS MAUDE,' SHE SAID, GENTLY."— SEE PAGE 159.

family?" questioned Paul. "There is a highbred air about her that would not belie a throne, and yet, likewise, a guileless, unsophisticated artlessness that might adorn the gardener's daughter."

She had evidently come thither to enjoy the retirement and beauty of the secluded glen.

The young man was just wondering if he ought to make known his presence, when there came a sudden and most unpleasant interruption.

The little gate through which this lovely Eve had entered Paul's Paradise clashed angrily beneath a ruder touch, and the next instant a man with wild, inflamed countenance, disordered garments and erratic movements that would have proclaimed an escaped lunatic, without the flashing blade which he was flourishing, came leaping toward the lady.

She heard the noise, and, turning, seemed to comprehend the danger, for a low cry escaped her. Yet she stood erect, facing him heroically.

It did not require any further call to bring Paul Dunmore to his feet, and the next instant he stood beside her, saying, quietly:

"Do not be alarmed, madame. I will divert his attention, if possible. At all events, I will save you from any violence of his."

"May Heaven reward you!" whispered she, faintly.

"Take the seat yonder, and do not seem to notice us at all," directed he.

And the lovely lady obeyed him, now for the first time stealing a questioning look at the youth's handsome face and manly figure.

The madman, muttering fiercely, came leaping on.

"Where is she? I promised that her innocent blood should appease the offended gods. A maiden pure and noble—surely there could not be a more acceptable offering."

"Come over to the altar, then," interposed Paul, quick to catch his wild thoughts. "Just the spot for such a deed is over yonder. I am sent to help you. Lend me your knife a moment, will you, that I may cut a withe to bind the victim?"

The man glared at him, half in anger, half in some stupor of amazement; but he clutched firm hold of the dangerous knife.

"No; the knife is for her! he hissed, in a deadly tone that made the sweet face beyond blanch to a yet deathlier hue.

And he laid his hand upon Paul's shoulder, and would have swung him out of his path; but that young gentleman suddenly grappled with him, and, after a struggle, the knife was safely in Paul's possession.

The lady was no passive spectator. She hastily unwound her silk scarf, and helped him tie the struggling hands, though she was trembling violently.

"There! secure at last!" cried Paul, triumphantly, panting for breath.

"And what will you do with him? How near are the count's servants?" she asked, in a soft, silvery voice.

But this question was settled for them. A loud holloa was heard, and two men came hurrying through the gate.

The lady turned around appealingly to Paul.

"Pray do not let me be seen by them. It would make unnecessary gossip."

"Do not be concerned," he answered, reassuringly, and hurried his prisoner toward them.

Ten minutes afterward the little glen was as quiet and silent as if no other human footsteps had ever marred its peacefulness. Paul hastened back, and found the lady where he had left her, very pale and agitated still.

"You are faint," he said, in a voice of tender concern.

And, hastening to the nearest spring, he made a cup of one of the great leaves, and brought it, dripping with the cool water.

"How can I ever thank you for my safety from such a frightful peril?" she said, presently, while a soft color crept into her cheeks.

"I am only too thankful that I was allowed to be of service," returned Paul, warmly.

The soft color deepened on the fair countenance.

"It *is* a lovely spot. I meant to come every day and enjoy it; but now——"

"I hope it will not lose your favor. The men told me that the madman escaped only last night. His keepers have carried him back, and will guard him more watchfully. They were much alarmed lest the count should be angry."

"You—know—the count?" she asked, ingenuously.

"I am a guest at his house. Are you one of the family?"

She shook her head slowly. Suddenly a bright smile crossed her face, as if she had seized upon some delightful solution of a mystery. She looked at him eagerly, almost wistfully, and then checked some earnest speech upon her very lips, and turned to him a radiant face, while she said:

"It is all like a romance."

Suddenly she looked up archly.

"One would think we were old friends. And I—do—not—even know your name. I was wondering if it could be Prince Arthur—or—or—Sir Galahad."

"It is Paul——"

"You might have come out of the romance," she said, with another playful little laugh, "and these are surely meet surroundings. Ah, I wonder if I could look like the sweet, *spirituelle* Virginie! But it is really my name."

"There could not be a fairer. But what an odd coincidence!" answered Paul.

"Let us ask no more. You are Paul, I am Virginie. Here, that is quite enough to know."

Paul was only too willing to humor her dreamy mood. They talked after that about the pretty romance, and from thence strayed to wider topics, and in all found kindred tastes and quick sensibilities, answering as to a magic spell.

It was the lady who roused herself with a nervous start.

"How the time has flown! I shall be expected home. I ought not to linger longer."

And she could not hide from him that she went reluctantly.

"Let me see you through the gate. Must I not ask whither your home lies?" he ventured.

"Nay"—with another smile—"you are to know nothing, except that I am Virginie."

"If it might be Paul's Virginie——" began the audacious young man. "How anxious I shall be to know that no bad result follows your fright. Will you not give me some alleviating sign?"

"I might hang a wreath of violets on the bough here, to show that I am able to walk hither to-morrow," she said, graciously.

"At what hour? If I might come and see it."

She shook her head, and, smiling archly, vanished.

Paul went slowly back, in a dream of enchantment.

The count came to look after him just before dinner, still in that most gracious condescension.

"Well, my dear fellow, I hope you have not found the place very stupid. I am afraid you miss Ludwig, but we will soon have him back."

"I have been in a land of enchantment," answered Paul.

The count's eye glinted over as with some really pleasant thought, and the benignant look was eminently becoming to that grave, grim countenance.

"Tell me about it, my dear fellow."

And Paul related his afternoon's adventure, and looked up for the count's censure or approval.

"A most romantic adventure, truly; and well begun, my hero. I think I guess who is the heroine. There is a good little girl to whom I have given the key of the rear gate. Thank Heaven you were at hand to save her! What a pretty idyl you will live there! You shall have the glen to yourselves; I will take care of that."

And certainly the count's smile had no rebuke.

The noble master laid his hand on Paul's the next morning, saying, sportively:

"I mean to keep my paradise clear of further intruders. If the fair Virginie has the key to one gate, Paul should hold the other. So there it is, my lad."

"How graciously all things smile upon me! I am certainly in the land of enchantment!" thought Paul Dunmore.

* * * * * * *

"Virginie!" cried Paul, little suspecting what tenderness thrilled in the single word.

She was coming toward him smilingly, a wreath of violets hanging on her arm.

"He is here! Ah, yes, he is here!" whispered Virginie's fluttering heart.

"Now, indeed, the sun shines for me!" cried Paul, making room for her upon the rustic seat. "I think the glen is even lovelier than yesterday. Will you let me read a poem that should have been written in just such a spot?"

And he read the poem, and they talked of the sweet, subtle meaning, in low and tender voices, with shy glances and tremulous smiles.

Day by day this innocent pair met there in the sylvan solitude.

"Virginie," said Paul, one day, "is it possible for mortal life to be so much like a dream of Elysium? I am frightened when I think what golden sands drip away these wonderful days from us. You are enjoying them, too, my Virginie?"

"Yes, I enjoy it all, Paul."

"And you know that I love you?"

"Yes, Paul."

"And you do not frown upon me or blame me?"

The deep, soft eyes opened widely.

"Blame you, Paul? Why should I?"

"Because I have spoken nothing plainly. But, indeed, that is your fault, my darling. You have always checked me. You have said, 'Wait—not yet'; and I could but obey."

"Because this freedom is so sweet. I dread the formalities and bonds of artificial life. Nevertheless, Paul, if you must speak, I shall hear."

"I love you, Virginie. My proudest, dearest hope is to have you for my wife."

The crimson glowed on her cheek, a glad smile shone in her eyes.

"Yes, Paul."

"But, Virginie, you know nothing of the life to which I should take you. Could you leave your home here, your native land?"

"With you—yes, Paul," came softly but firmly. "I have grown familiar with the thought, and the distance now is nothing."

"But your friends—what will they say? Pardon me, dearest; you know I am still in utter ignorance of your real position. I have a little fortune, such as will keep the wolf securely from the door of an humble home; but tho whole of it would scarcely pay the count's expense in this glen, and I fear——"

"Hush! what need to carry on the farce? I have suspected the disguise. I am only too happy that my heart goes where my hand is pledged. I thank you for the sweet lesson you have cared to teach me. It is beautiful that love and duty need not conflict."

"I—do not comprehend," stammered Paul, a terrible presentiment sending its deadly chill through him. "Virginie, you think me—whom?"

"I know that Feramorz and the king are one. Happy, happy Lalla Rookh that I am! Ah, do not doubt but Paul is dearer than the duke, my friend," she said, smiling upon him with that radiant, enchanting look he had never been able to resist.

But Paul grew deadly pale.

"The duke—the duke!" repeated he. "You take me for a duke! What, then, are you?"

"Must our pretty play be ended? Alas! I had rather be the humble Virginie than the Princess Maude," she said, gently.

Paul Dunmore sprang to his feet with a bitter cry.

"The Princess Maude!" he almost screamed. "You are the Princess Maude!"

The lady looked at him in deep amazement.

"What!" said she; "were you all the time deceived? I did not think it could be. The count implied——"

"The count!" vociferated Paul, gnashing his teeth over the name as if it were that of his deadliest enemy. "Oh, I fathom the count at last! I understand all the treachery he has made me unconsciously guilty of. What cares he if my heart is broken, so his schemes are accomplished?"

"Paul, Paul!" implored Virginie. "I cannot understand your anger. Cannot you love your Virginie even if her name proves to be the Princess Maude Virginie?"

"But what can humble Paul Dunmore offer to the princess?" he asked, bitterly. "I am no duke; I am a simple American citizen, who came here to visit the chateau of the count because I had rendered a little service to the Baron Ludwig, and he wished in some way to repay me. Understand me, I implore you. I am not the duke—the duke who has a right to claim the hand of the Princess Maude."

"Not the duke!" repeated the lady, with quivering, whitening lips. "Ah, Heavens! and it is *you* I love!"

They stood staring at each other with wild, sorrowful eyes, their cheeks pallid, their breasts heaving stormily beneath the tide of suppressed emotion.

Upon this unhappy scene came the count, calm, suave, complacent still.

"Ah!" ejaculated Paul, sharply; "it is a true Eden, after all, and the serpent is here likewise. Look you, sir count! I shall speak to you as man to man to-day. How dared you trifle with a man's honor—his heart-strings even, as if they were wires made for your hands to pull to and fro in your wicked game of politics? You have cheated us wofully. Whom will you answer to for all this wickedness?"

The princess stretched out her hand with an imperial gesture.

"Count ——, answer me at once! Who is this whom I have taken to be the noble duke to whom my hand was pledged?"

"Paul Dunmore, an American citizen, as he assures me. And my nephew asserts the same," replied the count, steadily.

"Cruel, cruel, Count ——!" she cried, fiercely.

"And wherefore, my tragic young lovers?" he asked.

SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.—A CHINESE EXECUTION.— SEE PAGE 166.

SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.—SHIPPING ON THE CANTON RIVER.—SEE PAGE 166.

"I shall not bar your happiness. On the contrary, I will make all things smooth in your path. You love this Paul. Take him. The way of your escape is open. There is a safe path of flight. You love him?"

"Yes, I love him!" she answered; but her voice was full of horror and despair.

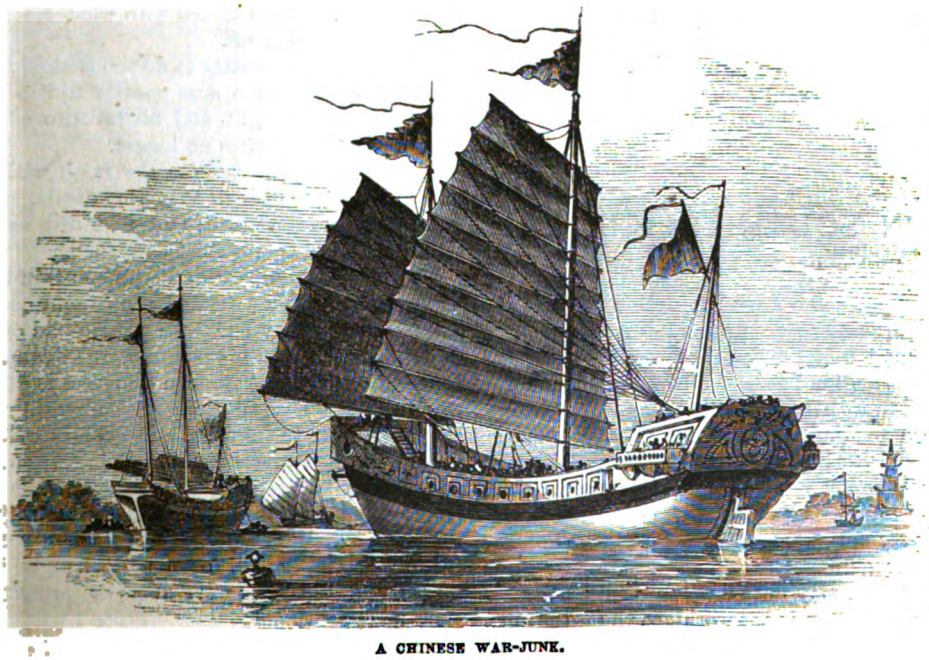
"Virginie, believe me that I also have been wickedly cheated. I never dreamt of your rank or true identity. Oh, what can I say? I love you—I love you! but I dare not ask you to make this tremendous sacrifice for my sake. Forgive me, pity me, Virginie!" implored Paul.

She gave him one eloquent look, as full of wild adoration as of keenest anguish.

"Do I not know? Do I not see the whole plot at last, when it is too late—too late?"

"Nay. I tell you both all these heroics may be safely spared," interposed the count. "Madame, is it the duke you love, or this young Paul?"

"Hush! I will hear nothing from you—I will make no explanation to you, cruel, hard-hearted, wicked monster that you are! Oh, Paul, Paul! you were right—it was too beautiful to last! Why did we not see? Why did we not remember that even in the story the hapless lovers were sundered? To you I say that I count his rank, his wealth, his high position, as so much dross beside your love. But it is scarcely



A CHINESE WAR-JUNK.

two months ago that I knelt before the altar, by my brother's side, and took the most solemn oath to give myself for the welfare of my native land by my marriage with this noble duke. Paul, pity me—I cannot violate my oath! If you love me truly, never seek to look upon my face again!"

Paul stretched out his hand to clasp the cold fingers offered one moment to his touch; but not a word could he articulate.

The count gave him an impatient thrust.

"Fool, idiot! why do you not plead with her? She is a woman, and she loves you. You can win her yet."

A glance as contemptuous as his own was Paul's sole reply. And then he turned to her.

"You are right, noble lady," he said, sorrowfully; "there is nothing I can do for you but to fly from your beloved presence. Do not think that I shall cease to pray for your welfare. Innocent victims that we are, we have one sole consolation. We will keep our honor and our self-respect. And, at least, we may rejoice that this hard-hearted plotter has been foiled. May Heaven keep and bless you. Farewell!"

He turned, slowly, and went down the path.

There was a little gasping cry—a wild sob:

"Paul, oh, Paul!"

The count's black brows unbent. A grim smile crept to his lips.

Paul turned; she was standing with eyes raining their bitter tears, with pallid cheeks, and tremulous hands outstretched, as if to detain him.

"Farewell!" repeated he, steadily.

With one fierce effort, she wrenched herself away.

"Yes, farewell, Oh, Paul—there is another and better world! God bless you till we meet—there! Now go, go!"

And Paul obeyed. Like one stunned by some sharp blow from all knowledge of present suffering or pain, he walked steadily down the path till he found the main avenue.

It was months afterward, when he was safe in the seclusion of his American home, that he read the brief account of a marriage in European high life, which was quite likely to make a great sensation in the political world—so the *Court Journal* averred. Still it also lent a new hope to the recent Liberal movement, which was being felt even in autocratic monarchies.

But, with his eyes on the blue heavens which overhung the bluer sea that rolled toward *her* abode, he murmured:

"God grant you have found peace, Virginie!"

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# SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

In the past few years the American public has had its interest in China aroused to an unusual degree, in consequence of the discussion of the so-called Chinese question. A great deal of information has been given concerning the ways and habits of those subjects of the Emperor of China who have ventured to America, and much that is true has been mingled with a liberal amount that is conspicuously inexact. But we have not received much light concerning the ways of the Chinese at home, as the disputes of the politicians and their followers have been mainly confined to topics within our gates. Consequently, a few pictures of the Chinese in China may not be without interest.

China is the oldest nation in the world, as she is the most populous. The number of her inhabitants is variously set at from 250,000,000 to 400,000,000. No regular census has ever been taken of the inhabitants; there is an occasional enumeration for the benefit of the tax-gatherers, and it is assumed that the people evade this as much as possible. Consequently, after each enumeration, the city authorities are said to add fifty per cent. to cover contingencies; the provincial authorities add something to cover any possible mistake of the estimates, and then the imperial officials put on another percentage to make sure that the figures are high enough.

The cities pay their taxes to the provinces, and the provinces to the General Government, in proportion to the population, and thus the interest of the local authorities is directly opposed to that of the imperial power. There is a great deal of rascality in consequence, and the Chinese are very matter-of-fact in assuming that there will be dishonesty, and conducting themselves accordingly.

There is a good story of an ingenious plan that was adopted by a rajah of one of the islands of the Java seas when he wanted to collect the census. The taxes throughout his dominions were paid in rice, and for each man, woman and child there was a fixed tariff of a certain number of pounds of that staple article of food. But the rajah was badly robbed on every hand. The village chiefs took out something for themselves when they handed their collections over to the district rulers; then the district rulers made a squeeze of the rice before they reported to the rulers of the provinces; the provincial governors had families to support, and were compelled to steal something in order to make an honest living, and so they took a goodly quantity to themselves before they paid their collections over to the rajah's treasurer. Then the treasurer was not an honest official, which has been defined by somebody as the noblest work of God, and the rarest and so he set aside a little saving against a rainy day. By the time the taxes reached the rajah he was despoiled of more than half his due; and, though he knew perfectly well what was going on, he could not help himself. He ordered a census of his dominions, but they were too smart for him. The village chiefs made an estimate ten or twenty per cent. too low; then the district rulers made a similar under-estimate when they reported the population of the villages under their control; the provincial governors went and did likewise with their official reports, and the treasurer took good care that his returns tallied with what he had paid in to the rajah's store-houses.

Plainly it was necessary to do something; but what to do, and how to do it, were sore puzzles to the rajah. He did not sleep well at night, and his favorite wives complained that they were favorites no longer.

One night a spirit came to the rajah while he slept, and told him to rouse himself to mighty deeds. He roused himself, listened to the spirit, and then did as the spirit had told him. And this is what happened.

He went to the top of the high mountain that overlooked his capital, and there sat down to commune with the gods, and hear what they had to say. He had often done this, as both himself and his people were pagans, and as full of superstitions as the American Congress is of statesmen. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should commune with the spirits, and equally natural that they should make a revelation to him. And on this occasion they revealed something that made his hair stand on end.

They told him that his people were threatened with a terrible plague, that would sweep them from the face of the earth. They had been neglectful of their religious duties, and the gods were about to punish them for their sins.

The rajah was in great grief at this news, and asked if

the gods would not be merciful and put the plague off for the present; or, if somebody must suffer, he would much prefer that it should be his neighbors, who were constantly at war with him, and gave him a great deal of trouble. The gods said they did not see it in that light, but if the rajah would call next day they would let him know if possibly some means of atonement might be found. They did not give him much hope, and all they would do was to promise to think the matter over.

The rajah told his story that night, and great was the alarm at the terrible news. It was sent by swift runners, and as soon as possible it was known through all his dominions. Everybody was in a condition of suspense to know what the gods would finally determine on their next interview with the rajah.

The gods seemed to be not altogether without bowels; for when the rajah went to see them the next day they agreed to let up on the plague to a certain extent, provided the people made a proper token of their faith in the power of the deities. To this end it was necessary that they should erect a statue in honor of the Goddess of Mercy, through whose intercession the divinities had been induced to relent. The whole people must take part in the business, and if any one neglected to do so he was to be swept from the earth—he, and all his relatives, and his next-door neighbors.

To the end that all should take part in the work, it was ordered that the statue to be erected should be cast from needles, and that everybody should contribute one needle, and no more. The village chiefs should send each a packet of needles, and there was to be a large needle for every man, a number two needle for every woman, and a number three for every child. They were to be done up in packages, with the names of the villages on the outside, and the district rulers were to send the parcels forward with the labels unbroken. And all this was to be done without a moment's delay; the district rulers and the provincial governors were threatened with the wrath of the gods if they lost a minute of time in executing the decree.

When the packages were all collected, the rajah went to have another interview with the gods, to know how the statue should be made, and how it should be set up. The gods then told him that he should put the needles into his private safe for security and as a memorial of the devotion of his subjects, and that a bronze statue of equal weight with the needles should be set up in front of the palace in commemoration of the event. This was done, and the people were happy.

When the next time came for collecting the taxes, the king said to his treasurer: "I find that the provincial governors have not dealt squarely, and perhaps their subordinates have been lying to them. Here is an exact list of the population in my dominions, men, women and children; and I wish you would be kind enough to see that the taxes are properly paid into my treasury. If you don't, there will be trouble. I have a duplicate list in my pocket, my son has another, my prime minister a third, and the original packages of the needles which the people sent are locked up in the safe."

And this was the way the rajah took the census. The plan is commended to the Emperor of China.

There is a great deal to be seen in China by the traveler from foreign lands. It is not many years since it was forbidden to travel in the interior of the country, and even at the present time there are localities where one is not entirely safe from annoyance by some of the people. The recent treaties between China and other countries have opened up the empire to trade and travel; nominally, at least, you may go from one end to the other of the vast empire without hindrance. But it is not always easy to do what the law allows. The foreigner is not welcome in China, and he has obtained his present position there more by force than by good-will. In the great cities he is regarded with indifference; but in the interior the people frequently run after him in crowds; and when crowds are assembled, there are nearly always some turbulent spirits among them who make things disagreeable. In my first journey in the interior of China, it did not take me long to find out that I was not looked upon with respect, and I was thankful sometimes that I did not understand the language, as I should have been compelled to resent some of the remarks that were made in my hearing.

I went, on one occasion, in what is called a house-boat, on a journey through the network of canals to the south of Shanghai. When we reached the first bridge over the canal, the gentleman who accompanied me, and who had lived some time in China, suggested that we had better retire to the cabin of the boat till we had passed the bridge. When I asked the reason, he smiled, and said:

"It is one of the favorite amusements of Chinese men and boys to drop dead cats and other disagreeable things on the heads of persons who pass beneath the bridge in case those persons happen to be foreigners. If we sit on our deck we will very likely get something of the sort on our heads, and so it is better to avoid trouble by taking to the cabin."

We did as he proposed, and it was well that we did so. As we went under the bridge several handfuls of mud were dropped, and also a quantity of dirty water. We heard a derisive laugh as we went on, and when we were a few yards away we could see half a dozen men and boys looking over the parapet of the bridge and observing the effect of their performance. I presume they were out of dead cats at the time, or we would have received a dose of what my friend had mentioned. After that occurrence, I always found that I had business below deck whenever a bridge was to be passed.

The pleasure of the journey was somewhat marred by the facetious habits of the Chinese, and I think it would take a long time for me to become accustomed to their peculiar ways, and regard them as funny. The dislike for foreigners runs through the whole animate population of China, whether it has two or four legs. Chinese ponies will kick you, or try to do so; Chinese cows, especially if they have calves in their care, will run at you; the dogs will bark and the cats will hiss and run away, and even the ducks will keep up a loud cry of "Quack! quack!" until you begin to consider their remarks personal. A foreigner in the interior of China is almost as badly treated as are the Chinese in San Francisco, and he has the grim satisfaction of knowing that all the incivility is not on one side.

The great majority of the foreigners who go to China make their first acquaintance with it at Canton. The steamer lands you at Hong Kong, an island on the coast, which was ceded to England after the famous Opium War about thirty years ago. Hong Kong is an English colony, and has an excellent harbor, completely sheltered from all the winds that blow. The island is a mountain, rising very boldly from the water, and the port is nestled at the foot of this mountain, on its northern side; there is a great deal of up-hill and down-hill to it—the former when you go away from the water, and the latter when you approach it. The peak of the mountain is 1,800 feet high, and one of the favorite excursions is to ride in a Chinese chair to the summit. On my first afternoon at Hong Kong I made this excursion, and had a magnificent view of the harbor, which seemed to be almost beneath my feet, and the main land beyond.

A SAMPAN-GIRL.

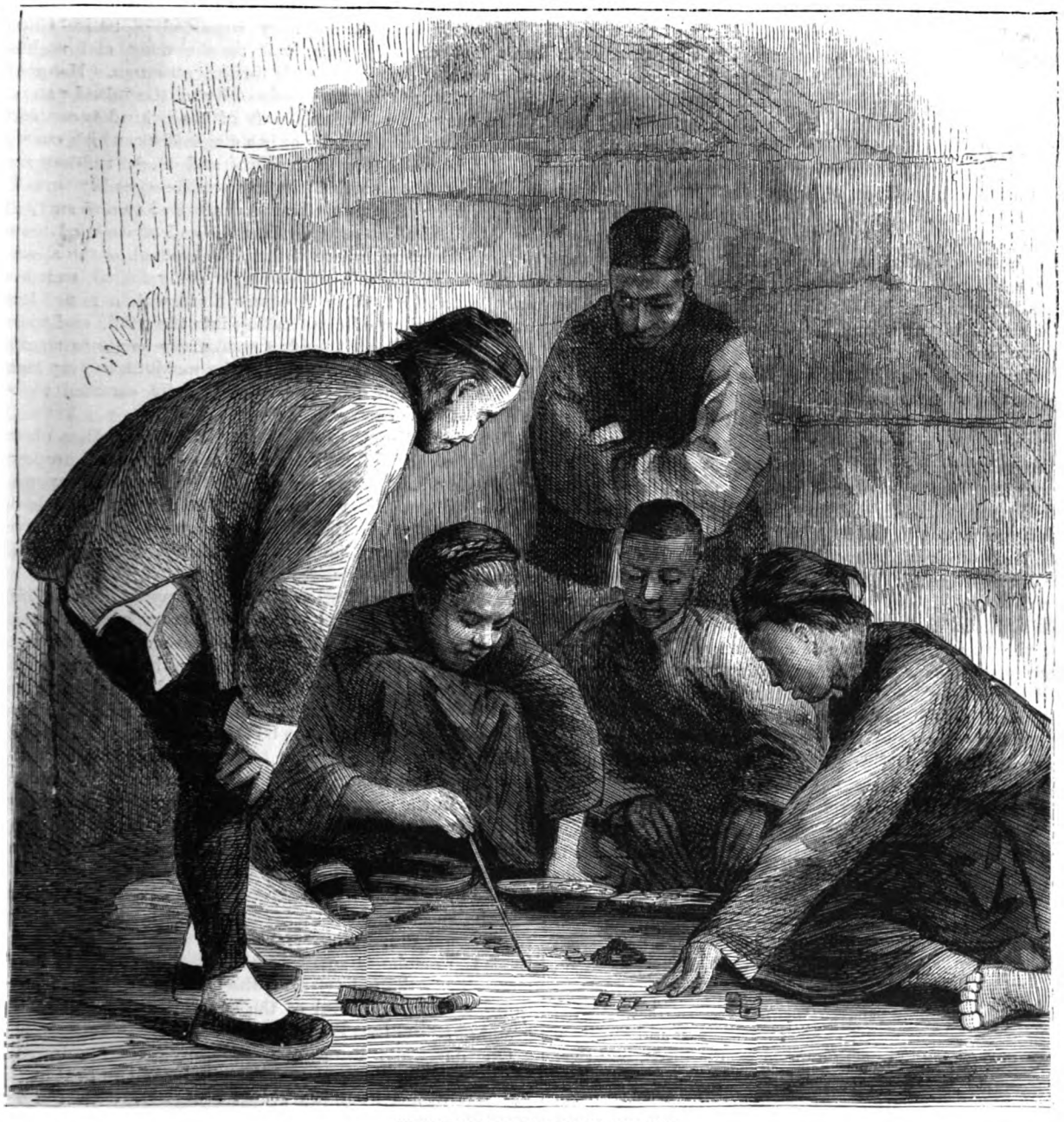
It was like an August afternoon in New York when I started from the city, but very soon the weather changed. Every mile that I advanced along the zigzag road the temperature fell, and by the time I reached the summit, my overcoat was not sufficient to keep me from shivering. It is an odd sensation to an American to be carried in a Chinese chair, but he soon becomes used to it; the vehicle is a very comfortable one, and as there are generally four men to carry it, the bearers are able to go at a good pace. They keep step with a slightly swinging motion, and every twenty or thirty minutes they stop a while to rest. The chair porters at Hong Kong are not the most amiable gentlemen in the world, and the stranger must look sharply after them if he would save himself from being cheated.

From Hong Kong to Canton is about ninety miles, partly through a bay and partly by the Pearl River. The route is a pretty one, as the islands in the first part of it

ON OUR WAY TO THE BOAT.

rise sharply from the water, while in the latter portion the banks of the river are full of animation, and the river itself is crowded with boats of many kinds and descriptions. A tall pagoda rises above the forest of shade trees and the dark cluster of houses at Whampoa; it is a picturesque structure, and the luxuriance of the tropical climate is shown by the bushes and climbing plants that adorn it. Whampoa was formerly the anchorage of foreign ships that came to receive their cargoes of tea from the merchants of Canton; the most of them load now at Hong Kong, which has become the seaport for this part of the Celestial Empire.

As we come nearer to Canton the animation of the scene increases. We can see the city stretching away over the flat ground and the hills on the right; while on the left is the Island of Honan, with its groves of sacred trees and its temples of great antiquity. In these temples are the holy pigs, which are kept to a great age, and are literally so fat that they cannot see out of their eyes. They are consecrated in some way to the gods of the temple, and their religious character enables them to escape the usual fate of their kindred, as they are not converted into pork, like an ordinary pig of civilization, but die a natural death, and are then buried in the garden attached to the temple.



CHINESE GAMBLERS PLAYING FAN-TAN.

The river between the city and the island swarms with boats, and you are at first surprised at their number, until you remember that Canton is famous for its boat population, and in this respect is unlike any other city in the world. The boat population is said to be not far from 60,000; it consists of people who are not allowed to live on land, at least in this province, in consequence of some old law of the empire. They may go elsewhere and live on shore, but when they come back to Canton they must take

to the water again. They are born on the boats, and they pass their lives there and die there; you see them of all ages, from the child creeping about the deck with a cord tied to him to prevent his falling overboard, up to the gray-haired veteran of seventy, or the matron of an equal number of years. It is proper to add that the children are much more numerous than the adults, as a very large proportion of the men go away to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Nearly all the Chinese sailors on foreign ships in the East are from this population, and so are many of the Chinese that have come to America. Many of the women go away to other parts of the empire, but their number is not nearly as great as that of the emigrating men.

Nearly all the emigration to America is said to be from the province of Kwang-Tung and a neighboring province. Canton is the commercial centre of these provinces, and, in fact, the name of Canton, as we pronounce it, is derived from that of the province. The population of the city is set down at a million, which is probably not far from the correct figure.

The boat population we can more fully appreciate, as we can see the boats covering the river and forming a fringe that reaches a considerable distance from the shore. The boats are of all sizes and kinds—some of them so small that two men are a full cargo for them, and others so large that they seem almost like ships. They find occupation in transporting passengers and freight across the river, or from ships to the shore, and *vice versa*, and their owners are willing to work for a very small sum. I was at Canton with two friends, and we hired a boat for our exclusive use during our stay for fifty cents a day; the hotel-keeper told us we had been swindled, and that he could have engaged an equally good boat for us at half that price. The one we hired had a deck with a roof over it, that made a comfortable sitting-place for four persons, where we were sheltered from the sun. It was "manned" by two women, who were quite skillful with the oars, and used to take us very quickly over the stream. A couple of children sat in the stern, where there was a small kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartment; the whole not more than five feet square. The husband of one of the women was employed as porter in a foreign warehouse, and the second woman was his sister. They seemed to be a happy family, and perfectly contented with their home on the water.

Many of these floating craft at Canton are known as flower-boats; they are so called because they are gayly decorated, and in the season of bloom they abound in flowers. It is the fashion among the Chinese to give parties on these flower-boats, just as we give them in halls or in picnic groves. Several of these parties were in progress the evening after my arrival at Canton, and the boats were so brilliantly lighted that I thought at first they were on fire. They were covered with lights from end to end, both inside and out, and as the air was perfectly still, there was no difficulty in keeping the lamps trimmed and burning. There was a wedding-party on one of the boats, and they let off a quantity of fire-crackers, enough to set up a whole Fourth of July in a goodly sized village in America. Then they burned blue lights and other pyrotechnics, and, on the whole, they seemed to be having a lively time.

These flower-boats are very comfortable for an evening party, as they have large windows in the sides of the cabin, and then there are plenty of lounging-places on the roof for breathing the cool air.

The captain of our boat was known as "American Susan," for the reason that her boat was a particular favorite with the American captains when their ships were anchored in the river. As we sat in the shelter formed by the bamboo awning over the deck of the boat, or "sampan," as it is called by the Chinese, Susan was the principal figure of the landscape. She sat in the angle at the bow of the "sampan," with one leg doubled, and the foot of the other resting against a bit of plank nailed on the gunwale. She wielded her oar gracefully, and as the sunlight fell upon her bronzed face, with its mass of black hair, totally destitute of bonnet or hood, she was by no means unprepossessing. The "sampan" girl is quite an institution of the southern ports of China, and of none of them more so than of Canton.

Formerly the Chinese navy consisted of native ships propelled only by sails, and very clumsy and useless affairs when compared with foreign steamers. Many of these junks are still in use, especially on the inland waters, where they have only the craft of their kind to contend with. They have usually only a single deck, which curves greatly between bow and stern, and their rudders are made very large, so that the craft can be speedily turned. The sails are of matting, with some ten or twelve stays of bamboo, and a line extends from the end of each of these stays to the stern, where it is in the control of the steersman. A Chinese sail can be very quickly furled, as it has only to be let go, when it comes down with a run. But they do not allow of close sailing into the wind, and when the craft goes about it needs a good many hands to manipulate it. Like all Chinese craft, the war-junk is very high in the stern, and the helmsman is fully exposed to be picked off by a careful marksman.

But since the Celestials learned the advantage of an acquaintance with foreigners, they have adopted European gunboats, which have done excellent work in the suppression of piracy. The French and English gunboats have been of great use to China, as they have destroyed a large number of piratical junks; but, unhappily, there are still a good many left to destroy.

A festival on the Canton River is always a grand affair, as the water is alive with boats, and every one endeavors to appear at his best. At certain seasons the dragon is worshiped, and a huge craft known as the dragon-boat is brought out. It is propelled by some thirty or forty rowers, who paddle in unison, and keep up a terrific shouting, whose object is supposed to be the awakening of the god. The boat is made to represent a dragon, and is sufficiently hideous to make a stranger unwilling to meet it on a dark night. In the centre and at the bow there are gorgeously dressed men, whose duty it is to beat gongs; and they give a great deal of expression to their movements—or, at any rate, to the sounds they produce. A way is opened for the boat through the throng of junks and sampans, and the spectators add their clamor to swell the volume of the general din. Fire-crackers are burned, and sometimes the smoke is so dense that the spectacle is much more cloudy than clear. But the Chinese like this sort of thing, and the Festival of the Dragon-boat is one of the grandest affairs that the water-population can indulge in.

One day while I was at Canton, my friend and myself took a stroll on shore above the city. As the heat of the sun was rather high, we armed ourselves with Chinese umbrellas, which are made of paper and bamboo, and are as light as they are cheap. We wore the ventilated hat peculiar to the East, and by walking slowly and keeping as much as possible in the shade, we managed to save ourselves from becoming overheated. Through fear of a shower, we had taken our light overcoats; but they were not needed, and we consigned them to a porter, who tied them in a bundle. This bundle was slung at the end of a pole, and to balance it at the other end there was a loose basket which contained certain refreshments we deemed it judicious to take along. The porter went in front, and

led the way wherever we moved, while another porter followed, with his umbrella tied to his hat and a basket in one hand. We formed an imposing procession, especially when we returned to our boat, which was kept waiting for us at the bank. Some of the natives stood still to look at us, and one dignified Celestial folded his arms and remained erect as a sentinel while we passed.

We had a good many sights that afternoon, and are not likely to forget it in a hurry. One of the first things shown to us was a place where ducks are hatched artificially, and not only ducks, but all kinds of barnyard fowls. The hatching is done in ovens which are kept at an even heat; as soon as the shells are broken the little chicks are placed in a box which has a thick flooring of feathers, while strips of down are arranged so that they hang from the top of the box and keep the tender inmates from the cold. The duck factory, as my friend called it, is on the bank of the river, so that the ducks can be taken out to swim as soon as they are old enough. It is quite a common sight to see a flock of ducks on the water, under the charge of a herder; he has a long pole with which he preserves order, and as they are accustomed to him from their earliest infancy, they never attempt to disobey him. One man will manage a hundred ducks, and not have hard work of it at that.

The hatching establishments buy their eggs from poultry-raisers, or they take them on shares, and give the owner half of all the chicks produced.

One of the sights of that day was a fight between crickets, or beetles. We stumbled upon it accidentally, and considered ourselves very fortunate, as it is not easy for a foreigner to get a glimpse of this amusement. The beetles they use are not unlike a cockroach in general appearance; they are kept in little cages of bamboo, and sometimes the prices paid for them are very high. Our guide told us that it was not unusual for well-trained beetles to bring $100 apiece, and he had known them sold for $200 or $300. When they fight, they are placed in a shallow bowl, and as much attention is paid to the rules of the game as to those of a prize-fight or a walking-match. In the present instance, we arrived just as the beetles were being placed in the ring; as no bowl was handy, the battle was arranged to come off in one of the bamboo cages. The scene was in a garden, and under the kindly shade of a tree. The betting was lively, and a small boy who was present seemed to take as much interest in the contest as did any one else. Before the match was over, I think at least $100 must have been wagered on it.

The beetles fight by seizing each other with their cutting mandibles; the game consists, like any other prize-fight, in disabling your opponent while saving yourself from injury. The training is done by putting a beetle, when quite young, into a bowl with another whose mandibles have been removed with a knife or scissors. Of course he wins, as the other is defenseless, and in a day or two he is matched with another that has been only partially mutilated. He wins this fight, but with more difficulty, and so they go on with his education, matching him each time against a beetle somewhat stronger than the previous one. He gains courage from never being beaten, and consequently when he is shown into a ring for a regular fight, and money is risked on him, he expects to win, and hangs on with the energy of a bulldog. He does not give in till he has been utterly disabled and torn to pieces. In the fight that I saw, they were at it for at least half an hour, and one of the beetles had his mandibles completely torn off before his backer would cry quits. The law prohibits these matches, and they are held surreptitiously, as prize-fights are held in England and America.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and they have a great many games on which they risk their money. The most popular of these is known as fan-tan, and it is played by rich and poor alike, the amount of the bet being proportioned to the purse of the player. The authorities have endeavored to suppress it, but it goes on in spite of the law. It is not allowed in Hong Kong, and whenever the police discover a gambling-den, they make short work of the game, and lock up all persons they find there. But in Macao, a Portuguese possession about fifty miles from Hong Kong, the game is freely allowed, and one of the recreations of the foreigners at Hong Kong is to take the steamer to Macao on Saturday afternoon, and remain there till Monday morning to play fan-tan.

*Fan-tan* is played with a quantity of copper cash and a brass rod like a long pencil sharpened to a slender point. The leader of the game takes a double handful of these coins, and places the lot in the centre of the table, or on the mat where the game is played. Then he covers the pile with a bowl, and asks the party to make their bets; when they have done so, he removes the bowl and pulls away the coins from the pile in pairs. The operation is facilitated by the hole in the centre of each coin; he is not allowed to touch the coin with his fingers, but all the removals must be made with the rod I have mentioned. It is a bet as to whether the number will be odd or even, and there are certain little complications about the game that make up the percentage in favor of the bank.

The amount of excitement that the players develop is quite surprising. I have seen them trembling so violently that they could scarcely hold their money in their hands, and on one occasion I saw a man faint and fall to the floor. He did not remain there long, as he was an incumbrance, and was speedily taken up by the servants and thrown out of the door.

Abbé Huc relates that in the north of China, where it is very cold in Winter, the gamblers will play until they have lost everything, including the clothes on their backs. They are then thrust naked into the streets, where they speedily freeze to death. If a shopkeeper rises early and finds a corpse in front of his house, he moves it on to the doorstep of his neighbor, as the police will make it troublesome for him if the matter is reported. The neighbor finding it, gives it another move, and so it is passed from one to another till it reaches a vacant lot or is thrust altogether out of the city.

The same writer says that when a Chinese wishes to revenge himself upon another, he manages to hide a corpse on his enemy's property, and then notifies the police. The police go there and discover it, and then begins a series of investigations, which result in stripping the unfortunate victim of the conspiracy of all his property. And if a corpse cannot be found with ease, the seeker after revenge will go and commit suicide on the premises of the man he wishes to injure, and thus succeeds in making a sure thing of it.

Many of the boats on the river are devoted to the sale of various commodities, and a considerable amount of business is thus conducted. The Cantonese are fond of fruits —of the kinds that grow in the tropics, and Canton is famous for the abundance and cheapness of its fruits. In an afternoon ride on the river you are pretty certain to encounter a dozen or more of the boats devoted to the sale of fruit; and the commerce is generally conducted by a smiling girl, who shelters herself under the shadow of a straw hat of huge proportions. She is not at all bashful in her manners—but is not inclined to rudeness; if she can sell her fruit she is happy, and if she does not sell it she does not repine.

Considering their privations and the hard struggle they

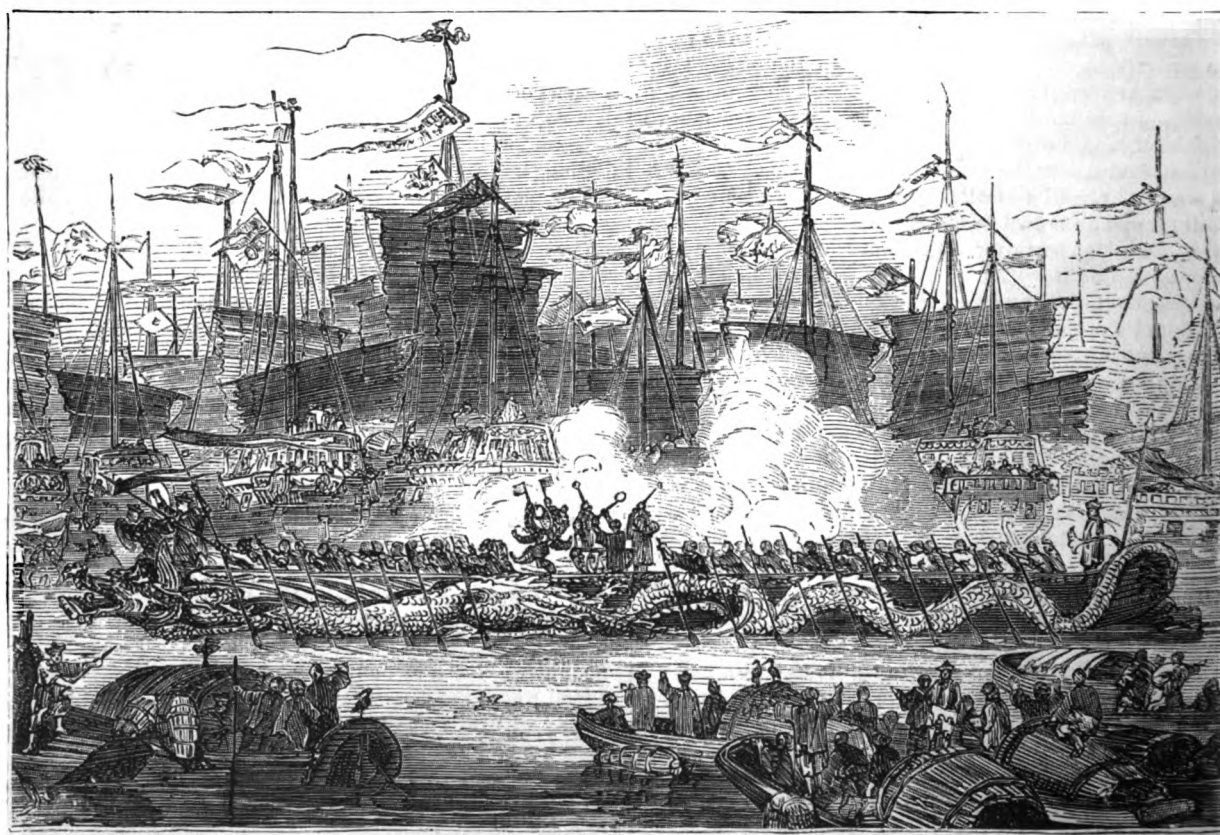
have for existence, the Cantonese are among the gayest and happiest people in the world. They seem determined to make the most of life, as its continuation is not by any means certain in a land where starvation and the executioner are frequently around.

The execution ground of Canton is pretty well patronized, though less so than it was formerly. An execution is not a pleasing scene, but it never fails to draw a large crowd when it is known that a performance is coming off. When I visited the spot I was told that nothing of the kind had occurred for a month or more; but it was delicately hinted that if I would come there every morning I might hit upon something, as it was pretty near time for another execution to come off.

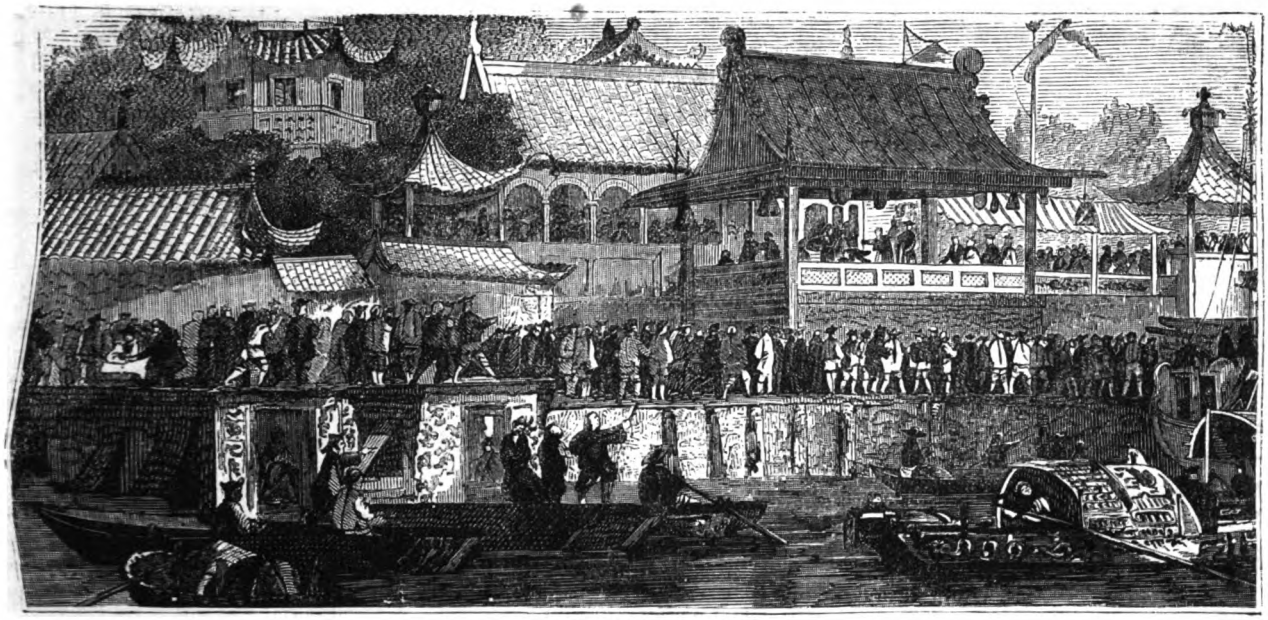
CRICKET-FIGHTS.

A friend of mine had witnessed an execution not long before, and he thus described it. When his story was ended, I concluded that I did not want to see anything of the sort.

"We had been told that an execution was to come off, and it was suggested that we could see it without being seen ourselves, if we would hire a small house that overlooked the square where the ceremony was to take place. We sent a man to engage it, and he was successful. We were notified to be in our places at seven o'clock, as the performance would be an early matinée. A little before seven we were there, and already there was a dense crowd surrounding the whole square; the police had considerable difficulty in keeping them back, and in order to do so, their whips were freely used. They



DRAGON-BOAT FESTIVAL.



THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

seemed to be of the better sort of Chinese, as the most of them were well dressed, and they were as calm and unconcerned as though they had come to see a horse-race.

"On one side of the ground there were two upright poles with projecting arms; from these arms were suspended little cages, and each cage contained the head of some wretch who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law on some previous occasion. The spectacle was a ghastly one, and made my blood run cold, but the Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. These heads are put up as a warning, but so far as I could observe they did not seem to warn anybody to any great extent.

"While we were engaged in studying the crowd and taking a general survey of the scene, there was a commotion at one side of the square, and we could see the fatal procession approaching. Eight or ten soldiers led the van, and then came the prisoner who was to be decapitated; his hands were tied together, and he was evidently suffering from long imprisonment and insufficient food. He appeared quite indifferent to his fate, and I am told this is usually the case. No food is given to an inmate of a Chinese prison, and unless he has friends who will look after him, or has money to buy food with, he must starve. Most of the criminals who suffer execution are half dead when led out, and a goodly number of them regard death as a relief.

"The prisoner walked between the executioner and his assistant, and was followed by another squad of soldiers, about the same in number as the first lot. A cart drawn by a mule followed the cortége, and halted at the edge of the square; I could not understand its use until later on in the affair, when the body of the victim was thrown into it and carried off.

"The soldiers ranged themselves at the side opposite to where the cart had halted, while the condemned was led to the centre of the open space and ordered to kneel. He knelt without hesitation, and bent his head forward to receive the stroke of the executioner's sword.

"The executioner and his assistant, as well as the prisoner, were stripped to the waist; the assistant seized the queue of the victim and held it forward, so as to have it out of the way of the sword which the principal actor held in the air. It was a powerful blade, like a butcher's cleaver, and when it came down it severed the neck at a single stroke. It is considered a bungling piece of work if more than one

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

stroke is needed, and no executioner with any regard for his reputation would ever be guilty of requiring a second blow.

"As soon as the work was done, the executioner wiped his sword and offered it for sale; he gets no pay for his services, and his only remuneration is the clothing of the victim and anything he can realize by selling his sword to any one who may be desirous of possessing a relic of the ghastly affair. We declined to purchase, and I believe the weapon was bought by one of the Chinese spectators. It sometimes happens that when foreigners are present, some of them are very anxious to buy the sword, and in case of an active competition it brings a high price."

There is a story of an executioner in China who was at the head of his profession, and used to remove the heads of his patients without their knowing it. The victim would kneel, the sword would flash, and then the executioner would restore the blade to its sheath. The victim would wait patiently for a minute or more, and then say, with his voice a trifle cracked:

"If you're going to cut my head off, why don't you do it?"

"Beg pardon," the other would reply, as he took out a snuff-box and held it in front of the expectant man; "it's all right—take a pinch."

The pinch would be taken, the victim would sneeze, and off would go his head into the ditch, while the executioner stood smiling, with folded arms. The blow was really struck when the sword flashed in the air, and it was done so skillfully that the patient never felt it in the least. But when he came to sneeze, he found how the matter stood.

One of my excursions in Canton was to a Chinese court of justice. We entered through a yard, where half a dozen poor fellows were undergoing the punishment of the *cangue*. The *cangue* is an instrument like a huge collar, and the man must wear it for a certain number of days, according to the sentence of the court. It is made of heavy plank, and the sections are arranged so that they can be locked together. Sometimes one of the man's hands is fastened in the *cangue*; but whether they are fastened or left free, he is unable to bring his hands to his mouth, and consequently cannot feed himself. If his punishment lasts for several days, and he has no friends to look after him or no stranger takes pity on him, he must starve. As before stated, the prison authorities do not consider it any part of their duty to feed the men in their care, and a great many die of starvation.

In the few visits I ever made to Chinese prisons, the scenes were heart-rending; the appeals for food were so piteous, and the prisoners were so worn and thin, that my companions and myself emptied our pockets of all the loose change we possessed and bought food, which we thrust through the gratings to the half-famished unfortunates.

There is another instrument not altogether unlike the *cangue*. It is fastened around the neck in the same way, but it has a sort of cage attached that resembles a hoop skirt, and is made of strong sticks of bamboo. It is too long to allow the wearer to sit on the ground, and when he stands erect the weight, which is considerable, falls on his neck and oppresses him severely. He depends on his friends to feed him, as he cannot bring his hands to his mouth, and it is impossible for him to take any sleep or rest as long as he is compelled to wear this instrument of torture.

When we entered the court a man was undergoing trial for stealing. He had entered a store in the absence of the owner, and was caught just as he was leaving with his hands full of plunder. The evidence against him was conclusive, and he was sentenced to receive twenty blows of the bamboo in open court, and then be led and whipped through the streets. The sentence was carried out at once. He was stripped and compelled to lie flat on his face on the floor, in front of the judge, who ordered the bamboos to be brought. These were in strips about six feet long and shaved flat—they were not unlike a lath in appearance, but much stronger and more flexible. A policeman with a strong arm took one of these sticks, and standing at the side of the culprit, brought it with all his force on the fleshy part of the latter's back. The man squirmed and quivered, but he did not make the least outcry. When the twenty blows had been administered, he was allowed to rise and required to bow to the judge, previous to being led into the yard to receive the second part of his sentence.

A cloth was put around his loins, for decency's sake; his hands were tied behind him, and a short chain was attached to them. A man took this chain in one hand, and a short bamboo in the other, and thus drove the prisoner before him. A personage who had some official connection with the court led the cortége with a gong, which he pounded steadily to warn the public that something was coming. Small boys ran ahead or followed the procession, as they would in any other country, and seemed to enjoy the fun.

The culprit did not appear at all happy, and was evidently glad when the affair was over. These exhibitions are quite common in the Chinese cities, and the authorities do not have any hesitation about dealing severely with those who transgress the laws.

As it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so it is only a step from the active life of Canton to the associations with death. Immediately outside the walls of the city are the burial-places. They extend for long distances, and prove that Canton is a place of considerable antiquity and a large population, as otherwise it could not boast such an extensive necropolis. The favorite place for a tomb is on a hillside, and where natural hills cannot be found it is not unusual to make artificial ones. A wealthy man secures his burial-place long before his death, and frequently he has his coffin in the house, and takes pleasure in showing it to his friends and pointing out its advantages.

The tomb where the body has its resting-place is built in the solid earth, and directly in front of the door there is an inclosure, of a horse-shoe shape, where offerings to the memory of the deceased are deposited. In front of this inclosure, again, there is a flat platform of stone, and on certain days of the year it is occupied by the relatives and friends of the gentleman who is slumbering quietly in the cold ground. They bring offerings of fruits and other edibles, which they heap in quantities by no means small. The offerings are supposed to be consumed by the dead man, but their actual fate is far otherwise, as may be readily understood. The priests and other persons around the cemetery manage to live comfortably from these offerings, and what they do not wish to eat they sell in the market of the city. There are certain days when the people go in considerable numbers to worship at the tombs of their ancestors. They combine devotion and pleasure to such an extent, that the affair looks more like a picnic than a religious and mournful ceremonial.

Sometimes there will be these jollifications just outside the cemetery, and a stranger will come unexpectedly on a group of merrymakers. A magician will set up his stand with a sort of Punch and Judy show, which never fails to attract a crowd. Music is furnished by a performer on a rude flute made from a stick of bamboo; and while it is

in progress the magician tells his story, and has a couple of figures dancing on the platform before him. He works hard, but is very poorly paid for his labor. After talking an hour or more he will pass around the hat, and receive a dozen or so of copper cash. As it takes fifteen cash to equal one cent, his compensation is not enormous, and there is little probability of a showman getting rich in China. I have never been in a country where it was possible to be liberal at so little outlay as in the land of the Celestials. You can give of your cash to a hundred beggars, and, if you have dispensed but one cash to each, you will have parted with less than seven cents.

A Chinese funeral is a novelty in its way. It is frequently conducted on the water, especially if it becomes necessary to cross from one bank of the river to the other. Special boats are used for these affairs, and they proceed at a pace of becoming dignity, as they generally have but a single man at the oar. Over the centre of the boat there is a canopy, and under it the coffin is placed, with the friends of the deceased seated around it. The night before I left Hong Kong I went on board the steamer which was to carry me away at daylight; and as I reached her deck one of these funeral processions passed by. The canopy of the boat was hung with lanterns, and the light, shining on the mourners, had a strange effect. The widow of the dead man sat at the end of the coffin, which was piled with flowers and funeral offerings. She was silent in her grief; but not so a man who sat near the boatman and blew a horn at short intervals, to warn every one that the party was approaching. They went slowly by the steamer, and disappeared in the gloom, and that was the last we saw of them.

A gayer scene than this is the Feast of Lanterns, which takes place in February, at the beginning of the Chinese new year. The houses are handsomely decorated with flags in the daytime, while at night there are thousands and thousands of lanterns of all shapes and colors. They are hung on the house-fronts, and along the streets—in fact, in every place where a lantern can be made to hang. No one who can possibly afford to be idle will work on this day, and a great many to whom idleness is a serious expense will refuse employment at double the usual rates. It is a brilliant scene, as impossible to describe as it is impossible to forget.

On the beginning of the year the Chinese have a general settlement with each other; and when a man shows to the satisfaction of his creditors that he is unable to pay them, he is forgiven all his debts, and may start the year with a clean record. But it does not answer for him to repeat this performance more than once, as he will then find that nobody will trust him. It is well enough to be an insolvent debtor for one occasion, but it is a serious matter to make a regular thing of it.

The Chinese are great sticklers for etiquette, and it requires a very careful study to avoid offending them. You can wound a man's feelings in the most innocent manner, and though he knows that you had no intention to do so he will not dismiss the matter from his mind. If you take more or less than the requisite number of steps on entering a room, you will violate the rules of society; if you sit down before your host does, you imply that he is beneath you in rank and dignity; and if you allow him to get down first, you admit your inferiority. It is very amusing to see a couple of Chinese bowing and scraping, and trying to pretend that each wants the other to sit first, when neither intends anything of the sort. You think they are fairly down, when suddenly they pop up again, and bow, and keep on bowing; then they go down, only to rise, and so they keep on for several minutes. Finally the host gives a quiet signal, and this time they go down for certain, to the great relief of everybody present.

I was once an unwilling offender in the way of etiquette; or, rather, I brought an interview to a sudden termination, when it might have been longer. At ceremonial calls it is the custom to bring tea and pipes. The pipes are to be smoked, and the tea is to be drank, as might be expected. But they follow the first lot of tea with another, which is known as "guest tea"; it is intended to be used when it is desired by either party to bring the interview to an end, and a sip from the cup containing it is a signal which every Chinese understands. I drank from the first cup, and when the second was brought I thought it no more than proper for me to taste of it. The moment I did so the host rose, and the servants called for my chair-bearers, who had seated themselves outside the gate, and were counting on having a comfortable rest of twenty or thirty minutes. The host bowed me out as politely as possible, but I suspect he was somewhat surprised at the brevity of our interview, which did not last more than three or four minutes. Perhaps he was glad that a man with whom he could only talk with the aid of an interpreter had gone so speedily out of the way, and in so thinking I have been consoled for my blunder.

The ceremonies attending a wedding are quite elaborate, and require a great deal of study beforehand on the part of all concerned. The preliminary courtship is an affair of little moment, as the parties rarely see each other, and if they have ever met, it is only by the merest accident. The women of the middle and upper classes are quite secluded; only those of the peasantry are ever seen in public, and when a lady goes out for an airing, she is so surrounded and guarded that it is impossible to see her face or get in her vicinity.

Marriages are arranged between the friends of the parties, or if there are no friends common to both, a professional broker is called in to manage the business. The question to be settled is the price to be paid to the bride's parents, and, on the other hand, the amount of money that the husband allows the wife to spend annually without accounting for it. These are negotiated with the aid of suitable counsel, and each tries to make the best of the bargain.

A festival is arranged at the house of the prospective bridegroom on the day set for the wedding, and his relatives and friends are invited to be present, together with those of the bride. A procession starts from the bride's house, and makes its way through the principal streets; the bride is carried in a sedan chair with closed sides, so that nobody can get the faintest glimpse of her, and the chair must always have four bearers. The procession is headed by two men beating gongs; behind them are four men, two carrying placards announcing the name of the bride and bridegroom, and the other two bearing lanterns with lighted candles within. A master of ceremonies follows with a red umbrella, which he may carry open or closed, according to the state of the weather; it is decorated in such a way as to be readily taken for his badge of office.

The party halts at the door of the bridegroom; he steps out to assist the bride in descending from the chair, and this is generally the first time he sees her. They enter the house, and are received by the assembled friends, and at the proper moment they step to the centre of the room and in front of the table which has been prepared for the feast. A cord is given them, and they hold it by the ends with their right hands, at the same time touching their knuckles together. While thus holding it, they repeat a certain formula which has been in use for a very long time, and the ceremony is complete.

The custom varies in different parts of the empire, and according to the wealth of the parties to be united.

There is very little sentiment in Chinese matrimony; a man marries because he is old enough to be married, and a woman for the reason that she wants a husband; and this is pretty nearly the whole story. They settle down to the practical duties and ways of life, and have very little to say, or even to think, of gushing hearts or burning love.

The great reverence the Chinese have for their ancestors leads to a curious feature in social etiquette. When you call on a Chinese gentleman, it is entirely polite to ask after the health of his mother, and the question should not be neglected if you know his mother is living. But you will be guilty of a great rudeness if you ask about his wife, as she is an inferior being, whose existence should not be recognized.

A CHINESE FRUIT-GIRL.

The inferiority of women in China has existed from time immemorial, and as the women are powerless to change it, and the men not inclined to do so, there is every probability that the present state of affairs will continue for an indefinite period.

The Chinese cannot comprehend the freedom that is enjoyed by the women of European countries, and they are continually asking Europeans who are settled in China if their wives do not give them a great deal of trouble. As it is their custom to purchase their wives, they occasionally ask a foreigner how much he paid for his spouse, and are surprised to learn that they get them for nothing. When the foreigners first went to Canton to reside, there was an English merchant who had a very pretty wife. She attracted the attention of a wealthy Chinese merchant, who came frequently to transact business at the foreign quarter, and one day he asked:

"How much costee you one piecee wifee?"

The Englishman laughed, and by way of a jest, replied that she cost him five thousand dollars.

"My givee you ten tousand dollar."

The Englishman shook his head, and then the Chinese bid twelve thousand. As this was refused, he rose to fifteen, and finally to twenty thousand.

Then the Englishman was obliged to explain that it was not the custom for the foreigners to sell their wives. The Chinaman was reluctant to believe it, and he was also greatly disappointed, as he had made up his mind to have the lady for his household, no matter what the cost. He had heard her sing, and also listened to her playing on the piano, and was satisfied she would make him more happy than was possible for a Chinese wife, by reason of her superior accomplishments. As a last resort, he urged the Englishman to bring out a fine assortment of wives for the Chinese market, and was sure they would meet a ready sale. He would bespeak one for himself at a liberal advance on the original cost and the expense of transportation, and promised to take the whole lot from the hands of the importer immediately on their arrival. Even this proposal had to be rejected, and he went away sorrowing.

A CHINESE LADY.

"IN SIR BERTHOLD'S OAK."—"ALL AT ONCE, WITH THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE AND THE PLEADING IN HIS FACE, THE SWEET, OLD FOOLISH MEMORY RUSHED BACK UPON HER IN ITS FULL FORCE."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

# "IN SIR BERTHOLD'S OAK."

"DON'T you remember him?"

"Perfectly well."

The simplest speech in the world to make, and one would think the simplest in the world to understand, and yet the young lady reclining amidst an amplitude of frilled white *peignoir*, in an amplitude of velvet easy-chair, opened her clear eyes to their extremest width when her friend uttered it.

The fact was, that Miss Gertrude Brent was fond of "finding people out," as she phrased it, and believed herself quite an adept in the art so described; and being specially interested in the personal history of her visitor just now, her query had been carelessly flung out as a diplomatic feeler.

But the result was a dreadfully tame one. No dramatic start, no sudden pallor, no tremor, even. Opposite to her, the visitor in question, also white *peignoired* and frilled, also reclining in a delicious low chair of the order *pouf*, sat under the hands of her maid, who was dressing her bronze-tinted hair—serene, self-possessed, indifferent. And yet Gertie Brent would have wagered one of her nice little pink ears that Barbara had loved him once—the thing in question being represented by Caryll Breton, Gentleman. But Barbara Mackaye had always been an obstinate person to deal with, little and smooth and insignificant as she looked. And it was perfectly outrageous the manner in which she comported herself on the present occasion.

"Of course," she proceeded, her tranquillity implying an actual patronage of the party under discussion—"of course I remember him well enough. A long-limbed youth, wasn't he, with a brown mustache which always seemed to be in his way—awkward, too, slightly, as those big young men always are. He was very young then. Dear, dear! I hope he hasn't grown."

"Grown!" ejaculated Gertie, with indignation. "Ridiculous! You know better than that, Barbara. You didn't think him too young to flirt with, even in those days," which, considering the presence of the industrious handmaiden behind her friend's chair, was as indiscreet a speech as she could have made under any circumstances.

But Barbara pretended not to notice that she had said anything remarkable. She put her hand up to her mouth to hide a little yawn.

"Haven't you nearly finished, Pinkleton?" she said. "I am getting tired."

Fortunately, Pinkleton had finished, or very nearly so. She put a few final touches to the marvelous shining twists and coils which were Miss Mackaye's chief adornment, and then, in obedience to orders, departed, covered with glory. She would finish her toilet alone, Barbara said. The truth was, that the decorous Pinkleton was slightly in the way.

"Very naturally," remarked her fair mistress, succinctly, when she was gone, "I cannot accustom myself to Pinkleton. Having been a nursery governess the greater part of my life, and having, consequently, waited not only on myself, but upon divers other people, Pinkleton appears superfluous. The idea of my coming here, of all places in the world, under the new order of things! The last time I sat in this room I was a poor little chit, in a horrible brown dress, and stood in gruesome awe of Lady Macnamara. This was the schoolroom then, and I used to sit here all day, plodding through French grammars and vulgar fractions with the *enfants terribles*."

Gertrude Brent laughed. She liked to hear Barbara's reminiscences of the past, principally, perhaps, because there was a wicked little flavor of audacious satire about them, and it delighted her to behold the delicately severe anatomizing of her august relative, Lady Macnamara, that estimable, but somewhat gaunt peeress, being a special abomination of hers.

"And how she used to snub you!" she put on—"Lady Macnamara, I mean. Do you remember how she lectured you about sitting under Sir Berthold's oak when there was company at the house?"

Barbara turned round suddenly to open her wardrobe, and stood fumbling over the key.

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "How stupid! I can't open it. Yes, I can."

"How old were you then?" queried Miss Brent.

"Not seventeen. Ridiculously young for a nursery governess, wasn't I? I was only nineteen when Aunt Joanna died and left me her worldly goods in spite of herself."

She came back with a dress over her arm as she spoke, and tossed it on to the bed, and Gertrude was puzzled to observe that her hitherto tranquil cheeks were dyed a most unaccountable red. What had dyed them? Not Caryll Breton, certainly, for he had not even been mentioned in her last speech.

"You had better go and dress, Gertie," Barbara said, the next minute; "you will be too late for dinner again."

When, finding herself not likely to profit by remaining, Gertie Brent had half-reluctantly taken her departure. Miss Mackaye, being left alone, comported herself in a somewhat singular manner. She locked the door quietly, and, having locked it, walked deliberately to the mirror, and, kneeling down before it, rested her arms on the toilet-table, and regarded herself fixedly—one might say, a trifle impatiently.

"Oh, you little, weak-minded simpleton!" she exclaimed. "You are going back to that nonsense, are you? You are deluding yourself into believing that you are prettier than you were then. And so you are," she added, with some sharpness. "And I'm glad of it, because it may help you to avenge yourself."

And, indeed, she was an attractive-looking little creature, after a whimsical style. Even the loose, profusely-frilled white *peignoir* could not hide the grace of her small, lithe figure. Her big, wine-dark eyes alone were enough to redeem any woman from the charge of plainness; and, irregular as her features were, their very irregularity formed their great charm of piquancy and sparkle. She was not a Venus; she was something infinitely better, and more real—a Hebe, audacious, self-possessed, and deliciously self-willed. She was hard to understand, as a rule, people said—reticent, and more satirical than a young lady should be. But then, those who said so probably did not know anything about the snubbings and martyrdom of the shabby young creature who had been Lady Macnamara's governess in the days before her selfish old maiden aunt died, without a will, and unconsciously reared, through her death, the poor child she had never given a thought to in life.

Long before Gertrude had finished dressing, Barbara came down-stairs, and went into the drawing-room. But finding no one there, she stepped through a low French window that stood open, on to the stone terrace beneath, thereby causing some slight surprise to a gentleman who was loitering outside. She was not surprised herself; knowing that the man was in the house as a visitor, she was wise

enough to expect to meet him some time or other, and she had made up her mind that it did not matter when or how. The individual in question was, of course, Caryll Breton, and on turning in his saunter, and finding himself facing unexpectedly a small young person in marvelous white drapery, flowing out a yard behind her, he was naturally half-confused, and bowed low, in some embarrassment.

But she held out a small, firm hand to him, without a shadow of discomposure.

"You have forgotten me, I see," she said, concisely. "I was Lady Macnamara's nursery governess when you were here before. It is only Barbara Mackaye, Mr. Breton."

He had flushed before; but he lost color then—all at once.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "You! I had no idea——"

"No," she interposed, "of course not. I am a visitor, like yourself, now. Miss Brent is an old friend of mine."

And then she went on, in a carelessly polite way, to explain to him how the change of fortune had come about. No one knew better than this little ex-governess how to be placid and cool, both at once.

When Miss Brent came down to them, to her chagrin she found the two standing upon the terrace, tranquilly admiring the sunset, Barbara looking as cool as if she had been talking to eighteen-year-old Charlie Brent; but Caryll seemed fretted, and ill at ease.

Whatever the signs portended, it was evident that Barbara had the best of it. And she had the best of it all the rest of the evening too. It would not have been like her to lose ground, and she certainly did not. She was charming and piquant and witty. She talked well and sang well, and looked well altogether. She worked Gertie Brent into a fever of curiosity, and baffled her wholly. Mr. Caryll Breton might have been her great-grandfather for any embarrassment his presence seemed to cause her.

But when she went to her room, after the evening was over, she did not look so bright. Her spirits seemed to forsake her the moment the door was locked, and going to the glass again for comfort, she met the reflection of a tremulous face, with actual tears in the sparkling, impatient, dark eyes.

"I wish I had never come," she said, inexplicably. "I believe I hate the man now. I catch myself burning with humiliation any time I look at him. I would go home tomorrow if it wouldn't seem so much like cowardice."

If Miss Brent had found cause for curiosity in this first evening, she found greater cause for it afterward. Her friend kept her own counsel, in spite of her, and played a very pretty *rôle* with Mr. Breton, half tolerating, half patronizing him, and plainly making him furiously angry and haughty sometimes.

But there was no help for that; she was indifferent when she chose to be, satirical when she was inclined to satire, and bewitching whenever the mood seized her. It seemed, too, that she had her own way with the man, and influenced him in spite of himself. He was a proud enough young fellow, too, Mr. Caryll Breton, but generous and agreeable withal, and his manner toward Barbara was rather a puzzling one. He was angry with her; he was trying to resist her; he had some old cause to reproach her; he loved her, and was miserable accordingly—were decisions Gertrude Brent arrived at by different turns.

But however often his manner toward her changed, Barbara never seemed affected by it. She sang her gay little French songs just as well when he was moody as when he was serene. She never placed herself in his way, and never tried to avoid him. In short, she was inexplicable.

The only time that ever Gertrude saw her exhibit any degree of feeling was when, one evening, as a group of them were standing about the bagatelle-board, an ill-advised but well-looking young Detrimental, who was in great request, volunteered a poetic and entirely gratuitous observation upon the sweetness of Love's young dream; and Barbara, hearing it, took fire.

"Of all the arrant nonsense on this mundane sphere," she said, sweetly but scathingly, as she knocked the balls about—"of all the nonsense on earth which is inexplicable to me—and I find a great deal of nonsense inexplicable—the most arrant is the popular enlarging upon Love's young dream. What is Love's young dream, may I ask? Does any one know? Does any one of us have a single pleasant remembrance of the inspiring sentiment? If we were all frank enough to own it, I dare say there is not one of us here to-night who has not had a young dream, and been heartily ashamed of it as soon as it was over. It was not pleasant to experience; it is humiliating to recall; one's cheeks burn when one looks back on it, recognizing the glaringly apparent fact that in the days of Love's young dream one was weak-minded, commonplace and ridiculous to the extremest possibility of being so."

Gertrude Brent was standing near her when she said it, and so was Caryll Breton; and Gertie saw him flush and then turn pale, and in a moment more bend across the table on pretense of recovering a ball, but really to speak to Barbara.

"You might have spared me that," he said, hotly; "another woman would have done it, perhaps, but not you." And when he had said it, he turned on his heel and left the room.

That night Barbara retired early, with a headache; and when, an hour after she ought to have been in bed, Gertrude Brent crept into her room to see if she was asleep, she found that she had not even undressed, but was sitting up, with scarlet cheeks and heavy eyes; whereupon the disinterested young diplomatist began to pet her, in a guileless overflow of sympathy.

"Your headache must be very bad," she said. "You have been crying, dear. Let me bring you some cologne."

But the before unconquerable young lady had arrived at a pass when headaches were vanity, and colognes vexation of spirit. She made a terrible effort to recover herself, and, failing, mildly broke down, as any other less spirited young person would have done.

"Oh, Gertie," she said, desperately, "there—there is no use in pretending any longer. It isn't headache; it—it's heartache."

And, after turning quite pale at her own temerity, dropped her face on her arm and cried—half proudly, one might say.

It must be confessed that, good-natured as she was, Miss Brent did not suffer so keenly through her sympathy as she might have done if this little matter had not been so very interesting. She had been so puzzled that she could not resist a secret rejoicing over the fact that she was going to hear all about it now. But she managed to preserve a decorous show of melancholy, as she went over the petting again.

"Don't cry," she said. "What is it, Barbara? Tell me, dear; I may be able to help you. It is about Caryll Breton, of course?"

Barbara signified an assent to this, but it was some time before she could be persuaded to explain herself more fully; and when at last she did so, she told her story with her face still hidden in her hands upon the cushioned arm of her chair. Possibly she was conscious that the glory of Ichabod had departed, and the fact of Ichabod's having

been so vain-glorious in a feminine manner made it all the more trying.

"It all happened four years ago, when I was here as nursery governess to Lady Macnamara," she said, at length. "You know I was only a child, Gertie, and unhappy and lonely. Lady Macnamara used to snub me, and the children ill-treated me because they saw every one else do the same thing. And I had nothing to wear, and was shabby and awkward; so you see I was all the more susceptible to foolish fancies. Still I don't understand how any one could even want to flirt with me; but when Caryll Breton came to visit them he began by making friends with me, and ended by talking nonsense and making love, and somehow or other I listened, and—and liked it. He was not of age then, and I was so much afraid of Lady Macnamara that I was foolish enough to try to hide it from her, and at last—Oh, Gertie, it is no wonder he despised me! He used to manage to meet me when I went out, and actually used to write letters and hide them where I could find them. You know Sir Berthold's oak, in the park—the oak they used to say Sir Berthold Macnamara hid in from the Roundheads?—well, that is where he used to leave his silly, boyish letters; and I used to go and look for them, and sometimes leave him an answer. One day I went there and found a longer letter than usual, and in it he asked me what he had never openly asked me before—he asked me to promise to marry him when he came of age, and he said that I must leave my answer in the oak, and if he found it there he would be happy for ever, but if he did not he could not stay near me any longer, but would go away and try to forget."

THE FAITHFUL SKETCH OF THE CHERISHED HOME.

"Well," suggested Gertie, mildly, "that was very good-natured, at least. And what then, dear?"

For all at once Barbara had stopped.

"Well," she hesitated, "I answered him as you might expect—I am almost sorry for it now, I was such a happy, believing little simpleton—I said 'Yes,' and dropped the note into the old place, and that's all, Gertie; for, having amused himself as long as he chose, I suppose, Mr. Caryll Breton left the house next morning without having tried to see me, and without having spoken a word. It is four years ago, Gertie," with a little sob. "I was only seventeen then, and now I am twenty-one; but I have not outlived it, and I scarcely think I ever shall. It was so terrible to me, even then, silly girl as I was, that I was ill of slow fever for weeks after. I cannot forget it—it was so cruel. Why couldn't he leave me alone? I was only a child, and he was a man, and I had not a friend in the world to protect me."

Miss Brent shook her head sagaciously.

"It is very unaccountable, my dear," she remarked—"extremely so. I really must say that I don't understand it myself."

"I do," snapped Barbara, changing her mood all at once—it was so very humiliating to think about. "He was a conceited, weak-headed boy, and he thought it would be fun to earn the right to boast as he had heard older men do, so he selected the most helpless little idiot he could find. Oh, how I hate him!"

She sat up, clinching her mite of a hand quite fiercely, her cheeks burning red. She was a spirited little body in those days; time and good fortune had altered materially the shabby, timid little governess, who had abased herself so tremblingly before the shrine of the august but raw-boned peeress. If chance ever threw them back into the same position again, she was beautifully qualified to rout the enemy with great slaughter. In despite of her little defalcation on the side of weakness, she came down in an apparently charming state of high spirits the next morning, appearing at the breakfast table surrounded by a positive halo of delicious *insouciance*. She ate her breakfast with appetite, and laughed at the sapient jokes of Charlie Brent with a delight which might almost have suggested an amiable tendency to encourage the adolescent attentions of that promising youth.

THE GUIDE'S WIFE.—"BESS KNEW THAT SHE WAS PURSUED, BUT SHE BOUNDED ON UNTIL HER STRENGTH GAVE OUT, AND SHE SANK TO THE GROUND HELPLESS."

Like all boys of his age, Charlie was highly susceptible to the charms of girls older than himself; and Barbara Mackaye was his special admiration, principally because she never snubbed him, and was so audaciously good-natured and serene in her reception of any small slights she might receive from people who chanced to remember that she had been Lady Macnamara's governess.

This morning Charlie was specially attentive. He directed all the unfledged charms of his conversation to Barbara at the breakfast-table, and when the meal was over he followed her to her place in the window, and sat on a low stool at her feet while she worked. But, in his frame of mind, indoors appeared tame. The sunshine and the Springtime odors suggested a sylvan idea to him.

"Let us all go down to Sir Berthold's oak and sit there," he said. "It's warm enough, and you could take your work, you know. What do you say to that, Miss Mackaye?"

That intrepid young person acceded to the proposition at once. She would go if Gertie would.

Gertie was slightly disappointed. She had hoped to see her change color, or hesitate, as Caryll was standing within three feet of her, looking down at her cool, pretty face.

But not a bit of it. She rose from her chair and ran up-stairs for her hat, carolling a little song half under her breath as she went; and in two minutes she was back again.

She entertained Charlie brilliantly as they walked through the park behind Caryll and Gertie, much to the latter young lady's surprise. She told him wicked, satirical little stories about her governess days, and Lady Macnamara; and I regret to say that said stories were not at all to her ladyship's credit, and placed her in some rather ungrateful positions.

"Dear me! how afraid of her I was," she said, quite benignly, at last. "Do you know, I sometimes wish I could meet her now. It would be so funny to see her wave her hand when I said anything she disapproved of!"

"Suppose you had chanced to have a lover in those days," said Charlie, laughing, "what would she have said, Miss Mackaye?"

Barbara laughed herself then, outright—a cool, pleasant little ripple of amusement.

"Ah, I had one," she returned. "I was seventeen, you know, and just silly enough. And it was quite a comical little episode, as you may imagine, with a chit of a nursery-governess for a heroine, and an overgrown hobbledehoy, of feeble intellect but strong sentiment, for a hero. Oh, of course I had a lover."

And as she said it, she was conscious of feeling a horrible sting of humiliation.

"Ah!" commented Charlie Brent, sedately—the word "hobbledehoy" was disagreeably suggestive. "That was *your* Love's young dream, then?"

"Yes," answered Barbara, "I spoke from experience, you see."

But she managed to make Charlie quite happy again when they reached the oak.

She was sharp enough, this small, vicious Barbara, to see that his pride was touched; so of course it was his pride she worked upon, with true diplomacy, in drawing him out and making him talk to her.

"By-the-by," she began, looking up at the branches with inimitable placidity, "there is a story about this oak, isn't there?"

"Yes," Charlie answered, "but not much of a story—only the old one of King Charles over again. One of the Macnamaras, who was a Royalist, hid from the Roundheads in it."

"Where?" asked Barbara.

She knew the whole story better than any one in the group; but she could see Caryll fidgeting and looking miserable, as he pretended to talk to Gertrude.

"Where—in the trunk, or branches? The trunk is hollow, I see, but I scarcely think a man could conceal himself inside."

Charlie turned round to look.

"He couldn't, unless the cavity is larger than it appears," he said; "but the story says it was in the trunk. I say, Miss Mackaye, he must have had a jolly crush getting in, mustn't he? I couldn't hide myself there, and neither could Breton. Lend me your parasol a minute, and let me try how much is hollow inside."

Barbara handed her parasol to him with an appearance of great interest. She could have told him exactly how large the cavity was—four years ago she had slipped in easy enough. She remembered one day when they had been caught in a rain-storm, that Caryll had stood under the dripping branches, and she had found a snug hiding-place where not a damp air would reach her, in that very refuge of Sir Berthold's. But, though she knew Caryll's eyes were fixed upon her, she looked on serenely while Charlie prodded about with an energy worthy a more important object.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, a minute later, "what's this? I've brought something into daylight, it appears. A yellow old letter, by Jove! Look here, Miss Mackaye. I wonder if it's a dunning epistle from the ancestral tailor? Sir Berthold must have dropped it out of the pocket of the period when he was in hiding."

Barbara Mackaye's heart gave an unpleasant bound. How could a letter have come there? Who else could have used the old oak as a post-office? How long it must have lain there, to look so yellow. She actually did not like to look at it, but how could she help both looking at it and turning burning scarlet, when the next minute Charlie turned it over and read the half-faded superscription aloud, slowly.

"Mr. Cyril—no, Car-yll. Yes, by Jupiter! Mr. Caryll Breton. Why, old fellow!" and he stopped and stared at that gentleman with a face expressive of the utmost bewilderment. "It is, upon my word!" he added. "Read it for yourself." And he gave it into his hands in utter amazement.

Caryll Breton took it without a word; Gertie coughed uneasily; Barbara said nothing, but sat leaning against a tree, looking fixedly at the park, the blood throbbing under her skin like living fire. She was wretched, confused and tumultuously happy all at once. She had been ungenerous and bitter, and yet it seemed that hereafter all her wrong had been no wrong at all—nothing but a little fateful chance—nothing but a little fateful chance, for her one startled glance at her old lover's face had told her what was really the simple truth, that now, for the first time, he held her letter in his hand. But it was too late now, of course; it would have been better if he had never seen it. And yet—well, he had loved the shabby little governess in those days, at least.

Caryll read the superscription in silence, but he did not open the envelope, and he did not look quite like himself when, at length, he glanced up at them all.

"I will keep this, with your permission, Charlie," he said. "I think I begin to understand how it came here, but the secret is not mine to tell—yet."

Charlie reseated himself. It was plain for even adolescence to understand that there was something below the surface in all this, and Charlie was by no means devoid of discernment. Accordingly, he noted Barbara's red cheeks in discreet but uncomfortable silence, and, with something like tact, began to try to talk to her. But the result of his efforts was a very poor one. Say what he would, she had only monosyllabic replies to make, and her discomfort was so apparent that he was more bewildered than ever, and was by no means sorry when Gertrude broke an embarrassing silence by suggesting a return to the house.

Once there, Barbara beat a rapid retreat to her room. She was covered with inglorious defeat, she was deservedly and ignominiously punished. All her telling shots had been wasted, which was bad enough in itself, but, added to her sudden heartache, it became unbearable. For ten minutes Gertrude Brent made her appearance, with a pretense of great composure.

"Barbara," she said, "he wants to see you."

Barbara gave her undivided attention to the window, with a fluttering heart, albeit.

"He," she answered, deliberately, "will have to be disappointed. He can't see me." And then inconsistently asked, "What does he want me for?"

But, as was natural to be anticipated, Miss Brent was profoundly ignorant. He had simply asked for Miss Mackaye, and Barbara really must see him.

Accordingly it came to pass that in the course of something less than half an hour Lady Macnamara's ex-governess entered the parlor where Caryll Breton awaited her, and, with self-possession highly creditable to herself, made her way to the window where he stood. She would not make the interview a trying one, at least.

"Gertrude tells me that you wished to see me, Mr. Breton," she said.

Caryll Breton met her steady eyes with something like trouble. What a change there was since he had kissed her under Sir Berthold's oak—a tremulous little creature, so frightened of her stately patroness. She was a little creature still, but a firm little creature, with wine-dark eyes, and a coolness of manner greater than Lady Macnamara's own. And yet it was Barbara still, and this Barbara was the ripening of his "Love's young dream."

"Barbara," he said, "do you not understand?" for there was a touch of his boyish gentleness left in him yet.

In spite of herself, Barbara softened.

"Yes," she answered; "I think I do. You never found

the letter. It must have slipped down from where I placed it. I remember I hid it in a great hurry, and perhaps we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it did."

You see she was determined that he should not see any symptom of weakness in her.

"We were only foolish children then, Mr. Breton, but we are older now, and wiser."

But he was not to be put off. He came closer to her—quite close, indeed.

"We were happy," he said; "we loved each other. Are we so old and wise now that we are to put aside 'Love's young dream' for ever?"

Barbara did not speak. All at once, with the sound of his voice and the pleading in his face, the sweet old, foolish memory rushed back upon her in its full force. She had not a word to say, or power to say one if she had had it at her disposal.

What if they had been only children, they had loved each other, and been happy—so happy and tender and true! She slipped into a chair near by, and hid her face from him, as she had hidden it from Gertrude Brent the night before, and she hid it with the faintest of soft little sobs.

Then he felt fear no longer. He half knelt down by her, and threw his arms about her waist.

"I loved you so truly," he said. "I suffered so keenly when I thought of you—just what you must have thought of me, dearest. I did not open the letter before, because I wanted to wait until you said that I might. May I open it now, Barbara, or will you tell me what the contents are?"

A queer little pause, and then Barbara answered him, still with hidden face. But she did not withdraw from his arm.

"The contents are—only one word," she whispered.

He bent over her so low that his cheek touched hers.

"Say it, Barbara," he pleaded. "What is the one word?"

"It is," she fluttered—"it is 'Yes!'"

And "yes" it was.

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# THE GUIDE'S WIFE.

By Eleanor Kirk.

"Srr down here, Bess, and tell me all about it! You have had too much to do—that's what's the matter;" and Jack Knowles took his young wife's hand in his a moment, and tenderly examined it. "It's a shame, Bess! Next Summer we'll just have somebody cook for us. You have burned your hands and stained all your fingers! Say, little girl, I'll turn them fellers over to the other house this very day, if you'll only say the word."

"I don't think that would be right. Mr. Markham has become used to us, and I don't believe he could walk a rod."

"Well, I could take him on my back. He don't begin to be so heavy as the sick calf I shouldered t'other day, and, to my mind, his brains wouldn't weigh so much."

"You know very little about Mr. Markham, Jack," replied Bess, drawing her hand away. "I must go in now to work."

"And I am off for Crown Point. I shall take down a load and bring back a load. Say, Bess," as the slight figure had almost disappeared, "haven't you got a kiss for a feller, to cheer him on his way? By jiminy, a husband never ought to let his wife get so tired that he has to beg for a kiss!" as the girl returned and put up her lips.

For fully five minutes the young man stood where his wife had left him. His frank, intelligent face was clouded, and he seemed debating with himself as to the wisdom of some course he had evidently just evolved from the depths of his troubled mind. He whistled softly a moment more, and then turned and walked straight into the log hut.

Bess sat by the white pine table, picking over blackberries. At her left, and beside the open window, on Jack's rude lounge, reclined a gentleman. He had been reading, but now the book was closed, and he was apparently quite occupied with the view of the distant mountains.

Jack walked to the side of the couch, and said, simply:

"Mr. Markham, I find my wife is about tired out. She looks to me sick enough to be in bed. I think the best thing for all concerned would be for you and the other gentleman to go over to t'other house. They make their living looking out for folks, and there ain't no doubt but you would be a good deal better accommodated there than here."

Jack's face was flushed, and his manner a little irritated, but neither of these did the gentleman appear to notice.

"Certainly, Mr. Knowles," he answered, "I think you are quite right. I have no doubt I can bear the ride by this time;" but, even as he attempted to rise, Jack saw that the handkerchief he held to his mouth was stained with blood, and sympathy for the sufferer immediately overcame all other feelings.

"There, now," he said, "lay right down again, and keep as still as you can. It would never do in the world. I'll see if I can't get a girl to come up and give Bess a lift."

"I do not need any help, Jack," said Bess, looking up for the first time from her task. "And I am very sorry you should think it necessary on my account to make Mr. Markham uncomfortable." One glance at the invalid's pallid face brought Bess to his side. "And just see what you have done!" she continued, in wounded tones; "and he was so much better this morning."

"I never could bear the sight of that man," said Jack to himself, five minutes after, as he hitched up his team. "He's square enough as to money, but he looks like a beat and acts like a beat. Three Summers he has been poking round here! I wish to the Lord he'd take his weak lungs somewhere else. It ain't jealousy, nor nothing of that kind, but I do hate to see my Bess so put about."

A few moments with the hemlocks and maples, a quick trot through the bracing morning air, and Jack forgot all his annoyance, save his intention to stop at the nearest settlement and engage a girl to help Bess.

"I shall have a chance to see *her* down to The Branch," he told himself, "and that'll cheer her up a bit."

And then he picked up his load of jolly city boys, and, with song and merry conversation, the milestones seemed to run over each other, and the place of destination was reached.

Jack put up his horses, ate his dinner, looked out a little for his passengers, and then strayed off to a little red farmhouse, and there remained until it was time to start back with his load.

A pale-faced, sad-eyed young woman met him on the threshold, and for a moment seemed overjoyed to see him. Then the old weariness came back, and Jack observed with real anxiety that the pale face was paler and the frail form frailer than when he had last seen them.

They walked out into the orchard, and here his compassion gave full vent to his sorrow.

"It's a blasted shame, Fan!" he was heard to say a good

many times during the interview; "but you mustn't give way so. It's too late to mend some matters, I know, but just think what you have got to live for. By-and-by, when the baby is a little older, and you are a little stronger, you and she can go down to New York, and nobody will know anything about it. I have got money enough to attend to that, and it's my business, as well as my pleasure, to look out for you both."

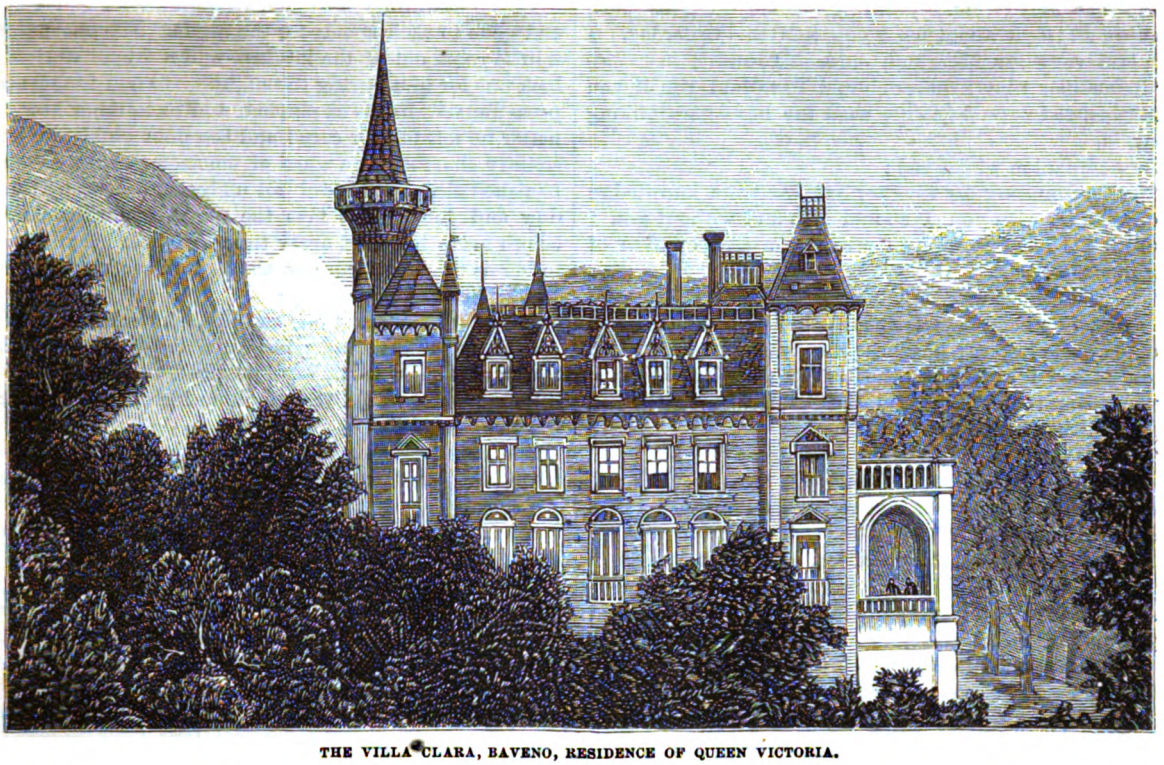
A surly old woman sat in the kitchen, and a baby a few months old lay asleep in a cradle, as Jack passed through on his way out. He stopped a moment by the little sleeper, and remarked, in his cheerful, off-hand way:

"Nice baby, Mrs. Hanly."

"So you and Fan seem to think," she answered, without looking up from her knitting. "For my part, I don't see any beauty in *such* young ones; and, Mr. Knowles, another thing I'm tired on, and that is being obliged to hold my tongue about this pesky business, and having all sorts of questions asked me, too. You don't seem to remember that Fan is a relation of mine, and that 'tain't easy work lying and beating round the bush all the time as I have to. As for Fan, she don't do nothing but beller and kiss the young one from morning till night. I think it's your business to see that she gets away from round here, where everybody knows her so well."

"I shall attend to that as soon as Fan is able," said Jack, for the girl's sake stifling the impulse to give the old woman as good as she sent; and then, in a preoccupied, puzzled manner, he made his way out of the house, and up to the hotel where he was to take up his load.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT BAVENO SKETCHING A PEASANT GIRL.



THE VILLA CLARA, BAVENO, RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Jack Knowles had been born and bred among the mountains. His father had left him a good deal of Adirondack property, and Jack, who knew every lake, pond, and trail in the whole region, was never so happy as when his services as guide were in demand. He was intelligent, fairly educated, and of a frank and generous nature.

His wife was a Ticonderoga girl, and had been "waited upon" by Jack ever since she was a child. They had been married only six months when our story opens.

Three of the preceding Summers Bess had spent with some friends near Jack's homestead, and had here been thrown into the society of the handsome and accomplished man of the world, Frederick Markham, who yearly sought the mountains for the benefit of his health.

Markham had never made direct love to Bess, but he had flattered her and sought her society, and his gratitude for favors which his chronic invalidism made necessary was always so sweetly bestowed as to make the sympathetic child for ever on the alert to anticipate his wants.

The Winter before, Jack, who had at last grown tired of having the marriage-day indefinitely postponed, determined upon a wedding then or never. Bess gave up, and the nuptial knot was tied. At first the knot was a fetter to Bess, but Jack's love and wonderful *bonhomie*, his great patience and fidelity, had their effect at last, and the opening of Spring found the young wife as blithe and contented as the most exacting husband could wish.

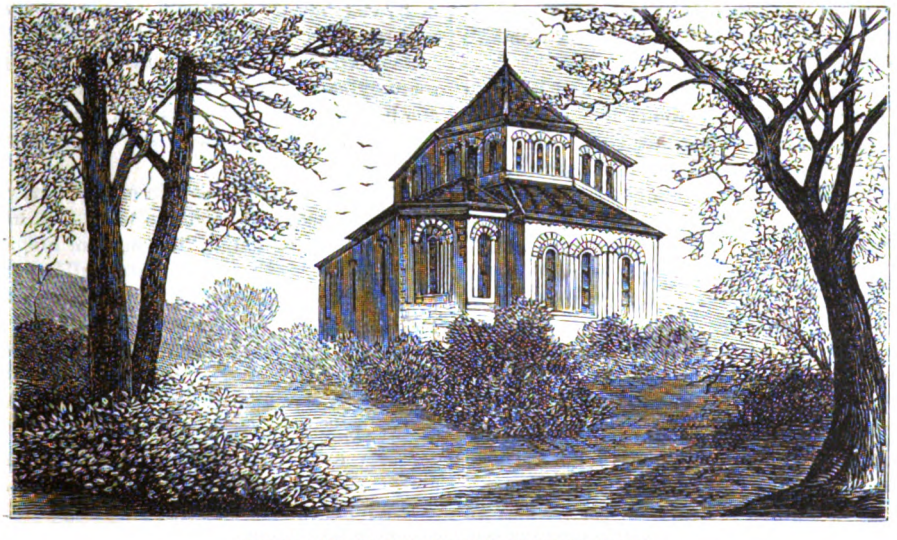
The first of June, Mr. Markham, this time more of an invalid than ever, with a party of friends, were driven up to Jack's door, and here they had been ever since. The rest of the party were constantly in the woods, hunting or fishing, and so it happened that more than ever before were Mr. Markham and Bess thrown into each other's society.

After Jack's departure, Bess had lingered by the side of the invalid, and her anxious, eager countenance told more plainly than words her exceeding sorrow for the event of the morning.

"This won't amount to much, Bess," he said, at last; "so please don't feel so badly about it."

The girl's eyes were full, and the little, berry-stained fingers could not keep from trembling, though five closed over five with all the strength they had.

"Don't you talk—please



THE CHAPEL IN THE GROUNDS OF VILLA CLARA.

don't!" she said; "and don't mind me. I have been thinking all night about what you told me yesterday. I can't believe it, Mr. Markham—indeed I can't."

"Remember that I never should have told you if you hadn't insisted upon knowing what the boys were talking about."

Her companion whispered:

"Notwithstanding my love for you, and the knowledge I possess that with you I should live and without you I should die, I have no wish to give you a bad opinion of your husband."

"Don't talk that way, Mr. Markham—don't! You cannot think how wretched it makes me, or what dreadful thoughts come into my head, as you say such things. Oh, if I only knew that this was the truth about Jack!"

"And what then?" inquired Markham, turning the full light of his handsome eyes upon her.

"What then?" she repeated. "I don't see how you can ask such a question. What then? Why, I would never speak to him or see him again as long as I lived. What then, indeed!"

This was the first exhibition of real spirit that Markham had ever noticed, and for a moment his admiration made him forget his *rôle* of sympathizing lover. She stepped away proudly, and busied herself for a moment at the table—then returned to the couch as a slight cough from the invalid made her forget everything else.

"And if these things are so, you will be mine, Bess—say that you will be mine?" and Markham caught both her hands and pressed them to his lips. "I love you, Bess. *He* never did," he went on, passionately. "With you to nurse and care for me, I shall be a well man once more; without you, I shall soon die. I know it—I feel it, Bess. Why do you not answer me?"

"Because I am now an honest wife!" she answered, with strange dignity. "And it is not right for me to listen to your talk or allow you to kiss me. I do not know that I ought to ask you now, because you are so sick, but you need not speak loud—I want to know why, if you loved me like this, you did not ask me to be your wife then?"

"Because, my dear, I was too thoughtful for you. It seemed to me wicked to ask you to be a wife when you might so soon be a widow; but I know now that you alone can cure me. Yes, Bess, my darling, I know it now when it is too late."

Forgive her if she did stoop and press her lips to the blue-veined forehead; forgive her if, for a moment, her soft cheek rested against the invalid's temple; and remember that the sweetest, purest, ay, holiest part of a woman's nature is always reached through her sympathies.

Markham was well satisfied with the caress, and his eyes followed her lovingly as she went about her household duties. Even with this war raging in her soul, and every faculty partially paralyzed by the dreadful circumstances by which she was surrounded, dinner must be prepared, and the thousand-and-one housekeeping details attended to. Markham partook with an excellent appetite of the broiled birds, toast and chocolate, prepared by his careful nurse, and a little of the old color came back to her face as she watched the edibles disappear.

"It is just because you did it," he told her. "What will become of me if I ever have to leave you?"

This was enough to set the tired heart palpitating again, and Bess went without her dinner, as she had gone without her breakfast, and her supper the night before.

That night Jack returned late, and only for a moment, to say that the party he had brought from the Point were to stay in camp—a place about two miles from the house, and he was to remain with them.

In the meantime Markham's companions had returned and gone to their rooms for the night. Markham slept in a little room out of the kitchen, and a friend with him to look out for him during the night. He had found time to press Bessie's hands at parting, and to tell her how much better he felt for her care; and the poor child sought her solitary chamber in a whirl of emotions which effectually banished sleep. She did not undress, but sat by the window and looked out into the night. Markham's sharp cough made her start every time she heard it; it seemed to her as the night wore on she had never known it to be so troublesome.

Between twelve and one she opened her door, and, after listening for a moment, passed quietly down the stairs in search of a book, to make, if possible, the hours to come a little more endurable. She took no light, for fear of arousing the sleepers.

She crossed the room, and had just found the book, when Markham's voice, repeating her name, arrested her steps.

A light laugh from his companion followed, and then she heard Markham say:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Jack's game makes mine all the easier. I'll steal off with her in a few days—go to Canada first, and then down to New York for the Winter. I shall doubtless be tired of her by that time—these feminine toys wear out so soon."

Every word of this Bess heard—heard with reeling brain and a heart so cold and still that for a moment she thought she was dying. Then she staggered to the kitchen-door, unlocked and unbarred it without regard to noise, and passed out into the night. The cool air revived her a little, and then, as swift as a deer, she bounded into the woods.

Jack false—Markham false—what was there left in the world? Where she should go never entered her mind. She only knew that she was flying for her life, for her honor, and to be alone with her shame. On, on, on—scarcely stopping to breathe. There was no peace but in motion, no hope but in flight!

"What was that?" inquired Jack of himself, as his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps and his practiced eye the flash of white among the trees. "If that ain't a woman, then I'm blowed!" as he threw another log on the camp-fire and started in pursuit. "Some of these rascals, I suppose, been playing fast and loose with one of our mountain-girls. I begin to believe that women are deucedly easy imposed upon! I hope to the Lord all my children will be boys!"

Jack knew how to run, and once started, the wind could scarcely catch him. Bess knew that she was pursued, but she bounded on until at last her strength gave out and she sank to the ground helpless. Jack was beside her in a moment.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in agony, "it's my Bess! What has happened, girl—tell me what has happened?" And Jack was frightened at the sound of his own voice.

"Tell me, Jack," said Bess, pulling herself away from his strong grasp, "who it is you have at the Point; and then go away and leave me. I shall feel better if I know her name, and—and I shall never tell, Jack—you needn't be afraid of that."

"Somebody has been well set to work, I swear!" growled Jack.

"Never mind about that!" said Bess. "Take your arm away from me and tell me."

"Who have I got at the Point, Bess? A poor, defenseless, unfortunate girl, who was really married to my brother. He left her and went to sea. He died on the

voyage—you have heard me speak of him a thousand times! He never wronged the girl—I could take my oath to that! But she cannot prove her marriage. Yes, Bess, there is a child there, and I am that child's uncle, and I mean to take care of it and its mother! I didn't tell you, Bess, because she was so sore about it and made me promise not to. But some infernal sneak has been trying to separate us! It's that ghost of a grayhound, Markham! Tell me the truth, Bess—tell me the truth!"

"Nobody can separate us, Jack—nobody can!" she sobbed; and for the first time she fully realized the loyalty of the noble heart she had come so near breaking.

The next morning, when Jack returned, there wasn't a a person to be seen on the premises; Markham had flown, and the invalid had taken his cough somewhere else.

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# THE LAKES OF ITALY

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

EXCEPT Ischia, few places in Italy have left so pleasant an impression on my memory as the villages on and near the banks of the Lakes. Nearly every beauty of vegetation, whether Southern or Northern, is combined in this neighborhood; while the mountains, even the lower and more accessible ones, give a grandeur and a stability to the landscape which it would not possess if the lakes were merely set in a framework of luxuriant grass and meadowland.

To those who think that evidences of civilization improve a landscape, the Lakes must seem a paradise; for no part of the country is more honeycombed with villas of every conceivable size, style, pattern and material, representing every class and almost every occupation, from the rich French milliner to the half-ruined Italian noble, from the *danseuse* to the retired English merchant. The country people themselves are comparatively prosperous, and very different from Southern Italians on the score of industry, the silk factories of the Lake district being a prominent feature of social life, and the fertility of the land being proverbial, even in rich and agricultural Lombardy.

Some parts of the Lake of Como, with its banks studded with villas and lined with magnificent cypresses, are much more like the Bosphorus than the other rivals to the latter which are sometimes erroneously compared with it—*i.e.*, the bays of Naples and of Rio de Janeiro.

My own recollections of the Lakes, and of Como in particular, are simply those of a tourist, though scarcely a hurried one; and I have often speculated upon the effect some of the places which we English and Americans visit as idle loungers would have upon one of our number who should live there familiarly, and make it his home, as some of our artists do as regards large Italian cities. In that case, the associations of idleness and holiday-time would not cling to these Italian paradises, and much of the self-reproach which I think always must mingle in our reminiscences of useless and heedless sight-seeing would be avoided.

A more thorough and more satisfactory knowledge of portions of foreign countries would replace our crude generalizing, and traveling would be reduced to a rational and educational pursuit—almost a study—instead of being, as it is too often now, a scramble and a rush of hungry-eyed and undiscriminating individuals. People should never travel in historical lands until they have read and studied a good deal, nor in virgin lands until they have gained some knowledge of natural history, and, above all, formed the habit of minute observation. I have learnt the benefit of these things too late, and have regretted my aimless sight-seeing ever since.

Suppose we start with the reader from Milan, on the way to Como, as that is the route I once actually followed, passing through Monza, the guardian of the Iron Crown of the old Kings of Lombardy, and of the hen and seven chickens in gold, representing Lombardy and its seven provinces, executed for a half-barbarian queen a thousand years ago, to Como, a large but uninteresting town, full of silk factories, at the head of the lake. A coasting-steamer takes us up, and, stopping zig-zag at various stages on either bank, lands us at last at Cadenabbia, on the western side, where the pleasant hotel, with old-fashioned piazzas and arcades, had had for some time, when we visited it, the benefit of an English landlady, who had taught her Italian husband the way to make Anglo-Saxon guests comfortable. Next door to us was the Villa Carlotta, stately, beautiful and melancholy, with great iron gates, where the tangled, luxuriant, gloomy-leaved bushes of laurel, oleander, orange and magnolia helped out the faded gilding, and pushed themselves through the rusty bars, toward the rounded, gray, weather-stained stone steps, washed by the blue ripples of the lake. Inside, a great *sala*, full of modern statues, bas-reliefs and pictures, is shown to visitors; but what is more interesting than this official museum—one gets so tired of this regulation-thing, in Italian palaces and villas!—is the sense of space and loneliness made by the grand proportions of the old Renaissance building. In this the Villa Carlotta, of course, does not stand alone; it is but a type of an infinitely multiplied class—and so is its history; for from being the mere "pleasaunce" of an old noble Piedmontese family, who had fortresses in Savoy and palaces in Turin for their principal residences, it has come into the hands of a German prince, the Sommariva, its former owners, being at present somewhat impoverished.

But if the living cannot possess it, their dead ancestors still do, for the family vault and mortuary chapel is within the grounds, and Mass is daily said there by as odd a specimen of the Italian country clergy as I ever saw. His dress may be inferred from the accompanying illustrations of priests catering for themselves at market; but his personality was far more characteristic, and the more so, from his combining with his ecclesiastical functions the profession of an informal agent, superintending such interests as his patrons, the Counts of Sommariva, still possessed in their old home.

Most of the large old Italian villas have such memorial chapels and family monuments attached to them, and generally expensively decorated with statuary and *bassi-relievi*.

Opposite Cadenabbia, on the point of the peninsula of the fertile and wooded Brianza which divides the lake midway, shaping it into an irregular Y, stands the village of Bellaggio, rich in cypresses, above which towers the Villa Serbelloni, another Italian country-house, now turned to the use of tourists as a hotel. The gardens here rival the botanical gardens of many a city, and quite divided my attention with the distant view over lakes and Alps, which is considered the boast of this spot, and the best in the whole lake region.

Cruising around these promontories (I saw Bellaggio on one occasion by moonlight), one gets interested in the

boats — of a kind the exact counterpart to which I have never seen off this Lake. Imagine the bulging canvas roof of a Western bullock-wagon placed upon a long, sharp-prowed boat, and you have a tolerably accurate idea of these rather clumsy, but, in the heat of noon, very comfortable water-carriages.

One Sunday evening, discarding boating, we went scrambling up a rough path on the sloping ground which, within sight of the Alps, one scarcely dares to call a mountain, and got a peculiar view of the moonrise from a village church, perched on a terrace, and trellised with an English jessamine - vine, especially sweet-scented. The full moon rose on the opposite (eastern) side of the lake, just behind a bare, very jagged peak, not unlike the "Great Saw" of the Lake of Lecco, which was thus, for a few seconds, clearly defined on a background of intense light.

On one of my visits to the Lake, our party were on the way to Switzerland by the Splügen Pass, and starting from Chiavenna at five o'clock in the morning, the cold was very sharp. Another time I drove all the way back to Milan through the Brianza, breakfasting at six o'clock, and getting not a thing else to eat till we reached Milan, eleven hours later; but the lonely, winding road, the small "*osterie*" and comfortable farm-houses, the drinking-fountains, the groves of mulberries and other unfamiliar trees, the sprightly, chattering inhabitants in doorways, at hanging corner balconies, or up steep staircases called streets, gave one plenty to do by way of forgetting hunger.

Lugano, on the small lake of the same name, though politically Swiss, is practically Italian, as the language, the costumes, the babel of the market, the aloes, olives, vines and fig-trees denote. Higher up, the chestnuts, walnuts and beeches hint at the neighborhood of a sterner climate.

BELLAGIO ON LAKE COMO.

LAGO MAGGIORE, WITH THE ISOLA BELLA.

SCENE IN THE MARKET AT LUGANO.

Porlezza is chiefly famous for its beautiful grotto, or, to speak more correctly, mountain ravine, the bottom entirely occupied by running water, forming two small waterfalls at the mouth of the gorge. From the boat, you notice the action of the water in the fantastic scooping out of the rocks; and high above your head, where the walls end in a ragged outline, overhanging bushes make a matted ceiling, through which rare glimpses of blue sky can be seen.

The Lago Maggiore has, recently, become interesting to tourists, on account of Queen Victoria's stay at Baveno.

A MILK-SELLER IN CHIAVENNA.

MARKETING IN PORLEZZA.

Royal visitors in plenty took the opportunity slightly to infringe the Queen's *incognito*, and commoners visited the Lake at that unfashionable time of the year for the sake of getting a glimpse of her. The most courteous of her neighbors were the peasantry of the place, for Italians seem to be born with the tact and discretion which we Anglo-Saxons have painfully to learn, and laboriously to keep in practice.

While at the Villa Clara, built by Mr. Charles Henprey in the Lombard style, with a beautiful *loggia*, marble-panneled, which forms one of its chief features, and runs all along the front of the building, the principal rooms opening on to it, the Queen visited the needle-factory at Spresa, and made some small purchases.

The grounds of the villa combine English neatness with Italian luxuriance ; and the generosity of the owner has a standing memorial in the chapel built by him for the use of the English and Americans in the neighborhood, and furnished by himself with a chaplain during the Summer and Autumn months—the Episcopal service being, of course, the one provided.

Baveno is exactly opposite the Borromean Islands, and nearly opposite the Bay of Pallanza. The Isola Pescator, or Fisherman's Isle, is entirely occupied by a small fishing-village, with one little open space to dry the nets. The Islands of Delight, the Isola Bella,* or Beautiful Island, especially, owe more to art than to nature, except for their surroundings of water and mountain, and answer rather to one's fanciful notion of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon than to that of a primeval paradise. Indeed, the Isola Bella, two hundred years ago, was a bare rock. The possessor, tired of city life, resolved to create an exclusive Eden for himself in the wilderness, and spared no pains or expense to make what has since become a horticultural marvel. Count Vitaliano Borromeo, however, was not content with heaping his ten terraces with costly foreign evergreens—he would have nothing which should show signs of decay—both trees and flowering shrubs, but he set as many architects and sculptors to work as he did gardeners ; for in his day, groves that had no Greek gods for inhabitants were considered as the "forest primeval" of barbarism. So a Dutch primness of tortured and shaped shrubs prevails in one place ; a shell grotto, such as we should now associate with nothing more exalted than a beer-garden, is provided for a sea-nymph in marble ; an obelisk stands in an ilex-grove, suggesting a monument far more than deciduous trees would suggest death ; a fine Hercules stands at bay against a dark background of shrubbery ; a cedar avenue leads you to the leafy stable of a bronze horse ; and numberless Greek divinities startle you at every corner of this lake-bound Versailles. Still, the beauty of the trees and the masses of bright flowers in wide beds and borders is enough to condone these whimsicalities of a bygone age. I remember especially a camphor-tree, several cork-trees, and some very fine variegated laurel, white and pale-green. Even our familiar pines and firs are there, screening off the island from the north wind, and tropical plants bloom on the southern slopes better than in an English hot-house. The lemon and magnolia are among the most powerfully and pleasantly scented. The face-walls of the terraces are smothered in climbing vines, grown now almost beyond control ; and hedges of bristling cactus and aloe seem to defend the upper heights, round the villa, which might be the abode of the Sleeping Beauty, if it were not a well-trodden museum, with a prosaic "visitors' book."

* It was originally called Isabella, after Count Borromeo's mother ; but the corruption, for once, proved appropriate.

A dark romance hangs over one part of it. The half-mad Dutch painter, Peter Molyn, whose temper earned him the nickname of "Sir Tempest," took refuge here from justice in other parts, where he had killed his wife that he might marry another woman, and was protected by the Borromeo family, who also employed him to fresco their walls.

The Isola Madre is a copy of its sister island, laid out less elaborately in seven terraces, with lemon and orange trellises on the south side, and an "English garden," or half-dressed grounds full of foreign shrubs, and intersected with walks, on the north side.

This lake is softer in its beauty than Como. The snow-Alps are visible, it is true, and the granite rocks and quarries of Baveno must have reminded the Queen of north-eastern Scotland ; yet the Mediterranean-blue of the lake, and the profusion of Southern vegetation, are the first things that strike the eye.

There is a touch, however, of Northern and Barbarian independence in the tenacity with which the owner of the "Dolphin," with its tiny patch of land—the patrimony of the same family for centuries before Borromeo took a fancy to create the gardens of the Isola Bella—refused to part with his land to his rich neighbor. The little hotel is still in the possession of this family, and its owners are quite as proud of their "lot" as the Borromeos of their cluster of islands. Mountaineers and fishermen are proverbially independent, and add to this the Gothic and Lombard blood of this lake-region race, and you have the clue to much of the late history—whose visible outcome is the creation of a new nation, and of a future possible influence in European politics.

Taking boat again at Stresa, and steering for Arona, on the southern end of the Lake, the Borromeo traditions follow you throughout, and at Arona, from the mortuary chapel of the family in the Cathedral, where fine pictures mark the generosity of each successive generation, you go to the (rather unsightly) colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal and Archbishop, and deservedly the pride and hero of the race. The statue is hollow, of bronze and copper, with a pillar of masonry concealed in the centre, and iron clamps stretching from it to the outer metal walls. The head will hold three persons at a time, and the winding stairs leading to it are as convenient as can be expected, but nothing but the wish to "say you have been there," would tempt any one to undertake such an unpleasant and thankless task. Indeed, I think the same may be said of the ascent of many another height, with far better attractions than this hot, stuffy statue—to wit, St. Peter's dome and ball beneath the cross, and the beautiful Campanile at Venice.

The same view you get from the top of St. Peter's is obtained by a comfortable drive up the road, bordered by pink acacias in blossom in June, to Monte Mario, with its deserted villas and its old Dominican convent, where, in 1862, the composer Liszt, then just made an ecclesiastic, had a temporary lodging, with a little cottage piano wedged into his whitewashed cell. And at Venice, the only reward to be obtained from a climb up the bell-tower stairs, is the view, not so much of the city, as of a *map*, in which every beautiful detail of balcony and bridge, etc., is lost ; and the mud-banks at low tide in the poetical Lagune, are unpleasantly conspicuous.

The other lakes (and there are numberless small ones) are much less visited, and I know, unfortunately, but little about them. The Lake of Orta, one of the loveliest and most Alpine of the Italian lakes, though very unfrequented, well repays the traveler for any little delay and trouble in getting to it.

In Italy, nature unadorned seems to recede ever further from your search, but the light thrown on the human character by these perpetual intrusions of human ingenuity into natural scenes, is instructive, if sometimes a little provoking, to us sightseers.

After all, it is not fair for us to expect a country to keep itself on the level of an animated museum, or a botanical garden, for our sole benefit; and this thought reconciles one even to the modern advances that are transforming so many of the larger Italian cities into living and progressive communities.

These thoughts are suggested by the *Sagro Monte*, or Holy Mountain, a wooded hill at Orta, laid out as a park, and studded with twenty chapels, each containing a highly realistic group of life-size figures in gaudily vari-colored terra cotta, representing a scene from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. This kind of thing is not uncommon in Italy, and in Southern Germany, where wooden figures are often used, and the coloring is even cruder. To our taste, such representations are not pleasing, and scarcely reverent, especially when, as is most commonly the case (there is a *sagro monte* of this kind at Varallo, in the Sesia Valley, at the foot of Monte Bosa, ten or twelve hours' donkey-ride from Orta), the groups represent our Lord, His mother and His disciples, and incidents from the Gospel narrative. The effect of these figures in conventional, and often painfully modern, costume (for instance, the cardinals, in the group at Orta, purporting to show the gathering at the canonization of St. Francis), is rather grotesque than artistic, and the person who would look upon them with least impatience would be the anthropologist, seeking in them merely the manifestation of a certain peculiarity of one branch of the human race, at one period of its development.

People often fancy that Italy is an exhausted theme, but there is no greater mistake. One district, ten miles square, if studied lovingly, leisurely and minutely, would furnish new matter for a volume, and, putting aside everything that has been written of even the cities, there is room for as much again on the side of every-day life and manners. Even archæology has some reserve funds—such as undiscovered chapels, pictures, memorials, while the local traditions of every village are as unknown as Sanskrit to the English-speaking public. The country districts have seldom, if ever, been studied, and even Italians of city birth know little about them. Adolphus Trollope gives us capital miniatures of actual Tuscan types, but he stands alone. Story's "Roba di Roma" has caught a good deal of "local color" undreamt of by tourists, busy seeing the Apollo Belvidere, and "doing" the Coliseum by moonlight; but an exhaustless store of interesting matter, human and otherwise, is still available. There is more of Pompeii yet buried than there is discovered. The obscure monasteries in country neighborhoods are, in themselves, a rich mine of manuscripts (music, as well as literature and illumination), and the amount of solid classical and archæological knowledge among the clergy, never put into practical and popular shape, would astonish our quickly-producing, but often deficiently-observant, writers.

A traveler who should set out for Italy with the intention of keeping clear (at least in his writings) of the beaten track, would command and deserve an enormous and eager public.

## THE WILD CAMELS OF LOB-NOR.

The favorite home of the wild camel is the desert of Kum-Tag, to the east of Lob-Nor. One of our native hunters told me that only twenty years ago he had seen herds of several dozen, sometimes of even more than a hundred, not far from where the village of Tsharchalyk is now. The old huntsman told me that during his lifetime he has shot, with an old, crippled gun, more than a hundred of them.

As the population and number of hunters increased, the camels wandered further east into the desert of Kum-Tag, which, on account of the scarcity of water, is entirely inaccessible to man. No one has ever penetrated it. Two bold hunters made an attempt, but after two days, during which they and their asses, carrying provisions, etc., had toiled knee-deep in the fine, drifting sand, parched and blinded with the dust, they returned, almost overcome with fatigue.

In seasons of very great heat the camels are attracted by the coolness of the high valley of the Altyn-Tag, and ascend as high as 11,000 or 12,000 feet. In contrast with the tame camel, whose characteristics are timidity, want of intelligence, and apathy, the wild one is distinguished by a marvelous development of the senses, and great sagacity and acuteness. Huntsmen have assured me that under the wind they can scent a man at a distance of several *versts* (one *verst* is about two-thirds of an English mile), that they hear the slightest noise at an incredible distance, and that their visual organs are equally developed. When they suspect approaching danger, they fly at once, and often run a hundred or more *versts* before stopping. I followed the trace of a camel which I had missed for more than twenty *versts*, where it had turned into a ravine, which, being out of the way, I did not care to follow.

It would seem that an animal so awkwardly built as the camel would not be able to climb about the ragged Altyn-Tag, yet we observed, many a time, their tracks and their dung leading into narrow crevices and on steep cliffs, where the boldest huntsman would hesitate to follow. It is, indeed, so strange a sight that I could scarcely trust my own eyes when I saw their trace mixed with that of the wild mountain sheep. The wild camel runs very fast, and would overtake, at long distance, a good race-horse. The period of heat is in Winter, from the middle of January until the end of February. During this time fierce combats often take place among the males, which not seldom end in the death of one of the rivals.

The female conceives when three years old, and carries her young for a little over a year. The hunters whom I had sent back to the mountains returned on the 10th of March with three beautiful specimens, a full-grown male, female, and a calf.

The zoölogical distinctions between the wild and the tame camel are not very great, and now the question arises whether the wild camel is the lineal progeny of wild parents, or is it descended from tame camels which, having escaped from the discipline of man, have wandered away in the desert and become wild? It is my opinion that the former theory is the correct one. I think that those qualities which, in the struggle for existence, offer to the animal the best chances for self-preservation are strongly developed in the wild camel. Their remarkably developed senses protect them against their principal enemies —man and the wolf. A wolf would scarcely be a match for a full-grown camel, and they have little to fear from man, on account of their acute eyes, ears, and scent, and their choice of abode in the most impenetrable localities.

It is probable that the deserts of Lob-Nor have, from time immemorial, been the dwelling-place of the wild camel. In former times, they have been scattered over a greater space; at present they inhabit only the most remote and impenetrable corner of the Central Asian desert.

VIEW ON LAKE COMO.—SEE PAGE 187.

A GOLDEN DAWN.—"FROM THE OLD STONE PORCH THERE PASSED INTO THE GRAY EVENING LIGHT THE TALL SLIGHT FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL, WITH A FAIR, PALE FACE LIKE NONE OTHER HE HAD EVER SEEN."

# A GOLDEN DAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "MORE BITTER THAN DEATH," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN Francis Vane went to live at Dunwold, it seemed to him that his life was nearly over; he had sought the shade of a real "Valley of Poppies." His fate was a singular one. He had escaped being a genius. He did everything well, but nothing more than well; he was proficient in many things, but excelled in nothing; he had a taste for drawing, music, literature, sculpture, in all of which he was not unskilled, but he excelled in none. He was the only son of his mother, who was a widow; she had a life-annuity which died with her, and she had saved a small sum of money for him. He was so brilliant and clever as a child, that she was convinced he would be a genius. She endeavored in every possible way to save, in order that she might give him a good education. She sent him to Rugby and to Oxford, hoping that he would distinguish himself in the Church. He was considered clever and talented by the students and professors, but he failed in all the examinations; his knowledge was too scattered—it was not concentrated enough.

After that, he would not study for the bar; he determined to live by literature. Mrs. Vane had implicit faith in him until the last. She believed that if he became a writer he would be one of the lights of the world. She died before he left Oxford, leaving him the result of the savings of her whole life—an income of a hundred and fifty per annum.

He was young then in years, but old in disappointment. Without quite knowing why, he felt that his life was, in some measure, over. He had failed, and he could scarcely tell how he had failed; he could not understand where his life had slipped from his grasp.

He settled down in a pretty little cottage orné at Dunwold, with his books and pictures and the numerous works of art that he had gathered about him. He resolved

to devote himself to literature; he mapped out for himself a life that was to be quiet and retired; he determined to live for his books, and care for nothing else. He went out one Summer evening, and returned with a love in his heart which was his doom.

He had gone, during the silent calm of the Summer evening, down to the little church where the great lime-trees grew, and, standing underneath them, he heard a strain of music so clear and sweet that his whole heart was melted, and his soul was moved to listen. He could have fancied that angel-hands were touching the keys, making soft, dreamy, beautiful music, such as one could imagine floating from the clouds.

It took possession of him. He stood under the lime-trees while the sun was setting, the birds were chirping, and the exquisite harmony was floating through the air. Presently it ceased, and in its place a sweet, brooding silence fell over the heart. It was the gloaming then. He had stood there listening longer than he knew.

From the old stone porch there passed into the gray evening light the tall, slight figure of a young girl, with a fair, pale face like none other he had ever seen—it was not beautiful, not pretty, but there was something of the light of heaven on it. She walked through the churchyard and down the green lane that led to Dunwold. Then he recovered from his trance, and seemed to understand that the young girl was the new organist, of whom he had heard the rector speak as of a girl all soul, and that soul all music.

He went home with a dreamy, poetical face engraved on his heart, with a love that was his doom.

He found means, some few days afterward, to make her acquaintance. Scholar and student as he was, he loved music; and the happiest evenings of his clouded life were those he spent in the old church or under the lime-trees, listening to the music which seemed to ripple from those white, soft fingers.

He found that she was the child of an English father and an Alsatian mother. From her father she had inherited an English face and simple, honest English mind—from her mother, a soul filled with music and dreams. She was an orphan, and gained her livelihood by her musical talents. She had answered the rector's advertisement for an organist, and had resided for some months in Dunwold.

She was a genius. The rector saw that at once, and was only too pleased to engage her to instruct his children; so that, with her different occupations, Elsie Redfern lived in comfort, and found her life very pleasant.

Francis Vane asked her to marry him, and she consented. Their love-story was an idyll; they lived in the midst of sunshine and music. Elsie was shy of speech. Sometimes, when he asked her to tell him how much she loved him, she would answer:

"I cannot tell you in words, but I will in music."

And then her love would find expression in music that was inspired. It was a love so pure, so calm, so refined, that it seemed to have nothing of earth in it.

They were married, and went to the quiet, pretty cottage Francis Vane called home. He had made his house a wonder of artistic beauty, with its choice books, rare pictures, pretty statuettes; it was an artistic home. He took especial pride in his garden—an old-fashioned, sweet-smelling place, such as poets might haunt—and the choicest part of it was the beautiful bed of white hyacinths which became poor Elsie's pride.

For four years they lived together, a life such as is rarely granted to mortals, a life that was all poetry. The student spent it with his books, the wife with her music—marriage for once no fiction—two hearts, two souls, made one. But the day came when the white hyacinths drooped for want of care, and the notes of the grand old organ were still. Never more were the white hands to linger over the keys; never more was the gentle face to shine with the beauty of the soul within. Elsie Vane lay dying, with the baby she had longed for in her arms.

It was not like dying; her heart seemed to have always been half in heaven. She had expressed her feelings more by music than by words; there had always been something unearthly and spiritual about her; and now, as she lay dying, there was a light on her face which made those who saw it wonder. Her mind wandered at times during those last hours; and her husband noticed how often she spoke of her favorite flowers, the white hyacinths. When she died, he took some of them from the garden and planted them on her grave.

He said very little of his sorrow—he spoke only of his loss; but the best part of him died with her—he half buried himself in her grave. He made no promise; but he knew that no one would ever take her place in his heart and home. His life appeared like something to be borne, because there was the hope of meeting her at the end of it.

Long years before Francis Vane went to live at the pretty cottage outside Dunwold, it had received the name of Sweetbriers, from the simple fact that the whole of the garden was surrounded by a splendid hedge of sweetbrier, and the air for a great distance around was perfumed by it.

Francis Vane made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life at the cottage. From the window of his study he could see one of the lime-trees under the shade of which his wife slept her last, long sleep. He devoted himself to his books, and, when his child grew older, to her. With his wife he had lost the half of his income; but, with the aid of his pen, he had sufficient to live upon, with great care and economy, though nothing to spare or waste. He kept one maid-servant, and gave up visiting, as well as receiving visitors.

Until Hyacinth was eleven years old, he taught her himself; and it was a most peculiar education. Had she been a boy, it might have fitted her for the world; as it was, it simply made her unpractical in every way.

He was a visionary himself: he had superb theories and beautiful dreams, but he had not the least knowledge of human nature. He believed in the power of love, the constancy of men, the honor of women, the earnestness of life in general; he had no knowledge of the light loves, the fleeting friendships, the want of care, thought, or interest, that distinguish the children of this generation—he was a wise, simple, kindly scholar, who feared Heaven, honored the sovereign, and believed in the power of knowledge. Admirable, estimable, worthy of all respect and esteem, he was nevertheless not the teacher to train an imaginative, impressionable child.

For some years he made no difference in his mode of life; the child was tended by the faithful servant who had watched her mother die—Miriam Claye. And to Miriam the girl was dearer than the light of her eyes. She had a large, old-fashioned room to play in. She had a household of dolls, a library of children's books, a number of toys, and she lived in dreamland.

Francis Vane began to teach his daughter Latin when she was old enough to learn it. He provided her with the best authors, with old-world poets. It was a curious education—but it was the only one that he knew how to give her.

His love for her was as dreamy as his life; he was seldom alive to any practical needs. He never gave a thought to dress or anything of that kind. He ordered books, music, drawings; he would talk to her at times for an

hour with calm, mild wisdom. He loved her with a great love—but he was most unfitted to train a child.

He seemed to wake up from a dream when Hyacinth was sixteen; his child was gone, and in her place stood a tall, beautiful girl, who looked at him with her mother's eyes and seemed to ask what was her position in this world and what had she to do.

Francis Vane thought long and solemnly about what he was to do with his beautiful daughter.

Sixteen, beautiful as a poet's dream, accomplished, better educated than half the girls in England, graceful and imaginative, with a face like a flower, life was full of fairest, sweetest promise to Hyacinth Vane. It was an unread book, every page of which seemed to her full of poetry and unknown delight.

Her world was a very small one—it consisted of the little household at Sweetbriers. She had had no companions—no playfellows. Francis Vane would not let her play with the village children, and she had no opportunity of knowing any other.

She was healthy and strong. She loved the fresh air, the early morning breeze; she had the natural high spirits and vivacity of a young girl; she was charming in every respect.

The rector's wife, Mrs. Morley, meeting Hyacinth one day, was struck with her wonderful beauty. She stopped to speak to her, and invited her to the vicarage.

Up till that time Hyacinth had held no well-defined position in society. She had always been considered far above the people in the village. However small her father's income was, still he was a gentleman of independent means. But the country people had not recognized him. He cared nothing himself for visitors or visiting. This invitation from Mrs. Morley, however, opened his eyes to the fact that he must think for his daughter as he had not thought for himself.

Hyacinth was almost dazed with delight. To visit the vicarage, with its charming mistress, the lovely children, the well-selected guests to be found there, was a prospect so full of unbounded delight that she could scarcely hope it might be realized.

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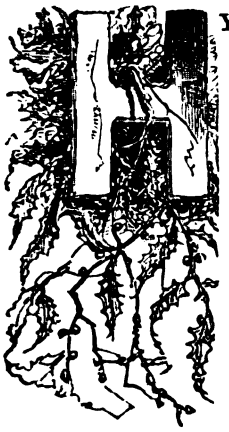
## Chapter II.



YACINTH VANE presented herself before the surprised eyes of her father, one June afternoon, looking so beautiful in her festive attire, that he was betrayed into an imprudent speech.

"Hyacinth, my dear!" he said. "You are a beautiful woman!"

For hours afterward the sound of her happy laughter rang in his ears.

"A woman, papa?" she answered. "No, I am only a child."

He looked distressed and perplexed.

"How old are you?" he asked; and she answered: "I am sixteen, papa."

"Sixteen?" he said, musingly. "Why, it seems to me only yesterday that I saw you lying in your mother's arms. Sixteen? Can sixteen years have passed away?"

Philosopher, scholar and student as he was, he did not recognize the fact that long years had passed while he had buried himself in his books, and had watched the lime-blossoms appear and fade. He looked thoughtfully at his daughter.

"I must begin to think more about you," he said. "I have not realized the flight of time."

Hyacinth laughed. The years that had passed like a dream to her father, had seemed very long and uneventful to her.

She went to the vicarage, and Mrs. Morley was charmed with her; her beauty, her grace, her quaint earnestness, her brilliant imagination, made her one of the most charming companions.

When she had gone home that night, Mrs. Morley went to her husband, the good doctor, whose life was governed by the doctrines he preached.

"John," she said, "you will tell me that, in this case, virtue is its own reward. I want to do a good-natured action."

"I need not say that I am willing to help; good-nature delights me," answered the vicar.

"I want to introduce Hyacinth Vane into a little good society," said Mrs. Morley. "I have seen no one half so charming for years. She must be most lonely, for her father spends the whole of his time with his books. He is no companion for her, and she really ought to have one."

"It is a lonely life," admitted the vicar. "What do you intend to do?"

"Merely introduce her; she will make her own way. If Lady Rosedene saw her, she would invite her to Dene Hall. She told me last week that she deplored the absence of pretty girls more than anything else. She would take her by the hand, I am sure; and I shall not be surprised, with her face, if she marries well, and becomes one of the queens of the county."

"You are sanguine," laughed the vicar.

"The child has no mother, and it would be a kindly action to take her by the hand," said Mrs. Morley. "If you are willing, we will get up a picnic to Dunwold Woods, and beautiful Hyacinth Vane shall be its chief attraction. I will ask Lady Rosedene, and you will see that my words will come true."

The vicar gave his consent, and the picnic was soon organized. Hyacinth smiled in incredulous wonder when the invitation was put into her hands.

"I am really grown up," she said to herself, with a happy smile. "Who would ever have thought that I should go to a picnic? Papa," she cried, breaking in upon the quietness of that much-loved study, "read this note, and then realize, if you can, how grown-up I am. I shall want a pretty dress, a hat, gloves—so many things. Do you think you can afford to let me go?"

"I will see," he answered, with a smile; "we must consult Miriam."

The result of his "seeing" was that Hyacinth, in a pretty white-and-blue costume, looked more lovely than ever, and went, with a smile on her face, to meet her doom—went in the full beauty of the June day, with a face fair as a flower, a heart light as that of a bird, her eyes full of happiness, her golden hair like an aureole round her head. Francis Vane watched her with loving gaze; and to him, in that moment of unconcealed pride and delight in his child, there came no shadow of a prison cell.

Mrs. Morley always spoke of that picnic as one of the successes of her life; no party of guests could have enjoyed themselves more. Lady Rosedene, just as the vicar's good wife had foreseen, was delighted with the beautiful *débutante*.

"Is her father a gentleman?" she whispered to Mrs. Morley. "She herself is charming; but is she quite presentable?"

Mrs. Morley, in her good-nature, gave such a flattering

account of the scholar that Lady Rosedene became desirous to see him.

"Shall I invite the father as well?" she asked, and was just a little offended when Mrs. Morley assured her that it would not be of the least use.

"You have evidently never heard the romantic story of Francis Vane's courtship and marriage," said Mrs. Morley. "His is about the only case I know in this world of really true love. It is no fiction to say that his heart is buried in his wife's grave. All his neighbors have been kind to him, and invited him, but it was found that invitations merely troubled him. Now every one leaves him in peace."

"Then you think he would not come, even if I invited him?" said Lady Rosedene. "I generally manage to have my own way with the men."

"I do not think you would succeed in this case," answered Mrs. Morley; "nor do I think it would be kind to desire it. When so much of a man's heart and soul is in heaven, it seems almost a pity to bring him back into close contact with the world again."

Lady Rosedene's eyes were fixed on the fair, bright face of the young girl. She turned suddenly to the vicar's wife.

"I have read," she said, "of the sweetness of flowers being wasted on the desert air—of violets blooming unseen, and giving their fragrance to the wind. I do not believe in anything of the kind. Take the great kingdom of flowers; every here and there is one of such exquisite beauty that every one pauses to admire it. It appears to me that in the world of fair women, every now and then we find a face so beautiful that the whole world ought to see and admire it. I shall be doing an act of charity in making this face known."

But the vicar's wife shook her head. Such a doctrine was not quite in accordance with her husband's teaching.

"I do not know about that," she said. "Every face is what I may call the vail or cover of an immortal soul; and I should say any soul was endangered where the owner of it was worshiped for her beauty. I do not quite think myself that beauty should be so eagerly admired."

"It is the way of the world," laughed Lady Rosedene. "We plain women may thank Heaven that great beauty and great gifts do not often go together; if they did, we should have but a poor chance. As it is, some people do value common sense and intellect more than beauty. I shall make friends with Miss Vane. We shall hear something of her before many months are over, mark my words."

And those same words indeed came true.

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## Chapter III.

Lady Rosedene, of Dene Hall, was one of the celebrities of the county in which Dene stood. She was left a widow at quite an early age, mistress of a magnificent estate and a vast fortune. Being both young and clever, every one expected that she would marry again; but Lady Rosedene was wiser than that. The late lord had been of a most tyrannical disposition and unamiable temper. His young wife suffered terribly from it, being herself of a gay, frank, happy nature.

When Lord Rosedene died, she said to herself that she would never again bend her neck under the yoke that was so weighty to bear. She resolved to enjoy her life; and, as a preliminary, as the most certain means of insuring that enjoyment, she resolved upon never having anything to do with love.

"If I am to enjoy my life, to preserve my good looks, I must have nothing to do with the fret and the fever called love."

Having made that resolution, she began to enjoy life in her own way, and succeeded perfectly in her plan. One of the most charming and captivating of women, she had numerous admirers. She enjoyed the friendship of clever and sensible men; she enjoyed their admiration; she was pleased with her conquests—but she steadfastly refused to have anything to do with love, even in its milder form of flirtation.

For fifteen years she had been the "Queen of the County." The *fêtes* and festivities at Dene Hall were famous all over the neighborhood—no one else gave such parties, such balls, such picnics; no one gave such pleasant garden-parties. The young girls of the neighborhood adored her.

She would not hear of love for herself; but nothing gave her greater happiness than to see it in others. She took the keenest interest in a love affair. She was not a matchmaker; no one could ever have used such a word about the refined and clever Lady Rosedene; but she liked to bring young people together. She had a wonderful kind of instinct which told her at once what persons would agree together. She never had an ill-assorted party of guests. She never had the least drawback to the success of every entertainment she gave.

She was famous for having promoted more marriages than any one else in the county. Mothers who had a difficulty in marrying their daughters, found their difficulties ended when they once applied to Lady Rosedene. She would invite a young girl to Dene Hall, introduce her amongst an eligible set, and then leave her to take her chance. That usually ended in marriage. So successful had she been that pretty young girls were now scarce in the neighborhood of Dunwold; they were all married and gone from home: so that the kindly, happy widow was somewhat at a loss for young recruits.

She began to fancy that at one or two of her balls there had been a dearth of pretty faces, that her charade-party had lacked interest, and that there was a want of novelty in some of the scenes. She was more than delighted when Mrs. Morley introduced her to Hyacinth Vane; here, indeed, was a novelty—a girl more beautiful than any one she had ever seen, with a voice that was like sweet music, and a smile that was like sunshine; a girl whose every movement was full of sweetest harmony, as though she were following a strain of hidden music.

Lady Rosedene fell in love with her at once.

"Your father is a scholar and a gentleman; they tell me he lives amid his books, and counts this outer world as nothing. To invite him to Dene Hall would be an empty compliment—he would not come; but I wish he would let you visit me. Do you think he would?" said Lady Rosedene to her.

Hyacinth raised her happy eyes to the kindly, comely face.

"I think he would be delighted," she answered. "My father is not quite like other men; he does not seem to live in the same world—I doubt whether he would understand at all the kind of world in which you move."

"Probably not," said Lady Rosedene, delighted with the girl's earnestness and beauty; "but you will understand it."

She smiled at the fervor with which the girl clasped her little white hands and replied:

"I should love it, I think, more than any other world."

A dainty flush covered her fair face; her eyes shone with the brightness of stars.

"Then," said Lady Rosedene, "you shall see what it is

like. Come and stay with me for a month, if you can be spared for so long. I have no wish to flatter you, but with a face like yours the world ought to be at your feet."

Hyacinth Vane never forgot that day. She had been accustomed to hear Lady Rosedene's name mentioned always as that of one of the powers of the land; and now to find that great and mighty personage not only kind to her, but absolutely asking for her society and her friendship, was something wonderful. She did not know that Lady Rosedene was driven almost to her wits' end for pretty faces, and that she would soon consider her prestige gone unless she could introduce some new beauty. Hyacinth knew nothing of this, and wondered why the clever, dainty, exclusive lady should be so anxious for her friendship. She was delighted; her charming face seemed to grow more beautiful, her eyes brighter, her smile sweeter.

The day of the picnic was never to be forgotten by her; all the details of it she remembered; and in the dullest hours of her life those details came back to her with a torture all their own.

When Lady Rosedene took her home that evening, she said:

"I shall take you at your word, Miss Vane, and drive over to-morrow to ask your papa if he can spare you for a month. You will enjoy yourself at Dene Hall, I am sure."

"I know that I shall," replied Hyacinth, simply.

Lady Rosedene was perfectly happy. She would be able to introduce a beauty such as no one had seen in that part of the country, and she should recover the prestige she had almost lost from a scarcity of beautiful faces.

When she reached home, Hyacinth said nothing to her father about the impending visit. For the first time she realized in what a different world they both lived.

Something of the deep, silent mystery of night seemed to linger round her as she entered the quiet house. She went at once to her father's study, the ring of happy voices, the sound of music, the silver strains of compliment and homage, all sounding in her ears, the brightness of fair faces, the sheen of rich dresses and jewels, still before her eyes. Her father, his work ended for the day, was seated at the window, his eyes fixed on the lime-trees beneath which his young wife slept. She heard him murmur, as she opened the door:

"How long, Elsie—how long will it be, dear?"

A great, solemn hush fell over her. It was as though she had suddenly entered a grand cathedral aisle; the world seemed to fall from her.

She forgot Lady Rosedene and the promised visit, and went with gentle step to the lonely man whose heart was buried, while his body lived on. She put her arms round his neck, and bent her sweet face over his.

"Papa," she whispered, "shall you never forget, even ever so little?"

"No, my darling, not even ever so little. I live more in that green grave than I do here. There is a shadow over me to-night—a presentiment of coming evil—and in my mind I am going over and over again every happy day of my life spent with her. Sit down here at my feet, Hyacinth, and let me tell you how she lived and died."

Seated in the solemn, beautiful dusk, while the trees moved and the wind sighed in unison, she listened once more to the story of how her mother had been more like a spirit or an angel than a woman; how she had loved the white hyacinths, and how she had died with her little child clasped in her arms.

No wonder that the girl forgot the coming visitor and the coming visit. The last incident of that eventful day which she remembered was her singing in a low, sweet tone to her father until the look of unsatisfied longing faded from his face, and he slept.

It was such a different world, this, from the bright, laughing life that only that afternoon had been unrolled before her. It seemed stranger still when, on the day following, Lady Rosedene's carriage stopped at Sweetbriers, and the footman, in his gorgeous livery, rapped sharply at the door.

How strange it seemed to see the brilliant lady, with her bright face, her superb dress, in that room where the solitary man always sat, that he might be within sight of his wife's grave!

With the tact that distinguished her, Lady Rosedene at once made her way to his heart. She laid aside her pretty caprices, her pride, her half-sarcastic, half-laughing manner. She recognized that she was in the presence of a deep sorrow, and it impressed her. This pale, studious man, with the grief of a lifetime on his face, made a great impression on her. She was earnest, sincere, kind and true. He appeared half startled at the idea of Hyacinth's spending a month at the Hall.

"I am afraid," he remarked, "that it will give my daughter tastes that can never be gratified."

But Lady Rosedene laughed.

"Leave all that to me," she said. "Neither you nor I know how much good fortune is in store for your daughter."

And so the first act of the tragedy was arranged. Hyacinth was, the week following, to go to Dene Hall.

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## Chapter IV.

DENE HALL was the very residence for one who studied the enjoyments of life. It was one of the prettiest homes in England. There was nothing grand or majestic about it, but it was picturesque, artistic and beautiful. There was no recognized form in its architecture, and no two rooms resembled each other. Some had long French windows opening into the grounds, others large bay-windows from which one had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Some were stately and splendid, others small and cosy. There was every variety, and there was every shape; every taste could be gratified. The rooms themselves were furnished in different styles—some with splendor, some with simple artistic taste; they were all picturesque, many with pretty nooks where one could talk unobserved by the hour, many full of gems of art. It was a home wherein every one was happy and at ease; there were rare books for the studious, music for those who enjoyed it, outdoor amusement for those who preferred it, shady walks where the trees met overhead for those who loved solitude.

Lady Rosedene was never alone. She did not know what solitude meant, and never intended to know. She had always a well-selected party of visitors at the Hall, and she quietly exulted in the fact that she had now a face to show her friends such as they had never seen before. Lady Rosedene was always in love with her last *protégée*, and she was decidedly charmed with Hyacinth Vane.

Hyacinth had been quite at a loss about her dress. In her dilemma she had gone to Mrs. Morley, who had helped her in the difficulty. Francis Vane looked at his daughter with something like a smile on his face as he gave her

the sum of money which seemed to her like a little fortune.

"All this for dress, papa?" she said. "Why, it would buy books for you that would last for a lifetime!"

He laughed a quiet, gentle laugh that she had never heard before from his lips.

"My dear Hyacinth, dress must be your books for the present, and a very nice study it will be for you."

He looked at her with admiration when she came to bid him good-by.

"I am to lose you for a month," he said. "We have never been parted before."

She laid her fair head on his shoulder, and whispered to him that she did not want to leave him then, begging him not to spend the hours of her absence in solitary watch over the green grave.

It was like going from one world into another when she left the lonely study and went out into the sunlight, where Lady Rosedene's luxurious carriage awaited her. It was a novel sensation—a drive of many miles in a splendid open carriage, through some of the most beautiful scenery in England.

She had been disquieted and anxious as to how she should feel amongst strangers, but every thought of herself soon died away. The girl's soul seemed wakened to fresh life by all that she saw. The drive was like a dream of sunlight and foliage, of glancing streams and purple hills, of broad, shaded roads and green fields.

She was bewildered by the beauty of the park, and by the picturesque appearance of the Hall. The girlish, untried heart sank when she saw the grandeur of everything around her; but her innate pride and independence came to her aid.

Lady Rosedene, always amiable and considerate, was in the entrance-hall to greet her. The girl's heart went out to her graceful, kindly hostess.

Lady Rosedene would go herself to Hyacinth's room.

"I have placed you near me," she said, "so that you may not feel lonely, and that my maid may attend to you, as of course you have not brought one."

Hyacinth laughed at the notion, as she thought of the one old-fashioned maid at home. She felt entirely at ease with Lady Rosedene. No one resisted Lady Rosedene for long.

"You will like to understand a little about the Hall before we go down-stairs," she said. "Before you dress I will give you a sketch of my chief visitors. The *prima donna* at present—that is, the lady who sings best, who manages our charades and private theatricals—is Miss Sant. She is one of the cleverest girls in England in her own particular *rôle*."

"What is her *rôle?*" asked Hyacinth, beginning to feel interested in her new world.

"I should say, amusing others. She is clever and beautiful, and there is a tragedy attached to her that a stranger would never suspect."

"What is the tragedy?" asked Hyacinth, who associated that word only with Greek plays and the works of Shakespeare.

Lady Rosedene hesitated half a moment.

"I may as well tell you," she said; "every one here knows it, and you will be sure to hear it mentioned before you have been in the house many days. Miss Sant was engaged to be married, and a few days before the one fixed for her wedding her lover ran away with her dearest friend."

Hyacinth, to whom all the sin and falsity of the world was as unknown as its pleasures, grew pale at the words; and the only kind of love that she either knew or understood was such as her father had for her mother.

"How dreadful!" she cried; and her eyes opened wide in wonder.

Lady Rosedene smiled at her earnestness. It was plain that love's perfidies were unknown to her. She went on:

"Miss Sant did not break her heart after the usual style of heart-breaking. She laughed as she owned how completely she had been deceived; but she has never been the same girl since. There is something hard, cynical and satirical about her now that no one ever saw in her before. She has refused many offers of marriage—and she is, to my thinking, one of the most brilliant women in English society."

"I should have thought her one of the most miserable," said simple Hyacinth.

Lady Rosedene laughed.

"You will find," she said, "when you know society better, that women have two lives, and that the outer and inner life differ considerably. Women often laugh their brightest when their hearts are breaking; but that is a doleful doctrine to teach you."

"I could never smile while my heart ached," remarked Hyacinth.

"I hope your heart will never ache," was Lady Rosedene's answer. "I must not linger so long over all my visitors, or the dinner-bell will ring before you know one half of them. You will like the Count and Countess de Soldana; he is Spanish, she is Italian, and they are, without exception, the nicest pair I know."

"That is a high character," said Hyacinth; "for I should think in this bright world there are many people very nice and happy."

"Let us hope so," responded Lady Rosedene. "You will admire Miss Letchfred. She is a perfect brunette, sparkling, imperious, very much admired, yet with a certain pride that keeps most people at a distance from her."

"I like that description," said Hyacinth, impulsively—"I shall like her."

"We shall see. Then comes a cousin of my own, Major Tarne—a hero in every sense of the word; an invalided officer who nearly died of jungle-fever in India—a man who is honest in thought and deed."

"I shall like him," said Hyacinth, with a candor that delighted Lady Rosedene.

"I hope you will," she replied. "Then there is Kate Hulton; every one likes her—she is one of the most frank, candid, outspoken girls in Christendom. Brave, high-spirited, and fearless, she has never said an ungenerous word or done a mean action in her life, I am sure; and withal she is very pretty, bright, and intelligent, if not beautiful. Our only other visitor at present is Sir Harry Beauvoir, and there is nothing extraordinary about him."

Hyacinth laughed the happy, sunny laugh that Lady Rosedene loved to hear.

"I should say, then, that he is out of place here, where every one has some extraordinary quality or other."

"Sir Harry helps to cement all the extraordinary qualities in my well-selected party. There must be one or two inanities, just to serve as a foil for the others. Now shall I send my maid to help you to dress?"

Hyacinth looked at her shyly.

"I think I can manage best without her," she answered. "I have never been accustomed to a maid."

"You shall do as you like, my dear; but remember, a first appearance is everything; and I have made up my mind that you shall produce a certain effect—and I shall be disappointed if my wish is not realized." She laid her hand caressingly on the wealth of golden hair. "It would

require an artist to do justice to this. You had better let my maid come; she is a true Parisienne; she knows exactly to the shade of a leaf or the tying of a ribbon what suits every one. I want you to be a *belle* of *belles*."

Lady Rosedene, as usual, had her own way. Hortense came, and was delighted with the exquisite beauty of the young visitor. For the first time Hyacinth began to realize that she was gifted with unusual beauty, and that beauty was of itself a power.

Hortense talked the whole time. She was one of Lady Rosedene's privileged dependents—one who never went one inch beyond the line marked for intercourse between lady and maid. She took the greatest pains with Hyacinth. She dressed the golden hair in such a beautiful and artistic fashion that Hyacinth could scarcely believe it was her own. The simple white dinner-dress lay on the bed: the Frenchwoman made it elegant and picturesque by means of trailing sprays of green leaves. She made a pretty head-dress of green leaves and white blossoms."

"Is it really I?" asked the young girl, simply, looking in wonder at the beautiful vision of loveliness. Before her was a face fair and pure, clear eyes and sweet lips. There was a wealth of golden hair—fine, soft, and luxuriant. She saw neck and arms white as milk, and perfect, as though shaped by sculptor's hands.

Hortense smiled at the words.

"Poets have said beauty wants no adornment," she said; "but to my thinking, Miss Vane, nothing improves any lady, either young or old, so much as dress. That is the bell. My lady said that she would take you to the drawing-room herself."

So, flushed with the consciousness of her own loveliness, Hyacinth Vane went with Lady Rosedene into the handsome apartment where she was so eagerly awaited.

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## Chapter V.

IT was fairy-land to the girl who had no memories save of her father's sad face and the lime-blossoms that hung over her mother's grave. She had tried to imagine what life was like, and had failed. To her father it meant only love and regret—to her it meant longing and hope. Now she saw what it was to others—love, laughter, song, happiness, brightness, and enjoyment of every kind. She saw the smiling faces of fair women, their jewels, the sheen of their dresses, their graceful, caressing, suave manner, their thousand charms. She saw men with the faces and chivalrous manners she had dreamed of as belonging to the knights of old. She saw lights, flowers, everything beautiful and luxurious, and she woke suddenly to the knowledge of what life meant. Her whole heart went out to it—she held out her arms, as it were, to embrace it.

That evening passed delightfully. She was even more admired than Lady Rosedene had anticipated. Miss Sant liked her at once; but, in her usual straightforward fashion, she remarked privately to Lady Rosedene:

"I doubt, whether, after all, you have acted wisely in bringing that lovely child into society—there is the dawn of a tragedy in her face. Fair, sweet, innocent as it is now, a story will be written there some day, and you will be responsible for it. I have never seen a girl with such lovely violet eyes who had not a story, and a sad one."

"She is the daughter of a gentleman," replied Lady Rosedene. "I cannot see that I have done anything extraordinary in asking her to visit me."

"I hope you will never repent of it. But I see much in that girl's face beyond mere beauty—there is poetry, passion, love, jealousy. Take care! Human hearts are not playthings. Do not try to marry her too well, and let her learn to love some one who will really care for her."

Much as Lady Rosedene liked her candid friend, she was scarcely pleased at the warning.

"After all," she said to herself, "it matters little what any one says."

The bright days passed. Hyacinth learned many things—to ride, to dance, to drive. The gentlemen delighted in teaching her. She was so frank, so fair, so unspotted by the world, so simple and original, they declared it was better than reading poetry to talk to Miss Vane. No one else had the least chance while Hyacinth was near; her beauty, her grace, her wit, her simplicity, her bright intelligence, made her queen of the brilliant circle in which she found herself.

One week of the month had passed. Sir Harry declared that he was dying of love. Major Tarne said less, but was evidently captivated by the lovely young belle. Hyacinth laughed at it all; the flattering exaggerations of Sir Harry, the lover-like manner of the handsome major, were all lost on her. She laughed at both. They could never melt her into the faintest gleam of tenderness, or subdue her into one moment's gravity. Lady Rosedene tried once, and once only, to direct her, and failed signally.

"My dear Miss Vane," she said, "you are very cruel to your lovers."

"I have no lovers," answered the girl, with a burning, crimson blush.

"Your admirers, then. Major Tarne evidently awaits only an opportunity; and he is a good match—few better."

"A good match for what or whom?" asked Hyacinth, with the light of wonderful scorn in her eyes.

Then Lady Rosedene remembered that the jargon of the fashionable world was an unknown tongue to the child of Francis Vane.

"By a good match, I mean that he has a large fortune, that he has very influential connections, and holds a high position in the military world."

Something like wonder dawned over the lovely face.

"And would any one marry him simply because he has these advantages?" she asked.

"Certainly—and very properly too," replied her ladyship.

"I never would," said Hyacinth, with a charming air of decision. "My father says there can be no true marriage without love."

"Of course not," allowed Lady Rosedene, remembering his faithful love, and feeling perplexed how to answer.

"Could any one love a man simply because he has plenty of money or a high position?"

"For these reasons alone, certainly not," answered Lady Rosedene.

"Then, if he is not to be loved for them, he should not be married for them," was the triumphant declaration.

"Hyacinth," said Lady Rosedene, gravely, "do not make what I honestly believe to be the greatest mistake any woman ever makes; do not let your whole life turn upon love. Child, when I made up my mind to enjoy life, I said to myself that I must forego all love. I know we elders may teach and may preach; you younger people listen with a smile; but, believe me, love has far more pain than pleasure. It is a fever that burns, but never cools—a rack on which its victim is always stretched—a serpent that stings—a flower with sharpest thorns—a precipice

hidden by fairest blossoms—a blessing occasionally, yet more often a curse."

"My father says it is Heaven's gift to man," remarked Hyacinth.

"My dear, few men love as your father has loved. As a general rule, I believe men make the women they love supremely happy for a short time, and supremely miserable ever afterward. Hyacinth, be advised by me; do not let love spoil your life. You have beauty; you may win position, rank, wealth, everything that makes life bright. Try for that—try to marry some one who can make you rich and respected, who can give you diamonds, carriages, horses, an opera-box, country houses and town mansions—never mind love."

Something like wondering gravity came over the lovely, childlike face.

"You are very kind, Lady Rosedene," she said; "but I shall never follow your advice. If I marry for anything, it will be for love—love such as my father reads and thinks of."

Lady Rosedene threw up her hands in comic dismay.

"Tell me what you think love is?" she asked.

A shy, sweet smile dimpled the fresh mouth, the golden head dropped; then the fair face was raised proudly.

"If I tell you, you will only laugh, and say, as you always do, that I am simple, or original, or something of that kind. Yet I will tell you. I think love is something so beautiful that no words can tell what it resembles; no words have power to describe it. What the fulfillment of it must be, I cannot say, when the very dawn of it, even the faintest foreshadowing, makes the soul tremble."

"My dear Hyacinth!" cried Lady Rosedene; but Hyacinth did not pause.

"It is usual in your world," she went on, "to laugh at love, to sneer at it, to make it subservient to everything else, to make it a plaything or toy, so that it can never ennoble man or woman; but to me it seems like the crown that blesses and glorifies a life. I hope it will crown mine. And whenever I marry, Lady Rosedene—that is, if I do marry—it will be for love, and love alone."

"I can only say, then, that I earnestly hope the love will fall on the right person," replied Lady Rosedene.

"That will be as Heaven wills," said Hyacinth. "My father says marriages are made in heaven. He often tells me about the Summer evening when he first saw my mother. The sun was setting, and he heard a sound of sweet music; and then from the church porch came a quiet, gentle figure that was like the very revelation of love to him. He told me that the love which filled his heart then was the same which will fill his soul when he meets my mother in heaven."

The sweet voice died in a soft, low sigh. Lady Rosedene looked up gravely.

"We look at love from different points of view," she said. "I have studied it in a ball-room—you by the side of a grave."

"There is another difference," observed Hyacinth, gently. "Your love changes with every fashion—it never lasts a lifetime—while such as my father speaks of begins on earth only to end in heaven."

Lady Rosedene sighed. She looked with wonder at the young girl, so inexperienced in life, yet gifted with knowledge so much more profound than her own—with wisdom so much more sweet and simple. She said no more, but after that conversation she never spoke to Hyacinth Vane again about making a good match.

Every day she became more popular, was more beloved. The sweet, simple wisdom she had learned from her father seemed to be part of her beauty. It was new to those about her, as was the fair loveliness of her young face. One night, when the lilies and roses were sleeping, and the world lay at rest—when the moon shone bright, and the nightingales sang in the green heart of the woods—Hyacinth Vane laid her head on the white pillows and dreamed the dreams that come to the young and happy—dreams in which the bright moonlight foreshadowed a golden halo that was to fall around her—a handsome face, which yet she could not see; strong arms that were to clasp her, but whose grasp was shadowy; a low voice that whispered tender words, none of which were plain to her—dreams that were fragments of beauty, music and song.

She woke with the glow of them upon her. The sun was shining full on her window; the ringdoves were cooing; there was not even one white cloud in the blue sky; the whole bright, laughing world seemed to call her to new life and new light.

"It seems to me," said Hyacinth Vane, as she threw open the latticed window to let in the perfumed air, "that something is going to happen to-day."

There was a stir in the youthful soul—a new sensation of life and happiness: was it only the brightness of the Summer day, the warmth of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers? or was it the shadow of coming fate resting on the clear young soul?

The sun rose on many mornings for her, but morning never more dawned for her with the same sweet smile. She never looked out from lattice-window again with the same clear, untroubled mind. The dawn of her fate had risen for her, the great shadow lay upon her, and she was to know the peace of early girlhood no more.

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## Chapter VI.

MOST of the guests were assembled in the breakfast-room when Hyacinth Vane went down, wild, sweet music rising from her heart to her lips in snatches of song. It was a morning to make even the old feel young, and the young delirious with their own youth and happiness. As she entered the room, Lady Rosedene looked up with a smile.

"I have news that will please you, Miss Vane," she said, "although the people are strangers to you. Elmsthorpe Grange is near Dunwold, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Hyacinth; "it is four miles from the village, with lovely woods between. But the Grange is empty now, and shut up."

"Not now," said Lady Rosedene. "Elmsthorpe Grange, with all the magnificent estate belonging to it, has become the property of a young friend of mine, Alan Branston; he is the next-of-kin to the late Squire, who spent the latter part of his life in the south of France. The old Squire was a wealthy man, and he has left the whole of his fortune to Alan Branston."

Hyacinth repeated the name to herself. The sound of it pleased her; there were music and freshness in it—something that seemed to stir her heart and soul. Lady Rosedene went on:

"You have heard of the old Squire, of course, Miss Vane?"

"I have heard him spoken of," she replied. "My father saw him once, many years ago; since then the Grange has been desolate and solitary."

"It will not be so any longer," replied Lady Rosedene. "Alan Branston takes possession of it at once. A whole

army of workpeople are on the way to it. He will spend a fortune on it, and it will be one of the most superb homes in England. The young Squire has arranged to stay a month with me, so that he can personally superintend the most important alterations. I expect him this morning."

There were a few comments from the guests, and then the subject was changed. But Hyacinth seemed to have something worth thinking about. It had been her custom after breakfast to put on her hat and go out into the grounds, and she was generally attended by a little court of admirers; but on this morning a longing for solitude seized her, and she looked with pleading eyes at the gallant soldier who drew near.

"Let me gather my roses alone this morning, Major Tarne," she said; and he was compelled to retreat.

Sir Harry was received with a charming pout, and a look which said so plainly "Pray do not trouble me," that he bowed, discomfited, and went away.

ON THE WATCH.

She laughed to herself, a sweet, girlish laugh, and went down the great avenue of limes, wondering why she cared so much for being alone, wondering what was hidden in the Summer morning. And then she began to think of Alan Branston and Elmsthorpe Woods. She had loved them with a wonderful love. She had been accustomed to spend long hours in those green solitudes, and she wondered if he would be willing to allow strangers there.

"Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe"—she liked the sound of the name—it had a great attraction for her.

She went on walking gently until she came to the end of the great avenue; at that point the green, undulating park began. The grass was thick and beautiful. She sat down to rest, and in the music of rippling leaves she seemed to hear the name of the young Squire.

Suddenly a tall shadow fell across the grass, and, raising her eyes, she saw the face that was her doom. Two dark, clear, bright eyes met her own, and seemed to hold her spellbound until the gentleman recovered himself, and, with a low bow, drew a step nearer. She rose hurriedly, and stood before him, the loveliest picture on which a man's eye could rest, the sunlight falling on her golden head and flower-like face.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said; and again the wonderful power in his eyes seemed to hold her captive. "I am unfortunate enough to have lost my way—I walked through the park. Can you tell me which path leads to the Hall?"

"The one through the avenue of limes," she said. "I am going—but, no, you will easily find it."

"If you are going in that direction," he cried, eagerly,

"I assure you I should be most grateful for your guidance."

He looked so eager, so handsome, so imploring, that she said to herself there could be no harm in going a few steps, at least, in the same direction.

Hyacinth walked toward the lime-avenue with him, and then in some strange manner it came out that he was Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe.

While she lived she remembered the little patch of yellow flowers at her feet, the tall trees overhead, the foxgloves swaying as she passed them—every little detail impressed itself on her memory, to remain there while life lasted.

She raised her face to his.

"Are you the new Squire?" she said.

He smiled, wondering how she had discovered who he was. They had reached the end of the avenue long before he had finished his eager questions about Dunwold. The picturesque old Hall stood before them.

"Why, I have brought you all the way!" said Hyacinth in dismay. "There is the house. Lady Rosedene is on the lawn."

He looked, and before he could say another word she was gone—gone back to the park where he had found her half an hour since. But all the world was changed to her; there was new brightness in the sunshine, new color on the grass. Nothing apparently had happened, yet the world seemed quite different, and was never to be the same to her again.

She was half shy when the hour for luncheon came. As she crossed the lawn, she saw the major waiting for her, and Sir Harry hovering in the distance. They both looked somewhat curiously at her; there was a new light on her face. It was no longer the face of a child—the dawn of passion and of womanhood was on it.

There was much talking and laughing in the dining-room. In the midst of a group, she saw Alan Branston talking to Lady Rosedene, who turned quickly to her.

"This young lady is one of your nearest neighbors, Mr. Branston," she said; "let me introduce you to Miss Vane."

The lovely, blushing face drooped before the sudden fire of admiration that she saw in his eyes. Neither of them said a word as to the previous meeting. Lady Rosedene, with her quick eyes, noted the girl's blush, and a sudden idea came to her. With her usual impetuosity, she would have spoken, but she restrained herself—one word might have spoiled the whole scheme that had suddenly shaped itself in her mind. Alan Branston must marry Hyacinth. He had wealth, a fine old manor-house, and everything that was luxurious—she had beauty and gentle training.

"It is the very thing!" said the lady to herself. "Providence must have arranged it—there could be no more suitable marriage than this."

For the first time in her life, Lady Rosedene paused for quiet reflection, and then turned away lest by one word she should mar what seemed to her the finest idea she had ever had.

"Are you staying here for any time?" asked Alan, when they were alone.

"Lady Rosedene invited me for a month," Hyacinth answered; "I may remain longer. If my father wants me, I shall of course go at once."

"I hope your father will not want you," he said. "If you were to go now, I should feel that I had been deprived of all the pleasure I anticipated from my visit. I did not mention to Lady Rosedene that I had met you."

A lovely flush of color came over her face.

"Why not?" she asked, with down-dropped eyes.

"I thought I read in your eyes that you would prefer I did not name it."

Her heart beat faster at the words.

"I did not know that my eyes told such stories—I must keep them closed," she replied, laughingly.

"If you do, it will be to me as though the sun had set," he said; and the words did not seem like flattery to her.

There was some strange attraction to her in the handsome young squire—a glamour such as had never fallen over her fell over her now. In some vague, curious way that she could scarcely understand, the world seemed suddenly to concentrate itself in that spot where he stood—so much so that when the dressing-bell rang, a thrill of impatience passed over her—she felt grieved to be disturbed.

His eyes lingered on her until she had quitted the room, and then he roused himself with a deep sigh, like one who comes suddenly to himself after a dream.

This dainty, delicate girl, with the tender eyes of a child and a woman's sweet mouth—with a voice sweet as music, and a laugh like the chime of silver bells—he had seen no one like her; while Hyacinth went to her room with a new world opened to her.

The pretty pale silks, the clear white muslins, the delicate wonders of lace, were all set before her; and she, who laughed on the preceding day at the number of her dresses, now sighed because not one was pretty enough. Hortense was very patient.

"You could have no prettier dress than this, Miss Vane," she said; "the blue is very pale, and the white lace looks rich and elegant."

So Hyacinth sat with sweet, dreamy eyes, while Hortense brushed out the golden waves of hair, and arranged the pretty dress. She looked like some beautiful picture cut from a frame, with her flower-like face—a lovely smile parting the fresh lips; her white neck and bare, rounded arms, so fair, so tender—with all the halo of youth around her, the first, faint dawning of love giving to her a beauty that nothing else on earth could give.

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## Chapter VII.

IT all seemed so strange to Alan Branston. He had seen a hundred fair women, with love in their eyes and on their lips—none of them had moved him. He had seen Court beauties, the fair women of great cities—not one had lived in his heart. But this girl had looked with the sweet, tender eyes of a child into his own, and his soul had gone out to her. After that first glance, she stood apart from the whole world to him. Whatever might happen through his fancy, the one great love of his life was for her, and no other should have it.

He waited impatiently until she came down into the drawing-room. No matter what Lady Rosedene said, he should take her in to dinner and sit by her side. He felt already an impatient kind of jealousy lest any one should be before him. He stood near the door so that he should be able to join her at once.

The door opened, and she came in—lovely, golden, bright, and like a rose, so fair, so dainty. And as he drew near she gave him one of the most coy glances that ever made a man's heart beat—one of the most delicious smiles that ever thrilled a man's heart. There was an attraction, a something that drew them together; neither knew what it was, neither understood it, save that it was sweeter and

stronger than they had imagined anything in life to be. Lady Rosedene gratified the desire of his heart—she asked him to take Miss Vane in to dinner. Neither of them saw the corridors or the doors. They sat at the sumptuously spread dinner-table almost without an idea of what was on it. The whole world was glorified to them. They ate ambrosia from golden plates; they sipped nectar from golden cups.

Long before the dinner was over, Alan Branston had lost himself in the light of Hyacinth's eyes. More than one present smiled to see how completely they had forgotten the world in each other. Some sighed as they smiled; for the golden hours of youth and love fly so quickly. It was pretty to see. He was so handsome, so gallant, so brave, with a careless laugh, a happy smile in his dark eyes; he had a rich, ringing voice, and a chivalrous, easy manner. He was the *beau idéal* of a lover—ardent, poetical, pleasant in every word and look, with a lordly, protecting air that was irresistible. She was so dainty in color and shape, so perfect in her fresh, girlish loveliness, that she looked more like one of the sweet flowers she was named after than anything else.

It was pretty to see the light in her eyes and the flush of expectation on her face when the ladies in the drawing-room awaited the coming of the gentlemen. Some subtle attraction drew Alan at once to her side. He took the chair nearest to her, and, as Lady Rosedene expressed it to herself, remained there, "a fixture," all the evening. Some "charitable lady," as Alan mentally called her, sat down to the piano, and under cover of the music he was able to talk.

"I have been trying to think," he said, "what it is of which your eyes remind me. The blue of them recalls something to my memory, and I scarcely know what it is. I have it!" he cried, suddenly. "They are of the same color as the deep-blue cornflowers that grow in France."

"They grow in England, too," answered Hyacinth.

"Yes; but they look poor when compared with the blue ones that bloom under the warm skies of France. I shall take the cornflower for my favorite flower, as Napoleon took the violet, and the Bourbons the lily. I will alter the arms of our family, and add a cornflower to them."

"All because my eyes are blue?" she asked, laughingly.

"I begin to think that everything most beautiful is blue," he said. "It is the color of the heavens, of the southern seas, of the cornflowers, of your eyes."

She laughed.

"That sounds like flattery," she told him.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it is sweetest truth. What a strange thing that I should have come just now, while you are here! If I had missed this visit, I might never have seen you."

"And then?" she asked, with a sudden paling of her lovely face.

"Then?" he said. "Why, the world would have been different, as it is different now."

And the evening was over before—to them—it had seemed to begin.

"Is your name really Hyacinth?" he asked her, a few days afterward. "I heard Lady Rosedene call you so."

"Yes. It was my mother's choice," she answered, simply; and she told him how proud her young mother had been of the beautiful white hyacinths, and how in dying she had asked that their name might be given to her.

A sudden gleam of tenderness came into his eyes, as she told him of her quiet home, and the solitary man whose only happiness consisted in watching over his wife's grave.

"How real everything must be to you," he said—"how real all love and all sorrow!"

"Are they not real to you?" she asked.

"I fancy that contact with the world in some measure takes the earnestness and the reality from most things. Men try to glide away from sorrow in the world, and look upon love as a jest; to you they are both sacred and solemn."

"They are part of heaven," she answered, simply. "My father says that love is a tree—the roots are on earth, the flowers are in heaven. He says sorrow is the fire that prepares us for heaven."

He looked at the lovely, guileless young face.

"And you believe what your father teaches, no doubt?"

"Certainly. I think my father is one of the wisest, as he is one of the simplest, men on earth."

It was pretty to watch how they liked to steal off into the grounds, believing that no one noticed them. When Lady Rosedene saw them in the avenue of limes, she would say, jestingly:

"Do not go down by the lime-trees—our young lovers are there."

Major Tarne and Sir Harry gave up hope. Every one in the household seemed to have a kindly interest in Miss Vane and Mr. Branston. Those who were old renewed their youth in watching this pretty love-poem.

It was pleasant to watch Hyacinth's face when her lover was near. Its fitful flushes, happy smiles, love-lit eyes, the sunshine that seemed to emanate from her, made everything around appear bright. Lady Rosedene was delighted. She had planned what the world was pleased to call many good matches; but this was different from any of them. This was a case of true love, such as she seldom had to deal with, and her ladyship grew young again as she watched it.

It was pleasant to see Hyacinth's fair face looking like a rose that had been bathed in dew. Repeatedly she wore a flower in her breast that had been gathered by her young lover.

The old, old story ran its length—there were lovers' quarrels, half-hours when to both of them the lovely, bright world was only a funeral vault, when every hope seemed ended, caused, perhaps, by one word misunderstood. There were hours when she felt sure he did not care for her, and he feared it was all a mistake to imagine that she loved him. They were due to pretty lovers' quarrels that had in them pathos enough to make one weep, and comedy enough to make one laugh. And the old story was told over and over again by them to the same rhythm, the same music, the same smiles and tears, as accompany it everywhere.

Alan Branston was happy as a man could be—brave, quick, energetic, ardent, hopeful; while Hyacinth gave herself up to a passionate happiness that was almost pitiful to see.

The day came when Alan sought his fair young love and asked her to be his wife—neither of them ever forgot in the dark hours of the future they both had before them. One afternoon Alan had grown desperate, and had said to himself that he must speak to her that same evening—that he must have her promise to become his wife. Under cover of a song, he whispered to her:

"Hyacinth, the stars are shining; do you think you could steal out into the lime-avenue for five minutes? I have something I must say to you—the words are burning my heart away. "Will you come?"

She looked up at him with a shy, hurried, sweet glance.

"What have you to say that is so important?" she asked, coyly.

"Can you not guess, my darling? Oh, Hyacinth, do try to manage it! I must speak to you!"

"You are speaking to me now," she said, with a smile.

"I know it—with forty eyes looking on! Come out under the stars, my darling—I want to see you alone, where I may whisper something to you, and touch that sweet, white hand of yours. Will you come, my darling? You will not be missed for five minutes, and I can say all I have to say in that time."

Her heart beat fast, her eyes fell before the fire of his. The passion of his words moved her strangely.

"I will come," she said.

She was almost puzzled how to manage it; but a few minutes afterward some of the visitors became greatly excited over some glees, and during the performance of them she found a chance of going away without attracting attention.

It was the work of a moment to cover the golden head and white neck with her favorite blue-and-white shawl; then, passing quickly through one of the side-doors, she was soon in the lime-avenue.

Quick as she had been, he was there before her.

"My darling," he cried, "we have but five minutes. I want to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you if you will be my wife?"

He drew her to him, and clasped his arms around her; he seemed as though he had not patience to wait until the words fell from his lips. He said over and over again:

"I love you, my darling—I want to give all my life to you. I will love you until I die. Say you will be my wife, sweet."

She raised her head from his breast and looked at him.

"Do you really wish me to be your wife?" she asked, in trembling, loving wonder.

"More than that," he replied, kissing her sweet lips—"I pray you to be my wife; and I swear that, if you refuse, I shall not care to live another moment! Do you love me, Hyacinth?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked. And her answer, but one word, was sweet as the sweetest whisper of a Summer wind over a bed of lilies.

Then followed for them a few minutes that were like minutes passed in Elysium.

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## Chapter VIII.

It was all settled, to the intense delight of the whole country-side. Alan Branston, the young Squire of Elmsthope Grange, was to be married to Hyacinth Vane, the daughter of the silent, solitary man, whose heart had been broken by his wife's death. The ladies of the county, who would have been pleased to have secured the prize for their own daughters, said it was a very fortunate thing for Miss Vane, but that they had yet to see how it would end. True, Miss Vane was a lady; but there was a vast difference between the position of the two. Alan Branston was a wealthy squire. Hyacinth Vane, although her father was both a gentleman and a scholar, had no fortune—had nothing, in short, but her beautiful face for her dowry. Yet, although wordly matrons shrugged their shoulders, the world in general smiled and approved.

Lady Rosedene was delighted. No engagement had ever given her half such satisfaction—it was the most fortunate thing that had ever happened. She smiled with the blandest satisfaction as she thought how people would talk about Lady Rosedene and her wonderful social tact. She had never been so pleased.

When Hyacinth, with flushed face and beating heart, had gone to her own room, Alan went bravely to Lady Rosedene and told his story.

"I shall go to see Mr. Vane to-morrow," he said, "and in the meantime I wished to tell you."

She was so delighted that she almost embraced him on the spot.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am," said her ladyship. "I have seen few whom I thought worthy of Hyacinth Vane. You have chosen wisely, Mr. Branston, and you will never repent your choice."

* * * * * * *

"Hyacinth," said the young lover, "I am going over to Dunwold this morning to see your father—you know what about."

She flushed crimson, even to the tips of her pretty ears.

"About me?" she questioned, shyly.

"Yes, about you, my darling. I must tell him that you have promised to be my wife."

He smiled at the serious fashion in which she folded her hands and said, quietly:

"I am quite sure that my father will not be willing for me to be married, Alan. He will say I am too young."

"We will persuade him that he is wrong," laughed Alan. "What can a father do against two lovers? You will see how quickly we shall induce him to change his mind."

It was something of a surprise to the solitary student, poring over his books, when the handsome young lover was announced, and suddenly entered his studio; he seemed to bring the fresh air and sunlight of the outer world with him. Francis Vane could not believe that somebody wanted to marry Elsie's child—that the little golden-haired Hyacinth whom, in his own deadened mind, he had always associated with the beautiful white flowers, should be loved and asked in marriage. It was too wonderful. He looked at the bright face of the young lover.

"Hyacinth is a child," he said—"quite a child. I understand that you are Squire Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—that you are rich. But my Hyacinth is a child—quite a child."

"I beg your pardon," returned Alan; "she may be in some things a child, but she has the love, the soul, the beauty of a woman."

"Marry Hyacinth?" interrogated the scholar, musingly. "What would her mother say?"

And then Alan was silent for a short time; he was accustomed to appeals made to the living, but not to the dead. In a low, gentle voice that won for him the love of Francis Vane, he answered:

"I am sure her mother's wish would be that her daughter should be blessed with the love of a loving husband, as she herself was."

"But the child is so young," said Francis Vane.

"It is a fault that every day will amend," laughed the happy young lover. "Come, sir, every bird has its mate. Be good to us, and give your consent."

"True, true," said the unworldly, single-minded gentleman. "I loved her mother, and I married her. She seemed to me part of the sweet Summer evening, as she came walking through the soft shadows. The gray, calm evenings bring her back, and I see her walking in them still."

The startled look on Alan's face recalled him to himself.

"So you want to marry Hyacinth?" he resumed. "What does the child say? She was a child when she left me, and had no thought more serious than one about a bow of ribbon, or a flower in her hair. And you tell me that in this short time she has grown from a child into a woman? What does she say?"

"She is here, sir," said the young lover. "I brought her with Lady Rosedene. I wished to see you alone before

you saw them. Lady Rosedene has driven on into the village, but Hyacinth is in the garden. Shall I bring her to you ?"

A wonderful light came over the scholar's worn, gentle face when he saw the young girl enter the room. She went up to him quickly, and, kissing his face, hid her own on his breast.

With his hands he raised it, in all its blushing loveliness. He held it up to the light, and looked at it with keen, tender eyes.

"My darling," he said, "I see it is true. You left me a child, you have returned to me a woman. A woman's love shines in those dear eyes and trembles on those pretty lips. Is it true you love him, Hyacinth—this bonnie young lover of yours ?"

"I do not want to leave you, father," she replied ; and both gentlemen smiled at the naïve admission made in those words.

"Do you love this gentleman who wishes to marry you, Hyacinth ?" he asked, gently, and smiled again half sadly as he saw the red flush mounting even to her hair.

"Yes, I love him," was the quiet answer.

And then Francis Vane was silent.

"You see, sir, that it is as I said. I will take the greatest care of Hyacinth. I will not take her away from you. I will be a son to you myself."

"You are very good," said the scholar.

And they saw him turn his gentle eyes, as he always did when he needed counsel, toward the green grave under the trees. They heard him say something about Elsie.

After a time he looked down at the fair young face lying on his breast.

"My darling," he said, "you are so young, so many things might happen ; you might change your mind ; you might repent ; and so you ought to give me time to see that this is really love, and not fancy. At your age, child, it is difficult to tell one from the other. I will agree to the marriage ; but it must not take place until the end of next year. I am not unreasonable in asking this delay."

After long argument it was decided ; and Alan was forced to be content. After all, it was not unreasonable. She was very young, and the months would pass quickly. How happy they would be! He could spend nearly all his time with her.

Lady Rosedene came in, and they had luncheon together ; then, while she rested in the quiet, pretty parlor where fair Elsie had made such brief sunshine, and Alan went to see that the horses had been fed, Francis Vane and his daughter walked across the garden into the churchyard, and stood by the green grave. He laid his hand on the fair, bright head.

"Hyacinth, your mother lies here. I often fancy that I see a soft white cloud above the grass, and that she rests upon it. Tell me, do you love Alan Branston ?"

"With all my heart, father," she said. And he knew, from the quiet, self-contained tone, how intense that love was.

"I should like to give you one warning, child. You have experienced no love save mine ; and mine has been true. I loved your mother while living, and have loved her quite as dearly dead. The grave in which she lies is more to me than the living, beating heart of any other woman. But Hyacinth, my dear child, you must not expect such a love—neither so deep, so true, nor so strong. It does not often fall to a woman's lot."

"It is mine, father," she said, in a tone of quiet conviction.

He looked sadly at her.

"You must not expect too much," he said. "The love we give and receive on earth is not like the love of Heaven. Do not set all the hope of your life, child, on your love."

"Did you do that, father ?" she asked. And he answered :

"Yes. It is because I did it that I can warn you."

She smiled as she rejoined :

"Some great poet has written that 'no warning avails in love.' No warning will avail. Whether my love makes or mars my life matters little. I have given my life to it."

A sunbeam fell on the green grave as she spoke. It was as though the dead would fain have warned the living. And then father and daughter returned to the house.

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## Chapter IX.

THE glad days of the happy Winter passed away brightly, and the home of the solitary student was brightened by the love and joy of the young lovers. His life was cheered, too, by the constant kindness of the Squire. Great baskets of game, hot-house fruits, and that which he valued more than all, huge parcels of books, were sent by Alan Branston. It was characteristic of him that he was never so pleased as when lavishing kindness on Francis Vane. He established a rule that he should be allowed to send what he liked to Hyacinth. Francis Vane made some gentle remonstrance ; but he was overruled.

"You live out of the world, and I live in it," he answered. "I see what Hyacinth wants, and you do not. I shall think you do not believe in my love for her unless you allow me to send what I will."

The father ceased to remonstrate, and the gallant young lover lavished costly gifts on his beautiful *fiancée*.

Francis Vane had had a small legacy left him, and he gave it all for his daughter's *trousseau*. He intrusted it to Mrs. Morley, who was only too delighted to assist. The most wonderful week in Hyacinth's life was the one she spent in London, shopping with Mrs. Morley.

So the Winter months were fully occupied, and some of the brightness of old times came over the house.

It was marvelous how many excuses Alan found for going to Sweetbriers. He rode or drove over regularly, on one pretext or another. Mr. Vane and his daughter became so accustomed to see him that when he was not there the day seemed robbed of its brightness.

The snowdrops, the violets, the yellow crocus, the primroses, all came up. The stern face of Winter gave place to the smile of Spring. The hedges bloomed with pink and white hawthorne, the dark branches were covered with leaves, the meadows were full of life, and when sweet May came round Lady Rosedene filled her house again with visitors. She had found a new beauty, and she must have a pleasant group of friends to welcome her. She invited Hyacinth, who gladly promised to visit her. Said her ladyship :

"You must bring some of your pretty new dresses, Hyacinth. You must do honor to the squire's choice."

When Alan Branston heard that she was going to Dene Hall, he besieged Lady Rosedene until she extended her invitation to him.

She had a presentiment of coming evil, for she said to him :

"Come if you like ; but I think you had better spend

your time in making Elmsthorpe Grange ready for your wife."

She laughed as she spoke, and he laughed as he answered that he would far rather spend his time in making love to his wife who was to be.

It promised to be a very pleasant and harmonious party. Hyacinth looked forward to it with the greatest delight. She was to go on the second of May, Alan on the fourth. Francis Vane parted with her, fearing no ill, knowing that he would soon lose her altogether. Yet that night, as he sat watching, it seemed to him that a strange cloud rested on his wife's grave.

Hyacinth Vane said to herself that she should always love Dene better than any other place, because it had been the scene of her love-story. It was pleasant to linger in the gardens and grounds, to look round the rooms, and remember all that had happened there.

Lady Rosedene was delighted to see her. She was in excellent spirits.

"People may well call my house attractive," she said. "I have two of the loveliest women in England in it now; and the wonder of it is that you are such foils to each other. You are fair as a northern lily; and my new guest is dark as any Spanish signora—the most beautiful brunette I have ever seen—all other women look plain beside her. Still, I prefer fair women."

When Hyacinth went down into the drawing-room, she was better able to judge. Many old friends greeted her; every one was pleased to see the fair, young face. Hyacinth saw a superbly beautiful woman, with large, dark, liquid eyes, full of fire and passion, and a mouth like a rose. She was a picture of loveliness, on whom no man could look unmoved.

Hyacinth had never seen any one like her. She wore a dress of black velvet, cut so as to show the marvelous neck and shoulders, with their warm tint, and the bare, rounded arms, on which shone rich bands of gold. She carried a richly jeweled fan, and wore diamonds in the masses of dusky hair that sat like a crown on her head. And her brilliant face had the imperial beauty men in olden days gave the goddesses they worshiped.

She read the wonder in the tender, earnest eyes, and smiled. There was more character in her smile even than in her face—it came slowly, and was, to a keen observer, cruel. Lady Rosedene introduced Hyacinth to her. Lady Frazer smiled again, and in her turn looked intently at her golden-haired rival.

Hyacinth thought the sound of her voice very sweet. She watched her with wonder. She had never seen any one so superbly beautiful and so superbly dressed.

Lady Fraser was older than herself by some years, and the contrast between the fair, fresh, golden-haired girl and the beautiful dark-eyed woman was curious in its way.

She fascinated Hyacinth—it was a certain fact that if Lady Fraser once took the trouble to smile in any face, she made the owner of it captive at once. There was no power to resist; she possessed a marvelous gift of fascination. She smiled a little at the young girl's unconscious homage.

"We shall see what we shall see," said Lady Fraser.

On the fourth of May Alan Branston came; and when he reached the Hall Lady Fraser had gone out into the grounds. She had found for herself a pleasant seat behind the plumed lilac-trees. There a soft western wind, a sweet perfume, reached her, without the warmth of the sun's rays. There was no one amongst the visitors whom she thought it worth her while to conquer, so she had given her morning to the study of some poems.

Presently, on looking up, she saw a stranger who interested her—a tall, handsome man, young, with a brave, bright face and dark, earnest eyes—a man who was evidently a gentleman, from his erect, easy carriage and courtly manner. Who was he?

She answered her own question. It was the Squire, of course—Alan Branston—Miss Vane's lover; and a goodly lover he was, in Lady Fraser's eyes. As they passed by the group of lilac-trees, engrossed in each other, and forgetting the world, she heard Alan say:

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, my love. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on; but with the sound of the words in her ears an evil spirit entered the beautiful woman's heart. She laughed aloud—a faint, cruel laugh.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "I will teach him that other faces are not all blanks. My face shall not be a blank to him. So that is the child's lover! Well, he is a gallant one, tall and handsome—simple, too, if he thinks hers the only face on earth worth looking at."

She was a woman of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshiped all her life for her marvelous beauty that she considered the heart of every man she met her lawful prey.

She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white, jeweled hand—a whisper from her musical voice—a smile from her beautiful lips—and the weak hearts of men went out to her, no matter what bound them. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. The strongest and wisest of men had fallen before her like the leaves from the trees.

She was cruel. It was play to her to take a man's heart in her soft, white hand, and, after toying with it for a time, crush it as she would have crushed a rose-leaf. Her vanity was insatiable; nothing ever daunted her. If she liked any one, or thought the conquest of any particular person would add to her reputation as a beauty and winner of hearts, she pursued that person to the bitter end. The gentle heart of a loving wife might break, the love of a fair *fiancée* might all be turned to gall and bitterness—Lady Fraser merely laughed. All that her victims won in return was a few smiles, a few *tête-à-têtes*, a week's fidelity, and then they had to make room for another.

It was dull, according to her notions, at Dene; there were several men, but none whom she cared to win. The handsome young Squire, however, took her fancy, and she smiled as she said to herself that she would win him.

"Such boy-and-girl love—such nonsense—only one face in the world for him! It is high time he saw two. It will do him good—educate him. A flirtation with a woman like myself is the best possible education for one like him. It will do the girl good, too, if he talks to her in that way. She will begin to think herself an angel."

She had nothing particular to occupy her during the next few weeks, and it would not do to get out of practice. If there had been a handsomer or wealthier man at Dene Hall, she would not have troubled Alan; but he looked so handsome and so gallant, added to which there was the irresistible fact that he belonged to some one else, that it would be a little amusement for her—relieve the tediousness of her visit—to captivate him. It would be amusing, because at first he would doubtless rebel. After all, if she chose to educate him and show him that life held more for him than he knew at present, it concerned no one. When she had had her fair share of amusement, she would be leaving Dene, and perhaps should not see him again. She would not wish to see him—a few weeks were quite enough for any poor moth.

She laughed softly to herself as she thought how the

fair-haired girl would be lost in a maze of wonder and doubt, and how rejoiced she would be to win her lover again.

She walked back leisurely to the house.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I have nothing better to do. I will try if I can win him."

And she dressed with unusual care, smiling as she did so to think how easy her conquest would be.

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## Chapter X.

"He is worth the winning"—that was Lady Fraser's verdict after she had passed an evening in Alan's society.

True he had devoted himself to Hyacinth; but she had had time to note the beauty of his face, the grace of his manner; and Lady Rosedene had told her that he was wealthy beyond the ordinary run of squires—so wealthy, in fact, that Miss Vane was the envy of all the young ladies in the county.

Lady Fraser opened her beautiful eyes. Surely she could desire no better husband than this handsome young Squire, who was wealthy enough to gratify every whim? Still, marriage was an affair of the future. She had not that to think about yet.

Very soon she had attracted his attention, as she felt sure she should. She had startled him out of his calmness. He had looked into the depths of her splendid eyes, and for one half moment had lost himself. He had admitted to himself that her beauty was wonderful; and then he had turned with redoubled love to Hyacinth. It was like rest in the sweet moonlight after the overpowering light of day.

"He will not forget me," said Lady Fraser to herself. "He knows now that there is another fair face in the world, and he will be puzzled soon as to which is the fairer."

When the hour of retiring came, Alan wished her good-night. Once more those wonderful eyes of hers were raised to his, and seemed to pour a flood of electric light into them. Sweet Hyacinth, standing near, saw the look, and shrank from it.

Lady Fraser went to her room well content.

"He will think of me," she said to herself; "and to-morrow he will be anxious to see me again. He will have more to dream of to-night than a baby-face and golden hair."

She lay back in the easy-chair in her dressing-room while her maid brushed out the long, silken, dusky hair. She looked over an album filled with photographs, and smiled as she thought that she should, in all probability, add Alan's to the number.

The first she glanced at with a light laugh—the original had simply ruined himself for her sake—believed in her, asked her to marry him; then, when she had laughed at him, had thrown up his commission and gone to the bad.

"How he loved me!" she said to herself; "but how foolish he was!"

The next portrait was that of a fair-haired clergyman. She laughed again as she remembered the tragedy of his despair. They told her that he died cursing her. It mattered little to her whether he died so or not.

Then came a soldier, with a bronzed face and fearless look. He had led his regiment against a fire few would have cared to meet—he had fought desperately; but on the day that this beautiful woman had smiled in his face, and told him that she had no more thoughts of marrying him than she had of turning Mohammedan, he went home, with the soft, sweet laugh ringing in his ears, and shot himself.

Her brilliant face paled a little as she remembered this, and she turned the page with a sigh. She never liked to think of Colonel Leslie and his dreadful death.

Then came the handsome face of the youngest son of a noble house. She would have married him had he possessed any money; but he had none. So she let him ride away, leaving the best part of his life behind him.

Then came the face of the man she had married, a city knight, whose wife she had been for one short year. An old, stern face it was, full of wrinkles, with harsh eyes and lips. But Sir Heriot Fraser had been a good husband to her, and had left her all his money, without any conditions or stipulations. She never pretended to mourn his death, but she wore her crape in the most becoming fashion, resolving to enjoy herself for a few years and then to marry again. In the meantime her craving for the cruel amusement of flirtation was at times too strong for her.

Some people had asked who Lady Fraser was. No one knew anything about her. She said herself that she belonged to the "Lanches of Durham"; but one or two suspected that she was the daughter of a French milliner who had married the captain of a Spanish ship.

But Lady Fraser was so beautiful, and she had so large a fortune, that the world refused to listen to any scandal about her. Had she been plain or dowerless, it would have refused to believe that she was one of the Lanches of Durham; but with such a face and such a fortune, she might have claimed to be whom she would.

Quickly enough she passed the portrait of the city knight who had been her husband for one brief year. Then came others: dark, fair, young, old—all, men whom she had slain as surely as though she had used poison or steel. She ceased to smile when she came to the portrait of Count Fieschi—a man with a handsome, passionate, cruel face—a man with pitiless eyes and sensual lips. She lingered some time over that.

There came to her a host of memories. Last year she had gone to Italy with some friends, and they had staid at Ravenna. She thought of a moonlit night there, in the garden of the Palazzo Micheli, when the handsome count had seemed to fight with himself over his love for her. And at last—at last he had sacrificed his patriotism and everything else to love; while she had lured him on, and then refused him, because he could not keep her in the luxury she loved. She remembered another evening, when the fiery love of the Italian had urged him into a tempest of anger—it was the night before her return to England—and he had said to her:

"Take care! If you go, I shall follow you. If I follow, I shall find you. If I find you, I will kill you before your beauty has power to mar the life of another man!"

Her laugh had floated away on the soft Summer breeze—sweet and soft as the rose-leaves stirred by the wind; but there was no smile on his face, and no mercy in his eyes.

"If ever he finds me, I am lost," she said to herself. "But he will not; I am safe enough. And, if he finds me—this is the nineteenth century—he will not harm me."

Still she was glad to pass over the handsome, cruel face.

"That was about the only mistake I ever made; I will forget it."

She looked at many other faces, and then came to a vacant space.

"Here," she said to herself, with a smile, "I will put Alan Branston, Squire of Elmsthorpe Grange;" and then, with a sigh, she put down the album and turned her attention to the dressing of her hair.

She had forgotten every graver consideration, and was wondering what style would attract the squire most.

It was a beautiful morning that followed, and at breakfast-time Lady Rosedene proposed that her guests should visit an old ruin called Elmhurst—an ancient priory, of which only walls and windows remained. The proposal was agreed to.

"Will you walk or drive, Hyacinth?" asked Alan. "Whichever you prefer, I will be your companion."

Then Lady Fraser spoke, her dark eyes all bright, her smile so brilliant and sweet. She turned her graceful head to Alan.

"I will tell you what would really be a treat to me," she said. "I hear that you are a capital horseman. Will you ride with us—that is, with Miss Vane and myself?"

"I do not like riding," put in Hyacinth, quietly.

The beautiful widow smiled.

"The more you have of it the more you will like it," she said.

And Hyacinth mentally hoped Alan would refuse; she even felt aggrieved that any one should offer to interrupt their *tete-à-tete*—Lady Rosedene never did.

But Alan was flattered. The voice had not said much, but those bewitching eyes said plainly that she admired his riding and wished to ride with him.

"How do you know I ride well?" he asked; and she saw the pleasant impression her words had made on him.

"Some one told me—I do not remember who it was," was the careless reply; "but I should like to see you put to the test."

"I will ride with you with pleasure," he said. "Hyacinth, you have your habit here—you will not be long in dressing, I know."

Lady Fraser smiled sweetly.

"Is Miss Vane an adept at dressing quickly?" she asked.

"Miss Vane is perfection," laughed the young squire; and Hyacinth went away to dress, but not with her usual alacrity.

Why should Lady Fraser disturb their plans and go with them? Hyacinth was not a good rider, and as an equestrienne was always more frightened than pleased. Lady Frazer, on the contrary, was never seen to such advantage as on horseback.

The more Hyacinth thought of the plan proposed, the more she disliked it. She had pictured herself by her lover's side, walking through the green fields and lanes, stopping to gather the hawthorn and look at the clover. She wrote a little note, saying, simply:

"DEAREST ALAN: Do alter the arrangement; I do not like riding. We require no chaperon. Some one else will be pleased enough to ride with Lady Fraser."

—She never dreamed but that he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, the answer that was returned said:

"MY DARLING: How sorry I am! But I have arranged so completely with Lady Fraser that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various places of interest in the neighborhood; I cannot draw back now, or I would. I will take great care of you, my darling."

Her face flushed as she read the note. The first faint flame of jealousy rose in her heart—the flame that afterward became so fierce a fire. He had chosen to please Lady Frazer rather than her. She would not go at all—they should have the ride to themselves.

When the guests were starting she sent an apology—she would rather remain at home. And it was then too late to make fresh arrangements.

Lady Frazer noted the darkened look that came over Alan's face. He should suffer for it in the days to come! Her eyes were full of sweetness, her voice was full of music, when she said: "I am so sorry, Mr. Branston—it is my fault that Miss Vane is not here."

But she exerted herself so well to please him that he could not help enjoying his ride. He came home smiling, while the beautiful widow was radiant. And that was the first cloud in Hyacinth's sky.

It gave additional zest to the beautiful widow's pursuit of Alan when she saw the first look of pain on Hyacinth's face. To win the love which did not belong to her was one triumph; to find that she made a girl younger than herself jealous was another, and ever so much more enjoyable.

Hyacinth uttered no word of reproach to her lover; with her keen woman's instinct she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproaches and tears. He told her how annoyed he was to find that Lady Frazer was his companion instead of herself. She asked him if he enjoyed his ride, and he laughed heartily as he answered, "Yes."

He repeated some of Lady Frazer's wittiest speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Lady Frazer is very witty," said the young girl. And he did not see the wistful expression in the eyes that he had likened to cornflowers grown under the ardor of the French sky.

He thought her very silent. After a time she laid her soft hand upon his.

"I wish that I were witty, Alan," she said.

"So you are, my darling," he laughed.

"Not so witty as Lady Fraser," she said.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion. Lady Frazer is what we call *chic;* you are original and poetical, which is far better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it," he answered; and the words pleased her.

But the same morning, in her coquettish way, Lady Fraser caused a little scene about a spray of apple-blossom that she had gathered. She came into the dining-room at luncheon-time, her face bright with the fresh morning air, her eyes brilliant as the sunshine itself—the spray in her hands.

"Look," she said to the gentlemen who crowded round her—"was there ever such a beautiful little spray as this?"

She held it so that all might see the dainty, exquisite color; and the picture of that dark-eyed woman, with the spray of apple-blossom in her hand, was one never to be forgotten by those who saw it. They listened, too, in wonder—she had so many pretty fancies about it. She could say a hundred quaint and picturesque things where another would have been silent.

"To whom shall I give it?" she said, looking round with dark, laughing eyes. "Who deserves it most?"

Each gentleman urged his claim; Alan alone said nothing. She turned to him with a smile.

"You have not spoken," she said; "I will give you the prize."

Their eyes met as their hands met, while he took the spray of apple-blossom from her.

There was more than one look of wonder, more than one significant smile. It was so well known that Alan was to marry Hyacinth, that more than one curious glance sought her face, and saw that it had grown pale. She laughed the impression away; after all, it was not Alan's fault that this dark-eyed woman admired him; who could help it? She told herself that she ought to be proud of it; she said to herself that she would never be jealous.

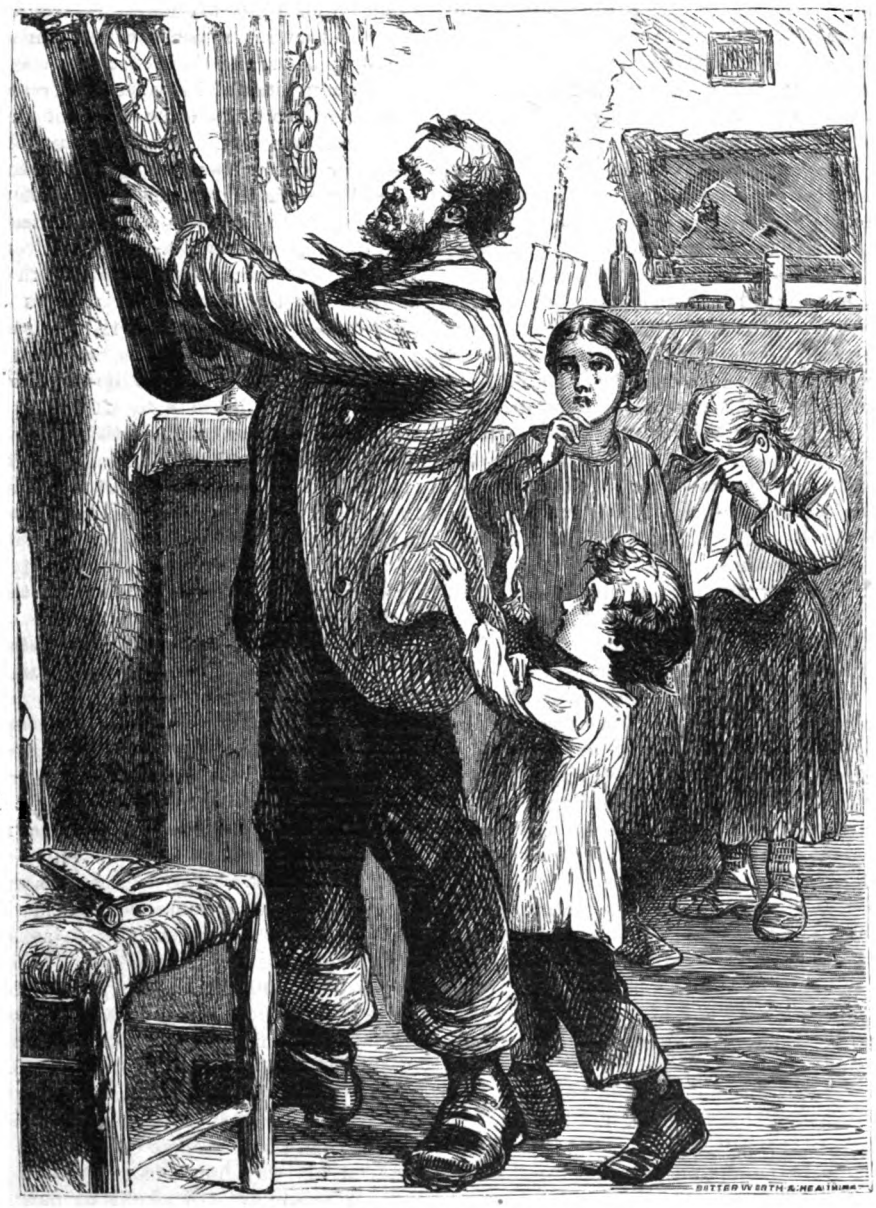
(*To be continued.*)

# THE ARMS OF THE MEDICI.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PAWNBROKERS.

IN times of financial distress, such as have overshadowed Great Britain, Germany and the United States during the past seven or eight years, one of the most courted of tradesmen is certainly he whose lineage, manners and customs, customary locality and habitation, and general history, it is purposed to consider in the present writing.

In such times, it is assumed that the "pawnbroker" is most successful, and that he reaps a rich harvest of shekels by grinding the needy, who must needs apply to him, by the closest contraction of his loans, and the most liberal interpretation of interest. The facts are quite the reverse in every particular. In hard times the pawnbroker suffers with the rest. He is constantly called upon to make loans, while the number of redemptions grows as constantly less as the times grow harder. And as such a period renders it quite impracticable to sell unredeemed pledges at anything like a fair valuation, the pawnbroker finds his capital going out, and a tremendous stock of unsalable articles collecting on his hands.



THE CLOCK MUST GO TO THE PAWNBROKER'S.

That pawnbrokers should ever be embarrassed financially has not been imagined; yet the past few years have found many in this situation, and for the very reasons given above. One does not make money by lending on pledge, unless the interest is paid and the pledge redeemed—excepting when money is plenty and pawnbrokers' sales are well attended and command high prices.

The history of this institution carries us back to the Middle Ages, and the emblem of the "three golden balls" is claimed to have been derived from the arms of the great Medici family of Florence, who flourished from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. This family was distinguished in Florentine history as early as 1351, when Giovanni di Medici retrieved the fortress of Scarperia by forcing his way through a Milanese army with only one hundred followers. The family were early engaged in commerce, and a second Giovanni was the most successful merchant of his time, and left his immense estate to his two sons, Cosmo, called "the Great," and Lorenzo, "the Magnificent."

The Medici were prominent in Florentine politics for a century and a half, and were greatly esteemed, also, for their liberal solicitude for the Arts, and the protection and encouragement which they extended toward artists. One of the sons of Lorenzo became Pope in 1513, under the title of Leo X. A grandson of Lorenzo was the father of the celebrated Catherine de Medici.

The part played by the Medici in the matter which we are considering was, traditionally, the furnishing of their arms as a sign, and their memory as founders of the institution of pawnbroking. The story goes that the first Medici obtained their name from their profession—Medicine—and that they were accustomed to hang the sign of the three golden "pills" at their door to attract attention. So, when certain Lombard bankers and money-lenders, distant relations of the family, visited London in the sixteenth century, and set up loan-offices in that city, they hung out the *arms* of the family, which became known as the "three golden balls," and indentified with loan establishments for ever after.

This is only one of the stories told on this subject, and winds up with the argumentative clincher that it must be true, as Lombard Street, London, the great banking locality, was evidently named after these Lombard bankers, the Medici. One theory asserts that the Troubadours, those charming minstrels of the Middle Ages, gained their appellation from some connection with the "*tres boules d'or*"; though in what way is not stated.

A very pretty legend is that of St. Nicholas, whose symbol or emblem happens to be three "purses" or balls of gold, disposed in the manner of the pawnbroker. This legend runs after this wise: "Now, in that city (Panthera, in the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor) there dwelt a certain nobleman who had three daughters; and, from being very rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When (St.) Nicholas heard of this, he thought it shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known; and while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter.

"A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night, and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch; and when the good Saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered; for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, 'Oh, Nicholas, servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?' And he kissed his feet and his hand. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city.

"These three purses of gold, or, as they are more customarily figured, these three golden balls, disposed in exact pawnbroker fashion, are to this day the recognized special emblem of the charitable St. Nicholas."

The connection of this legend and of the emblem of St. Nicholas with the pawnbrokers' business is a little misty and inexplicable, since the most liberal indorsement will not make the pawnbroker out a charitable person. But there is a connection which is reasonable, and that is concerned with the foundation of "Monts de Piété"; which, having been organized by monks, and in Italy—under the title of *Mons Pietatis*—nothing is more reasonable than to suppose that they should have adopted the emblem of the good St. Nicholas as their sign.

The origin of this institution is thus fancifully related: "One gloomy day in the year of grace, 14—, the City of Padua, in the States of Lombardo-Venetia, lay within its stone walls and seven gates, while the traffic in the market-place went on with the busy hum and noise common among the money-making Jews of that respectable city on market-day. Times were hard in Padua, as indeed they were through all Italy, and the unhappy citizens were nearly all engaged in discounting, renewing, coaxing, beating down, and reviling the Hebrew money-changers in every idiom known to their fluent tongues and rich language. It was noon, and business was at its height, when a sudden excitement seemed to sway the crowd on the *Prato*, and immediately thereafter a loud voice was heard as the speaker approached the money-changers whose tones betokened excitement of no light character.

"The figure of a Minorite friar, in the quaint garb of his Order, gesticulating, and haranguing the populace at high noon on a market-day, was no common sight to the Paduans, and for a moment their woes were forgotten as they turned to listen to the bare-footed padre. By the tumult that preceded and followed him it was soon discovered that his remarks were calculated to discompose the busy Jews, and their effect was speedily observed. At the highest pitch of his voice, Francisco di Viterbo called down anathemas upon the heads of the usurers and the brokers of the day. Characterizing them as grinders of the poor and robbers of the widow and the orphan, he prayed the wealthy merchants who listened to him to lend their efforts to further a scheme he had thought upon to save these poor wretches about him from misery and starvation. The scheme was only that the rich should lend gratuitously to the poor on pledges or pawns, and so relieve their wants without risk or sacrifice, and at the same time suppress the Jews, who, like vampires, fluttered about the city, sucking the life-blood of the needy."

The friar was listened to with attention, and, what was more, he was heard with satisfaction. On that day, the Mont de Piété and its relation, the ordinary pawnbroker's shop, were both born; for the Jews soon found that they could turn the idea to their own advantage by charging interest on the loans made; and with that pliancy and adaptability, born of long abuse and tyranny, they speedily changed their financial tactics to their own advantage in this direction.

Of course there was loaning on pledges long before the fifteenth century. The ancient Egyptians had a law which forced every one who borrowed money of another to pawn the body of his father, or next nearest relation deceased, as security for the debt. Until this pledge was redeemed, the law deprived the borrower of the privilege of burying any member of his family who might die in the meantime; and if he died himself, his bones remained unburied—the creditor holding legal possession of the family tomb. All this was esteemed exceedingly disgraceful, and the full force of the law was consequently seldom exercised—members of the family coming in to assist the unfortunate debtor in redeeming his pledge.

Christian, King of Denmark, is said to have pawned the Orkney Islands to King James III. of Scotland in the fifteenth century, for fifty thousand florins. He had agreed to pay a heavy dowry with his daughter, who married the Scottish monarch, and not having money enough in the treasury, was obliged to resort to this measure. Earlier than this, by some centuries, it is said an English king, on his way home from Palestine with a batch of Paynim prisoners, was forced to pawn the lot to obtain cash for his traveling expenses.

A story is told of still another king who borrowed on a pledge, this being Charles the Bold, who, when in the Netherlands, and requiring money to carry on some of his operations, pledged a diamond which, in those days, had the reputation of being the largest in Europe. When the King's treasury had become once more replenished, he sent a page with the money to redeem the diamond. This duty the boy performed, but on his way home was attacked and murdered. On hearing what had happened to his emissary, Charles gave orders that the body should be preserved, and immediately repaired to the spot where the murdered youth was lying. He ordered the body to be

cut open, when the diamond was found precisely where the trustworthy agent had placed it, according to the orders of his master, "for such a case made and provided."

But so far as the modern system of pawnbroking is concerned, it certainly owed its existence to the "happy thought" of the Minorite friar of Padua. And the civilized world did not long remain unacquainted with the importance and value of the institution. And, of course, the new scheme was not established without virulent opposition. There were far too many antagonistic influences at work for this. The Jews were not going to give up their practices at once; and, curiously enough, too, the very people whom this plan was designed to assist fought against it desperately at first, with that spirit of conservatism which has always been a human characteristic. The different Church Orders, too, arrayed themselves for and against the money-lenders, according as their interests or prejudices dictated. Thus, the Franciscans, who did a good deal in the money-lending way themselves, bitterly opposed the new system; the Dominicans, on the contrary, sustained it. Battles-royal occurred between the opposite sides, and the feud waxed hot and hotter, until the Pope issued a Bull charging every one to refrain from troubling the new institution, on pain of excommunication; and then its enemies let it alone.

At first no interest was charged by the managers of the Monts de Piété, and on this basis establishments were founded in all the large towns in Italy. Assisi, Mantua, Parma, Naples and Rome were among the first to adopt them, and soon they spread into Germany, France and Russia. These establishments were known, besides the names already given, by those of "Lombard Houses," "Banco di Rovere," "Exchange Banks," etc. In Rome, Gregory XIII. established a bank of deposit for widows and orphans, the deposits being guaranteed by a mortgage on the property of the bank. Sixtus V. extended the scope of this establishment, and it soon reached a height of wealth and business hitherto unexampled in the history of banking, being frequently enabled to extend large loans to states and sovereigns. In Turin, when the Jews held the money-power, thirty per cent. was common interest; now a Mont de Piété was established there (1519), and with the result of driving out the Jews and relieving popular distress. But the fact of charging no interest prevented the possibility of profit, and pretty soon the capital of these establishments gave out. They would have had to suspend, had it not been that the "Compagnie de St. Paul" came to their rescue, and, by organizing on a new basis, charging two per cent. interest for expenses, succeeded in re-establishing them on a firm basis.

The Turin Mont de Piété lasted until near the close of the eighteenth century, when it was overturned in the midst of the political convulsions of the time; it was, however, again reopened in 1822. Milan has a "Mont" which is nearly four hundred years old, and is formed by the union of thirty-six different establishments. Like the others in Italy, it has been frequently affected by the political disturbances, and once disappeared altogether. In 1833 its capital was 671,000 Austrian livres, the interest charged being six per cent. In 1830 this institution had out 36,126 loans on pawns valued at 1,137,000 livres, on which the loans amounted to about three-fourths of the valuation. A very early establishment existed at Cremona, in Italy, for lending corn at interest; it was called *Mons frumenti pietatis.*

The custom of charging interest was established in 1515 by the Lateran Council, which decided that Monts de Piété could charge sufficient interest to pay expenses. In Rome the original charge was 6½ per cent., but this was afterward increased, and the rate has always varied greatly in different localities, but has always been less in Italy than elsewhere. In Holland the interest has been as high as 56 per cent., in Ireland 25 per cent., France about 15 per cent., America 25 per cent., and England 20 per cent., per annum.

When Napoleon entered Italy in 1796, he robbed the Monts de Piété of their treasures, consisting in many instances of valuable plate and diamonds.

Monts de Piété were established in Marseilles in 1695, and in Paris, by Louis XIII., in 1726. The institution in Paris is probably the largest in the world, and is conducted on the best business principles. Its rate of interest is 9 per cent. It employs a capital of from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000, and usually has between 600,000 and 700,000 articles in its possession. The revenue of this immense establishment is about $250,000 per annum, out of which only $90,000 has to be paid in expenses. The money loaned by this Mont has been calculated to be equivalent to 80 francs per annum to every family in Paris. But although the Paris Mont is thus enormous in its operations, and thus successful at present, it was not a success when first established by Louis XIII., and soon after gave up business. In 1769 Turgot tried to re-establish it on a sound basis, but unsuccessfully; and it was not until Necker's administration of the finances of France, in 1777, that it became firmly based under letters patent. During the Revolution its functions were suspended, but were revived in 1804. The building of this Mont de Piété was erected in 1786, in the Rue des Blanc Manteaux, No. 18. During the Revolution it was destroyed and rebuilt. At present it is comprised in a structure which was five years in building.

Under the Mont de Piété system Paris is divided into districts, in each of which is an agent of the principal establishment. By this subdivision the enormous labors consequent to the duties of so large an establishment are made less burdensome. There are about fifty Monts de Piété in France, the one in Paris doing more business than all the others, and those of Lyons and Marseilles rating next in order.

The first Danish Mont de Piété was established at Copenhagen in 1688 by private persons, in whose hands it flourished until 1753, when it was purchased by the Naval Hospital for $3,000 (6,000 Rix bank dollars). The rate of interest in Scandinavia is usually from nine to twelve per cent.

In Russia, two Monts de Piété were established in 1772, as was stated, "to put an end to the devouring cupidity of the usurers, by offering prompt assistance to those who are so unfortunate as to be suddenly thrown into need."

The income from these Monts, over the expenses, is devoted to the sustenance of the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvées," which is an institution greatly favored by the Russian Government. The net profits of the Russian Monts in St. Petersburgh during the first twenty years of its existence amounted to 500,000 rubles (nearly the same number of dollars).

The average value of articles deposited at this period was from $30 to $100 each; but after 1830 this average largely increased, and the statistics show that this Mont has always been used more extensively by the nobility and gentry than by the lower classes. It is a peculiarity of the Russians, however, that they think no more of applying for assistance to a Mont de Piété than do the people of other nationalities of requesting discount at their banks. The Russian nobleman will have his magnificent equipage driven to the "Lombard," where he will deposit his plate

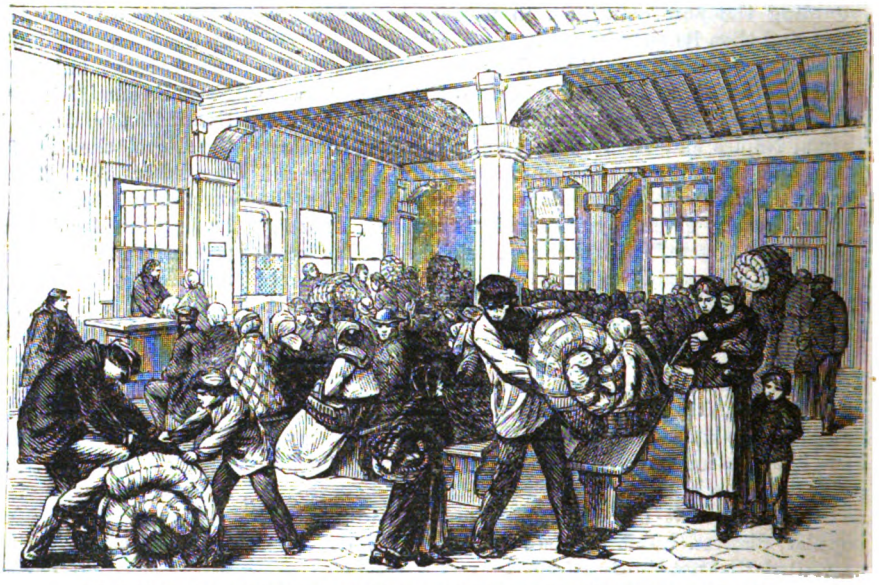
CHARITABLE REDEMPTION OF PLEDGES AFTER THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

or jewels, worth perhaps thousands of dollars.

Families of Moscow, intending to be absent from their homes for a time, often deposit their plate in the Mont, merely for the sake of the security thus afforded them. In 1813, when Napoleon marched against Moscow, the Mont loaned more than five times their usual average. In 1817 the St. Petersburgh Mont lost more than $1,000,000 by a "breach of trust." As the profits at that time averaged $300,000 per annum, the amount was soon made up.

It is a little remarkable that the Mont de Piété is *pur et simple* a Continental institution; it has never flourished outside of Europe. One was established in 1837 in Limerick, which was only passably successful. In fact, as soon as the "Mont de Piété" crossed the Channel, it became reduced to be the ordinary "pawnbroker" of the period.

It is believed that the first pawnbrokers were Jews, who, driven out of the trade in Europe by the successful establishment of Monts de Piété, repaired to England to set up such a copy of the institution as should seem to afford the same privilege, while actually returning a handsome profit to their own coffers. Not that the Jews were not in England long before this. Indeed, we find traces of them there before the Norman Conquest; and during succeeding reigns they increased in numbers and flourished, through their practice of lending money at usury. But the public feeling began to grow against them, and in the reign of Henry II. they were only permitted to bury their dead within the limits of the City of London. In the time of Richard I. this feeling had so increased that public attacks were made upon them, and their extermination was threatened. Readers of Scott's "Ivanhoe" will remember this period as it was presented in the picturesque and dramatic situations of that writer. Henry III. is alleged to have sold all the Jews in the kingdom to his brother, for the sum of 5,000 marks. Finally, in the following



CLOTHING AND BEDDING OF THE POOR REDEEMED IN WINTER BY NAPOLEON III.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF HOUSEHOLD IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS AT THE PARIS MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

THE ARMS OF THE MEDICI.—AT A MONTE DI PIÉTÀ, ITALY.

reign, all the Jews were expelled from England, and upward of 15,000 were dispossessed and fled the country. But this persecution was not confined to England. From the twelfth to the seventeenth century, the Jew had nowhere to rest his foot in safety. He was literally the "Wandering Jew," and nothing in history is more full of pathos than the melancholy tale of the persecutions of this race.

During the desolation occasioned by the "Black Death" (1348–50), when the Plague depopulated Europe from the Volga to the Atlantic, the Jews were accused of having caused the pestilence, and were hounded from city to city, and village to village, beaten, spurned, burned at the stake, assassinated on the highway, murdered in their houses, their property appropriated and their children enslaved. In 1493, 20,000 families of Jews were banished from Sicily. They were burned at the stake in Spain, under the Inquisition's orders, and an *auto da fé* of Jews was a holiday spectacle which has never been equaled, even by a bull-fight. Seventy thousand families were permitted to remain in Portugal for a few months, by paying enormously for the privilege—and were then driven forth again.

At length, Cromwell allowed them to settle in England, and the business of money-lending, and that of the pawnbroker commenced to flourish there at about that time. Soon, pawnbrokers' shops were common in all the chief cities of the British kingdom, and all were well patronized. The Limerick establishment is reported to have loaned £13,000 in eight months on 70,000 pledges. The pawnbrokers' shops of Glasgow in one year received 539 coats, 355 vests, 288 pairs of trowsers, and 1,980 dresses—illustrating the business in the department of wearing apparel alone. In England, pawnbrokers are numerous and very wealthy; in London, alone, there are said to be 4,000 of them.

But nothing has ever equaled the business of the Paris establishment, where in one year 25,000,000 francs were advanced on 1,200,000 pledges; and in whose vaults there have rested at one time no fewer than 40,000 watches alone. Holland dealt largely in the ordinary articles, there being 108 pawnbrokers' shops there some years ago, 60 of which were in Amsterdam.

One pledging custom has given rise to a pleasant charity, which is common to many of the European States, and particularly in France. It is a common habit for workingmen to pledge their tools and implements when in distress, and a very beneficent kind of bounty is the establishment by crowned heads and other dignitaries, on special occasions, of funds to enable the withdrawal of these from the Monts de Piété. The Empress Eugénie was conspicuous in the direction of founding such a charity, and the good purposes which have been served by these means can scarcely be over-estimated.

Instances of the deposit of particular pledges, or anecdotes of interest in this connection, are not common, as the whole business is usually conducted behind the vail of secrecy. One quaint story comes down to us, though, that Tasso, the author of "Gierusalemme Liberati," pawned his father's waistcoat for *venticinque liri*, in 1570, which fact ought to be included among the tales of the straits and perplexities of authors. The poet Shelley, when a boy, pawned a microscope to relieve a case of distress which had come to his knowledge. Finally, in this connection, there appeared some years ago in the public prints in the United States the following notice:

"A. Garard, a pawnbroker of Sacramento, has in pawn a gold watch made in 1769, which was presented in 1781 by Washington to Lafayette. It bears inside the case the following inscription: 'G. Washington to Gilbert Motier de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, Yorktown, December 17, 1781.'"

Some patriotic individuals were seized with a sentiment of shame at this announcement—a purse was made up, the watch purchased, a committee presented it to the surviving member of the De Lafayette family at a choice banquet in Paris; and after the *éclat* of the thing had had time to cool, it was discovered that the watch was a terrible swindle. Some ingenious but disreputable and unprincipled wretch had procured the engraving of the inscription on a watch which chanced to have been made by the maker of an *actual* De Lafayette watch, and—presto! the thing was, what the French term, "*un fait accompli.*"

Pawnbroking is not confined to the Western nations. In China, this business is considered as respectable as any other, and some of the wealthiest merchants are engaged in it. And really it is a little difficult to account for the sense of disgrace which attaches to pawning and lending on pawns in Europe and America, always excepting Russia, where, as has been shown, no such scruples exist. As to the pawnbroker, wherein is he less dignified in his trade, who lends upon the pledge of a small object than he who lends upon a large one? And why is the man who loans money on your house more reputable than he who lends it to you on the pledge of your plate or your diamonds? Upon what grounds of common sense is the note-broker respected and the pawnbroker contemned of all men? And further yet, it would certainly appear more honorable, and more independent, to borrow your money from a pawnbroker on a sufficient pledge, and pay a sufficient percentage for the use of it—than to borrow it from a friend, pay no interest for its use, and very likely delay or default in the return of the loan. Altogether, the distinction is incomprehensible from a logical point of view, and the Chinese, who are an improvement on Western Barbarians in many ways, are not unlikely to be so in this.

However, in China the pawnbrokers hang out the sign, which they call *tong*, and which answers to the three golden balls of the Western brother. This sign is often found over the door of some elegant and spacious mansion; while in Shanghai the pawnbrokers' shops are the largest buildings in the city: they appear like old castles, with walls many feet in thickness. In Canton, after an inundation which once devastated that city, the Government levied a special tax on every pawnbroker to relieve the situation of those whose property had been injured or destroyed by the flood. As there were more than eight hundred pawnbrokers in Canton, the amount collected was respectably considerable.

The money of China comprises *cash*, *vuns*, *zes*, and *baugs*; a *cash* being reckoned at one-fourteenth of a cent; seven *cash* the *vun*; 70 *vuns* to the *zes*; and 700 *zes* to the *baug*—increasing in a ratio of 1 to 10. One-half of the estimated value of the article offered is generally loaned on it, and the licensed pawnbrokers charge twelve per cent. interest—articles being redeemable any time in three years. There are also unlicensed pawnbrokers who charge ten per cent. a month interest, and sell pledges which are not redeemed in three months. It is said to be a fact that not one pledge in ten, in China, is ever redeemed. The laws in regard to pawnbrokers are very strict, though the Government officials are not free from the suspicion of being sometimes open to bribery on the part of the brokers, when the latter get into difficulty.

Some curious pledges sometimes get into the pawnbrokers' shops. A traveler in China states that he once found in a large establishment at Ningpo, a bell and an idol, made of bronze, both of which articles had been pawned by a neighboring Buddhist convent. The pawnbroker offered to sell the idol for two dollars and a half. The Chinee puts no confidence in indorsed paper, and conse-

quently the business of lending on pledges is enormous. The pawnbrokers' shops are so common in China that you see them at every turn. They are usually filled with valuables, and are frequently robbed by banditti, who obtain from them rich booty.

In Siam it is quite customary to pledge the person as well as the property of the borrower. And, indeed, this is so far the case also in China, that even emigrants to California pawn their wives and families for sums sufficient to enable them to pay the expenses of the journey from the interior to the seaport, and the voyage to America. In Siam, money loaned on cattle, carts, or other articles which may be rendered remunerative, is not permitted to receive interest. There, too, if the sovereign lends money out of his private treasury, he can charge seventy-five per cent. interest, while private persons can only receive half that sum. When the interest amounts to the sum lent, it ceases, unless a new arrangement is effected.

In Hindoostan the pawnbrokers loan money, chiefly on grain, to the farmers. These lenders sometimes have as much as five lacs of rupees capital—a lac being 100,000 rupees, or fifty thousand dollars.

In Morocco the Jews do the money-lending, loaning on pledges at the rate of about forty per cent. interest per annum.

In the United States the pawnbrokers' business is a comparatively recent innovation, dating back but little more than half a century. It is a little curious that our ancestors should not have found it necessary to resort to this method of gaining means to carry on their early attempts at trade and livelihood. It is, however, admitted that it was not until 1822 that one Stevenson, a London pawnbroker, opened an establishment of the same character in Chatham Street, and which still exists, and is one of the largest in the country, in the hands of his immediate successors. The ice once broken in this direction, it was not long before the institution existed throughout the country, and every city and large town had its pawnbroker's establishment, while in the large cities they increased in number very rapidly. The census of 1870 gave the number of pawnbrokers in the United States at 384, divided as follows: California 43, Connecticut 2, Georgia 1, Illinois 39, Indiana 5, Iowa 1, Kansas 3, Kentucky 1, Louisiana 2, Maine 1, Maryland 5, Massachusetts 27, Michigan 17, Minnesota 1, Missouri 29, Nebraska 3, Nevada 1, New Jersey 1, New York 105, Ohio 27, Pennsylvania 41, Texas 4, Virginia 3, Wisconsin 1, the Territories 21. It is believed that this, the only official statement of statistics on the subject that we have, is very faulty, and that the figures are very much understated. While it is reasonable to suppose that the largest number of pawnbrokers are in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and St. Louis, it is almost incredible that there should not be more than are given in Louisiana and New Jersey. It is estimated that at present there are as many as one thousand pawnbrokers in the United States; there are 108 in the City of New York, and half as many in Brooklyn.

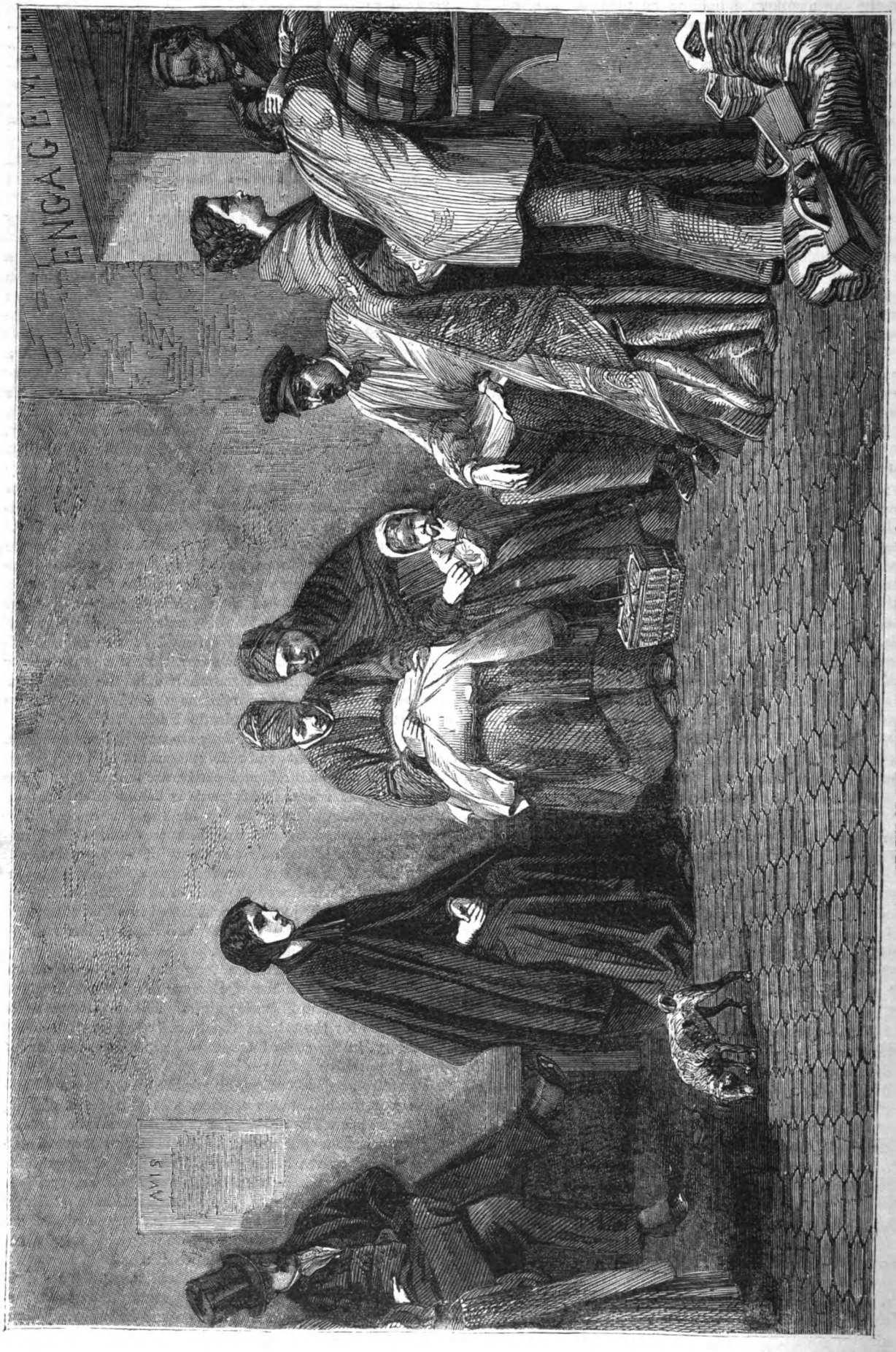
As to nationalities, the current idea that the pawnbrokers are all Jews is a great error. In the City of New York, for instance, not more than one-third of them are Jews, the rest being divided up among different nations, the Irish predominating. Walter Stevenson, the Englishman already mentioned, was able to procure legislation concerning his business, by which it was licensed and regulated through the passage of special laws, said to have been influenced by him. According to these laws, pawnbrokers receive twenty-five per cent. interest on their loans, and are obliged to keep the pledges received for a year, after which they can sell them at auction to the highest bidder. It is found that the redemption of pledges is much more general in this country than abroad, and it is believed that not more than ten per cent. of the pledges ever come beneath the auctioneer's hammer as "unredeemed." The usual custom among pawnbrokers in this country as to loans, is to give one-third of the estimated value of the article. In their judgment this class are very accurate, yet they occasionally find, and particularly in "hard times," that articles bring even less than the advances made on them.

The largest pawnbroker's establishment in this country is said to be that of a well-known firm in Chatham Street. From statements made by members of this firm to a reporter from one of the New York daily papers, we glean the following: The firm are relatives of the Stevenson already named, are English by birth, and learned the business in Stevenson's employ. In 1847 they founded their present business, and during the past five or six years they have loaned money on an annual average of more than one hundred thousand pledges, the amount lent exceeding $75,000 per month, or about $1,000,000 annually. During the Centennial year—or, rather, from February 1st, 1876, to January 31st, 1877—the total number of pledges received by this house was 106,181. In July, 1876, they received 10,645 pledges, while in November the number was only 7,445, or nearly one-third less. It is an interesting fact that the largest number of loans are usually made in July and the smallest in November, not only in the experience of this house, but also in that of others in the same business. One reason assigned for this is that in July many families send their jewelry, plate and other valuables to the pawnbrokers' for safe keeping, preferring to pay a small interest and be relieved of the responsibility. It is more probable, however, that the cause of the increase of pawns in that month lies in the necessitous condition of the poor in midsummer, when many more are out of employment than in the Fall and Winter.

The largest number of pledges are received on Mondays, and the largest number of redemptions are made on Saturdays. This is natural, and easily accounted for by the ordinary system of wage-payments in this country. It does not, however, speak very highly for the economical principles of the working classes. Laborers and skilled mechanics pawn their tools when out of employment, and pawn their clothes to redeem their tools if they get a job. The charity of which we have spoken as existing in Europe, where funds are bequeathed or donated to afford means for the redemption of the tools of workingmen, has not yet been instituted in this country.

Another curious custom among the working classes is that of pawning their best clothes on Monday morning, and redeeming them on Saturday night. This is done more for safety than for the sake of the loan, the precaution being necessary, in the case of tenement lodgers, against danger from fire and from thieves.

Pawnbrokers' sales attract chiefly the class of second-hand dealers in miscellaneous articles, who sometimes pick up real treasures. The ordinary run of pawn sales comprises objects miscellaneous enough. Besides the thousand and one articles of wearing apparel, including every possible garment in every known material, there are watches, jewelry, musical instruments, tools, books, pictures, statuary, ornaments, household furniture, etc., etc. Sometimes ancient heirlooms are offered, at others "articles of virtue and bigotry," as saith Mrs. Malaprop, including rare vases, gems of antique engraving, carved work centuries old, jewels in quaint old settings. These are more open to inspection in the establishments of the second-hand dealers than




CHARMS OF THE MEDICI.—SCENE AT A MONT DE PIÉTÉ, IN PARIS.

in the pawnbrokers' shops, where they are invisible between the times of their deposit and withdrawal, and become only "Number ——."

There are several stores in the Bowery and Chatham Street, New York, where the product of pawnbrokers' sales may be seen, including some veritable curiosities. Not long since a curious old alarm-watch was found in such a shop, which bore an inscription dated nearly a hundred years ago, than which the watch was obviously many years older. In one Bowery store, not long ago, was a cane, a Malacca stick with a handle in ivory, carved to represent a dog's head. This handle was mounted on the stick with heavy silver bands set with jewels; an inscription bore the titles, "Earl of Pembroke," and the maker's name, "Cullun, Charing Cross, London." There was also exposed in the window of another shop a magnificent presentation sword, heavily jeweled and richly ornamented, and which had once been bestowed, for daring service, upon a distinguished general officer. A valuable painting was found under similar circumstances, and being purchased for a trifle, proved to be a veritable work of one of the Flemish masters.

DAYS WHEN PAWNBROKERS THRIVE.

The system of management of the pawnbroker's establishment in this country—and presumably abroad—is the perfection of business accuracy. Indeed it would be impossible to conduct a business dealing so largely in details without the closest record of its transactions, and the most absolute care over its complex arrangements. So nicely is everything adjusted, that it is the rarest thing for any article to be lost; while an article which has perhaps been in pawn for years (paying interest regularly) can be found in a few minutes. An examination of the arrangements of the large establishment already referred to reveals the most perfect order and system. Here, as is commonly the case, the office is small, and displays little evidence of the immense business transacted through it. A counter; one or two inclosed spaces, like sentry-boxes, where special or modest customers can be essentially private; shelves behind, with a few objects exposed—such as a French clock or two, a few musical instruments, etc.; and a dumb-waiter and desk. These are the customary appurtenances of the pawnbroker's shop of the period. On ascending to the second floor, which, in the case under consideration, is devoted to bedclothes and clothing, we find ourselves in a room extending the entire length of the building, which is a large one, and containing about two thousand bins, arranged along the walls. Each of these bins holds about twenty-five packages, each of which is a bundle, neatly folded and fastened, ticketed, numbered, and packed away in the order observed in the system of the establishment. Here are, perhaps, 100,000 different articles of bedclothing, all sorts of wearing-apparel, and in fact, everything of cloth material, dry-goods, etc. The average loan on each of these lots is about one dollar.

The next floor is devoted to miscellaneous articles, and the description is motley. Here are guns, pistols, swords, clocks, musical instruments—including banjos, guitars, violins, accordeons, *ad nauseam*, flutes, brass instruments, harmonicons; boots and shoes, work-boxes, statuettes, bronzes, vases, dishes, household utensils, books in all languages, family Bibles, glassware, cutlery, opera-glasses, microscopes, spy-glasses, umbrellas, etc., etc. Every article is ticketed, numbered, entered in a ledger, and placed agreement with the general organized system. Dumb-waiters and speaking-tubes connect the different floors with the main office, and clerks are at all times employed in examining, packing, unpacking and repacking, storing away, and searching for the myriad of constantly changing objects which fill this curiosity-shop.

In the basement, a large, well-lighted room is filled with rows of shelves—partitions containing these extending the whole length of the building. Here is the "Mechanics' Department," and here are all the heavier articles which are pledged. These comprise chiefly mechanics' tools and implements, articles of furniture, etc. In the office an iron door gives entrance to a large, roomy vault, built entirely of iron, and lighted with gas. All the customary burglar-proof inventions are applied here, including combination locks, chilled steel diversified by cannon balls, and possibly dire and terrible impending occurrences for the nefarious, in the shape of explosive compounds, man-traps, spring-guns, and what not?—but all of this latter is only surmised.

Within this safe, or vault, and around its sides, are small, shallow drawers similar to those common in jewelers' safes. In one corner are small bins, in which are heavy packages, ticketed, and numbered like all the rest. Opening these drawers, we count about a thousand watches, gold and silver, on which have been advanced sums varying between one dollar and a hundred. These are contained in fifty drawers. Twenty-five drawers are filled with finger-rings, bracelets, earrings, and jewelry of all sorts, and all kinds of precious stones. The bundles contain silver cups, ladles, forks, and about five hundred dozen of silver spoons. Leaving the safe, a packing-case attracts attention, and the visitor is told that it contains plated ware—part of the stock of a western merchant. It is indeed no uncommon thing for pawnbrokers to advance large sums on whole storesful of stock belonging to merchants in different parts of the country.

It is not always the case that those who pawn ask so much on a first loan as the lending value of the article. In such instances, if the borrower should care to increase the loan, he can do so at any time on application. The article is called from its depository, a fresh examination is made, a new ticket is given with the increased amount added, the interest to the date of the new application being deducted from the amount.

An article pawned is safe in the possession of the pawnbroker (excepting in case of fire or robbery, for which he is not responsible) until a year from the date of pawning. On that day, even, if the pawner appears and pays his year's interest, his pledge can remain, under the same law, for another year—and so on. Such incidents in the business often happen, persons keeping up their interest, and only withdrawing their pledge after several years' deposit.

It is but rarely that a pawnbroker gets "stuck" with a worthless article, an imitation jewel, counterfeit gold, or any of the other frauds that are framed or compounded to deceive the unwary. They are naturally sharp and clear-headed as a class, have long memories, quick perceptive faculties, and their wide and constantly increasing experience provides them with a fund of valuable knowledge which is ready to be drawn upon at a moment's notice. They can tell the precious metals on sight, no matter how cleverly counterfeited; can detect a false gem or a paste imitation almost without testing, and recognize the real value of a watch or instrument of precision after a few moments' inspection. Yet, despite all of this worldly-wise attainment, there are occasions with the smartest of them, when they are thrown off their guard and deceived, to their pecuniary detriment, doubtless, but with a new lesson of experience to arm them against similar instances in the future. One such case came to the knowledge of the writer in connection with one of the sharpest and most experienced pawnbrokers in New York. One morning a respectable-looking young man, a German, applied to this gentleman for a loan of $500 on a diamond. The stone was perfect, and was worth fully $700, and the pawnbroker advanced the desired amount. About a week after, the man returned and redeemed the stone, but the following week he pawned it again, letting it remain this time for about three weeks in pawn, when he again redeemed it. And so for about six months he continued to pawn the stone every two or three weeks, paying the interest. For the first few times that it was offered, the pawnbroker scanned it carefully, but having discovered a peculiarity in it which enabled him to identify it at sight, he would, after that, only look for this peculiarity, and thus became less careful. One day the young man brought in the diamond at a time when the broker was very much occupied, and after noting the mark, which he recognized, the latter advanced the money as usual, and the young man went his way. The pawnbroker thought no more of the matter until some weeks after, when his attention was called to the stone by his partner, who had taken it from the safe and was examining it closely. To the dismay of both, it was found to be a copy in paste of the original stone, "peculiarity" and all. All search for the young German at the address which he had given proved fruitless, and the pawnbroker lost his $500. The lesson was of value to him, however, and it is not likely he will ever be caught by that trick again.

Frequently, stolen articles are pawned at respectable pawnbrokers' shops, and on the owner applying for them and proving property, they are given up according to law, and the broker pockets the loss. But there are a low class of thieves' brokers, called "Fences," whose business it is to buy or lend on stolen goods, and these exist in all large cities. They melt up jewelry, break up watches and melt the cases, take precious stones out of their settings, and destroy the identity of valuables that come into their hands as speedily and as perfectly as possible. The police know the establishments of these wretches, and search there whenever robberies are reported. And the efficient officers of the law never—that is, hardly ever—lose a chance of bringing a "fence" to justice.

The moral results of the institution of pawnbroking are considered by some to be unfortunate—through the enabling of easy borrowing—but the point is scarcely well taken. The popular feeling among the middle classes is against application to the pawnbroker, and with them it seldom grows to be a custom. And certainly through this means the respectable middle-class poor are often saved, in desperate straits, from a much worse fate. As to the humbler class, it probably saves many from dishonesty, as without its means the practice of virtue would be met by pretty severe arguments in the way of misery often undeserved, but none the less difficult to them.

It is true, also, that while pawnbrokers, as a rule, are men who act on strict business principles, and permit no argument of necessity or distress to raise their estimate of the value of an article, yet instances have occurred of their

bestowing in charity; of their returning pawned articles without requiring the amount loaned—in extreme cases; and of their giving up their interest, in cases where it was a real hardship for the borrower to pay it.

The goodness and charity of this world are not all in the hearts and acts of the so-called "legitimate" business men of this world (curiously enough), and it is matter of not a little satisfaction to learn, by extended examination, that kindness is frequently exhibited, even by pawnbrokers.

## LOST AND FOUND.

ONLY three years since she went away!
And how should her mother ever miss,
The look of that little face held up,
Or forget the mouth that she used to kiss?
*Know her?* Oh God! let me only brush
The hem of her dress in the crowded street,
I should find her soul in the air around,
And fall down glad at my darling's feet!

I should know her eyes, with their glancing brown,
And the chestnut gloss on her braided hair;
I should know the curve of her cheek and her chin,
And the dimple rosily dented there.
Her soul would meet me, straight and clear,
Through those upward eyes, if she passed me near!

But everywhere in the iron din
Of the restless, wicked, weary town,
I have sought her—drifting to and fro
With the tide that hurries up and down.
Day and night in the trodden ways—
Night and day in the wretched maze
Where the poor souls tread, through the pitiless roar,
The same old circle for evermore—

Through the dark wet lanes, in the reeking air,
Where a breath of heaven never blew;
High up the broken and rotting stair,
Each dreary corner I've wandered through;
Till the starving wretches know my name,
And for what I seek, and whence I came.

When the swift, soft roll of the carriage wheels
Goes by me, out in the sunny street,
I lift my eyes with a hungry stare,
For the eyes I know, for the face so sweet.
Silks and laces and jewels rare,
Gleams of gold in the braided hair;
Painted roses or faded cheek—
Lips that are haughty, or sad, or meek—
I see them all; but they never tell
Hint or tidings of lost, sweet Nell!

And faithfully, patiently—day by day,
I have stared at the image of Death and Sin;
Where the river washes the slimy piers,
And they gather its loathsome harvest in!
Cold, white limbs that lie dripping and bare—
Swathing garments, heavy and dank;
Seaweed washed in the floating hair,
And icy mouths that the foul wave drank—
Over them all have I leaned, to trace
The old, sweet curves in some white, wet face.

But the staring eyes were never those
That smiled at me, waking, long ago,
When the dawn rose red o'er the pasture hill,
And the robins twittered to and fro.
Eyes that had reached through the shadows of hell,
Or looked upon Christ—not *hers*, my Nell!

Or—dear Lord, pity us!—last of all,
I have trodden this wide and wicked road,
Where those who have sinned like Magdalene,
Hide away from the voice of God!
Look in my face, and tell me true,
Oh, poor, lost soul! as you hope for grace
In the day of wrath—if you ever knew
A little girl with an innocent face—

A little girl, who had wandered in
Like a poor, lost lamb, from the beaten ways;
Soft eyes of brown, and a sweet, red mouth,
Always athirst for love and praise:
Sweet lips—uncover your face, I say!
You are crying? You shrink from my touch away?

Look in my face! *You* are haggard and wan,
And *she*—it was only three years agone!
She was a child, my Nell, my Nell!—
Scarcely her innocent playtime done!
"Love and sin in an hour may mar
The fairest blossom that ever grew";
You speak with her voice—you look with her eyes—
Down at my feet, and tell me true!

* * * * * *

Up to my heart!—ay, close, as of old
You crept in the shadows of twilight time!
Close as ever you crept and clung,
Rocked to the tune of a nursery rhyme!
Hush—not a word! I have kissed your mouth—
Kissed it clean, till it smiles on me
With the very smile that my baby wore,
When she tottered clinging about my knee!
Safe and still on my breast to lie—
Nay, there needeth no word to tell!
Yesterday in the dust lies dead,
And we trample it down—my Nell, my Nell!

## IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.

ONE of the indefatigable race of British sportsmen, Mr. John Bradley, has recently published a most entertaining narrative of travel and sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, a region hitherto wholly unexplored by European Nimrods.

The author's miraculous escape from the jaws of a tiger, near Shallangat, in Burmah, is thus described:

At Shallangat we were informed that wild elephants and tigers, as well as deer and wild boars, were numerous in the adjoining forests, and we determined to have a day or two's sport before leaving the place.

We were up and ready for action by four o'clock, having engaged two of the village *shikarees* the preceding night. They put in an appearance punctually, but accompanied by fifty or sixty of the villagers, to serve as beaters. As we felt quite competent to beat up our own game, and only required guiding to the spot where it was to be found, we gave these gentry to understand that if they went we should expect to have their services gratuitously, especially as we were doing them a favor in helping to rid the country of a great pest.

The hint was sufficient. Finding they had nothing to expect in the way of reward, they declined to expose their precious persons, and fell away to their business—two or three at a time.

Striking off almost due south, we followed a narrow footpath through a dense forest where daylight was nearly excluded, our native huntsmen leading the way. The

IN THE TIGER'S JAWS. —"BEFORE A THOUGHT OF THE CREATURE'S INTENTION HAD TIME TO FLASH THROUGH MY MIND, I WAS DOWN UNDER ITS PAWS."— SEE PAGE 219.

IN THE TIGER'S JAWS. —"IN AN INSTANT, AND WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE CREATURE POUNCED UPON ME, SEIZING ME THIS TIME BY THE SHOULDER."

trees were at least a hundred and fifty feet in height, and matted together with gigantic creepers, bearing flowers of most gorgeous colors and patterns.

After four miles or so, we made a direct turn to the left, and shortly afterward emerged from the forest on to a jungle-covered plain of considerable extent Patches of bamboo thicket were here numerous, and afforded, our guide said, a usual lurking-place for tigers and boars. We accordingly made dispositions for the attack, ranging the *shikarees* and servants — of whom we had brought four with us, besides Akbar and Laoo (my own servants) —in a line with intervals, and placing ourselves near the centre.

Advancing slowly, we beat every patch of long grass and clump of bushes that was large enough to conceal any animal of size. The first game started was a large boar, which made off at a great rate, and was speedily followed by two more of its disturbed companions. We did not interfere with them, our object being to shoot tigers, of which we began to fear there were not so many in the neighborhood as our guide had represented.

After three hours' fatiguing work we had reached the eastern extremity of the plain, and found ourselves amongst some low hillocks, fairly sprinkled over with large trees, and covered with tall, rank grass, where we made a halt for rest and refreshments.

In the afternoon we continued our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about four o'clock we turned toward our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, "Beware, Sahib!" and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and, though evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and, rearing itself upon its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree, just as a cat

IN THE TIGER'S JAWS. —"THE TIGER SHOOK ME AS A DOG SHAKES A RAT, AND THEN DRAGGED ME AT A TREMENDOUS RATE THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH OF THE FOREST."

IN THE TIGER'S JAWS. —"A HEAVY WEIGHT FELL ACROSS ME, AND THEN I COMPREHENDED THAT MY BRAVE FRIEND, GRANT, WAS PULLING ME FROM UNDER THE DEAD BODY OF THE TIGER."

scratches the leg of a chair or table. Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and, before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest.

I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the reports of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jolted through the forest, I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant.

All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run, and, though I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance, it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, though, as yet, I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand.

In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws. A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket.

I began to feel very faint, and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit, like an

GOLD AND GILT.—"HE SAT ON THE TABLE WHILE SHE SEWED A BUTTON ON HIS TROUSERS."

angry cat, at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see him owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bark of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend, Grant, was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

Captain Lacy and some of the others came up, and proceeded to stanch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my thigh was the worst injury. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible. The wounds on the chest were also severe; but my shoulder was not much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and, upon recovering consciousness, found I was being carried along upon a rough litter formed of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg, and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping-place.

As soon as the news spread about Shallangat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding round our tent to see it. The hubbub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of *tomtoms* and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing, and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued nearly all night.

The following day fever had set in, and toward midday I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals, I was in this state for five days.

Although my companions, both experienced Indian sportsmen, abandoned all hope of my recovery—a belief in which they were confirmed by the unanimous opinion of our native servants—I managed to pull through after much suffering, and on November 20th, just a month after the catastrophe, I was again able to mount my horse and resume our journey.

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# GOLD AND GILT.

By the Author of "The Dingy House at Kensington," "The Bridge Between," Etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### IN EARLY SPRING.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best, in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard-working young fellow—was rather waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office, and she walked in, wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart-looking young man received the money; and when the receipt was made out, and she turned to go, she found that the shower which had threatened for some time was coming down with a vengeance.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "And I have no umbrella."

"Wait here a few minutes, miss. It will soon be over," said the smart young man.

And then, having accepted his offer of shelter, Mary found herself, after a minute or two, thinking that he was "a very nice-looking young gentleman" (as she afterward described him to the cook), and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled—and he had a little dark mustache, and wore such a pretty blue necktie. Oh, he was very nice-looking, indeed!

"Are you Mrs. Poole's sister?" he asked.

Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—for she was far too good a girl even to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and nursemaid combined. And then he asked what her name was; and, with another blush, she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs. Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and so called her Mary.

"I shall call you Clara," he said—"shall I?" he added, with an appealing glance.

Mary felt her heart beat faster; something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come; and she had no words to say. So he followed up his successful sally with another one:

"Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?"

"Sometimes," she said, softly.

"Will you go for a walk with me next time?"

"It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see," she answered, slowly.

"Oh, we'll soon get over that, you know. Perhaps you are engaged, though?"

Mary's inconvenient heart gave a thump, for here was a good, practical question, which showed that he meant business—*i. e.*, matrimony.

"No, I'm not; but I'm wanted to be."

Not a very lucid answer, but he understood it.

"Who to?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say his name," she answered, slowly; for in this, the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed altogether to fail her.

"What is he?"

"He's—he's a carpenter."

"A carpenter!" he said, in a telling tone of injury, not unmixed with scorn. "Well, of course, if I am not better than a carpenter——"

"Oh, you are—you are, sir!" said Mary, in her excitement putting out her hand, and resting it for just a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with the blue tie and the well-oiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said that first day; but he was always ready to take her out, and most particular about her dress; and the result was that all her little hoard of savings went in more or less ill-chosen finery, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten.

There was only one thing she refused to do, and that was, she would not give up her Saturday afternoons to him. She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, it being his half-holiday, and she would never consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill (for so the smart young man was called) suggested, while she walked about with her fine sweetheart.

"He is such a wild little fellow; nobody knows what he might do if he had the chance."

"Ah, you don't care for me," said the hero of the coal-merchant's office, and the proud recipient of thirty shillings a week income.

No answer came, save that her clasped hands made one in their dumb movement of contradiction. Not love him! Why, every moment in the day was devoted to thinking of him; her work was neglected, her money spent, her place in a fair way to be forfeited, and poor Tom Dawlish nearly heart-broken, and yet he said she did not love him!

"Ah, you don't care for me!" he repeated, artfully enough; for no avowal of his own feelings had ever escaped his lips.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she said; and covering her face with her hands, let her head droop down upon his shoulder.

## CHAPTER II.

### AFTER THE SUMMER.

"I HATE school," Franky Poole informed her, one morning, as he sat on the table while she sewed a button on his trousers. "I should like to be a sailor."

"Goodness! Master Franky, what's put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing; only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it—what they did in wrecks, you know, and all that. I should like to be on a raft, I should." And he drew his naked toes up on to the table, and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. "Tom's coming to-day—I heard mamma say so; and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon, I shall ask him more about it."

"I'd tell him not to go filling the child's head with such nonsense, only I don't want to get in his way," Mary thought.

But, somehow, Tom got into her way that afternoon.

"Look here, Mary," he said; "I want to speak to you. It isn't that I want you to look at me if you haven't a mind to, though goodness knows I'd do anything for you; but I don't want to see a nice girl like you a-lowering of herself by walking out with a chap like Alfred Hill."

"What's it got to do with you?" she asked, angrily.

"Why, just this; that I've found out a bit about him, and he's only laughing at you, and thinking you are a nice-looking girl when you are dressed up, to walk about with; but as for marrying you, he'll no more do it than that"—and he snapped his fingers; though what that action had to do with Mr. Alfred Hill's intentions he did not explain. "Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm—that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming off directly, only she's nothing to look at, so he isn't fond of showing her off; but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks a lady."

"How do you know it?" Mary asked, her very lips turning white; for her exacting heart knew that he had fallen off lately—that he was not what he had been in the Spring (the Summer was over). Not that for a single moment she believed Tom's words.

"Why, I work there, and the servant told me. Besides, I've seen him go there courting."

"I don't believe it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" And she rushed away to hide her gathering tears and frightened face.

She wrote to him, asking him to meet her that night; but he replied with an excuse that made her heart sick. He would meet her to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon in Kensington Gardens if she liked, he said; and to this she consented, and for the first time, and for his sake, was false to her charge of Franky.

"You run about, Master Franky, dear," she said; "I want to talk to a friend of mine—but don't go out of sight."

And then, in her bewilderment, she forgot all about him.

Alfred Hill looked rather bored than otherwise, but he was smiling and shiny as ever. She scarcely greeted him when he appeared, but she looked at him with all the admiration she had ever felt for him intensified by her fear. He sat down beside her, and, elegantly crossing his legs, began tapping his highly polished boots with his bone-headed cane.

"A'fred," she said, crossing her hands and looking at him straight in the face, "is it true as you are going to get married directly?"

"Who's told you so?"

"It isn't any account who told. Is it true as you are going to marry Miss Brooks because she plays on the piano, and has money, and——" The tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered with anguish. "Oh, it isn't true—I know it isn't!"

And she touched his hand in her dismay, and looked up into his face with all her heart's story written in her eyes.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, and so there's the long and the short of it. It's no use making a fuss about it, my dear girl."

"But it isn't? it isn't?" she said, appealingly.

"Well, yes, it is true," he said, slowly, not daring to look in her face; "so you may as well know it at once."

She stood up before him.

"True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that's passed between us, as you are going to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You really couldn't think I was going to marry *you?*"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings; but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty servant-girl, but one doesn't marry her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said, slowly. "You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not any better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart as you have done."

"I'm very sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me," he said, tapping his boot again. "I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate till you were asked."

"More pride! What do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing crimson. "Do you think I'd go out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done, if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't. And you know as I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it isn't you as I like, but the man I took you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you, and I think, after all you've said, we'd better part."

"The sooner the better;" and she let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor, foolish heart out, and spent the bitterest hour of her life beneath the shadow of the trees from which the leaves were falling.

Suddenly she looked up for Franky; he was nowhere to be seen. She called him at the top of her voice; no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feeling, she ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate; he had not seen him. An hour passed in fruitless search; and then, pale with fear, and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate her terrible news.

Just as she got to the door, she saw through the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which her heart told her was Master Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and luckily brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said Franky, stoutly.

"You would have killed your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky Poole the next day, "would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes, dear, I think it would."

"Oh, well, then," he answered, patronizingly, "I won't."

It was Spring time again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary a question once more. He had a good situation, and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been daft on her; and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale, and answered truthfully and simply:

"I don't think as I do now, Tom; but if you like to wait I think it'll come."

"Bless you!" said Tom; 'I'd wait seven years rather nor lose you!"

But he had only to wait one.

"He's gold, and t'other was gilt," said Mary on her wedding-day; and she was right.

## Crusoe's Adventures.

A LADY thus chronicles some of the adventures of her dog "Crusoe": "When Crusoe was quite a puppy, he ran barking after a fine horse in the garden. The horse lifted his heels, struck poor Crusoe on the ear, and the gentleman who had followed him (and in vain endeavored to call him off the pursuit) took him up for dead. I shall never forget seeing the poor creature brought in, with the white of his eyes turned up as if in death. But he recovered, and it so cured him of running after horses, that he never did it again; and if he ever saw this particular horse, he would be in such a state of distress, he was half wild, and would never go near him, or look at him, if he could help it, even at a great distance off.

"But Crusoe's propensity for *roaming* was not so easily cured, as I shall show you. He was very good for a long time—ran about the garden and house, but never went off the premises. One day, at dinner, we missed him; and his truant ways, this time, nearly cost him his life. He had not been gone very long when one of the servants saw him tearing down a field of stubble. Crusoe was racing with three or four large crows after him, and, as they had wings and he only had legs, though they are very swift ones, the match was rather an unequal one; and faint with exertion and fright, the poor little fellow was completely gained upon by his enemies.

"Just as my servant got up to him, he had sunk down exhausted, and the birds were settling on him and tearing off his beautiful hair, to get to his eyes. They evidently mistook him for a young lamb, and if our lad had not come up when he did, they would have blinded our pretty pet for ever, and perhaps would have killed him. So intent were they on their victim, that the lad's shouts did not frighten them away, and it was only when he was within an arm's length, that the birds rose heavily and took to flight.

CRUSOE'S ADVENTURES.

"Poor Crusoe! he is generally so brave; but this time he was nearly frightened to death. His pretty eyes, instead of being shaded by his beautiful long hair, were laid open without anything to cover them, and it was months before the hair grew again. He was so disfigured you would scarcely have known him, and I think he scarcely knew himself. How it brought to our minds that dreadful text, that as a child I was wicked enough to fancy could not be true, about the ravens picking out the eyes of those children who curse their parents."

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AS THE moon, visible or invisible, has power over the tides, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the soul.

# NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

At least that. John Shrimpton was too lazy and warm to get up and look at the thermometer, and Camilla was too cross and bored to do anything but sit there and stare out at the parched grass on which the midsummer sun was beating fiercely. This was Camilla Thurstonleigh, very pretty, but very much spoiled. She was engaged to John Shrimpton, and they were to be married within a few weeks.

NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.—"'YES,' SAID A VOICE BEHIND THEM; 'YOU ARE PUTTING IN TIME VERY COZILY. OH, DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU!'"

John was a great, stout, handsome fellow, with a deep voice and a hearty manner; but, nevertheless, John was a kind of tiresome person, too. I don't know exactly what was the matter with John, for my part, but Camilla seemed to think there were many things the matter with him. He was so ponderous and cumbersome for one thing, and so practical and so stupid in some respects, and so foolish and so boyish, and so all that sort of thing generally—as Camilla was wont to say when summing him up, "that—that, in short, he wasn't like his brother Maurice at all."

"Camilla," groaned John from the hammock where he lay, with a dreadful bandana handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, "if you continue to sit there your complexion will be ruined. The reflection of the sun is just as bad as if you sat in the sun itself. You will look like a gypsy to-morrow."

"I don't care," she murmured.

"All right; it's nothing to me. I wish I hadn't eaten so much dinner."

She started, with an angry gesture of the head.

"You are suffering, and I am glad of it," she answered.

"It is really vulgar to eat—or, rather, to feed—as you do. I don't know what the Lawrences thought of you."

"I do; they thought I had a good appetite."

"And your brother Maurice, I am sure he was disgusted."

"Possibly with himself, that he could eat nothing. Poor Maurice is dyspeptic, you know, and sentimental. Glad I'm not. Have you shut up your novel? What was the story about?"

"Nothing that could interest you."

"Yes, yes; come, tell me all about it. Some confounded

nonsense, of course; but the afternoon is horribly long—let's kill the time somehow. I swear I won't go to sleep."

She picked up the novel beside her, and glanced over it thoughtfully.

"Ah, it is a beautiful story—'Divided Affinities.' Maurice gave it to me to read, and he has *such* pure taste, you know—such judgment! It is the story of a girl who accidentally becomes engaged to a man whom she does not truly love. There is no sympathy, nothing in common between them. He is as the pole in——"

"What, a barber——"

"Well, if you are going to play the buffoon, as usual, I shall tell you no more."

"Go on, sweet; I was only joking. I'm deeply interested."

"They were hopelessly apart," she continued. "She was a creature of soul, he was a mere lump of clay. But they were at length married, and she thought her life blasted. But no. Suddenly a new element entered into——"

"I understand. Another fellow turned up who *was* a creature of soul, and, of course, her affinity. Well?"

"They—they," faltered Camilla, "ran away—fled!"

"Fled! Where did they flee to?"

She tossed the book away impatiently.

"Oh, there you go with your clown's nonsense again!"

"Not at all," protested John, leaning over the side of the hammock, and swinging himself slowly. "Well, finish it."

"They fled to Italy, and the husband pursued. A train of cars on which he was collided with another, and he was killed. His wife and the lover were married, and lived happily for ever afterward."

"A nice pair, truly! So you think it is good taste of Maurice to give you such a book as that to read? Well, I don't know much about books, and no doubt he is right; but—never mind; I think I'll get up."

"Where are you going?"

He shook himself like a big dog that has just come out of the water, and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Um! I believe I'll go and visit the pigs. I haven't seen 'em since twelve o'clock."

She turned away with a sigh of disgust.

"Pigs! Ah, well, perhaps their society is congenial; but it is a wonder they don't get tired of you sometimes."

"My love, pigs are very interesting animals, I assure you. I love to stand and watch the grunting old porkers and the little piggies, with their curly tails, and——"

"Oh, go along, do!"

With a laugh, John Shrimpton clattered down the steps, and made his way, in the scorching sun, to the rear of the house.

But Camilla continued sitting there, leaning upon her hand, and seemingly very unhappy.

"What is to become of me?" she moaned, softly. "Only a little while more, and this man will be my husband. I shall be tied to him for life. Once, indeed, I fancied I loved him; but now—since I have met another, so different—I have sad doubts, and they make my life one long pain."

"In a reverie?" said a quiet, rather feminine voice, behind her.

She turned, her face red with a blush, and saw Maurice, John's brother.

But, ah, so unlike John! Maurice was slender and delicate, and had a complexion clear as her own, and luminous large eyes. His hands were soft and narrow, and the fingers tapered. When he spoke, it was in a low, refined tone, and when he moved about, it was with a languid indolence that seemed the very perfection of elegant breeding.

Altogether, Maurice was a superior being—and to Camilla almost a god.

"Yes," she said; "but a very dreamy one. The weather is too hot to think. Sometimes I fancy, Maurice, that people are half insane when the sun burns as it does to-day, and don't know it. I feel that I could do almost anything desperate.

"I shouldn't care to exert myself," he answered. "How well that *pose* sets off your figure! Don't stir, I beg. You must let me make a sketch of you before we leave Lake Ridge. I can do a really striking face, I think, rather closely; and yours, Camilla, is *so* beautiful!"

She dared not trust herself to answer—even to look at him!

He had seated himself at her side, and was toying with her hair—a single curl that had escaped from the great, golden mass piled upon her head.

"Don't you love an afternoon like this?" he went on. "Every person in the house is asleep except ourselves; but we are enjoying the——"

"No, Maurice, I am not enjoying anything," she laughed; "for the thermometer is at ninety. But I am not asleep, at any rate. It is only sluggish natures that love sleep."

"True. Ah, Camilla! you and I have such reciprocity of feeling, have we not? We should be very dear—friends, should we not?"

"We seem to have much in common," she said, faintly.

"Everything! Nay, don't take your hand away. I love to hold it in mine, and to kiss it and fondle it, as if it were a bird. No one can see us, for, as I just said, everybody is asleep; therefore, let us be affectionate. Do you mind if I put my arm around you?" he added, suiting the action to the word, without waiting for a reply.

She resisted very faintly, scarcely at all; and so they sat there, in a very affectionate attitude indeed.

"Lean upon my shoulder, so that I can look into your grand eyes. There, now! How delicious this is! Yet, what would some prudish old woman say? No doubt all sorts of stupid things. Camilla, do you care for me much?"

All these pleasant words were uttered in whispers.

"Yes," she murmured.

"*Very* much?"

"Yes."

"So I thought," he simpered, complacently. "Ah! you are such a lovely woman! Now, I will tell you something. I am going to kiss you."

"You must not," she answered, meaning, possibly, "You may, if you dare."

He dared, at any rate, and kissed her again and again.

"Sweet Camilla! this is what it is to live. Who in the house can find the delight in sleep that we find here? How quiet and solemn it is, and how the day seems to hold its breath! Oh, would it were always afternoon!"

"Yes," said a voice behind them; "you are putting in time very cozily. Oh, don't let me disturb you!"

Camilla sprang to her feet, frightened indeed, for it was John who spoke. But Maurice rose quite leisurely.

"Halloa, John!" he drawled. "I thought you were asleep; but you're like that old fellow in Lemprière—*non omnibus* something. He meant, anyhow, that he wasn't asleep when the wrong party was around. Camilla and I have just been playing Lotus-eaters and that sort of thing. Now that you have interrupted us, I don't know what I shall do to amuse myself. Ah, I have it! I'll go and get

two lumps of sugar, and play fly-loo with myself—left-hand lump against the right-hand lump. Ta-ta!"

"Well, Camilla," said John, when he had gone, "I suppose you can explain the peculiar situation in which I found you with my brother. You were in his arms, and he was kissing you, and you are my betrothed wife."

She turned upon him calmly, and answered:

"I have nothing whatever to say. You may act precisely as you like."

"Then, everything between us is at an end. I think it best that we should not ever speak to each other again."

"As you wish, sir."

"But what will the world think? I can only tell the truth—that I flung you off, as you deserved."

"I care nothing for that."

No; for Maurice—dear Maurice!—would only be too glad that she was free once more, and free to be his bride.

He would think well enough of the change, she felt assured.

How often had she heard those Hall girls say they wondered she could so much as *think* of John Shrimpton!

Even such creatures as they could perceive that she was about to throw herself away. But now she was saved.

She would let Maurice know that very night.

Thus it happened that she came to him in the billiard-room, about nine or so.

The Hall girls were there, and in his game; but he readily gave up the cue, despite wondrous points, and lounged out.

He was smoking and excited, and had had some wine, and was, in short, not quite himself.

"Oh, dear Maurice," said Camilla, getting close to him as soon as they were under the stars, "I do hope you and John have had no words!"

He stared a little, and then vigorously puffed the cigar.

"Words? He asked me to hand him the cream at tea, you know—but there was nothing else. He is a man of few words, Camilla; but he does what he says he will do."

It was awfully warm; but she shivered a bit, nevertheless. Indeed, it was still quite ninety, even in the shade of this darkness. She determined to be explicit, because there was no time to lose, and so she continued;

"John and I quarreled this afternoon, after you left us. You remember our situation, Maurice. Ah. I shall not soon forget! Well, all is at an end between John and me, and I am entirely free."

"Free!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—once more."

"My sweetest Camilla," said Maurice, seizing her hand, "you couldn't love another at once—immediately—*à l'instant—sur le champ*—on the spot, as it were. Could you?"

"I—I scarcely dare say——"

"You could! Yes, I understand you fully. Well, my adored friend, I will at once introduce you to Buffles—the man who took my cue when I left the billiard-room—did you observe? He has been bothering me with all sorts of questions about you—and in fact, I believe he loves you."

The obstinate thermometer hadn't gone down a step, but she became ice.

"I really don't understand you, Maurice," she gasped.

He glanced at her, reflected a second, flung away his cigar, and then gently laughed.

"Upon my soul, Camilla, I hope you have had more sense than to fancy *I* was seriously in love with you?" he said.

"And you are not?"

"I like you as a friend amazingly, and as a sister-in-law I should have loved you as madly as might be within the bounds of propriety; but outside of these positions, my charming Camilla, you are now, and never can be, but as a friend. You see it wouldn't do. I'm already engaged to one of the Hall girls, and I suppose you are not particularly anxious that I should ruin all my prospects in life, do you?"

"Do you desire that I should consider you a villain, Mr. Maurice Shrimpton?" she demanded.

"My own, own Camilla," I desire you to think the best of me," he answered. "This sort of talk is all nonsense, you know. Weather's too hot for heroics, *per* Bacco! I can't stand 'em. And—and—really—the game must be sixes and sevens by this time, for Buffles is an awful muff, you know—and so let's get back, will you?"

Maurice was certainly uncomfortable; but a terrible iciness had descended upon the soul of poor Camilla.

She walked back with him, for the first time fully conscious of her position.

She had lost John for ever—poor, foolish, handsome, loving John, and all for the sake of this trifling creature at her side. He was trying to explain the flirtation as they went along; but she did not heed, and scarcely heard.

"I was only spooning a bit, you know, for the sake of occupation," he said. "Of course I thought you understood it, Camilla. I've done the same thing with plenty of other girls. I was careful not to commit myself, you remember. I said we should be very dear *friends*, and so I hope we shall. It's all right now, I know—isn't it?"

"Yes," she murmured, scarcely attending to his question.

In the billiard-room they found John devoting himself to Isabel Hall—a *petite* beauty, dark hair and eyes—and a pang cut through Camilla's heart like a knife. She at once went away to bed, miserable with jealousy, and cried herself to sleep.

Throughout the week that followed the thermometer remained intrenched at ninety, and John Shrimpton played the gallant to Isabel Hall. Maurice devoted himself to Myra, her sister. Poor Camilla wandered about distraught. She ate nothing, but lived on Byron and Tennyson, and the most melancholy music imaginable.

At length one day she happened to enter the parlor, and saw a letter half finished lying on an open portfolio.

Some one of the gossiping old ladies at Lake Ridge was writing to a friend, and had gone out of the room for a moment. Camilla absently glanced at the sheet, and this met her eye:

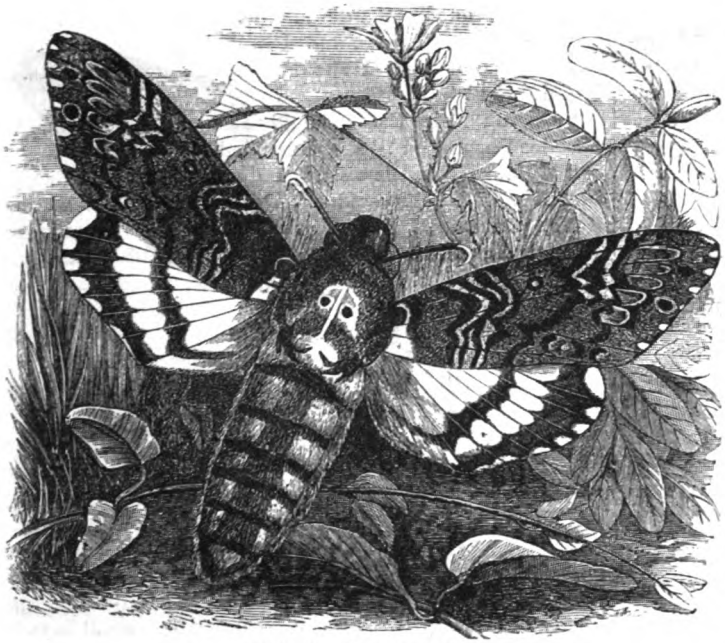
"Mr. Shrimpton, it is officially announced, is engaged to Miss Hall, and the marriage will certainly take place within a month."

Camilla sank down almost in a swoon. There was no hope for her now—none, none!

John—her good, kind, handsome John—was going to marry that creature—that Isabel Hall! Oh, if she had only appreciated him at his proper value! What mattered it if he had no romance in his composition? Maurice had plenty of it, but what was he?—merely a languid sham, a well-bred deception. What mattered it if John did eat so much? Maurice didn't eat ravenously, because he drank all day and late at night instead, and so never had any appetite.

Yes, she saw the difference between the brothers very plainly now; but it was too late, and she could have no hope of either.

The thermometer on the first of September suddenly went down five degrees, and the next day five more. By the middle of that month the nights grew chilly, and people began to leave the Lake Ridge Hotel. At last only Camilla and John were left.



THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

"Why doesn't he go, too?" she wondered.

Well, it finally became necessary for herself to go.

On the morning she was to leave—about ten—(the stage was to start at noon), she ran up the steps in the direction of her room. On the top stair her dress caught. Somebody was coming up with a clatter behind her. For fear of tearing the delicate fabric, she did not turn her head, but said:

"Will you kindly detach my dress?"

"Yes, Camilla."

He did so—and, of course, it was John.

"Look at me, Camilla," he said, almost in a whisper—"simply look at me! I'm in a decline, I am, and I'll be a dead Shrimpton in two weeks. Now, Camilla, you'll be a murderess, and nothing short of it, if you don't interfere to save my life."

"John, I don't understand you!" she answered, quivering.

"Yes, you do. You know I'm loving you a million times harder than ever; and if you don't take me back, I'll—I'll cut my decline short by drowning myself!"

"Oh, John, do you really care for *me?* Are you not engaged to Isabel Hall? I heard that the engagement was officially announced—Mr. Shrimpton and Miss Hall."

"Kiss me, and make up, and promise to be my Camilla, just as you were, and I will tell you how I got out of that scrape."

He drew her to him, and they were reconciled.

"How, John?" she asked.

"By never getting into it. The Mr. Shrimpton you mention is Maurice, and the Miss Hall is Myra."

"And your thoughts have never strayed from me?"

"Never once!" he said, emphatically. "But what the deuce was the matter with you, darling? Our little misunderstanding seems like a dream now. Try to explain it to me."

"Well, John," she answered, smiling, "I really think it was the weather. I don't think I was quite in my right senses. Just fancy the thermometer being at ninety in the shade!"

"Ah, yes," said John—poor, simple-hearted fellow; "I see now! I felt irritable and cross, and generally queer, too. But it was all the thermometer's fault. Think of it, indeed! ninety degrees in the shade!"

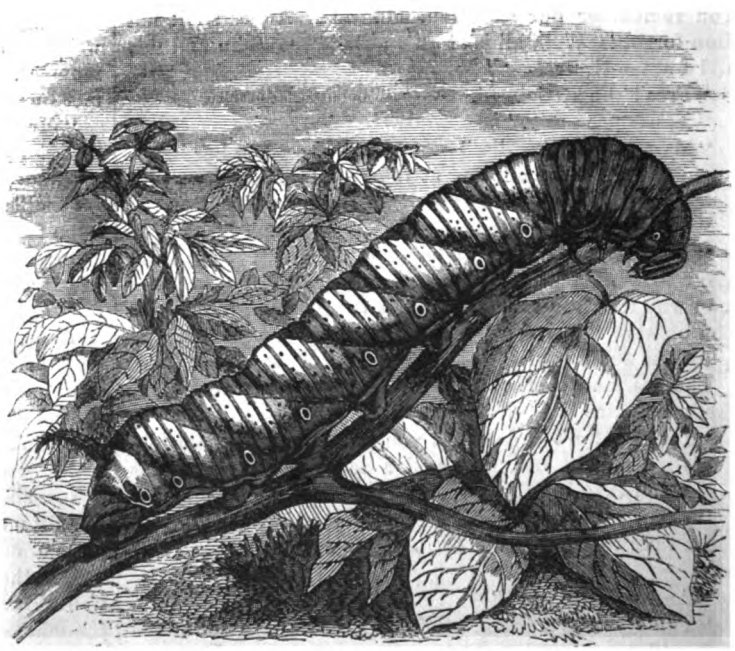
## THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPHINX.

All these *Lepidoptera* were formerly called moths or crepuscular and nocturnal flyers, but as some of the nightloving tribes were equally active during sunshine, and as none of them really wandered in the depths of the darkness, when everything sleeps, there was no wisdom in keeping up these popular distinctions. The structure which retains the hind and fore wings on each side together is a very good distinction, especially as it is common to most twilight and nocturnal *Lepidoptera*, it being deficient in the butterflies; nevertheless, it is wanting in some kinds of moths.

The tints of the wings of moths (under this term we include the nocturnal and crepuscular *Chalinoptera*) are principally shades of gray and brown, and resemble the colors of the trees and walls when the light is dim and night is advancing. But the wings of some, although not so brilliant and coruscating as those of the butterflies, are exquisitely delicate and soft in their tone. Some of the moths that fly by day, and thus lead the life of butterflies, often have colors as glowing as these have, but the tints are never brilliant and sparkling. The educated eye can distinguish at once between the scales of a butterfly and those of the brightest of moths.

The wings of moths rest upon the body of the insect when in repose, and are not stuck upright like those of the butterflies.

The antennæ of the moths are very different in shape to those of the butterflies, as can readily be seen by examin-

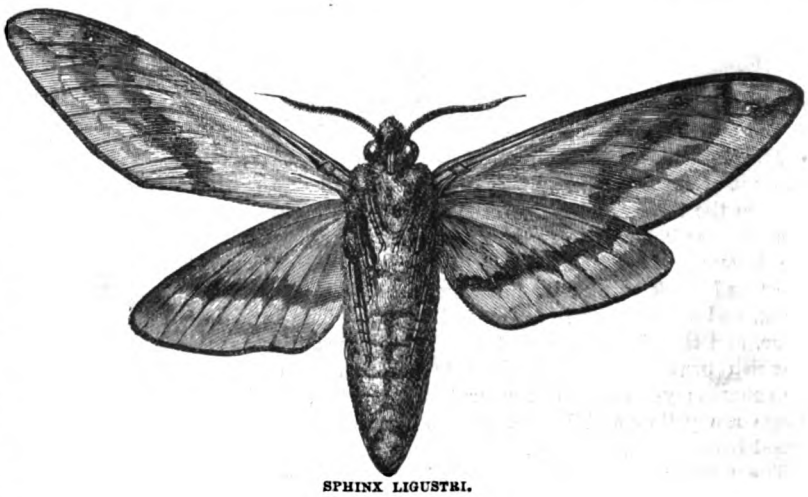


LARVA OF THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

ing the representation of the structures in the accompanying engraving.

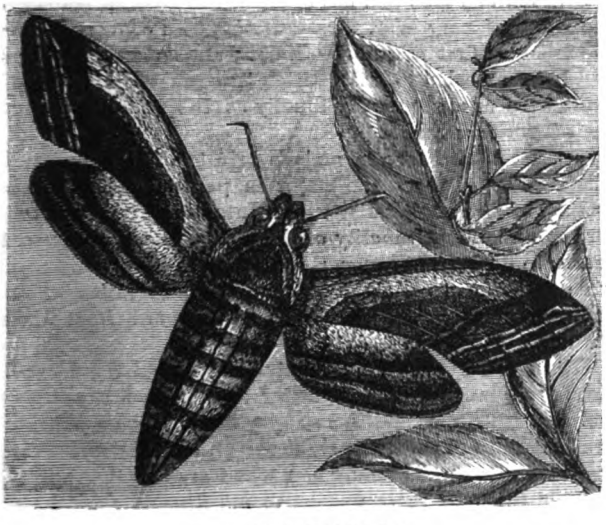
No family of the *Lepidoptera* is better known or more readily distinguished than that of the *Sphinidæ*, Sphinges or Sphinxes, as they are commonly called.

The large body, the thick antennæ, terminating in a hooked bristle, and the long, narrow, and strong wings, give the sphinges a very marked appearance. These moths are usually large, and their active flight soon makes them noticed. They glide along during the hot Summer evenings with immense rapidity, and poise themselves in the air by a peculiar vibration of their wings. The sphinges, which have long trunks, can thus sip up the honey from the nectaries of flowers without touching them, and this peculiarity recalls that of the humming birds of the New World.



SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

The sphinges are very remarkable, even as caterpillars. They are large creatures, which, when quiet, often put on a very curious attitude. Being well and safely fixed on a twig or leaf by their membranous or hind feet, they lift up the front of their bodies, and bend the head, which is buried in the first segment; they then remain perfectly motionless for hours.



SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

This attitude—which is represented in the engraving of the *Euphorbia* sphinx—has excited much attention, and entomologists, whose imaginations are always vivid, and sometimes classical, have had no difficulty in investing this larva with the majesty of the Egyptian sphinx. Indeed, one of these stolid larvæ has sufficed to bring up the memories of Thebes and of the great enigma before the enthusiastic naturalist.

The name has become popular, and there is really something enigmatical in the queer posture. Why should the larva imitate the sphinx, which it never saw? The answer may be commonplace, but nevertheless true; it remains thus motionless to prevent itself being gobbled up by birds or attacked by ichneumon flies, which are on the lookout for everything that moves.

These fine caterpillars have a smooth and glossy skin, with bright colors, and pretty ornamentation. Generally speaking, they are rather narrowed in front, and have a curved appendix on the top of the last segment of the body like a horn or tail. When about to become transformed into the pupa condition, the caterpillars hide themselves in the ground, forming a comfortable hole, which they line with all the silk they can muster.

It is very wonderful in this instance, as in all others, how the insects that live in the earth through very inclement seasons manage to make a safe retreat with so very little covering. The chrysalis has to live in the hole in the ground throughout the Winter, and any water draining in would assuredly kill it. The silk is all expended in lining the cavity, and fortunately, although it is scanty, it is so varnished that it is water-tight; hence the safety of the pupa is scarcely a matter of doubt. Some species of the *Sphingidæ* undergo their metamorphoses on top of the soil, and agglutinate little stones, leaves, and rubbish into a cocoon. The pupæ of these great caterpillars are not very remarkable; they are dark brown or reddish, and have a small point at their end.

The most common sphinges are the Privet Moth, or *Sphinx ligustri*, and the Convolvulus Hawk, or *Sphinx convolvuli*. The caterpillars of the first are well known to and prized by young collectors, and are now and then seen upon the privet hedges, or upon the lilac bushes. They are very fine insects, and their size renders their beautiful light green color and oblique bands of violet very visible. This pretty larva feeds vigorously during the Summer, and when full grown begins to descend to the ground at the base of the tree, whose leaves it has partly consumed. Toward the end of July, or the commencement of August, it hides up in the earth, where it forms a comfortable cocoon, and becomes metamorphosed into a chrysalis, living, moreover, in that condition all through the Winter, and until the month of June in the next year. It then bursts forth as a moth.

The anatomy of this sphinx, and the details of its

CHRYSALIS OF DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

metamorphoses, have already been described. The other sphinx has a green or brown larva, marked with seven oblique side streaks, and the spiracles or air openings are black in white rings. It lives on the small bindweed, and on the wild balsam. The moth is rather larger than that of the privet sphinx, and has a very long trunk.

The Death's-head Moth is a well-known sphinx, on account of its fine size, as well as their being some markings on the thorax, which, with the aid of a little imagination, can be believed to represent a human skull. Unlike the humming-bird sphinx, the *Acherontia atropos* has a short and thick trunk; its antennæ, moreover, are short, thick, and terminated in a hooked bristle. The head is large, and the abdomen very thick. The front wings are blackish brown, with indistinct tawny markings and a conspicuous yellowish dot near their centres; the hind wings are yellow and have a narrow black central and a broad black marginal band.

The moth possesses the power of squeaking, and this propensity has given an infinitude of trouble to philosophers, who have formed many theories concerning the manner in which the sound can be produced. This gift, combined with the sombre hues of the sphinx, and the presence of the death's head upon its back, have surrounded the moths with much mysterious dread, and there are many people in the most civilized and learned countries in the world that are heartily afraid of them. They are said to be a sign of bad luck, and are supposed to precede a death in the house; and they once produced a panic in Brittany. The squeaking appears to be connected in some way or other with a small membranous capsule, which is situated on either side of the body at the base of the abdomen, and which is covered with some hairs that can be made to vibrate.

The fondness of the moth for honey leads it into beehives, and it is most remarkable that the insect should know that honey is to be got there. The bees, moreover, do not rush upon the robber, but employ every artifice to shut it out or wall it up.

The caterpillar is perhaps the largest among the European kinds. It is usually lemon yellow in color, and a fresh green tint may be noticed toward the head and the lower part of the sides; there are seven oblique violet stripes on the sides, and the spiracles are black, edged with white. The horn is yellowish, rough, and inclined backward. Sometimes the color is by no means like this, for some caterpillars have been found whose prevailing color is brownish olive, and whose lateral stripes are darker. A fresh green is accompanied by darker stripes in others. This great caterpillar lives on the potato leaf, the jasmine, and the common tea tree (*Lycium barbarum*); and when full grown it hides in the earth, and undergoes its metamorphosis into the chrysalis.

The death's-head moth is more common in Asia and in Africa than in Europe, and there is no doubt that many of the pupæ are destroyed during severe Winters.

Perhaps the largest sphinges in the world live in Australia, and their caterpillars feed upon the Banksia trees and bushes, which form most important parts of the foliage of the landscape of that country.

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THERE are a good many autograph books, and there are autographs of many different kinds. Mr. Thomas Hood describes several of them. Of one he says: "A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'*Remember Jim Hoskins*'—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door"—and then he adds: "This, however, is an awkward autograph *to bind up*."

# MAJOR MARTT'S FRIEND.

By H. A. Burton.

EAST PATTEN was one of the quietest places in the world. The indisposition of a family horse or cow was cause for animated general conversation, and the displaying of a new poster or prospectus on the post-office door was the signal for a spirited gathering of citizens.

Why, therefore, Major Martt had spent the whole of three successive leaves-of-absence at East Patten, where he hadn't a relative, and where no other soldier lived, no one could imagine. Even professional newsmakers never assigned any reason for it, for, although their vigorous and experienced imaginations were fully capable of forming some plausible theory on the subject of the major's fondness for East Patten, they shrank from making public the results of any such labors.

It was perfectly safe to circulate some purely original story about any ordinary citizen, but there was no knowing how a military man might treat such a matter when it reached his ears, as it was morally sure to do.

Live military men had not been seen in East Patten since the Revolutionary War, three-quarters of a century before the villagers first saw Major Martt; and such soldiers as had been revealed to East Patten through the medium of print were as dangerously touchy as the hair-triggers of their favorite weapons.

So East Patten let the major's private affairs alone, and was really glad to see the major in person. There was a scarcity of men at East Patten—of interesting men, at least, for the undoubted sanctity of the old men lent no special graces to their features or manners, while the young men were merely the residuum of an active emigration which had, for some years, been setting westward from East Patten.

When, therefore, the tall, straight, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, much-whiskered major appeared on the street, looking (as he always did) as if he had just been shaved, brushed and polished, the sight was an extremely pleasing one, except to certain young men who feared for the validity of their titles to their respective sweethearts should the major chance to be affectionate.

But the major gave no cause for complaint. When he first came to the village he bought Rose Cottage, opposite the splendid Wittleday property, and he spent most of his time (his leaves-of-absence always occurring in the Summer season) in his garden, trimming his shrubs, nursing his flowering plants, growing magnificent roses, and in all ways acting utterly unlike a man of blood.

Occasionally he played a game of chess with Parson Fisher, the jolly ex-clergyman, or smoked a pipe with the saddler postmaster; he attended all the East Patten tea-parties, too, but he made himself so uniformly agreeable to all the ladies that the mothers in Israel agreed, with many sighs, that the major was not a marrying man.

It may easily be imagined, then, that when, one Summer, the major reappeared at East Patten with a brother officer who was young and reasonably good-looking, the major's popularity did not diminish.

The young man was introduced as Lieutenant Doyson, who had once saved the major's life by a lucky shot, as that chieftain, with empty pistols, was trying to escape from a

well-mounted Indian; and all the young ladies in town declared they *knew* the lieutenant *must* have done something wonderful, he was *so* splendid.

But with that fickleness which seems in some way communicable from wicked cities to virtuous villages, East Patten suddenly ceased to exhibit unusual interest in the pair of warriors, for a new excitement had convulsed the village mind to its very centre.

It was whispered that Mrs. Wittleday, the sole and widowed owner of the great Wittleday property, had wearied of the mourning she wore for the husband she had buried two years previously, and that she would soon publicly announce the fact by laying aside her weeds and giving a great entertainment, to which every one was to be invited.

There was considerable high-toned deprecation of so early a cessation of Mrs. Wittleday's sorrowing, she being still young and handsome, and there was some fault found on the economic ground that the widow couldn't yet have half worn out her mourning garments; but as to the propriety of her giving an entertainment, the voices of East Patten were as one in the affirmative.

Such of the villagers as had chanced to sit at meat with the late Scott Wittleday had reported that dishes with unremembered foreign names were as plentiful as were the plainer viands on the tables of the old inhabitants; such East Pattenites as had not been entertained at the Wittleday board rejoiced in a prospect of believing by sight as well as by faith.

The report proved to have unusually good foundation. Within a fortnight each respectable householder received a note intimating that Mrs. Wittleday would be pleased to see self and family on the evening of the following Thursday.

The time was short, and the resources of the single store at East Patten were limited, but the natives did their best, and the eventful evening brought to Mrs. Wittleday's handsome parlor a few gentlemen and ladies and a large number of good people, who, with all the heroism of a forlorn hope, were doing their best to appear at ease and happy.

The major and lieutenant were there, of course, and both in uniform, by special request of the hostess. The major, who had met Mrs. Wittleday in city society before her husband's death, and who had maintained a bowing acquaintance with her during her widowhood, gravely presented the lieutenant to Mrs. Wittleday, made a gallant speech about the debt society owed to her for again condescending to smile upon it, and then presented his respects to the nearest of the several groups of ladies who were gazing invitingly at him.

Then he summoned the lieutenant (whose reluctance to leave Mrs. Wittleday's side was rendered no less by a bright smile which that lady gave him as he departed), and made him acquainted with ladies of all ages, and of greatly varying personal appearance. The young warrior went through the ordeal with only tolerable composure, and improved his first opportunity to escape and regain the society of the hostess.

Two or three moments later, just as Mrs. Wittleday turned aside to speak to stately old Judge Bray, the lieutenant found himself being led rapidly toward the veranda. The company had not yet found its way out of the parlors to any extent, so the major locked the lieutenant's arm in his own, commenced a gentle promenade, and remarked:

"Fred, my boy, you're making an ass of yourself."

"Oh, nonsense, major," answered the young man, with considerable impatience. "I don't want to know all these queer, old-fashioned people; they're worse than a lot of plebes at West Point."

"I don't mean that, Fred, though, if you don't want to make talk, you must make yourself agreeable. But you're too attentive to Mrs. Wittleday."

"By George!" responded the lieutenant, eagerly, "how can I help it? She's divine!"

"A great many others think so too, Fred—I do, myself; but they don't make it so plagued evident on short acquaintance. Behave yourself now; your eyesight is good—sit down, and play the agreeable to some old lady, and look at Mrs. Wittleday across the room as often as you like."

The lieutenant was young—his face was not under good control, and he had no whiskers, and very little mustache to hide it, so, although he obeyed the order of his superior, it was with a visage so mournful, that the major imagined, when once or twice he caught Mrs. Wittleday's eye, that that handsome lady was suffering from restrained laughter.

Humorous as the affair had seemed to the major before, he could not endure to have his preserver's sorrow the cause of merriment in any one else, so, deputing Parson Fisher to make their excuse to the hostess when it became possible to penetrate the crowd which had slowly surrounded her, the major took his friend's arm, and returned to the cottage.

"Major!" exclaimed the subaltern, "I—I half wish I'd let that Indian catch you; then you wouldn't have spoiled the pleasantest evening I ever had—ever *began* to have, I should say!"

"You wouldn't have had an evening at East Patten then, Fred," said the major, with a laugh, as he passed the cigars, and lit one himself. "Seriously, my boy, you must be more careful. You came here to spend a pleasant three months with me, and the first time you're in society you act, to a lady you never saw before, too, in such a way, that if it had been any one but a lady of experience, she would have imagined you in love with her."

"I *am* in love with her!" declared the young man, with a look which was intended to be defiant, but which was noticeably shamefaced. "I'm going to tell her so, too—that is, I'm going to write her about it."

"Steady, Fred, steady!" urged the major, kindly. "She'd be more provoked than pleased. Don't you suppose fifty men have worshiped her at first sight? They have, and she knows it, too—but it hasn't troubled her mind at all; handsome women know that they turn men's heads in that way, and they generally respect the men who are sensible enough to hold their tongues about it, at least until there's acquaintance enough between them to justify a little confidence."

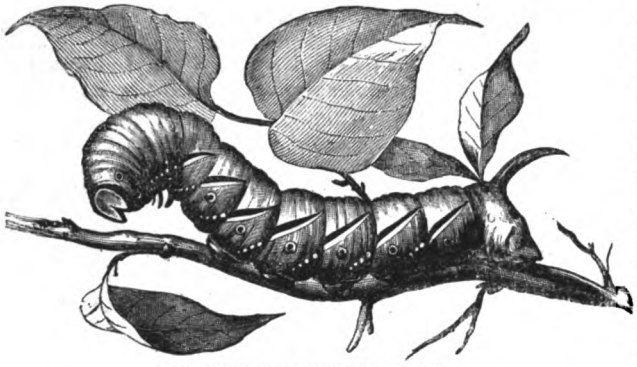
"Major," said poor Fred, very meekly, almost piteously, "don't—don't you suppose I *could* make her care something for me?"

The major looked thoughtfully, and then tenderly, at the cigar he held between his fingers. Finally he said, very gently:

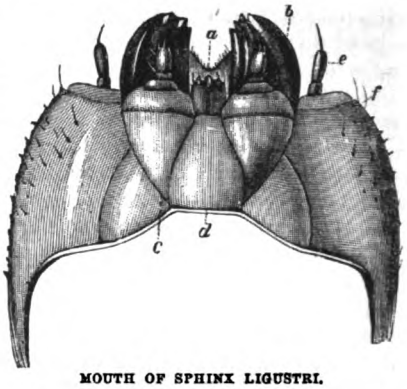
"My dear boy, perhaps you could. Would it be fair, though? Love in earnest means marriage. Would you torment a poor woman, who's lost one husband, into wondering three-quarters of the time whether the scalp of another isn't in the hands of some villainous Apache?"

The unhappy lieutenant hid his face in heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke.

"Well," said he, springing to his feet, and pacing the floor like a caged animal, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll write her, and throw my heart at her feet. Of course she won't care. It's just as you say. Why should she? But



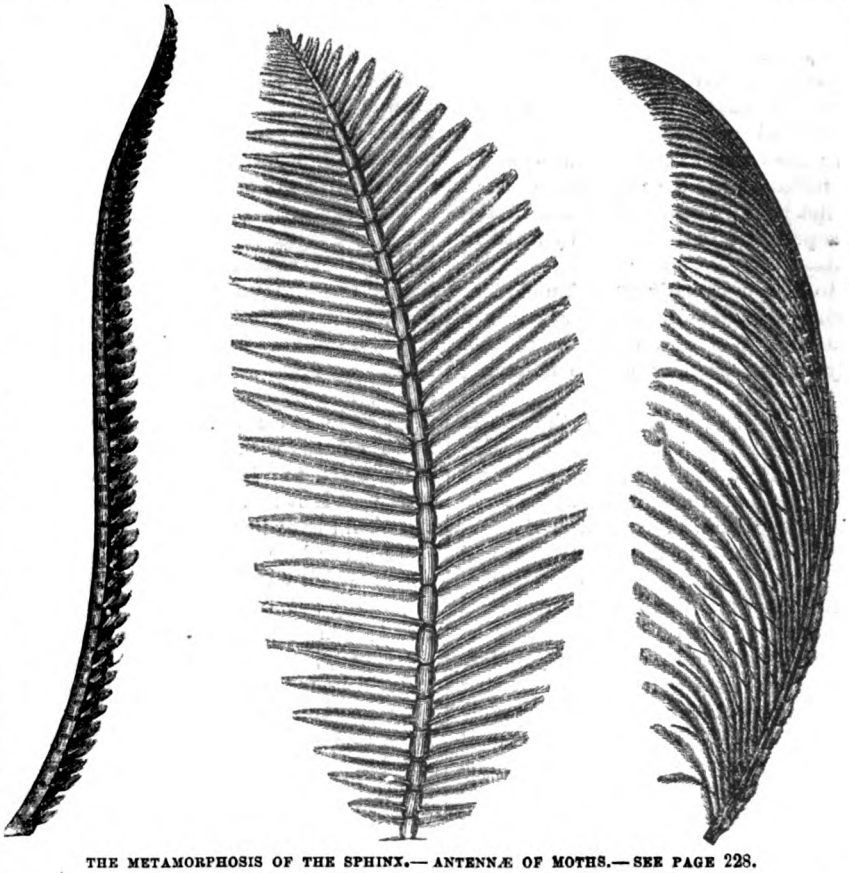
CATERPILLAR OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.




MOUTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

I'll do it, and then I'll go back to the regiment. I hate to spoil *your* fun, major, if it's any fun to you to have such a fool in your quarters; but the fact is, the enemy's too much for me. I wouldn't feel worse if I was facing a division. I'll write her to-morrow. I'd rather be refused by her than loved by any other woman!"

"Put it off a fortnight, Fred," suggested the major; "it's the polite thing to call within a week after this party; you'll have a chance then to become better acquainted with her. She's delightful company, I'm told. Perhaps you'll make up your mind it's better to enjoy her society during our leave, than to throw away everything in a forlorn hope. Wait a week or two longer—that's a sensible youth!" added the major.



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE SPHINX.—ANTENNÆ OF MOTHS.—SEE PAGE 228.

"I can't, major!" cried the excited boy. "Hang it! you're an old soldier—don't you know how infernally uncomfortable it is to stand still and be shot at?"

"I *do*, my boy," said the major, with considerable emphasis, and a far-away look at nothing in particular.

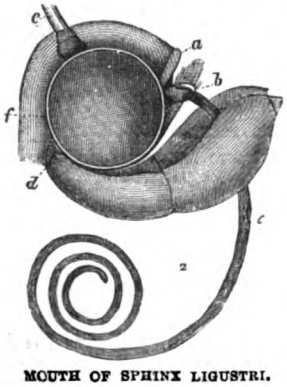
"Well, that'll be my fix as long as I stay here and keep quiet," replied the lieutenant.

"Wait a week, then," persisted the major. "You don't want to be 'guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman,' eh? Don't spoil her first pleasant remembrances of the first freedom she's known for two years."

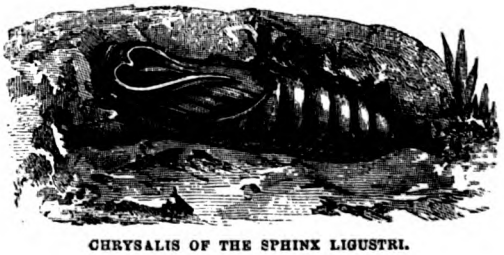
"Well, call it a week, then!" moodily replied the lovesick brave, lighting a candle, and moving toward his room. "I suppose it will take me a week, anyway, to make up a letter fit to send to such an angel."

The major sighed, put on an easy coat and slippers, and stepped into his garden.

"Poor Fred!" he muttered to himself, as he paced the walk in front of the piazza—"can't wait a fortnight, eh? Wonder what he would say if he knew I'd been waiting for seven or eight years—if he knew I fell in love with her as easily as he did, and that I've never recovered myself? Wonder what he'd do if some one were to marry her almost before his very eyes, as poor Wittleday did while I was longing for her acquaintance? Wonder what sort of fool he'd call me if he knew that I came to East Patten time after time, just for a chance of looking at her—that I bought Rose Cottage merely to be near her—that I'd kept it all to myself, and for a couple of years had felt younger




MOUTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

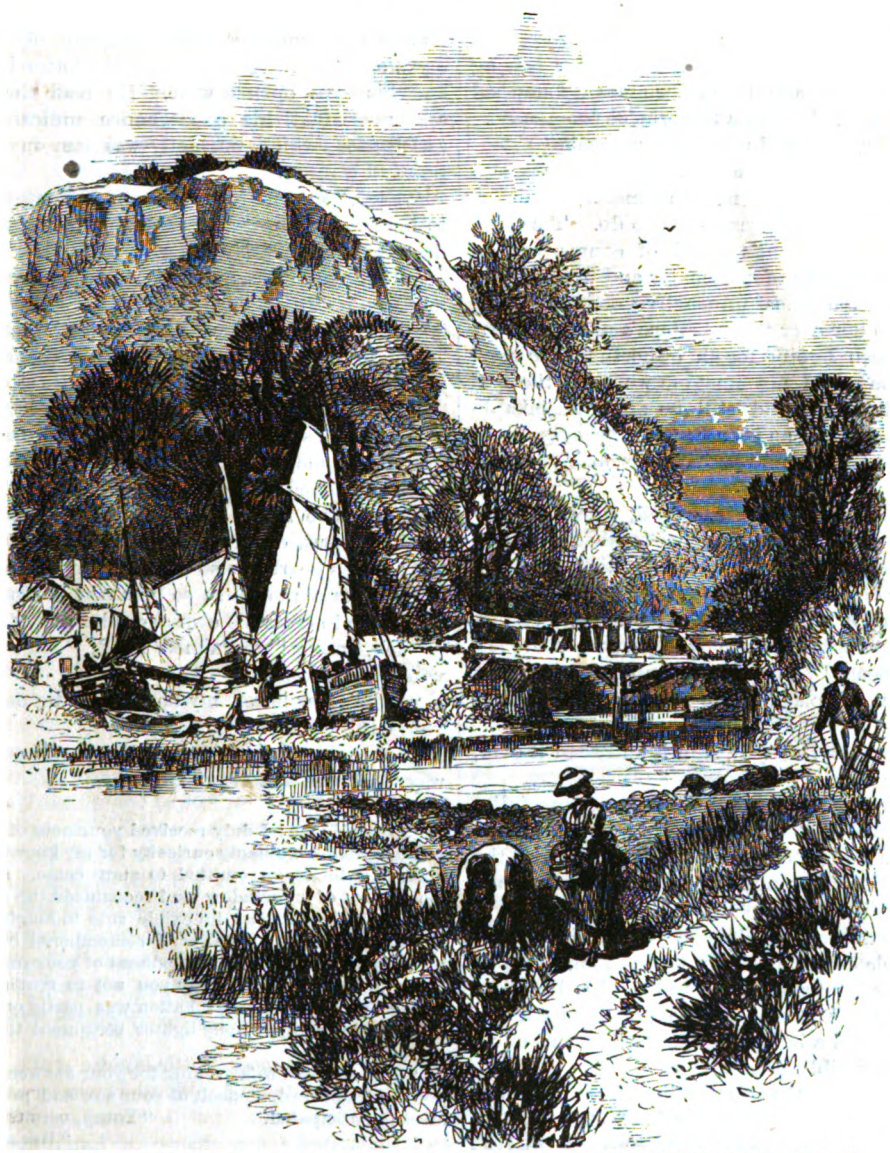


CHRYSALIS OF THE SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

at the thought that I might, perchance, win her after all? Poor Fred! And yet, why shouldn't she marry him?—women have done stranger things; and he's a great deal more attractive-looking than an old campaigner like myself. Well, God bless 'em both, and have mercy on an old coward!"

The major looked toward the Wittleday mansion. The door was open; the last guests were evidently departing, and their beautiful entertainer was standing in the doorway, a flood of light throwing into perfect relief her graceful and tastefully dressed figure. She said something laughingly to the departing guests—it seemed exquisite music to the major. Then the door closed, and the major, with a groan, retired within his own door, and sorrowfully consumed many cigars.

The week that followed was a very dismal one to the major. He petted his garden as usual, and whistled softly to himself, as was his constant habit, but he insanely pinched the buds off the flowering plants, and his whistling was restricted to the execution of dead marches alone. He jeopardized his queen so often at chess that Parson Fisher deemed it only honorable to call the major's attention to his misplays, and to allow him to correct them. The saddler-postmaster noticed that the major—usually a most accomplished smoker—now consumed a great many matches in relighting each pipe that he filled.



MAJOR MARTT'S FRIEND.—"EAST PATTEN WAS ONE OF THE QUIETEST PLACES IN THE WORLD." SEE PAGE 230.

Only once during the week did he chance to meet Mrs. Wittleday, and then the look which accompanied his bow and raised hat was so solemn, that his fair neighbor was unusually sober herself for a few moments, while she wondered whether she could in any way have given the major offense.

As for the lieutenant, he sat at the major's desk for many sorrowful hours each day, the general result being a large number of closely written and finely torn scraps in the waste-basket. Then, coatless, collarless, with open vest and hair disarranged in the manner traditional among love-sick youths, he would pour mournful airs from a flute.

The major complained—rather frequently for a man who had spent years on the Plains—of drafts from the front windows, which windows he finally kept closed most of the time, thus saving Mrs. Wittleday the annoyance which would certainly have resulted from the noise made by the earnest but unskilled amateur.

For the major himself, however, neither windows nor doors could afford relief; and when, one day, the sergeant accidentally overturned a heavy table, which fell upon the flute and crushed it, the major enjoyed the only happy moments that were his during the week.

The week drew very near its close. The major had, with a heavy but desperate heart, told stories, sung songs, brought up tactical points for discussion — he even waxed enthusiastic in favor of a run through Europe, he to bear all the expenses; but the subaltern remained faithful and obdurate. Finally, the morning of the last day arrived, and the lieutenant, to the major's surprise and delight, appeared at the table with a very resigned air.

"Major," said he, "I wouldn't mention it under any other circumstances, but—I saved your life once?"

"You did, my boy. God bless you!" responded the major, promptly.

"Well, now I want to ask you a favor on the strength of that act—I'll never ask another. It's no use for me to try to write to her—the harder I try the more contemptible my words appear. Now, what I ask is this—*you* write me

a rough draft of what's fit to send to such an incomparable being, and I'll copy it and send it over. I don't expect any answer—all I want to do is to throw myself away on her, but I want to do it handsomely, and—hang it! I don't know how. Write just as if you were doing it for yourself. Will you do it?"

The major tried to wash his heart out of his throat with a sip of coffee, and succeeded but partially; yet the appealing look of his favorite, added to the unconscious pathos of his tone, restored to him his self-command, and he replied:

"I'll do it, Fred—right away."

"Don't spoil your breakfast for it; any time this morning will do," said the lieutenant, as the major arose from the table. But the veteran needed an excuse for leaving his breakfast untouched, and he rather abruptly stepped upon the piazza and indulged in a thoughtful promenade.

"Write just as if you were doing it for yourself."

The young man's words rang constantly in his ears, and before the major had thought many moments, he determined to do exactly what he was asked to do. This silly performance of the lieutenant's would, of course, put an end to the acquaintanceship of the major and Mrs. Wittleday, unless that lady were most unusually gracious. Why should he not say to her over the subaltern's name, all that he had for years been hoping for an opportunity to say? No matter that she would not imagine who was the real author of the letter—it would still be an unmistakable comfort to write the words and know that her eyes would read them—that her heart would perhaps—probably, in fact—pity the writer.

The major seated himself, wrote, erased, interlined, rewrote, and finally handed to the lieutenant a sheet of letter-paper, of which nearly a page was covered with the major's very characteristic chirography.

"By gracious, major!" exclaimed the lieutenant, his face having lightened perceptibly during the perusal of the letter, "that's magnificent! I declare it puts hope into me; and yet, confound it, it's plaguey like marching under some one else's colors."

"Never mind, my boy; copy it, sign it and send it over, and don't hope too much."

The romantic young brave copied the letter carefully, line for line; he spoiled several envelopes in addressing one to suit him, and then dispatched the missive by the major's servant, laying the rough draft away for future (and probably sorrowful) perusal.

The morning hours dragged dreadfully. Both warriors smoked innumerable cigars, but only to find fault with the flavor thereof. The lieutenant tried to keep his heart up by relating two or three stories, at the points of each of which the major forced a boisterous laugh, but the mirth upon both sides was visibly hollow.

Dinner was set at noon, the usual military dinner-hour, but little was consumed, except a bottle of claret, which the major, who seldom drank, seemed to consider it advisable to produce. The after-dinner cigar lasted only until one o'clock; newspapers by the noonday mail occupied their time for but a scant hour more, and an attempted game of cribbage was speedily dropped by unspoken but mutual consent.

Suddenly the garden-gate creaked. The lieutenant sprang to his feet, looked out of the window, and exclaimed:

"It's her darkey—he's got an answer—oh, major!"

"Steady, boy, steady!" said the major, arising hastily and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, as that excited person was hastening to the door. "'Officer and gentleman,' you know. Let Sam open the door."

The bell rang, the door was opened, a word or two passed between the two servants, and Mrs. Wittleday's coachman appeared in the dining-room, holding the letter. The lieutenant eagerly reached for it, but the sable carrier grinned politely, said "It's fur de major, sah—wuz told to give it right into his han's, an' nobody else," fulfilled his instructions and departed, with many bows and smiles, while the two soldiers dropped into their respective chairs.

"Hurry up, major—do, please," whispered the lieutenant. But the veteran seemed an interminably long time in opening the dainty envelope in his hand. Official communications he opened with a dexterity suggesting sleight-of-hand, but now he took a penknife from his pocket, opened its smallest, brightest blade, and carefully cut Mrs. Wittleday's envelope. As he opened the letter his lower jaw fell, and his eyes opened wide. He read the letter through, and re-read it, his countenance indicating considerable satisfaction, which presently was lost in an expression of puzzled wonder.

"Fred," said he to the miserable lieutenant, who started to his feet, as a prisoner expecting a severe sentence might do, "what in creation did you write Mrs. Wittleday?"

"Just what you gave me to write," replied the young man, evidently astonished.

"Let me see my draft of it," said the major.

The lieutenant opened a drawer in the major's desk, took out a sheet of paper, looked at it, and cried:

"I sent her your draft! *This* is my letter!"

"And she's imagined *I* wrote it, and has accepted *me!*" gasped the major.

The wretched Frederick turned pale, and tottered toward a chair. The major went over to him and spoke sympathizingly, but, despite his genial sorrow for the poor boy, the major's heart was so full that he did not dare to show his face for a moment; so he stood behind the lieutenant, and looked across his own shoulder out of the window.

"Oh, major!" exclaimed Fred, "isn't it possible that you're mistaken?"

"Here's her letter, my boy," said the major; "judge for yourself."

The young man took the letter in a mechanical sort of way, and read as follows:

"*July* 23*d*, 185—.

"DEAR MAJOR: I duly received your note of this morning, and you may thank womanly curiosity for my knowing from whom the missive (which you omitted to sign) came. I was accidentally looking out of my window, and recognized the messenger.

"I have made it an inflexible rule to laugh at declarations of 'love at first sight,' but when I remembered how long ago it was when first we met, the steadfastness of your regard, proved to me by a new fancy (which I pray you not to crush) that your astonishing fondness for East Patten was partly on my account, forbade my indulging in any lighter sentiment than that of honest gratitude.

"You may call this evening for your answer, which, I suppose, you, with the ready conceit of your sex and profession, will have already anticipated. "Yours, very truly,

"HELEN WITTLEDAY."

The lieutenant groaned.

"It's all up, major; you'll *have* to marry her. 'Twould be awfully ungentlemanly to let her know there was any mistake."

"Do you think so, Fred?" asked the major, with a perceptible twitch at the corners of his mouth.

"Certainly I do," replied the sorrowful lover; "and I'm sure you can learn to love her; she is simply an angel—a goddess. Confound it, you can't *help* loving her!"

"You really believe so, do you, my boy?" asked the major, with fatherly gravity. "But how would *you* feel about it?"

"As if no one else on earth was good enough for her—

as if she was the luckiest woman alive," quickly answered the young man, with a great deal of his natural spirit. "'Twould heal *my* wound entirely."

"Very well, my boy," said the major; "I'll put you out of your misery as soon as possible."

* * * * * * *

Never had the major known an evening whose twilight was of such interminable duration. When however, the darkness was sufficient to conceal his face, he walked quickly across the street, and to the door of the Wittleday mansion.

That his answer was what he supposed it would be, is evinced by the fact that, a few months later, his resignation was accepted by the Department, and Mrs. Wittleday became Mrs. Martt.

In so strategic a manner that she never suspected the truth, the major told his *fiancée* the story of the lieutenant's unfortunate love; and so great was the fair widow's sympathy, that she set herself the task of seeing the young man happily engaged. This done, she offered him the position of engineer of some mining work on her husband's estate, and the major promised him Rose Cottage for a permanent residence as soon as he would find a mistress for it.

Naturally, the young man succumbed to the influences exerted against him, and, after Mr. and Mrs. Doyson were fairly settled, the major told his own wife, to her intense amusement, the history of the letter which induced her to change her name.

## GALLANTRY OF THE PRINCE OF COMMERCI.

In a skirmish which preceded the grand victory by the Imperialists over the Turks at Hersan, in 1687, the ensign of Commerci's regiment suffered his colors to be taken. The Prince of Commerci no sooner heard of it than he craved permission of the Duke of Lorraine to take a standard in return from the infidels. By dint of entreaty his wish was complied with, on which he galloped in front of the line. He perceived a Turk carrying a standard at the end of a *zagaye* (spear), instantly made up to him and leveled his pistol, which missing fire, he prepared to draw his sword. The Mussulman, profiting by the occasion, darted the *zagaye* into His Highness's thigh. The prince very deliberately laid hold of the weapon with his left hand, and with his right dealt his adversary such a tremendous blow as cleft his head in two.

This done, the young hero plucked the *zagaye* out of his thigh, and, bearing the fruit of his victory, covered with his own blood, into the presence of the general, sent for his ensign, whom he coolly addressed in the following terms:

"Here, sir, take this standard. It has cost me a trifle, and it will give me pleasure to find that you preserve it better than you did the last."

This singular reprimand is scarcely less admirable than the action itself. The Emperor, with a view to recompense the young prince in a manner suitable to his deserts, had the standard placed, with extraordinary pomp and ceremony, in the principal church of his capital. The Empress also wrought a stand of colors with her own hands, and presented it to the Prince of Commerci as a substitute for that which had been taken.

Spain is of more account in this world than is generally supposed. It took, together with its colonies, 2,500 distinctions of all kinds at the Paris Exhibition, while England and her colonies took but 2,455.

## AN AFTER-DINNER REVERIE.

By M. G. Watkins.

I left behind the plunging waves
My ship had cleaved for many a moon;
By golden harvests, grassy graves,
White farms, I drank in nature's boon.

Threading at eve with joyful heart
The pleasance round an English home;
'Midst trees and ferns I stood apart,
And idly wondered who would come.

Where slanting sunlights most did blaze,
A girl drew near, with lustrous eyes
Arched o'er by vivid dropping sprays,
And soothed with evening's tender sighs.

Her crimson robe flamed all aglow;
A rose within her hair was set;
And round her neck, like clouds o'er snow,
There wound an azure carcanet.

She pondered as she walked, nor saw
That some one watched her pensive face;
Mused she on love's eternal law
That trust can vanquish time and space?

Her trustful love had long since dropped
All jealous fears, all vague alarms;
So proud she turned—a moment stopped,
Then flew into my happy arms.

## A NEWPORT LOVE-STORY.

THE gold-bright ribbon of sunset was quivering across the level glitter of the sea, a vapor which was neither mist nor sunshine, but an interweaving of both, through which far, white sails shone and vanished like mirage; and the breeze, instinct with the coolness of leagues on leagues of green-lighted waves, touched Vivia Clifford's forehead like a loving hand, as she sat on a ledge of white-gleaming rock, beneath the friendly shadow of steep cliffs, with wet trails of seaweed festooned around her feet, and shells gleaming like forgotten flowers amid the crinkling lines printed along the damp, silvery surface of the sand by the fingers of the ebbing tide.

Vivia would have made no unattractive picture, as she sat there, with the lustrous gold of her long, bright hair blown back by the sea-wind, and the sweet pea-pink upon her cheeks, and the delicate oval outlines of her face; and her eyes had the velvety blueness of the *fleur-de-lis*, that lifts its royal head among the ranks of June gardens; and her coral-red lips were curved like Diana's bow; and the chin had a mischievous dimple that came and went like a sunbeam, when you least expected to see it; and, altogether, she was one of those lovable human creatures—the very opposite of marble statues or cold goddesses—who are born to make human homes bright, with wedding-rings upon their rosy fingers. And, withal, Vivia Clifford was the prettiest girl at Newport that season.

She untied the green-ribboned straw hat, whose envious shadow hid her face, so that the saline air might touch her veined temples, and, letting the dimpled chin sink into her left hand, gazed dreamily out at the far, gold-shining horizon.

"How beautiful it is!" she murmured, almost inaudibly, "and how much pleasanter it is to be breathing in this delicious air than to be sitting in state in that stuffy-smelling hotel parlor, with the pictures staring down at you, and the atmosphere full of sickening perfumes, and people wondering whether your jewels are real, or your cheeks rouged! I don't know why I wasn't born a fisherman's daughter, instead of a fashionable young lady!"

"You would love me better. Is that what you mean, Vivia?" he asked, a little bitterly.

"Nonsense, Ralph! you know very well that that would be impossible; only, if you were rich, Uncle Abel wouldn't make himself so horribly disagreeable."

"Is your uncle as determined as ever, Vivia?"

Miss Clifford elevated her shoulders, and made a very expressive little Frenchy *moue*.

"A girl drew near with lustrous eyes
Arched o'er by vivid drooping sprays,
And soothed with evening's tender sighs."

AN AFTER-DINNER REVERIE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 235.

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Ralph Vernay, who was leaning against the foot of the rock with folded arms, a straight young Apollo of strength and beauty, "for the same reason that I am a briefless lawyer, instead of a millionaire."

Vivia glanced down a shy, delicious little glance, that quivered into Vernay's eyes as a blue sunbeam loses itself in the brown depths of a forest pool; and in that one look you might have read the sweet old story of love, burning on the altars of two hearts.

"Oh, Ralph, if you were only rich——"

"Oh, Ralph, he says I'm a sentimental schoolgirl, and that you——"

"Well, what am I?" boldly demanded Mr. Vernay.

"That you're a shiftless young vagabond," pouted Vivia—"his very words, Ralph; and—and then I cried."

"My darling!" soothed the lover, touching his lips softly to a fragrant tress of the shining hair, now transformed by the level sunbeams to braided threads of gold.

"Yes, I cried; and Uncle Abel went away and banged the door. I don't care what he says of me, Ralph, but he

A NEWPORT LOVE-STORY.—"JOY! JOY! THE SIGNAL WAS COMPREHENDED AND RETURNED. SOMETHING WHITE AND FRIENDLY FLUTTERED FROM THE BOAT, WHICH NEARED HIM RAPIDLY, URGED ON BY STEADY AND VIGOROUS STROKES."—SEE PAGE 235.

shall *not* call you a v—v—vagabond!" And Miss Vivia's voice waxed a trifle hysterical.

"Let him talk on," laughed Vernay; "a free use of adjectives is sometimes a powerful escape-valve. At all events, I am not a fossil-hearted old Methuselah. And, Vivia, whatever he may take it into his capricious cranium to say or do, it won't alter one fact—the fact that I am most assuredly going to marry you."

Vivia's velvet-blue eyes shone admiringly on this brave-hearted lover of hers. A woman likes a man's strength to lean against and rest on; and if the proverb-worn "current of true love" was determined not to run smooth, it was something to have so valiant a gondolier, with oars that made such a goodly splashing against the ill-meaning tides.

"But, Ralph——"

"But, Vivia!"

"I can't marry you against Uncle Abel's direct prohibition. I can love you, dearest, all the same, if only——"

"Now, look here, my blue-eyed darling," coaxed Mr. Vernay, "there's only one way for us to proceed, and that is——"

"The way round the foot of the cliffs," chimed in a dry, husky little voice, as an elderly gentleman in a snuff-colored suit bobbed suddenly out from behind an overhanging rock, with pale, protruding eyes, that glared maliciously behind Brazilian pebble glasses. "That is the nearest; and, as the sun has already set, time is of some consequence. Vivia, if you will take my arm, we'll walk up to the hotel."

Vivia's cheeks were crimson, but she took her uncle's arm without a word of remonstrance. The spell of the tyrannical old man's presence, temporarily removed, was asserting its potency once more. But Mr. Vernay stepped forward, with a rebellious light flashing under his long eyelashes.

"Excuse me," he said, haughtily; "*I* will escort Miss Clifford home."

"No, you'll not," said Uncle Abel, tucking his niece's hand tighter still beneath his snuff-colored arm. "We won't trouble you to waste any more of your valuable time upon us, Mr. Vernay."

And Ralph Vernay had to submit, unwillingly enough, to the mute pleadings of Vivia's eyes.

So Miss Clifford was walked home, like a pretty prisoner of war, with Uncle Abel's solemn truisms and monotonous maxims sounding in her ears above the untranslatable murmur of the sea; and she had to array herself in white grenadine and French flowers, and go down to the parlors and waltz, and smile, and utter pretty, insignificant nothings in the sultry atmosphere, with the gas-lights blazing above, and the melancholy pulses of Strauss's music floating on the air; while all the time the moon, a full-orbed sphere of pearl, was rising so radiantly white over the rippling tides down by the shore, and she knew perfectly well that Ralph was smoking his cigar in the delicious solitude.

*Noblesse oblige!* The young maidens of to-day are sacrificed as remorselessly as in the days of heathendom. Fashion is the Moloch of the nineteenth century; yet we fold our hands and piously thank Providence that we live in a civilized era!

Is it any wonder that Vivia Clifford wept a few sparkling drops that night, as she took the French roses out of her hair, and fastened the necklace of turquoises away in its satin-lined casket?

"I wish Uncle Abel wasn't quite so obstinate," mused Vivia, as her curly head nestled down among the pillows. "And I don't want to go to the clam-party to-morrow—it will be so hot, and Uncle Abel will make me walk so far, and carry such a heap of hideous old shells and stones, and I don't believe Ralph is going, and——"

And here the oval eyelids drooped over the *fleur-de-lis* eyes, and the half-open rosebud he had given her fell from between her relaxed fingers, and our little heroine went, in utter defiance to all the rules of romance, to sleep.

For you can't waltz the whole evening, and watch all night, unless you have an evil conscience or the dyspepsia, and Vivia Clifford had neither.

The soft crimson of dawn was just beginning to illumine the walls of her room, like faint lights shining through ruby glass, when a brisk knocking sounded on the panels of Miss Clifford's door.

"Come, come!" barked Uncle Abel. "Time to get up! Open your eyes! 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise!' No more cat-naps! Remember the clam-party! Breakfast will be on the table in fifteen minutes, *precisely*. Vivia, *do* you hear me?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Abel," faintly answered poor, sleepy little Vivia, who would have given her prettiest coral earrings for one more hour of delicious morning slumber, and who fervently wished the clam-party in Patagonia.

A few miles beyond the sweep of the fashionable drives which belt Newport with glittering curves, a magnificent stretch of silvery sand leads up to jagged masses of rock, whose bald crests are fringed here and there with such hardy plants as thrive on the most barren soil. Upon this smooth and shingly beach flourishes the mollusk commonly known as *clam;* and hither come pilgrim bands in search of the soft-shelled treasures—or, at least, it forms a very plausible excuse for becoming Summer costumes, flirtations, and time-murder in general.

Not until the last carriage had driven up to a spot where two or three venerable cedars made a little oasis of shadow on the scorching sands did Vivia perceive, with a start and a thrill of scarce-concealed pleasure, that Ralph Vernay was among the company.

"Oh, Ralph!" she said, brightly, as he advanced, "I did not know—I never supposed——"

"Oh, ah, indeed!" interrupted Uncle Abel, drawing Vivia's arm under his, and flashing defiance on the bold lover through his spectacle-orbs. "I wish you a very good-morning, Mr. Ralph. Where is the basket, Vivia? Come, girl, come! And what have you done with the little glass jar with the self-screwing lid? Professor Wiseall tells me that one can find on this northern beach the very finest specimens of *Asteriadæ* in the country, to say nothing of the *Crinoideans*, and the excellent representatives of the *Heteropods*. Let us lose no time—every instant is of value."

And the old gentleman remorselessly dragged off his niece, blind to the "longing, lingering looks" she cast behind, and utterly regardless of Mr. Vernay's very evident discomfiture.

"Now, I should like to know what business that young man has loafing down here at clam-parties," observed Uncle Abel, viciously. "I thought he pretended to be a lawyer? Much practice he must have!"

"But, Uncle Abel," pleaded Vivia, with the roses dyeing her conscious cheeks, "he is taking his Summer vacation."

"Summer vacation, indeed!" growled her grim relative. "Some people's lives seem to consist altogether of 'Summer vacations.' When *I* was a young man beginning the world, we used to work hard for a living."

Vivia was silent, maliciously reflecting that that epoch must have belonged to the days of very, very long ago, when Uncle Abel suddenly went off into raptures over divers wrinkled and unshapen shells which lay upon the sand at their feet.

"The finest rayed-shell specimen that I ever saw!" he croaked, gleefully. "And that is the *Venus Astarte*—common, but nevertheless worthy of preservation. *Cytherea*, too! Upon my word, the basket will be full before we know it! Give me the glass jar, Vivia, my dear—you will certainly spill out my beautiful *Actinia*."

Miss Clifford resigned her portion of the scientific treasures not unwillingly. To her, the *Actinia* was a mere lump of sea-jelly.

"They are so horribly disgusting, Uncle Abel!"

"That's because you don't understand their importance as a matter of science, my dear. You must study up these things."

Vivia arched her eyebrows. The prospect was not a specially tempting one.

Altogether, it was rather a dull day to Vivia Clifford. Uncle Abel, in his enthusiastic prosecution of science, wandered far away from the rest, and Vivia found herself unable to escape from the glitter of his Cerberus-like old eyes.

"There's no need for our going back over that hot sand, my dear," he said, when his niece alluded incidentally to their returning to the cedar-trees in time for the collation. "I've got some very excellent Madeira in a flask, and a paper of soda-crackers, which you'll find much more healthy than lobster-salad or sardines, or any of that indigestible trash which they've got down yonder."

Vivia's heart sank within her at the ruthless overthrow of her last chance for meeting Ralph Vernay again.

"He will be so disappointed," thought Vivia; and she turned listlessly away from the soda-crackers and pocket-flask.

"What is the matter, Vivia?" asked Uncle Abel, with his mouth full of soda-crackers. "Aren't you hungry?"

And Vivia shook her head, and bit her scarlet lower-lip until she had a very good excuse for the tears that suffused her eyes.

Girls are strange creatures," said Uncle Abel to himself; "there's no accounting for their whims. And so"—putting the wine-flask back into the tail-pocket of his coat—"I'll try and find a mate to the *Actinia Equiva*."

The sunset arrows were stretching vaguely over the sands. Uncle Abel, perched on the apex of a cluster of rocks, curiously jagged, as if some juvenile Gog or Magog in his play had hacked and carved at them with a colossal penknife, was alternating, with eager eye, between his jar of gelatinous monstrosities and a quarto volume of natural history; while Vivia sat below, her open book lying on her lap, and her eyes seeing not a word of its printed types. All of a sudden a light footstep grated on the sands, a shadow fell athwart the level light at her feet.

"Vivia!"

"Ralph!"

Her cheek crimsoned, her blue eyes glittered like Oriental sapphires, as she smiled into his face.

"Hurry, Ralph!" holding up one slim finger; "*he* is up there."

"I know it," nodded her lover. "I kept well under the shadow of the rocks, and, thank Providence, he is up to his eyes in zoophytes. We can walk a little way under these cliffs, and he will be none the wiser; besides, it isn't safe for you to remain here—the tide is coming in like a regiment of horses."

Vivia involuntarily drew back with a stifled exclamation, as a huge in-plunging wave sprinkled her dress with tiny beads of spray, followed by long, sweeping fringes of foam.

"I had no idea it was coming in so fast," she said, clinging to Vernay's arm. "Yes, Ralph, we will go further up."

There *is* a theory of compensation in this world, after all! Vivia's day had been long and weary, but this walk over the glistening sands, with the far-off ships shining through the mists, and the murmur of ever-advancing breakers in their ears, atoned for all.

"Vivia!" called Uncle Abel's shrill voice, breaking in on the softer tones of Ralph Vernay's half-whispered accents.

"Yes, Uncle Abel!"

Vivia instinctively drew closer to the sheltering cliff as she answered.

"Are you below there?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing?"

"I—I'm picking up *Actinias*."

"It's all right," answered Uncle Abel's contented tones. "Don't go too far off."

"No, Uncle Abel."

And Mr. Abel Clifford buried his spectacled eyes once more in the quarto volume, in quest of some authentic account of a most unaccountable sea-creature, half fish, half flower, which sprawled despairingly behind the crystal walls of the jar.

"It's strange," he muttered, rapidly turning over the leaves, "what an inaccuracy there is on such subjects. I've a great mind to write a book myself. I could put a new idea or two into their heads, I think."

So he read on, straining his elderly eyes through their shining pebble-glasses; and the breeze, floating shoreward, grew cooler and more balmy, and the sun went down behind a stately ship, with sails and pennons of gold, dipping gradually behind the horizon; and Uncle Abel closed his book like one just roused from sleep.

"Upon my word," he ejaculated, "it must be past seven o'clock! How the time has flown! I never dreamed of its being so late! Vivia! Vivia! come, child, we must step lively, or we shall miss the last carriage. Vivia, I say! Why, where *is* that child? Seven o'clock!" nervously catching up his glass jar, and beginning to scramble down the rocky ledges as hastily as was consistent with personal safety. "Who would have thought it!" Suddenly he stopped. "It can't be possible!" he ejaculated. "Yes, it is! The tide has submerged the path by which we came—it has surrounded the point of rocks like an island! I'm a prisoner! I can't get away!"

The glass jar slipped from his nerveless fingers. The *Actiniæ*, in no wise dismayed by the jingle of breaking glass, lost no time in returning to their natural element; but Uncle Abel was too much terrified to lament their loss. The dull roar of the rising tide, breaking with hollow resonance round his lone eyrie, sounded like threatening voices in his ear.

"Oh, why didn't I learn to swim when I was a boy!" groaned Uncle Abel. "I shall be drowned! The water is rising with fearful rapidity."

As he spoke, the basket, which he had unwarily set down on a sloping rock, lost its centre of gravity, and, weighted with stones and shells, sank down through the waters. Uncle Abel watched its descent with a fearful fascination.

"That's the way *I* shall go!" gasped Uncle Abel, with a little shudder. "To be drowned!—the death I have always feared and dreaded most! Oh, dear, dear! what is to become of me? Help! help! he-e-lp!"

As if his feeble voice could lift itself above the tumult of the cruel, tossing waves!

Suddenly a little boat came rocking round the walls of cliffs to the northward—a boat which contained two persons; and Uncle Abel, remembering Robinson Crusoe and all the wretched castaways of ancient and modern times, tied his red bandana handkerchief round the head of his walking-stick, and brandished it eagerly in the air, bawling lustily for help as he did so.

Joy! joy! the signal was comprehended and returned. Something white and friendly fluttered from the boat, which neared him rapidly, urged on by steady and vigorous strokes.

Uncle Abel's eyes shone joyously through the spectacle-glasses.

"Vivia!" he cried aloud—"it is Vivia in the boat; and, as sure as I live, that is Ralph Vernay with her!"

Alas for poor human nature! So selfish is terror, that until this moment Uncle Abel had never once thought what had been his niece's fate.

"Yes," went on Uncle Abel, mentally, "it *is* Ralph Vernay. I wonder where they got the boat? And where did that young reprobate come from? I'll settle with him when once I find myself on *terra firma*. And yet, it is very lucky he came—very lucky, indeed."

"Row up a little nearer!" he shouted, hugging the quarto volume closely to his breast, as he nimbly scrambled down the rocks. "Do you take me for a seagull or an albatross, to fly across that ten feet of water?"

But the boat advanced no nearer. Ralph Vernay, leaning on the oars, wiped his streaming brow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Clifford," he remarked, politely. "What a very disagreeable predicament that must be for you!"

Uncle Abel's spectacle-glasses glittered like a pair of miniature moons.

"Then why, in the name of all that is righteous, don't you come and take me off?" he shouted, his face growing scarlet.

"Why don't I?" repeated Vernay, coolly.

"Yes, *why?*" barked Uncle Abel, growing irritable.

"Because I wish to exact a promise from you first," answered Mr. Vernay, composedly.

"A promise!"

"Yes; your promise that you will consent to my immediate marriage with this young lady, who is your ward as well as your niece."

"Oh, Uncle Abel, say yes!" cried Vivia, leaning forward, with gold hair streaming backward, and hands entreatingly clasped.

"*No!*" shouted Mr. Clifford.

"Just as you please," said Ralph Vernay, quietly taking up the oars. "How very rapidly the tide comes in!"

Uncle Abel glanced apprehensively around. Mr. Vernay was assuredly right—the tide was rushing in with a roar like that of some infuriated wild animal.

"But you would not go away and leave me to be drowned?" he exclaimed, as Vernay leaned forward to his oars.

"Your answer—is it Yes, or No?" demanded the young man.

"No."

But it was spoken with less of determined emphasis this time.

Mr. Vernay gave the oars a firm pull. Uncle Abel's croaking cry followed the boat's bounding movement over the waves.

"Oh, Ralph!" faltered Vivia, her sweet face growing pale in the luminous twilight.

"My darling," coaxed Vernay, "he's as safe and as obstinate as possible. One minute more of firmness, and the day is ours."

As they spoke, the boat was gliding away, partly impelled by the current, and partly by Mr. Vernay's firm

strokes. The spray from breaking waves was beginning to sprinkle Uncle Abel's boots. He advanced a step, making an impromptu speaking-trumpet of his two hands.

"Come ba-a-ack !" he bawled, in stentorian accents.

The boat shot toward him once again.

"You're an undutiful, irreverent and evil-disposed young scamp !" irately shouted the captive of the rocks.

"Was that all you wanted to say to me, sir ?"

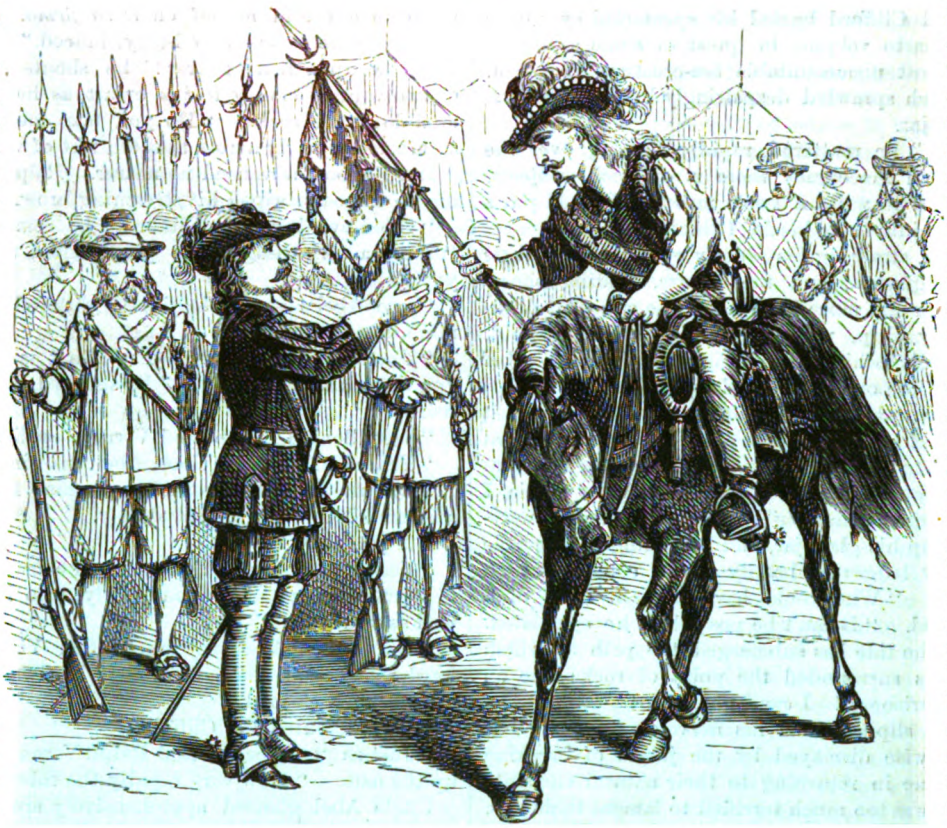
"Hold on ! Come back, I say. No, it wasn't all. Take me off this death-trap of a place, and you may marry my niece a dozen times, for all I care."

"Once will be all that is necessary, sir," said Mr. Vernay, with unmoved gravity. "Just wait an instant—I'll pull round to the lower side, where you can step in more easily."

And the keel of the boat grated harshly against the rough edges of rock—the sweetest sound that ever wooed Uncle Abel Clifford's ears.

"Now, sir," cheerily cried Ralph, "take my hand—easy, with your left foot. Now we are all right."

Uncle Abel seated himself, still hugging the quarto volume to his breast. He was safe ; but he had been defeated, vanquished. He had sold himself for a mess of pottage. Yet, when he remembered the sick terrors that had assailed his mind as he stood trembling on those dizzy rocks, he could not but congratulate himself.



GALLANTRY OF THE PRINCE OF COMMERCI.—SEE PAGE 235.

"Uncle Abel !"—and Vivia's cheek, soft and fresh and cool as a rose-leaf, was laid against his grizzled whisker, and Vivia's arm crept around his neck—"Uncle Abel, you're not angry with me ?" she pleaded, her dewy breath fanning his cheek.

"No," said Uncle Abel, brusquely, yet not unkindly, "not *very* angry."

"And you'll forgive us, Uncle Abel ?"

"I suppose I shall have to," said Uncle Abel. "There, there, you needn't *quite* choke a fellow to death ! Such a famous *Actinia* as it was !" he added, in a mournful sort of soliloquy. "And the self-screwing jar broken to pieces—an utter impossibility to replace it in this out-of-the-way place. And the finest rayed-shell I ever saw—nothing like it in all Wiseall's collection."

Uncle Abel had lost his niece and his *Actinia* both, and he was not quite sure which he regretted most. And as the little boat glided homeward, making a shining track in the mellow moonlight brightness which rested on the sea, all three of the voyagers were silent ; Vivia thinking of the long, long cruise of life just begun for her.

And as she felt Ralph's presence at her side, Vivia was very, very happy ; for love is sweet for ever, and woman's life is love.

## FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

A French watering-place is the cheeriest, brightest, most gossipy, best toileted resort in the world. The sun is more glittering, the sky is bluer, the sands are yellower, and the air more bracing. The children are poems in lace and gossamer fabrics ; the nurses are pictures in their Normandy or Picardy caps ; the ladies display Worth and Madame de St. Cluny's *chef d'oeuvres;* the men incase themselves in garments that savor of the Comique ; while the peasantry are all of the Opera Bouffe chorus.

Life swings merrily at a French watering-place. Bathing is one shriek of laughter ; music is one head nod and foot stamp ; promenading one joyous hum. Everybody is out on the tawny sands—from rosy morn till far into the night ; everybody salutes everybody, and everybody chats with his neighbor. There is no restraint. All the severe lines of conventionalism are razed, and a mild abandon sets in that savors of Bohemia, but without the license of the rapid disciples of the wild and *hélas*—now imaginary region.

> "Its latitude's somewhat uncertain,
> Its longitude's too somewhat vague,"

as the song says of its old capital, Prague.

One of the most *piquante* of French watering-places is Biarritz, situated "far from the madding crowd," and near enough to sunny Spain to gain some of the yellows and reds of the Basque Provinces. The run down from Paris takes fourteen hours, via Bordeaux to Bayonne ; and from thence by pony phæton for five miles to the white sands of the beach. Biarritz is situated in the Department of the Basses Pyrénées, in the Bay of Biscay. Its normal population may be 4,000, and its Summer

FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.—CHARACTERISTIC GROUPS SEEN NEAR BIARRITZ.

foreigners about as many more. The air is *vif*, that is, lively and bracing, much more so than that of Pau, which would seem to be essentially adapted for persons having small or weak lung power.

Biarritz sprang up in a night. It was created by a word from the Empress Eugénie—"Let us go somewhere out of the world," she said to her imperial spouse, as the season at the glittering Tuileries drew to a close; and at the suggestion of Monsieur de Lesseps, her kinsman, this out-of-the-way "bit of shingle" was selected by the Empire. It became the fashion—to sojourn at Biarritz was *de rigueur;* and, as the accommodation was *nil* (they do not build hotels in Europe as we run them up here), the fact of stopping there proved that the thrice happy sojourner belonged to the *crème de la crème*—to that inner circle upon which hung the glittering glories of the Empire.

In 1855 the Empress caused to be built a chateau, which was called the "Villa Eugénie." It is a very unpretending-looking edifice, erected upon an eminence close to the sea. The Imperial life here was conducted with the utmost simplicity, and save for her bathing-costumes, which were "high art," the Empress usually strolled about attired in a blue flannel suit, trimmed with scarlet; a hat of the old mushroom shape on her head. The writer has seen her frisking with the young prince—recently killed in Zululand—running after him on the shore, throwing him down, or aiding in the creation of castles of sand—miniature Tuileries, Fontainebleaus, and St. Clouds!

With the Empire departed the glories of Biarritz. Of course, some of the adherents of the fallen dynasty hie thither in order to keep the name of Napoleon alive—even in this quiet nook by the sea; while the *bourgeois* from Bordeaux, who have here erected chateaux, still annually visit them, sighing for the days when Eugénie, in yellow and gold, arose like Venus from the froth of the sea.

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# ETNA, AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

Sicily, the largest and by far the most populous of the islands of the Mediterranean, lies just off the toe of the Italian "boot," from which it is separated by the narrow Strait of Messina. Its area is about 11,300 square miles, almost exactly that of the State of Maryland, a little more than that of Vermont, and a little less than that of Massachusetts and Connecticut together. The population verges closely upon three millions. In shape it is an irregular triangle, or, more exactly, that of the Indian stone arrowheads so often dug up. It was anciently called *Trinacria* ("Threepoints"), from the three capes which jut boldly out from its deeply indented shore-line. Its modern name comes from the Siculi, a tribe who are supposed to have been its original inhabitants; but in the course of ages, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Saracens and Normans settled here, and have left marked traces upon the people and their language, which differs materially from the Italian, especially in the frequent occurrence of Saracenic words. Thus, the great volcano of Etna is called by the natives Mongibello, from the Italian *monte* and the Saracenic *jebel*, both meaning mountain—very much as though we were to call some lofty summit "Hillmount."

The volcano of Etna (Gr. *Aitna*, "The Burning") is the great natural feature of Sicily. It rises in the northeastern part of the island, the summit being barely fifteen miles from the shore of the Mediterranean at its nearest approach, while its base in many places almost touches the water. Its height is now about 11,870 feet, somewhat more than two miles. At one time it was, and very likely at some future period may be, several hundred feet higher, for the upper portion of the cone has more than once tumbled into the crater. The base measures about ninety miles in circumference. It so vastly overtops all the elevations around it that from its summit is commanded one of the most extensive views in the world, comprised within a circle of fully three hundred miles in diameter, embracing the whole of the island, which seems to lie under the very feet of the spectator; the shores of Italy to the northeast, the blue, island-studded Mediterranean to the north and east, and Malta, 130 miles to the south. The ascent is so easily accomplished that one cannot but wonder that it is not more frequently made; for there are few spectacles upon earth to be compared with that of the rising of the sun as seen from the summit. As it is, I suppose more people go up our Mount Washington in a single Summer month than ascend Etna in a decade.

Being in Naples a couple of years ago, I resolved before leaving the Old World to make the ascent of Etna. I accordingly set myself at work to study the character and history of the volcano, so that I might know beforehand something of what was to be seen, and where it was to be looked for. The accounts of ascents upon which I could lay my hand were few and meagre. I had with me Ross Browne's amusing sketch, written a score of years ago, and a Neapolitan friend lent me Brydone's "Tour in Sicily and Malta," just a century old, which contains several graphic chapters on Etna. I was, however, able to come upon some excellent maps of quite recent date, and Carlo Gemello's excellent "Vulcanologia dell' Etna," which contains an account of all the recorded eruptions. Before asking my readers to accompany me on my trip up and around Etna, I shall give a brief resumé of the chief mythological legends and the historical facts connected with the volcano.

Etna is frequently mentioned in the classic writers, who made or found various legends connected with it. It was the prison-house of the Jove-defying giant Enceladus, whose throes of torture sometimes shook the whole island; or of the dragon-like Typhon. It was one of the workshops of Vulcan and his one-eyed hammerers, the Cyclopes. Of the Typhon, Pindar (about B.C. 500) sings: "He is fast bound by a pillar of the sky, even by snowy Etna, nursing a whole year long her dazzling snow, out of which streams of unapproachable fire are vomited from the inmost depths: in the daytime the lava streams forth with a lurid rush of smoke; but in the darkness a red, rolling flame sweepeth rocks with uproar to the wide, deep sea. That dragon thing it is that maketh issue from beneath the terrible fiery flood." Æschylus, in the next generation, also speaks of the "mighty Typhon":

> "Who lies
> A helpless, powerless carcass, near the strait
> Of the great sea, fast pressed beneath the roots
> Of ancient Etna, where on highest peak
> Hephæstos sits, and smites his iron red-hot,
> From whence hereafter streams of fire shall burst,
> Devouring with fierce jaws the golden plains
> Of fruitful, fair Sicelia."

He doubtless refers to a violent eruption which we know historically to have taken place half a century before his time. It has been thought singular that Homer—or whoever may have been the author or authors of the "Odyssey," wherein certain portions of the Sicilian coast are so graphically described—appears to have never heard of Etna; from which it has been inferred that at the period when that poem was composed the volcano had been so long quiescent that no rumor of its eruptions reached the

ears of the poet who sang of Scylla and Charybdis, scarcely threescore miles from its summit. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that within historic times there have been several successive centuries in which there was no recorded eruption.

The careful investigations of Gemellaro and Ferrara have discovered mention, more or less definite, of about eighty eruptions of Etna. Three of these, however, antedate the historical period, and are purely conjecturally set down as having occurred in 1226, 1170 and 1149 B.C. Of one of these, Diodorus the Sicilian says, briefly, that before the Trojan war the Siculi were driven from the east side of the island by eruptions from Etna.

The first eruption of which there is any definite historical account, occurred in 525 B.C. Between that time and the commencement of the Christian era, twelve eruptions are recorded. During the first four centuries after Christ, five are mentioned, the last in 420 A.D. Then, until 812, not one is mentioned; in that year was an eruption, after which there were none until 1169. In the twelfth century there were two; in the thirteenth and fourteenth, six; in the fifteenth and sixteenth, nine. Since that time they have been far more frequent. In the seventeenth century there were fourteen; in the eighteenth, eighteen; and during the present century there have thus far been fifteen, up to that which occurred in 1874. We group together a few of the incidents recorded of the most notable of these eruptions.

Of the great eruption of 477 B.C. there is a pretty legend, apparently based upon fact, which we find recorded in prose by Seneca, and in verse by Lucilius, the latter of whom was procurator of Sicily under Nero, about sixty years after Christ. A mighty lava torrent—so runs the legend—was pouring down upon the city of Catania. Two youths, Anapias and Amphinomus, took their aged parents and their household gods upon their shoulders, and bore them through the blazing streets to a place of safety. The poet thus describes the event: "The flames blushed to touch the filial youths; wherever they plant their footsteps the fiery flood retires. On their right hand fierce dangers prevail; on their left are burning fires. Athwart the flames they pass in triumph, each brother safe beneath his sacred burden. The devouring fire flees backward, and checks itself around the twin pair. At length they issue forth unharmed, and bear with them their deities in safety. Songs of poets honor and wonder at them; them has Pluto placed apart beneath a glorious name; nor can the envious Fates reach these holy youths, but have truly granted them abodes in the domains of the blessed." It is certain that statues and a temple were erected in honor of the pious brothers, and their burial-place was named the *Campus Piorum;* and a field of lava, about four miles from Catania, still bears the name of the *Campo dei fratelli pii*, "Field of the pious brothers."

A great eruption occurred in B.C. 396. It is notable for having broken out in what is now known as the Monte di Mojo, some fourteen miles north of the present cone. Himilcar the Carthaginian was on the march from Messina to Syracuse, and his army was obliged to make a wide detour to avoid the fiery flood, which poured directly across the route which he was following.

In B.C. 126 there was an eruption, preceded by an earthquake. The fiery torrent poured from Etna, made its way to the sea, which, as we are told, absolutely boiled near the island of Lipari, so that fish, already cooked, were thrown upon the shore in immense numbers. Four years later, Catania was a second time overwhelmed; the eruption coming from a small crater at Gravina, fifteen miles south of the present cone, and only a couple of miles from Catania. The lava-flood turned aside just before reaching the city; but the roofs of many of the houses were crushed in by the weight of the hot ashes showered down. The city was so much injured that the Romans granted the people immunity from all taxes for the period of ten years. Not long before the assassination of Julius Cæsar (B.C. 44) there was an earthquake and eruption, which, we are told by Livy, was held to have been an omen of that event.

In A.D. 253, after a quiet of nearly two centuries, occurred a violent eruption, which lasted nine days. The great Decian persecution of the Christians was then raging; and St. Agatha—since the patron Saint of Catania—had been martyred a year before. Her remains, covered by a vail, lay in the tomb. The lava poured straight down upon Catania. The frightened citizens rushed to the tomb, took off the vail, and bore it to the verge of the fiery torrent, which, if legend is to be believed, was immediately staid in its course.

A period of more than nine centuries ensued, during which we have records of only two slight eruptions, in 420 and 812 A.D. But in 1169 came an outburst far exceeding any previous one. February 4th was the vigil of the Feast of St. Agatha, and before dawn the great cathedral which had been erected over her remains was thronged with worshipers. Just as the gray light of dawn was struggling with the candles upon the altar, came a violent earthquake. The eastern side of the cone of Etna was tumbled into the crater; and in a few moments Catania was a heap of ruins. The cathedral was destroyed, burying all who were within, among whom were the bishop and more than fourscore Benedictine monks, who were assisting at the solemn services of the festival. In all, it is said that 15,000 persons were buried beneath the ruins of Catania. The earthquake was felt all over Sicily, and as far as Reggio on the mainland of Italy. At Messina, the sea receded to some distance from the shore, then rushed back in a great wave, overwhelming vast numbers who had fled to the beach for safety. There are strange stories told of this catastrophe. The famous clear, fresh fountain of Arethusa, at Syracuse, became muddy and brackish; the copious fountain of Ajo, not far off, ceased to flow for a time, and then gave forth water as red as blood; some part of its subterraneous channel had doubtless been choked up by red volcanic ashes, such as constitute the noted Red Hill at the base of Etna. We do not find that lava was ejected, but we are told that the trees and crops through a large extent of country were destroyed by showers of hot ashes.

On the evening of June 28, 1329, there was another mighty eruption. A new crater was opened from which poured dense, black smoke, soon followed by a stream of lava, while masses of red-hot rock were flung high into the air. This continued for nearly three weeks, when five new craters were opened, a dozen miles away. All day the sun was obscured by smoke and incessant showers of ashes, which were carried as far as Malta, 130 miles to the southeast. The lava streams divided into three parts, two of which flowed toward Aci, and one toward Catania, without, however, reaching those cities.

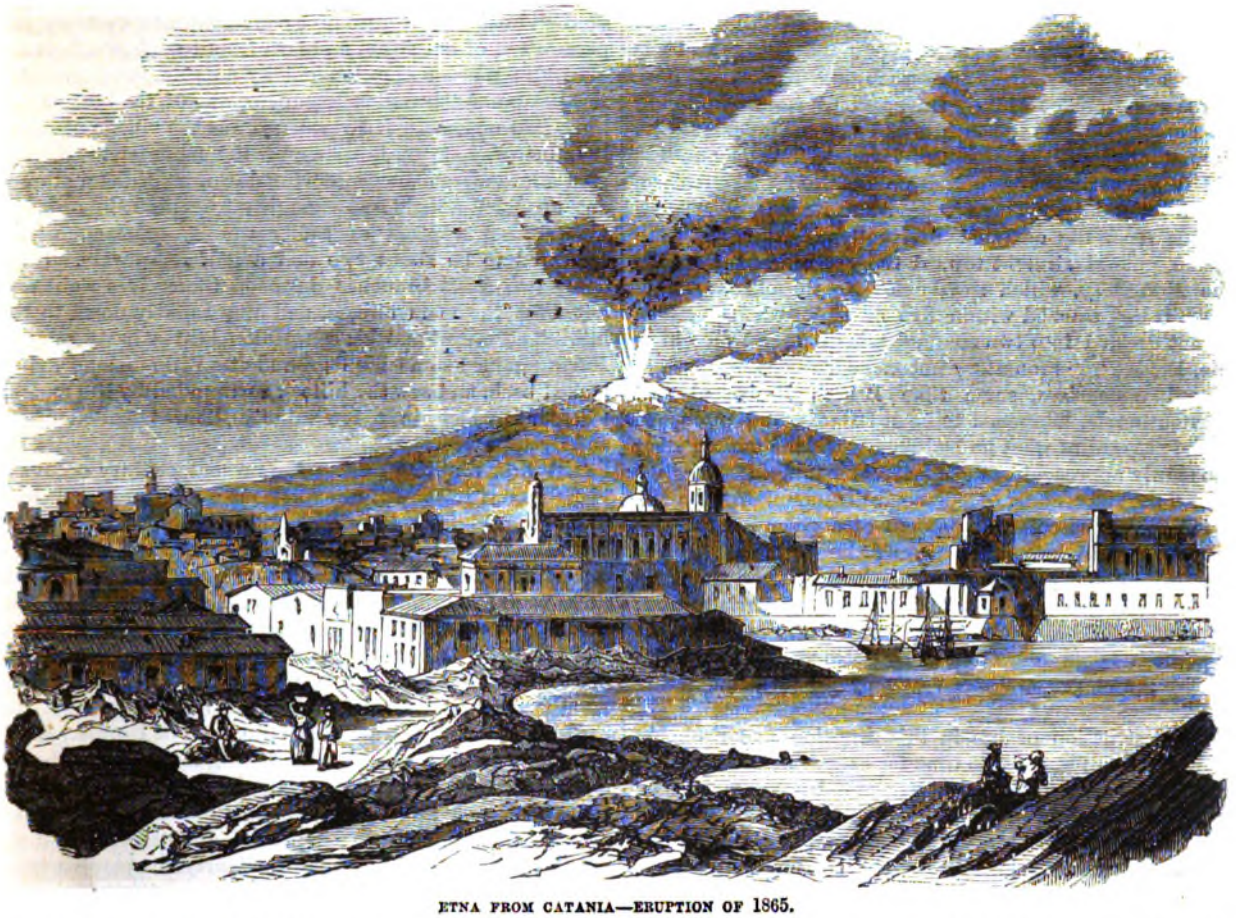
In March, 1536, fearful rumblings were heard from the interior of Etna. The lava flood welled up almost to the brim of the great crater, then broke through on three sides, flowing northward; westward, and southwestward—not in the direction of the sea, but toward the interior of the island. The lava currents swept everything before them for several weeks; and, in the meanwhile, fifteen new "mouths" were opened on the sides of the mountain. A physician, named Piazza, approaching one of these openings, was crushed by a red-hot stone, which had been flung up.

Fourteen months later there was another notable eruption: the lava in four days flowed fifteen miles in the direction of Catania, overwhelming in its course two villages. The ashes destroyed olive plantations near Messina, and are said to have been carried three hundred miles out to sea. There were constant earthquake shocks all over the region, and not a few persons received the rite of Extreme Unction, in the full belief that the Last Day was at hand. During the eruption more than three hundred feet of the lip of the great crater fell in, so as to be on a level with what is now called the *Piano del Lago*—"Plain of the Lake," because there was formerly here a considerable pond, replenished by the melting of the snow. The hollow of this pond, which was more than 9,000 feet above the sea, was filled up during the eruption of 1607.

SUNRISE FROM ETNA.

A considerable eruption began in 1663, which lasted with occasional intermissions for four years. The lava ejected during this time covered a tract eighteen miles long, two miles wide, and in places more than forty feet feet thick.

One of the most noted eruptions of Etna was that of 1669. It is indeed the first one of which full details have come down to us. I condense the account given by Signor Borelli, then Professor of Mathematics in the University of Catania. On the 8th of March the sun was darkened, and earthquake shocks were felt, which increased in violence for three days, when a fissure, eleven miles long, was opened to within a mile of the summit. The fissure was scarcely six feet wide, but it seemed to be of immense depth, with molten lava at the bottom. At intervals along the line of the fissure half a dozen mouths were formed, from which proceeded noises that could be heard to a distance of forty miles. Before night a new crater opened which threw up hot stones, then sand and ashes, and at last a torrent of lava, the advancing head of which was two miles broad, which destroyed several towns, among which was one with 8,000 inhabitants. In three days this new crater had grown to be eight hundred feet in diameter, all the time flinging up immense quantities of sand, ashes, and scoriæ. On the 23d of March was thrown up the hill now called the Red Mount, four or five hundred feet high, and two miles in circuit at its base. Two days after this was a succession of earthquakes, during which the top of the great central cone was again inwardly hurled into the crater. The current of lava had by this time divided into three streams. One branch headed straight for Catania, destroying fourteen considerable villages in its way. Two miles from the city it undermined a hill covered with corn-fields and vineyards, which was actually floated for a considerable distance upon the fiery flood. The descent was rather gentle and the advance of the lava was slow. During the first



ETNA FROM CATANIA—ERUPTION OF 1865.

twenty days it moved thirteen miles—during the next twenty-three days only two miles. At last, on the 23d of April, the main current, three-fifths of a mile wide, and forty feet deep, poured itself into the sea, in full view of Catania. The rough, jagged lava masses which still mark the spot, are among the most picturesque objects in the neighborhood of the city.

This lava-river played some strange freaks. A branch of it struck the massive wall of the city, sixty feet high, up which it actually climbed. The manner of doing this is thus explained: The surface of the mass had become so far cooled as to cease to be fluid, and in time actually solid, thus forming in effect a stone pipe, through which the anterior mass, still semi-fluid, was gradually forced up by the immense pressure from behind. The outlet of this pipe, of course, was slowly raised, until at last it overtopped the wall, over which the uncooled lava plunged in a fiery cascade. At this point, outside of the wall, was a copious spring. This was hidden by the broad sheet of lava, and for nearly two centuries was lost to view. But in cooling, the lava had left a little space between itself and the wall, by which the site of the spring was identified. Not very many years ago the Prince Biscara, the richest landholder in Sicily, undertook to recover the use of this spring. He opened an excavation,

SICILIAN PEASANTS AND LETTICA.

down to the base of the wall, into what proved a kind of rude cavern, where he came upon the sparkling water. From the street above, a staircase of sixty-three steps leads down among lateral and overhanging masses of lava. These steps are constantly traversed by women and children bearing vessels in which to carry up the precious fluid. In another place, the stream of lava overthrew a hundred and fifty feet of the wall, and poured into the streets of the devoted city. There were some remarkable preservations from the common destruction. Thus the fiery stream poured straight toward the magnificent Benedictine Monastery, which stands close to the old city wall. When it had reached within five or ten yards, the sullen torrent divided into two streams, which flowed on either side, leaving the monastery untouched.

Lord Winchelsea, some time British Embassador at Constantinople, happened to be at Catania, and published a brief account of what he had seen while the molten river was slowly approaching the city. "I could discover," he says, "the river of fire to descend the mountain, of a terrible fiery or red color, and stones of a paler red to swim thereon, and to be as big as an ordinary table. Of the twenty thousand which inhabited Catania, three thousand did only remain there; all their goods are carried away; the cannon of brass are removed out of the castle; some great bells taken down; the city gates walled up next to the fire; and preparations made by all to abandon the city."

The destruction of life in this eruption was probably small, for there was ample time for escape before the lava-stream reached the city. The stream did not cease to flow until the expiration of four months; and two years later it was found to be red-hot at no great distance below the surface. According to Ferrara, the stream was at least fifteen miles long, with an average breadth of between two and three miles, covering to a depth of forty feet an area of fully forty square miles. The stones thrown up were often of very considerable magnitude. One mentioned by Borelli was fifty feet in diameter. It fell a mile from the crater, and when it struck penetrated twenty-three feet into the ground.

Catania itself did not suffer very greatly from the eruption of 1669; but in 1694 it was almost totally destroyed. Early in January clouds of black smoke were seen rising from the great crater, accompanied by noises like the continuous discharge of artillery. This was succeeded by an earthquake which shook all the surrounding region. Catania was leveled to the ground, and 18,000 persons, comprising the majority of the population, were buried beneath the ruins. Fifty towns and villages were destroyed, and the total loss of life was estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000. Considerable streams of lava were poured forth from the great crater, the summit of the cone being considerably lowered by the falling in of the rim.

The next notable eruption, being the fifty-third of which we have accounts, occurred early in 1755. This eruption is remarkable from being accompanied by a flood of water, not of fire. A new mouth was opened in the Val del Bove, four miles from the summit. A torrent of water poured from the valley, digging a channel two miles broad, and in places more than thirty feet deep, and strewing huge blocks of stone all along its course. During the first eighteen minutes of its flow, this torrent passed over a distance of twelve miles. The amount of water, estimated at 16,000,000 cubic feet, was undoubtedly produced by the sudden melting of the snow and ice; but as this exceeds the probable quantity which could be produced from one Winter's snow, Lyell supposes that there must have been still older layers which had been preserved from melting from above by being covered by deposits of sand and ashes, and were now converted into water by the permeation of hot steam and lava from the depths below.

In 1766 was an eruption chiefly notable from the narrow escape of the Canon Recupero, one of the best of the historians of Etna. His residence was the village of Nicolosi, half-way down the side of the mountain. Having seen a lava-stream slowly moving down, he, with an attendant, ascended a little hill some fifty feet high, in order to watch from a place of safety the lava-stream, which appeared to be about two and a half miles wide. Suddenly two small branches detached themselves right and left from the main stream, and ran rapidly down to the hill. The savant and his companion beat a hasty retreat. Having gained some high ground at a little distance, they looked back, and saw the hillock surrounded by the molten mass, into which, in a few minutes, it was melted down and disappeared.

The first eruption during the present century occurred in February, 1800. Loud explosions were heard; columns of fire issued from the crater, followed by the ejection of hot ashes and scoriæ, which, falling upon the snow, produced devastating floods of water. Between 1800 and 1811, there were five eruptions. In 1805, a cone 1,050 feet high was thrown up within the great crater. In 1809 and 1811, more than fifty new mouths of fire were opened at various places on the sides of the mountain. In 1832, fifteen mouths were opened at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea. A crater was opened near the town of Bronte, which was seriously threatened by the flowing lava. A number of the inhabitants were watching the advance of the stream, when there was a sudden explosion, like that of gunpowder. Red-hot stones were flung in all directions, and blinding steam enveloped the region. Thirty-six persons were killed on the spot, and twenty more were fatally injured. From the great crater were emitted quantities of volcanic dust, charged with hydrochloric acid, which destroyed the vegetation wherever it fell.

A violent eruption, the seventy-sixth upon record, began on the 21st of August, 1852, and lasted nine months. It seems to have occurred without warning, for a party of English tourists were ascending the mountain. They had got close to the *Casa Inglesi*, at the foot of the great cone, when fire and ashes were belched forth from the crater, and a fierce hurricane overthrew the mules and their riders. Then came an earthquake which seemed to shake the entire mountain. The mules fled in terror, but the travelers were able to make their way back without injury. The eruption increased in violence for a week, the molten lava, however, moving very slowly. On the 2d of September, Signor Gemellaro ascended a hill in the Val del Bove, in order to observe the phenomena. The hill, he says, seemed fairly to rock, and the valley itself had the appearance of a molten lake. The streams of lava from the various mouths which were opened, one after another, poured slowly in several directions, destroying several villages. Their entire volume was comparatively small, covering in all an area of six miles by two to a depth of about twelve feet. One crater originating during this eruption was named the *Centennario*, from its having been formed on a centennary of the Feast of St. Agatha.

In October, 1864, premonitory earthquake shocks gave warning that Etna was again preparing for activity. In January, 1865, clouds of smoke were sent up from the great crater. On the night of the 30th there was a very severe shock on the northeast side of the mountain, and a new mouth was opened, three miles from the main crater, from which poured forth a stream of lava, which flowed slowly, advancing scarcely a mile a day, and ultimately dividing

into two streams. By the middle of March there were seven new mouths of fire stretching down the sides, all of them below the base of the great cone. From the upper three of these craters there was an almost continuous sound of detonations, frequently at the rate of three or four a minute. This eruption has been very minutely described by Professor Silvestri, of the University of Catania.

The latest eruption, in August, 1874, was not a violent one. Very little lava was discharged, and the injury done was inconsiderable. The principal seat of disturbance was on the north side of the mountain, at an elevation of more than 3,000 feet below the summit of the great cone. But the great crater itself was not wholly inactive, for it threw up columns of dense smoke, intermingled with scoriæ and incandescent matter.

Of the eighty recorded eruptions of Etna, the majority have been comparatively inconsiderable; not more than twenty of them being noted as especially severe. And the greater part of the injury inflicted has been by the preceding and accompanying earthquakes; not by the lava and other matter ejected from the craters.

Besides studying up the history of Etna, I endeavored, by aid of maps, to make myself acquainted with the general physical features of the region which I was to visit. The *Atlas des Ætna* of the German Baron von Waltershausen (1836–42), and the large Government map of Sicily (1864–68), constructed on a scale of about an inch and a quarter to the mile, left little to be desired in this respect. The main features may be thus summed up: A somewhat irregular oval of about thirty miles from south to north, and twenty-three from east to west, with the summit of the cone a little north of the centre, would constitute the base of the mountain, which rises to the height of nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, which forms its eastern boundary. There are three separate climatic "regions" or belts, as we ascend:

The "Cultivated Region" extends from the level of the sea to an average elevation of 2,000 feet, with a breadth varying from two to ten miles. This may be considered sub-tropical; for, although the latitude is very nearly that of Richmond, the climate and productions are similar to those of Florida and Cuba. Palm-trees are found, but not in great abundance; olives, oranges, lemons and figs flourish on the lower levels, succeeded as we ascend by the vine, corn, and other products of the temperate zone. The soil, composed mainly of decomposed lava and other volcanic matter, is very fertile; and the density of the population is equaled by few other regions of the globe. The area of this zone is about 211 square miles, and the population not far from 300,000, which gives 1,424 inhabitants to the square mile, almost the same as in Lancashire, the most densely peopled portion of England, excepting, of course, the environs of London and one or two other great cities; and this dense population, it must be borne in mind, is supported solely from the products of its own soil, receiving next to nothing from abroad. The population reside mainly in towns. Catania, the largest city, has 85,000; Aci Reale, 25,000. There are six other towns with from 10,000 to 18,000, and a number with from 3,000 to 8,000.

From the verge of the Cultivated Region to a height of about 6,300 feet, is the "Wooded Region," varying in width from one to eight miles. This is practically uninhabited. At the beginning of this zone the ascent, for the first time, becomes quite steep and rugged. The principal trees are the oak, ilex, chestnut, maple, beech, poplar and pine. These grow sometimes in forests and sometimes in isolated groups. This zone terminates abruptly in a level, circular plateau, about three miles in diameter, from the centre of which arises the great cone, at the summit of which is the great crater.

The "Desert Region" commences at the upper limit of the Wooded Region, and occupies about ten square miles. It is a dreary waste of black scoriæ, sand, and ashes, with scarcely a trace of animal or vegetable life. It is covered with snow during a considerable part of the year; and there are several rifts in which ice and snow are found all through the Summer.

The maps showed a post-road running around Etna near its base, with considerable towns at intervals of a dozen miles or so. Calling to mind a very delightful trip around the base of our own Mount Washington, I determined that, after achieving the ascent of Etna, I would make the tour, or *giro*, as it is called, around its base. "Surely," I thought, "a ride of eighty or ninety miles through a region so fertile, populous, and civilized for five-and-twenty centuries, cannot be other than a pleasure-trip."

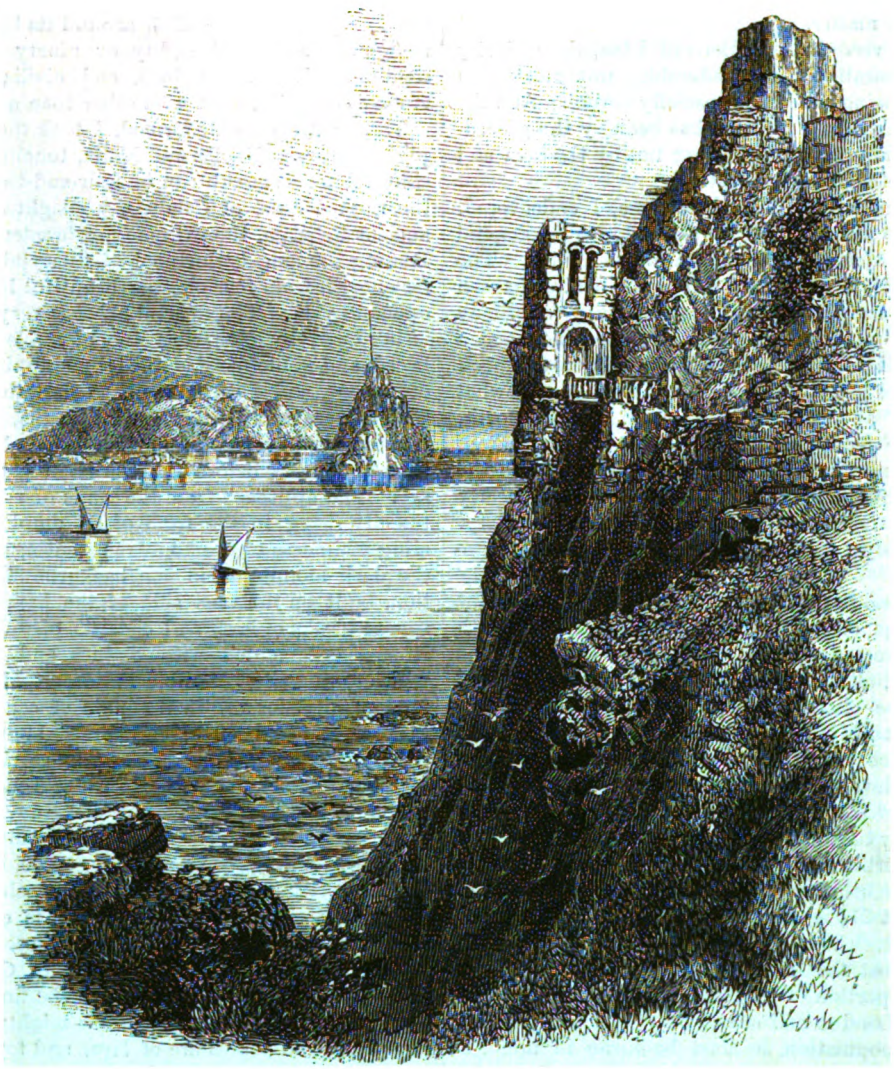
Thus, with plans all formed, I took the French steamer plying between Naples and Malta, touching Sicily at Messina. After a smooth run of four-and-twenty hours along the rugged coast of Calabria, we sighted Cape Faro, the ancient Pelorum, the extreme northeastern point of Sicily. Passing the famed whirlpool of Charybdis, which seemed far enough from terrible, the beautiful harbor of Messina opens to view. The general effect is very fine. The shore is bordered by a curving line of noble palaces, and the broad and noble quay is lined by shipping from all parts of Europe, and I was pleased to find that the Stars and Stripes were not wanting. Of Messina, with its 120,000 inhabitants—a city whose origin is dated back to nearly a thousand years before the Christian era—I have little to say. The approach from the sea is of remarkable beauty, the city rising in the form of an amphitheatre, the dazzling whiteness of the houses presenting a fine contrast to the dark mountains in the background. The best portion, built on the west side of the harbor, is paved with square blocks of lava, and consists of wide and handsome streets, ornamented with statues and fountains. Notwithstanding its venerable antiquity, Messina is really a modern city, for within a couple of centuries, beginning in 1693, it has been several times almost destroyed by earthquakes, notably in 1784. The carriage road between Messina and Catania is said to pass through very beautiful scenery; but as there is now a railway, I went by that, and have nothing to say of this sixty miles of my journey.

Catania, with a population of 85,000, is reputed to be the finest city in Sicily. Its origin is almost contemporaneous with that of Messina, but it is equally a modern city—thanks to its neighbor Etna, whose summit is about twenty miles distant. Everything in Catania speaks of Etna. The streets are paved, and the finest buildings are built, of lava poured out from the mighty volcano. Chimney-pieces and tables are of lava, and toys and ornaments carved from lava are abundant in every shop.

Catania is the point from which the ascent of Etna is usually made, and where guides and mules are to be procured. The great thing is to see the sunrise from the summit, and the journey is so timed that this shall be reached just before dawn; so a considerable part of the trip is made by night. Sending on the guides and mules, laden with necessaries, in advance, we drove at midday to Nicolosi, a little town twelve miles distant, lying, at an elevation of about 2,300 feet, on the very upper verge of the Cultivated Region. For several miles the road passed through a fertile region. Cornfields and vineyards, orchards of orange, lemon, fig and almond trees lay thick on either side. After about nine miles we came upon a nearly barren region, covered with the still decomposed

lava and scoriæ, flung up by the eruption of 1527. The road now becomes steep and rugged, and our advance was slow and toilsome; but we reached Nicolosi, a village of some 3,000 inhabitants—the last inhabited place on the route, and the end of the carriage-road. The inn consists of a single large room, with a long deal table in the middle, and a trestle-bed in each corner, besides which are a couple of small chambers. We made a comfortable meal here from the provisions which we had brought with us; and after taking a look at the double-peaked Monte Rossi, thrown up during the eruption of 1669, we mounted our mules, and set out at six in the evening.

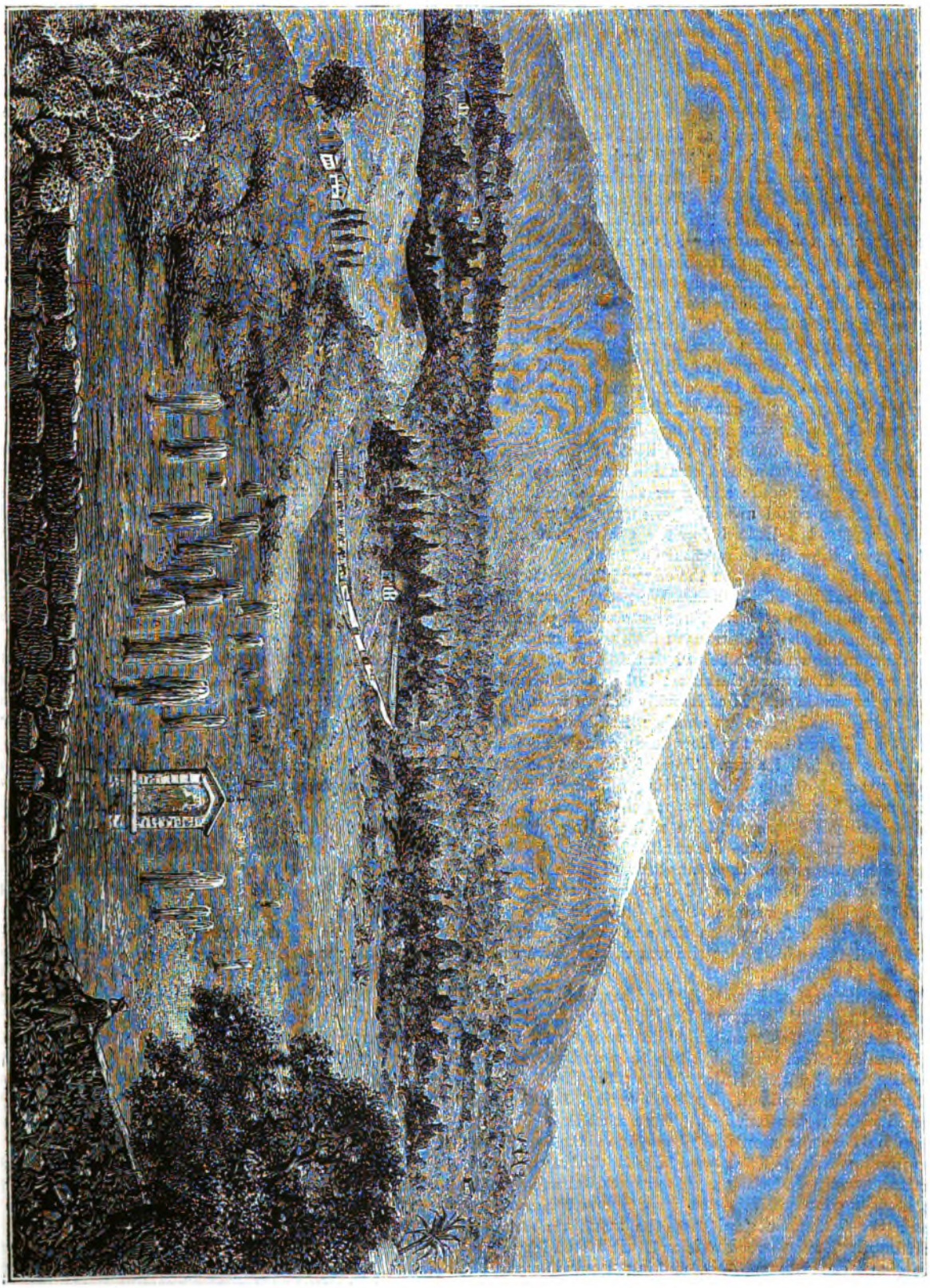
Our way led first through a mass of blackened cinders and undecomposed lava, among which, here and there, a few stunted vines were growing. This passed, we came to a belt of forest, the trees being of no great size. There was no apparent path, but the mules seemed to know the way, and jogged on at an even pace. In three hours we reached a little hut, occupied by several men who have the charge of the forest. It stands at an elevation of about 4,200 feet. The sun had gone down, and the temperature rapidly decreased. At Nicolosi, the thermometer indicated 84°, here it stood at 64°. After resting an hour, we again set out, our guide carrying a lantern. Our way—for there was no appearance of a beaten path—lay at first through a forest of stunted oaks, which grew perceptibly smaller and smaller at every rod of the ascent. At an elevation of 6,300 feet all vegetation had ceased, and we were fairly within the "Deserted Region." It was bitterly cold, but the air was perfectly still. We were far above the vapors of the lower atmosphere, and the stars shone with a brilliancy such as I have never before seen. I am sure that there were visible twice as many as I had ever before seen with the naked eye. The "milky way" seemed like a broad belt of fire. The celestial dome, seemingly much lower and more flattened than usual, looked like a solid roof not far above our heads, from which the brighter stars appeared to be actually suspended. Jupiter was especially resplendent, and my companion, who had uncommon visual power, was confident that he could make out at least two of his satellites. The ascent grew steeper and steeper. All that we could see was that we were slowly plodding upward through a waste of black sand, ashes and lava. Now a cutting wind arose, which seemed to pierce to the very marrow of our bones. The ascent became so steep that we were obliged to dismount and drag our mules after us. But the guide cheered us by saying that the *Casa Inglesi* was not far off.



THE CASTLE OF ACI.

The *Casa Inglesi* (English House), so called because it was put up in 1811 by some English officers, is a hut built of blocks of lava. Twenty years ago it had fallen almost into ruins, and was described as a "miserable little hovel"; but in 1862, on the occasion of the ascent of Prince Humbert, now King of Italy, it was repaired, or, rather, rebuilt. Any one who has seen the "Tip-top House," on the summit of Mount Washington, as it was a score of years ago, will have a fair idea of its appearance. It now consists of three rooms, containing a few plain deal chairs, a table, a number of "bunks," one above another, like the berths in a ship's cabin, and a rough fireplace. It is not permanently occupied at any season of the year, the key being kept at Nicolosi, where it can be obtained by any party making the ascent. It stands at an elevation of 9,652 feet above the level of the sea. A proposition has been made to construct an observatory here, to be under the charge of the University of Catania, to be kept open from the beginning of June till the end of September. Such is the extreme clearness of the atmosphere that there can be little doubt that the results of a continued series of observations will

prove of great scientific value. We reached the Casa at an hour after midnight. It was extremely cold, the thermometer standing only a few degrees above the freezing point. On entering, we found a large heap of brushwood, placed there by the kind care of whom, we know not; but whoever he may have been, he certainly received our heartiest thanks, which we made practical the next day by bringing up an equal quantity of fuel for the benefit of the next party who should make the ascent. We hope that these followed our example. A cheerful fire was soon blazing upon the hearth; we unpacked our provisions, made a pot of hot coffee, and threw our wearied



ERUPTION OF HOT SALT MUD NEAR PATERNO, AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ETNA.

limbs upon the straw mattresses in the bunks. In a couple of hours we were aroused by our guide, who told us it was time to begin our ascent of the great cone, which rises to a height of some 1,200 feet from the little plateau upon which the Casa stands. The ascent soon grew steep, and the walking was by no means easy. The cone consists of loose ashes and blocks of lava, piled apparently as steeply as the material would keep its place. We did not undertake to measure the angle, but those who have done so give it anywhere between 30° and 50°.

We gained the summit at about four o'clock in the morning. Fortunately, the wind had subsided. Many travelers have complained of inconvenience from the rarefied air at such an elevation. We experienced no trouble upon that score; and as the elevation, and consequent rarefaction of the atmosphere, is considerably less than that of many places permanently inhabited—such, for example, as Potosi, which once contained, it is said, 150,000 inhabitants, and now has about 30,000—I am inclined to believe that the difficulty of breathing arises to a great extent from other causes than the rarefaction of the atmosphere. Quito, the climate of which is described as one of the most delightful in the world, stands at an elevation nearly half-way up the cone of Etna. The general temperature of the air was some ten degrees higher than at the Casa. This is owing to the heat of the soil, for we found several places where steam and sulphurous gases issued from the ground; and near them the cinders were so hot that we could not sit down upon them. A thermometer placed a little below the surface, among these hot cinders, showed a temperature of 180°.

We seated ourselves upon the edge of the great crater to wait for the rising of the sun. We peered down into the dark abyss of the crater. There was nothing to indicate the existence of the subterranean fires which must be raging at an unknown depth below. I think no drearier hour can be spent than upon the summit of this great ash-heap, waiting for the dawn. Most heartily did we wish that our trusty guide had given us another half-hour at least at the Casa. But in time the slow dawn came on. One by one the stars faded away. Toward the east the vault of the sky was of a pale blue, shading off imperceptibly to the western horizon, where it was almost black. Then the eastern horizon grew rosy, then red, shading off upward into orange and yellow to the zenith, beyond which was a patch of pale green, then another of pale blue, then another of dark blue, then of dark gray, closing with a belt of black at the western verge. Then bright rays shot up in the quarter from which the sun would appear; and a little before five his upper rim was visible above the distant hills of Calabria.

The upper part of Etna was now illuminated, while the lower part was still dark; but the light crept rapidly down the sides. Northeastward we could see the rosy summit of Stromboli, from which for two thousand years molten lava has poured without intermission; the Lipari Islands, and the Italian mainland. By some optical delusion they seemed right under our feet. We almost thought that a single bold spring would land us upon the summit of Stromboli, which we knew was fully thirty leagues away. Turning our faces westward, we were greeted with a sight not always vouchsafed to one who makes the ascent of Etna: the triangular shadow of the mountain stretched out a hundred miles over the island. It looked like a pennant flung out into mid-air, sinking gradually until it rested upon the land, now beginning to be bathed in light, when the pennant seemed to be slowly withdrawn toward its gigantic staff, the peak of Etna. All this took perhaps half an hour. We had seen, under the most favorable circumstances, a sunrise from the summit of Etna. I doubt if mortal eye ever beheld a spectacle more magnificent.

We now had time to look at what was immediately around us. Nothing could well be more commonplace and uninteresting. The cone of Etna, which from a distance looks so graceful, is nothing more or less than a huge ash-heap, the surface dotted with scoriæ and unsightly masses of blackened rock. The crater is a huge conical hole in its centre, some two or three miles in circumference, and perhaps a thousand feet deep. When, as is sometimes the case, this huge funnel is nearly filled with molten lava, I can well imagine that the spectacle is an imposing one, the more especially as the element of danger comes in to add to its impressiveness.

As we saw it, the crater was a great, funnel-shaped hole, the sides of which were sometimes reddish, sometimes yellowish, or nearly white. We could see clear down to the bottom, although there were here and there little jets of steam from the sides. There was nothing in all this to induce us to descend more than a few yards into the crater.

Scrambling down the steep sides of the great ash-heap, we found our mules stolidly awaiting our return at the Casa Inglesi. Having mounted, we made a short detour to see the *Val del Bove*, a gigantic hollow which partly breaks the uniformity of the cone on its eastern side. The head of this valley, which is nearly oval in shape, and four or five miles in diameter, is about two miles east of the summit. On three sides it is bounded by nearly perpendicular precipices, some 3,000 or 4,000 feet high. Its aspect is one of utter desolation. The bottom is covered with lavas of various dates, but all still undecomposed. Its bottom lies far below the zone of vegetation, the sides of the mountain at the same elevation being thickly wooded. Not improbably some score of centuries hence, when the obdurate lava shall have crumbled into soil, this now desolate valley will become fertile, and very possibly a place of Summer resort for future generations. Near by is a ruined tower called the *Torre del Filosofo*, the "Tower of the Philosopher," which is by some averred to be none other than the observatory of Empedocles, a Sicilian philosopher, who lived five or six centuries before Christ.

As we descended through the Desert Region and saw how rugged was the way, we could scarcely believe that we had traversed it in the darkness of the night. The descent of a steep mountain, especially to a mounted tourist, is always more difficult than the ascent. Our mules were, however, equal to the occasion; but I doubt whether they could have brought us down except by daylight. What struck me more than anything else was the immense number of minor cones and craters scattered all along the sides of the mountains. There are at least eighty, which almost anywhere else would be ranked as mountains. On Von Waltershausen's map there are laid down not less than two hundred considerable ones within a radius of ten miles from the summit; while Reclus affirms that, great and small, there are at least seven hundred. We reached Nicolosi at two o'clock in the afternoon, having been absent about twenty hours. Here we found the carriage awaiting us, which we had ordered to take us back to Catania. The spectacle of that sunrise had repaid us many times for all the trouble which it had cost us.

After spending a couple of days at Catania, we began our *giro* of ninety miles clear around the base of Etna, by the postroad which runs all the way through the Cultivated Region. We managed to fall in with an excellent courier, who turned out to be a clever cook withal, and we had more than once occasion to congratulate ourselves upon the ac-

quisition of such a capable guide, philosopher and friend. But for him we might very possibly have been starved on our journey, which we made in a hired carriage.

The first considerable town which we passed was Paterno, a place of some 16,000 inhabitants. The road was intolerably dusty, but the soil was evidently of most exuberant fertility. The vegetable production which most especially attracted my attention was the Indian fig, which is extensively cultivated, and soon attains an enormous size, putting forth its tangled branches in every direction, until they form an almost impenetrable maze. Each broad leaf is terminated by a number of bright crimson flowers, and afterward by as many figs, of which the natives are excessively fond. At first I found their taste rather insipid, but before long I came to relish them as well as though I had been a Sicilian. Whenever we happened to meet a peasant woman carrying a basket of figs to market, we were pretty sure to make large inroads upon her stock-in-trade.

Paterno is notable for the remains of a huge castle built on a bold rock, by Count Roger the Norman, as a stronghold against the Saracens, some eight centuries ago. The square keep is the only part remaining. It is four stories in height, the door which was the original entrance being in the second story, and was probably reached by a movable ladder.

A dozen miles further we came to Biancavilla, an uninteresting town of 13,000 inhabitants, the centre of a productive cotton district. Another dozen miles brought us to Aderno, with 16,000 inhabitants, where we were to pass the night. It was dark when we arrived; but by diligent inquiry we learned the location of the only inn in the town, and thither we drove. There was no person visible about, and no vestige of a bell or a knocker at the door. We stumbled up a dark stone staircase, at the head of which was a dimly lighted passage. An elderly woman made her appearance, looking thoroughly displeased when we asked for accommodations. But at length she showed us a large room, with a dirty stone floor, three beds, a deal table and a few rude chairs. But to our suggestions in the matter of food, she replied that she had nothing: no meat or bread; no eggs, no macaroni, no fruit, no wine, no butter; in short, nothing; nor did it ever seem to occur to her to send out for anything. Beppo (that is, "Joe" in English), our courier, started out on a foraging expedition, and in an hour returned with a supply of eggs, dried fish and beans, a couple of bottles of wine and, best of all, with a quantity of snow from Etna—the Sicilian substitute for ice; and before long he managed to get up an eatable dinner, although there was not even a spoon with which to eat our eggs. But fingers were made before forks, and with them we succeeded in getting our food to our mouths. We learned for the first time that even in large Sicilian country towns an innkeeper is not expected to supply food to his guests. Upon retiring to our beds we found, however, that we were expected to furnish food to an army of multiped Sicilians; and from their persistent voracity, we inferred that it was a long time since they had enjoyed a "good, square meal."

As we drove away in the early morning we saw another huge old Norman keep, now used as a prison, and the front of the immense nunnery of Santa Lucia, originally founded by a Norman Countess seven or eight centuries ago, although the present structure is of much more modern date.

Hitherto we had been winding along the southern side of the base of Etna; the road now turned northward, and we began to skirt the western side, which is much more abrupt, and displays little of that luxuriant vegetation which had formed the characteristic feature of the region through which we had been passing. The road began to ascend, winding among great beds of gray, ashy lava of different dates, here and there tufted with heath. At every step the region seemed to become more and more desolate and forbidding as we approached the town of Bronte. Just before reaching this, the road is hewn through the immense mass of lava poured out during the eruption of 1832, of which mention has already been made. This bed is distinguishable from the older ones by its intense blackness of color, and by the total absence of vegetation. It is a fearful mass; and looking up the mountain-side, we could clearly trace its devastating course. From this point there is a singular view of the Deserted Region and of the cone of Etna, some nine miles distant—a steep, truncated pyramid, sometimes gray with ashes, sometimes black with immense lava-beds. On the plateau thus formed we could catch a glimpse of the Casa Inglesi, apparently perched on its very edge. Above the centre of the plateau we could see the upper part of the cone, from which floated a slight cloud of vapory smoke; cone and smoke looking not unlike a nightcap with a long tassel streaming from its peak.

Bronte, a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, lies nearly 2,800 feet above the sea, and so thermically above the Cultivated and within the Wooded Region. But just beneath it is a lovely little valley, with a clear stream flowing through it, where the olive grows to perfection, and where the slopes are covered with vineyards and forests. Bronte is a green oasis in the midst of a desert. It was founded, as its name indicates, by the Greeks, for *Bronté* is the Greek word for thunder. From this place Nelson derived one of his titles; for the King of Naples, in reward for some more than questionable services, bestowed upon Nelson considerable estates here, with the title of Duke of Bronte, and he thereafter always signed himself "Nelson and Bronte." These estates, which are managed by an English agent, are still in possession of the descendants of the unworthy brother and heir of the great admiral.

Bronte is a quaint old town. I imagine that if one of the skeletons exhumed at Pompeii could be reanimated, he would find himself perfectly at home in Bronte. There are some fine dwellings, of very moderate size, indeed, but admirable models of domestic architecture. The streets are very narrow, and awnings are sometimes stretched across from one side to the other. The shops are almost fac-similes of those of Pompeii. We looked into the inn; but a glance was enough to show that it was much like that at Aderno. Nothing in the way of food was to be had there, and we feared that we should have to go on breakfastless; but our courier managed to find a little wine-shop, and to forage up some good fruit and macaroni, so that we went on our way in fair contentment.

The road continued to ascend until it attains an elevation of about 3,800 feet, and then descends 1,000 feet to Randazzo, a dozen miles from Bronte, a quaint old town of some 8,000 inhabitants, where we were to pass the second night of our *giro*. The inn was two or three shades better than that at Aderno, although, of course, it provided no food; but here again our courier proved himself equal to the occasion.

We were now on the northern slope of Etna, and the road, rapidly descending, passes through a fertile and beautiful region until it comes to Giarre, a town of some 18,000 inhabitants, some thirty miles from Randazzo.

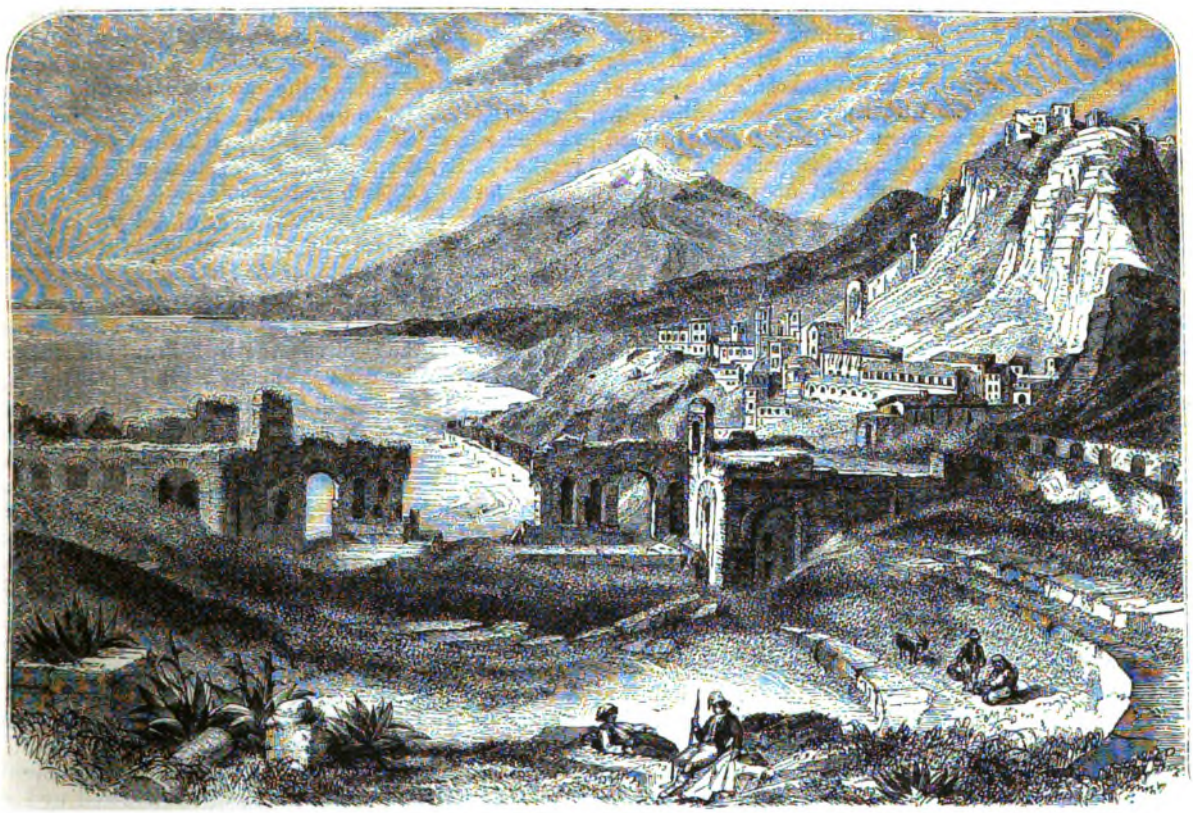
About half-way between these towns is Linguagrossa, with 9,000 inhabitants, where, hiring mules, we left the main road, in order to visit Taormina, famous for the ruins of its ancient theatre, from which we had been told

THE HARBOR OF MESSINA.

that the finest view of Etna was to be had. We stopped for the night at the little fishing-town of Giardini, where, to our astonishment, we found a quite comfortable little inn. It was a *fête*-day of some kind, and on the way we had an opportunity of seeing the Sicilian peasantry in holiday attire. Picturesque-looking they were, tall and active mountaineers, dressed in black cloth and leggings. Coming down a steep lava-path, we saw a curious-looking carriage, called here a *lettica*. Imagine a cab-body mounted, not upon wheels, but upon two long poles—a sedan-chair, in fact, only, instead of having men for bearers, there are a couple of mules harnessed to the poles, one before and the other behind, while a mounted muleman guides the team—and you have the only vehicle by means of which one can travel anywhere in Sicily, except along the few main highways. The occupant of this vehicle was a comfortable-looking ecclesiastic, probably on his way to officiate in the religious ceremonies of the *fête*.

At Giardini we saw the fishermen engaged in harpooning the sword-fish, which at certain seasons abound in these waters, where it attains a length of from twelve to twenty feet, one-third of which consists of the formidable weapon protruding from its upper jaw. In the centre of the boats, instead of a mast, is a tall spar, with a foot-rest, which forms a lookout, whence a man keeps a sharp eye upon the water. When he perceives a shark-like fin cutting the smooth surface, or a violet and silvery body moving swiftly a little beneath, he shouts: "*Spada! spada!*" and waves his cap in the direction which the fish appears to be taking. The boat is rowed in that direction, and when within striking distance, the harpooner lets fly his weapon. If the monster is fairly struck he makes off, and is played with, as an angler plays with a salmon, until he becomes exhausted, when he is dragged alongside and hauled into the boat. Altogether, I think there can nowhere be found a more exciting fishery.

To Taormina, the ancient *Tauromínium*, is a two-mile walk along the shore, crossing the beds of *fiumare*—torrent streams now nearly dry, but in the Spring sending down vast floods of water; past hills topped with white villages or ruined castles, and every now and then a glimpse of the blue sea. The city was founded by the Greeks four centuries before Christ, and was destroyed by the Saracens in 906 A.D. It must have been a place of great size, for the amphitheatre, begun by the Greeks and completed by the Romans, was capable of seating 40,000 spectators, with a stage large enough for the exhibition of sea-fights. The site is partly occupied by the modern village of some 5,000 inhabitants. This amphitheatre, now in ruins, stands on a ridge outside of the town, overlooking the Mediterranean, and commanding an unsurpassed view. We had started early, so as to see the sunrise from the topmost seat of the ruins. Fresh as I was from beholding this spectacle from the summit of Etna, I was for the moment inclined to give this the preference. Before us was the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean, with its winding shores, all the way from Syracuse on the south to Messina on the north, a distance of eighty miles. Below us was the grand sweep of the amphitheatre, the broken arches of the proscenium being overhung by stupendous cliffs, half-overgrown with cacti; while a score of miles away the stupendous mass of Etna towers far up into the purple sky of dawn, which grew brighter and brighter until the sun, rising unclouded above the eastern waves, flashed upon the cone, suffusing it with a rosy light. Could this glowing peak be none other than the dismal ash-heap, up and down which we had so wearily scrambled scarcely a week before? Gradually the light crept down the flank of mountain, cliffs, forests, and cultivated



VIEW OF ETNA FROM TAORMINA.

slopes, each showing distinctly, but all blended into one harmonious whole. As a panoramic scene, I know nothing equal to that from the amphitheatre of Taormina, unless it be that of the harbor of Rio Janeiro from the summit of the Corcovado.

We retraced our steps to Giarre, in order to visit the famous *Castagno di Cento Cavalli*—"The Chestnut-tree of the Hundred Horses," which stands some five miles northeast of the town. This famous tree derives its popular name from the legend that Queen Juana of Aragon, the mother of the Emperor Charles V., while making the ascent of Etna, some three centuries ago, was caught in a sudden rain-storm, and her whole suite of a hundred cavaliers found shelter under the wide-spreading branches of this tree. As it now exists, this famous chestnut presents no very striking appearance. No one indeed would imagine it to be a single tree, but would take it to be a group of five gnarled, distorted, and almost leafless trees, standing in a circle so far apart that the public road runs between them. But tradition persistently avers that all these were a long time ago covered by a single, continuous bark; and Jean Houel, who wrote some time in the last century, and who appears to have been the first traveler who mentions it, thus describes it as it was seen by him: "This boasted tree, though of enormous diameter, is perfectly hollow, and subsists entirely by its bark, but does not the less cover itself every Spring with foliage. The hollow is so large that the people of the neighborhood have constructed a hut within it, with an oven for drying fruit and nuts. When they require fuel, they take a hatchet and help themselves from the part of the tree around their dwelling. For this reason this magnificent chestnut is nearly destroyed; but all the parts, though mutilated by the hand of time and of man, belong to one and the same trunk."

Notwithstanding the present appearance of these five apparently separate stems, I am fully satisfied that they are, so to speak, branches of one gigantic trunk, and not distinct trees, nor, as some believe, mere shoots springing from a common root. The question would seem to be absolutely settled by the Abbate Ferrara, Professor in the University at Catania, who, toward the close of the last century, published in Italian a valuable "Description of Etna." He affirms that he dug down a short distance below the surface, and found all the stems to unite in a single trunk. Presumably the surface of the ground has, within the course of centuries, been considerably raised, probably by means of ashes ejected from the volcano. In preference to giving my own sketch of this tree, which shows its present dilapidated appearance, I reproduce that of Houel, representing it as he saw it, with the hut and an awning of which he speaks.

By passing a cord around, at a distance of a few feet above the ground, I endeavored to approximate to the size of the original trunk. I made the circumference about 160 feet, which would give a diameter of something more than 50 feet. All estimates of the age of this living patriarch must be mere guesses; but from what we know of the growth of this species, we may safely assume that it was a tree of stately growth at the time when our Saviour trod the earth. Not far from it are several other very large chestnuts. One which I measured has a diameter of eighteen feet; and I was told that there is another higher up the mountain, called the *Castagno della Galea*, fully twenty-five feet in diameter. Those learned in such matters believe that this tree must be at least one thousand years old; and that, give it another thousand years of life, it will attain the size of its more venerable brother.

From Giarre our way ran mainly along the coast to Aci Reale, one of the prettiest towns of Italy, with a population of about 25,000. Here are famous sulphur baths, and I may add, from the testimony of others, the very best hotel in Sicily. The town stands upon seven distinct beds of lava, one lying above the other, with layers of soil composed of decomposed lava between them. The Abbate Recupero, who lived a century ago, and made very close observations upon the phenomena of Etna, estimated that it required at least 2,000 years for lava to decompose so as to form even a scanty layer of soil; and so the lowest of these beds must have been ejected, at the very least, 14,000 years ago. He was greatly troubled at being obliged to come to this conclusion, contradicting, as it did, what was held to be the Mosaic account of the creation. The bishop of the diocese warned him to be very careful in his speculations, and not to pretend to be a better natural historian than Moses, and not to promulgate anything that might in the slightest degree seem contradictory to the statements of Holy Writ. But, unfortunately for the learned ecclesiastic, Brydone, an Irish traveler, came to Sicily, and to him the abbate confided his speculations, adding that he could not, in conscience, make the mountain anything like so young as Moses made the world. Brydone mentioned this in the book which he published, and when copies of this reached Sicily, the poor abbate was summarily ejected from his comfortable Church preferment.

The coast scenery in the vicinity of Aci presents many notable features, and the region abounds with classical associations. The Castle of Aci, standing upon a huge volcanic rock beetling over the waves, presents a very picturesque object. It is evidently of Norman architecture. A few miles to the South is the little lava-built village of Trezza, and not far from the shore are the famous "Rocks of Cyclopes" (Lat. *Scopuli Cyclopum*, Ital. *Scogli di Ciclopi*), seven rocky islets of columnar basalt, the largest of them about 3,000 feet in circumference and rising 150 feet above the water. These were said to be portions of the huge stones which the blinded, one-eyed giant Polyphemus hurled after Ulysses, who, having escaped from the cave, was speeding his way across the water. Near the top of the largest of these islands is a cave called the "Grotto of Polyphemus," which can scarcely be the one inhabited by the giant, since the rock in which it is hollowed out was only a missile flung by his hand. There is near by, another still more picturesque rock, some 2,000 feet in circumference, and rising like a tower 200 feet high, sheer up from the water. It consists of prisms of columnar basalt, of four and eight sides, between which is a hard, calcareous substance. These basaltic rocks are considered by Lyell to be "the most ancient monuments of volcanic action within the region of Etna."

There is no small rivalry between Aci Reale and the bigger, but by no means prouder, Catania, a dozen miles to the south. Not long since this rivalry took an odd turn. For eight centuries and more Aci had been under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Catania, of which city Saint Agatha was the patron saint, while Saint Venera was held in like honor at Aci. A few years ago there was a great procession of all the archdiocese held at Catania, at which, to the great disgust of the people of Aci, the relics of Saint Agatha were placed in all prominent positions, while poor Saint Venera was sadly slighted. The people of Aci went home in no little wrath, and forthwith dispatched a petition to the Pope that they might have a bishop of their own, subject immediately to the Holy See, and not under the spiritual sway of the insulting Archbishop of Catania. After due negotiations the request was granted; and the stipend of the Bishop of Aci was to be $2,000 a year, to be paid out of the pontifical treasury, into

which, however, Aci was to pay at once $40,000. The people of Aci were rich, angry and plucky. They raised the money at once, and now Monsignore the Bishop of Aci Reale, and Saint Venera, need suffer no more slights from Saint Agatha and Monsignore the Archbishop of Catania.

Back to Catania, and our week's *giro* around the base of Etna was accomplished. Two things must be added, by way of supplement. *First*, there were no mosquitoes to torment us; but we were assured that if we had been only a few weeks later we should have had them in superabundance. *Secondly*—something quite unusual anywhere in Italy—we saw no beggars. The fact is, that *forestieri*, or foreigners, so rarely make the *giro*, that this staple and most productive branch of Italian industry has had no fair chance of development.

As I close this account of Etna and its Eruptions, tidings come to us that the volcano has again become active. Toward the close of May, smoke was seen arising from the great crater, which was soon followed by a heavy and continuous shower of black ashes, which fell in every direction. Soon after, three new mouths were opened on the north side of the great cone, from which streams of lava flowed in the direction of Randazzo. As yet we have no definite accounts of the extent and nature of this eruption, further than that about the middle of June violent earthquake shocks occurred in the vicinity of Aci Reale, which lies at the foot of the mountain, on the side almost opposite to Randazzo; that five villages had been destroyed; that many persons had been killed by the falling in of their dwellings, and that throughout the whole region the people were deserting their dwellings. Apparently in this eruption, as in most of those which have preceded it, the main danger to be apprehended is not from the actual eruption itself, but from the earthquakes which occur simultaneously with it.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

How Trees Become Silicified.—Herr Otto Kuntze, of Leipsic, who has visited the Yellowstone Park and studied its geysers, and observed exactly how silicified trunks originate, explains the formation of the petrified wood in the following manner: When the silicious hot water of the geyser basins flows around trees, all green leaves, all bark and most of the branches fall off, but the trunks remain erect. The silicious water rises by capillary attraction in the stem, but only on the outside of the trunk does it become solid by evaporation; from the outside the petrifaction of the wood-cells takes place very slowly toward the centre; the trunks are mostly blown down by the wind before the inner part gets petrified, and then the inner part shows no ligneous structure, is only filled with foreign matter, or sometimes with other minerals, or it is hollow. All this, he thinks, must take place in the air, and not in the water.

Green Oysters.—Green-colored oysters, being considered better in France, are consequently dearer, and, very naturally, enterprising individuals have endeavored to color them to order. One of the methods employed is to immerse the oysters in a solution of copper salt. This is a very dangerous operation, and recently several persons were seriously poisoned who had only eaten half a dozen of the green bivalves. The native oysters of Marennes and Ostend are only colored in the beard; those which have been artificially tinged are so throughout. Should any doubt exist, drain off the liquor from the mollusk, and then pour on it a spoonful of vinegar. It is then to be left undisturbed for a few hours, with a steel needle stuck into it. If the oyster has been colored by a copper salt, the needle, when taken out, will be found to be covered with a reddish coating, indicating the presence of the suspected metal.

Ether Intoxication.—It appears that after the temperance movement of Father Mathew, the apothecaries of some of the towns in England had the unhappy thought of selling ether to persons who had taken a pledge which did not cover that liquid. Out of this has grown a habit of drinking ether which is truly alarming. The quantity which some of the peasants near Draperstown, in Ireland, habitually take, would be sufficient to cause the death of any person who had not acquired the dangerous habit. An English physician who has visited this locality, reports that, on market days, the smell of ether is so strong as nearly to produce anæsthesia in a stranger. The great extent of the habit is also shown in the number of bottles which are found hidden in out-of-the-way places. Some of the higher classes are also said to indulge in the habit. Strange conclusion to Father Mathew's mission!

A New Direct-vision Spectroscope.—M. A. Tholon has invented a new direct vision spectroscope which possesses extraordinary dispersive properties. It is composed of crown glass and carbon di sulphide prisms. Instead of closing the carbon di sulphide cavity with a cemented plate, he uses a crown-glass prism, the refracting angles of which are in an opposite direction to the refracting power of the liquid. He has two prisms with the liquid and two of the half-glass prisms, and thus obtains an index of dispersion equal to 2. There is perfect homogeneity in the action of this instrument, and very little loss of light.

The Electric Light for Photographers.—The electric light can be produced without either steam or gas. By aid of a large fly-wheel, which can easily be driven by one man, a degree of rapidity and power can be obtained quite sufficient for utilization in the production of the electric light. There are, however, a number of small motors in the market which require very little attention, and are economical. The coiled-spring engine shown in the Austrian department of the Paris Exhibition is one of them. The recent gas and hot-air engines have also been greatly improved. There is no want of power as soon as the electric lamps are brought to perfection.

Prof. Jamin on Electric Lighting.—Prof. Jamin, of Paris, has recently published an elaborate article in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, on the future of the electric light. He is a firm believer in the ultimate success of this method of illumination, and calls attention to the importance of economizing the light, and not allowing it to pass out into space. He refers to experiments in his own laboratory, where there was a glass roof which let in the diffused sunlight, but let out the electric light. For electricity we must have some way of preventing too much diffusion into space.

Spontaneous Combustion on Shipboard.—An explosion, causing the total loss of the steamer *Richmond*, at Malta, was produced by the heating of the iron pyrites contained in the coal. The ship was loaded with oil, and it is supposed that the heat generated by the slaking of the pyrites converted some of the oil into vapor, and that this in turn was ignited, thus causing the explosion. The coal was stowed in closed bunkers, but notwithstanding this precaution, enough air entered to sustain the combustion.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Ancient Greece.—Old butter.

Branch Houses.—The florists.

Missing Men.—Bad marksmen.

An Ex-Spurt.—The dried-up fountain.

A Bill Head.—The bust of Shakespeare.

The Beginning of the End.—The letter E.

More Weather.—Mutton for dinner again.

To ask a man to pay is as easy said as dun.

Does a carpenter always write a plane hand?

Hush Money.—The money paid a baby's nurse.

What is the origin of the phrase, "You're another"?

People who live on flats are not necessarily sharpers.

Wicked young men style scarlet stockings "fire hose."

Gone, but not forgotten—the man that left the door open.

A Pirate.—A tenor who commits murder on the high C's.

It is the brake of day that prevents night from going too far.

The pump-handle sees a good deal of the ups and downs of life.

Did the ancient Romans wear high hats? If not, why didn't they?

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

The individual chiefly anxious to see the rule laid down is the schoolboy.

What was the origin of the saying, "A bush in the bird is worth a full hand"?

There's no bank, not even a snow-bank, that can stand a run all the year round.

Who was it said, "If any one attempts to shoot down the haul, flag him on the spot"?

The climate of England is favorable for brewing, there is so much "muggy" weather.

Beer may not make you fat, but an overdose will make you lean—up against something.

"This is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she had never been born; and turned up her nose in petulant scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

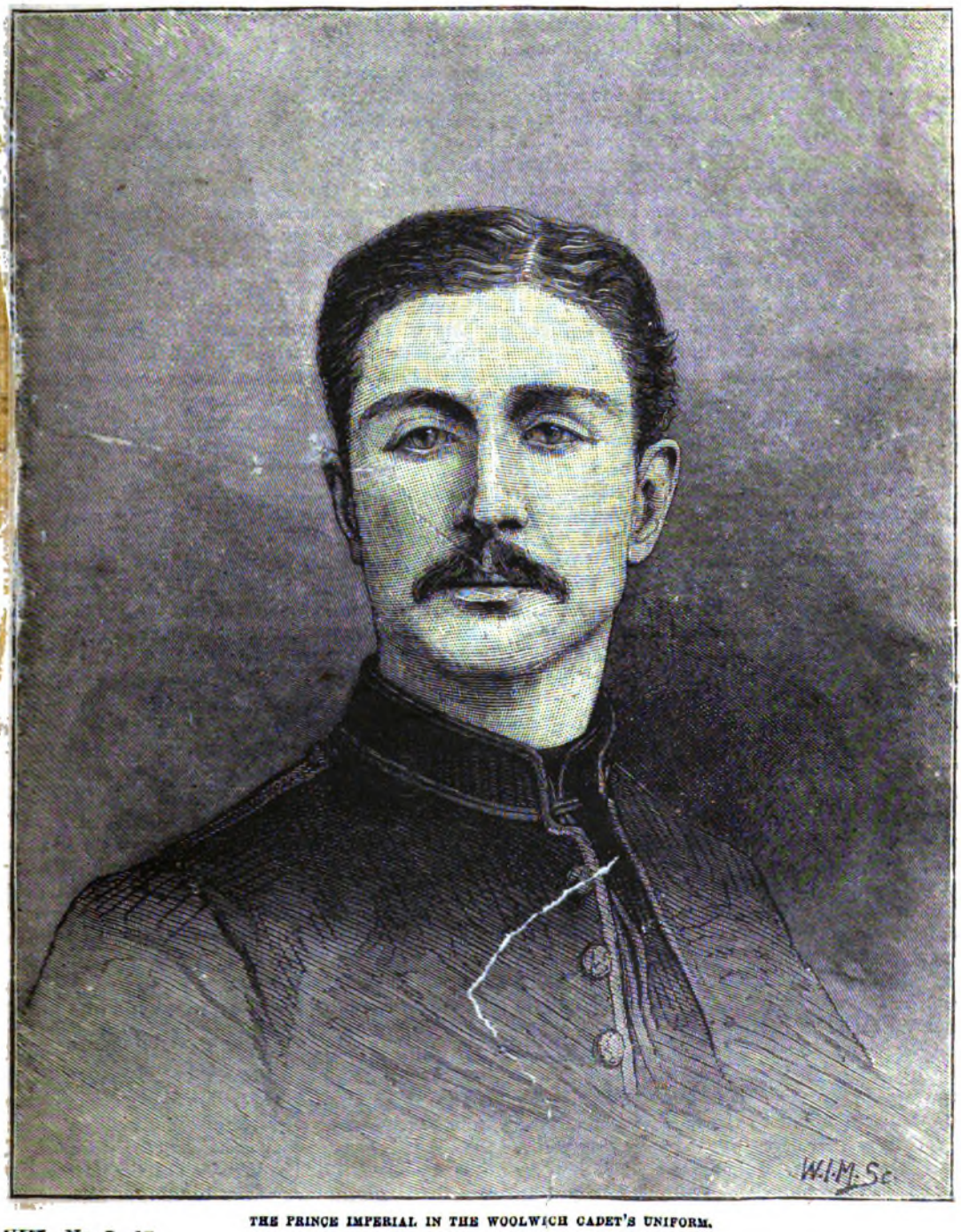
A Scotch parson said of a toper: "He put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains: but the enemy, after a protracted search, was unable to find any worth stealing."

AT BREAKFAST.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

# NAPOLEON IV.




THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE WOOLWICH CADET'S UNIFORM.

# NAPOLEON IV.

The irony of Fate is a cant phrase, yet it never was more cruelly illustrated than in the news which flashed so recently upon the world, announcing the death of the Prince Imperial, and not by such a soldier's death as even princes might be proud to die, but by the assegai of a nameless savage in a paltry ambuscade, of which, in the recklessness of youthful daring, he had seemingly had no suspicion. Nothing called him to the accursed war at the Cape but the beacon-light which has spurred so many men on to wrestle with destiny, the will-o'-the-wisp of martial honor and the martial instincts of his family.

It was open to him to lead the life of the *jeunesse dorée* of the age, to be the favored guest at receptions, to be honored in great houses, to receive as the son of Napoleon III. the grateful recognition of a people whom his father had befriended. But he preferred the dangers and excitement of what he truly described as a war between barbarism and civilization, to inglorious ease; and he has died.

The end came because the lad really wanted to see fighting, and he took his life in his hand with a high and ready courage worthy of the "young and brave Dunois." We may take it for granted that the ballad of his grandmother's composition, "Partant pour la Syrie," impelled him to start on his South African adventure. There was no Holy Sepulchre to wrest from infidels; but there was a war of civilization to be waged against barbarians. The reliquary and piece of the true cross found on his dead body, and left there by the Zulus because they believe that the luck of "charms" goes with the wearer, were in the true Dunois feeling, and we are now aware that there was also an invocation addressed by the soldier born in the Tuileries and educated at Woolwich, that he "might prove the bravest knight, and wed the fairest fair."

Nobody can tell whether he would have made a general; but, at least he had the qualities of a soldier—bravery, coolness in danger, self-forgetfulness. Still his death will be the most painful reminiscence of this painful war, in which glory is so hard to win, and which, when it is won, will be of so little worth. Better that his first baptism of fire had also been his last. He would at least have been defending his own country against invaders; he would have fallen at the head of troops to whose allegiance he had something like a natural right. What England has given him now is only an inglorious death in an unjust quarrel. That her own children should die so, is matter of infinite regret, but it is a harder fate still for the son of the exile and the stranger.

It is not yet fourteen years ago, and Sadowa had not yet been fought nor Venetia given back to Italy, and a word from one taciturn, drooping-lidded man at the Tuileries would have had power still to arrest for another cycle the ascendency of Prussia and the fulfillment of Italian unity, when the young Prince—a boy of ten—made his first entry into public life as nominal President of the International Commission for the great Exhibition of the ensuing year. But two years later we remember him at Châlons, a sous-lieutenant on a little horse, riding down the ranks of the *Grande Armée* and distributing good-service rewards to veterans from Algeria and Mexico. Another three, and he is at Camden House, a pale, grave exile, working stoutly at his books for Woolwich "to be made a man."

Amidst the whirl of personages and circumstances, his inner history was little noted by the curious world. "A charming child, but rather delicate"; "a promising young man, decidedly clever," was all that was said of him by the multitude, in his boyish splendor at Biarritz and St. Cloud, in the sterner training of his adolescence, in the purposeful retirement of his opening manhood. But, however tortuous the paths of dynastic ambition, or however self-deceiving the not unnatural wish to benefit one's country and one's family may have proved to others of his House, no censure can fall on him. Bred in the glittering luxury of the Second Empire, there must have been sterling metal in the lad to bear the storms of adversity as he did, so that they only purified and hardened him; preparing himself the while for the high destinies of which he could not possibly help dreaming, by self-reliant labor, patient courage, and spirited resolves to prove himself, at the first chance, an *enfant de France*, whether his natal land acknowledged him or no, in fields of battle which, for peril and hope for honor, might reasonably compare with any campaign against Algerine, Arab or Kabyle; and if the evil destiny of his race overtook him on the very threshold of his task, it has been better, surely, to die even so, than, like the First Napoleon's only son, of sickness in an Austrian prison-palace. And, in the view of his premature fate, the few and slender incidents of his life acquire an interest quite as great as though the proudest dreams had been fulfilled of the most enthusiastic partisan, who, on the morning of the 16th of March, 1856, welcomed the birth of the Prince Imperial.

The star of the Napoleonic dynasty had reached the zenith at the commencement of the Springtide of 1856, the first of the ten gorgeous years throughout which the Tuileries appeared to dictate to the world. The accouchement of the Empress was most painful and difficult. Baron Dubois and Dr. Corvisart attended her. The pains of labor lasted twenty-two hours, during which immense crowds remained wedged in the Place de Carousel, and the Senate and the Lower Chamber sat *en permanence*. At 3.15 on the Sunday morning, the boom of one hundred and one guns announced the birth of a male child. The glad tidings were immediately announced to the Emperor, who was anxiously waiting in an adjoining apartment, by M. Abbatucci. What illuminations, and what intense, universal joy! The Pope sent his benediction during the course of the day. Messages of congratulation came pouring in from crowned heads and the notables of the earth; and when De Morny endeavored to announce in formal terms the glad tidings to the Chamber of Deputies, he was interrupted by cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and was forced to descend from the tribune, after having simply pronounced these words: "Gentlemen, I see you share the joy of all France."

The Emperor made Baron Dubois Commander of the Legion of Honor, gave 100,000 francs to charitable institutions, 10,000 francs to the Dramatic Authors' Society Relief Fund, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Men of Letters, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Dramatic Artists, the same sum to the Relief Fund of Musicians, of Sculptors, Painters and Etchers, and lastly, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Inventors. His Majesty, moreover, on this joyous occasion, granted pardon to 800 convicts, and amnestied all the refractory National Guards, 679 soldiers imprisoned, and 50 sailors, who had been condemned for various misdemeanors. All the money so far mentioned came from the private civil list of the Emperor.

Then the Municipality of Paris voted 100,000 francs to pay the debts of the poor mothers who had put their children out to nurse, and 100,000 francs to redeem implements of labor which had been sent to the pawn-offices. Lastly, all the children born on the same day received a *dot*. It was thus, surrounded by the blessings of the poor and needy, that the Hope of France drew breath.

We must refer the reader to the chronicles of the time

for particulars of the *ondoiement*, or half-baptism; of the presentation of the *bébé* on Tuesday in the Pavilion de Flore, to Senators, Deputies, Municipal Council and representatives of the Army and Navy and the National Guard; of the cradle overshadowed by Napoleon's eagles, the present, after immemorial custom, of the great City of Paris; the baby-linen of spotless white, with here and there a blue rosette, in token that the child was *voué au blanc*—consecrated, *i.e.*, for a certain period, to the Virgin; of the gifts to the household; of the Natal Ode by Théophile Gautier; and of the addresses, in answering which the Emperor so neatly harped upon his young son's claim to be called thenceforth "a child of France." Cardinal Patrizzi was sent by the Pope to Paris, as Legate at the imposing ceremony, which took place at Notre Dame on the 14th of June, and which was one of the most splendid sights Paris ever witnessed. The most touching moment was when the Emperor raised the infant in his arms to present him *urbi et orbi*. This the Empress should have properly done, but she was overcome with emotion, and incapable of exertion. The whole congregation, as His Imperial Majesty raised the baby and hope of France in his arms, forgetting the sanctity of the spot, broke out into an enthusiastic shout of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!*"

After the baptismal ceremonies, their Imperial Majesties dined at the Hotel de Ville. The *fêtes* and illuminations lasted till the 17th of June, poor and rich joining in the universal joy and gladness.

The City of Paris having voted 600,000 francs for the *layette* of the Imperial infant, the Empress preferred handing over the entire sum to the poor. A subscription was opened to give testimony of gratitude to the Empress for this munificent act, which reached 80,000 francs; and with this sum the august lady founded the Prince Imperial Orphanage, which has done, and is at present doing, such noble work.

The stories of the boy's bringing-up are legion; and amidst all the wanton gayety of the Court, the reckless luxury, the general spoiling, the love of the parents overmastered all, and carefully, though through childish things at first, trained up the boy with steady purpose, albeit theatrically, that he might play well in after years the part alike of the soldier and the Prince. What if, when a little more than nine months old, they dressed him up as a baby grenadier, and inscribed his name in the First Regiment of the Guard; or that, at five years, he gave a supper to a whole troop of children at Biarritz, the Emperor himself mixing the champagne and seltzer-water, under whose influence the young heads grew dizzy as though imbibing *du vin véritable*.

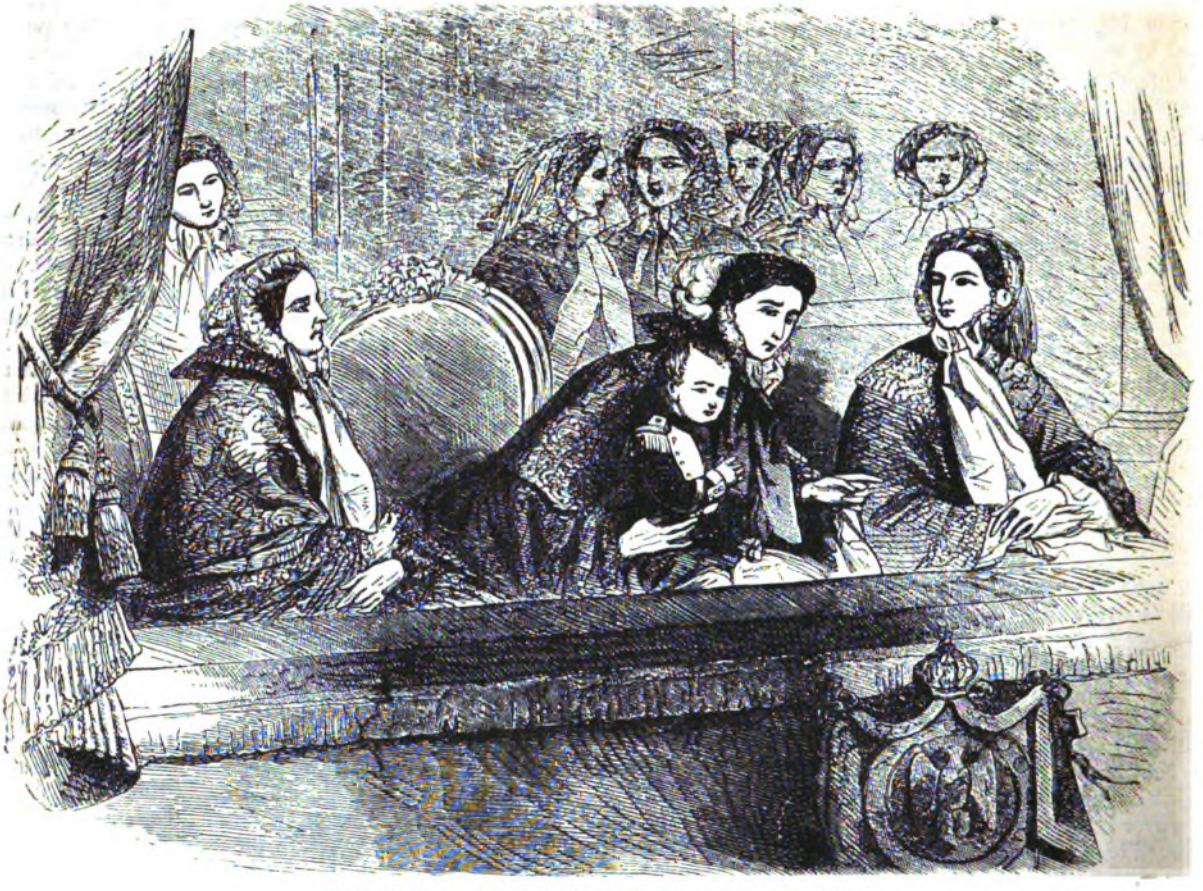
The infancy of "Lou-lou," as he was called, was essentially theatrical. The hundred-and-one cannon which boomed to announce his entrance into the world, where the measure of happiness meted out to each is small, did not, of course, affect him personally. The boy in babyhood was prigged up in a grenadier's uniform; for was not "Mon fils, tête d'armée!" the injunction of the dying Napoleon at St. Helena? When he went out to drive, in his nurse's arms, she was flanked by an admiral's widow, bearing the sonorous title of "Gouvernante des Enfants de la France," and two other ladies of quality sat facing her, with their backs to the horses. A guard rode at the door next to the Imperial child. This equipage was drawn by four blood horses, which did honor to General Fleury's stable-knowledge and M. Ganelle's grooming. They were driven by postilions in green-and-gold liveries. A pair of outriders, splendidly mounted, preceded to clear the road, and enveloping the turnout was a squadron of lancers in showy uniform. *Mouchards* stationed along the avenues through which the Prince rode somewhat rudely pushed back those who ran to stare at the gratis spectacle, and aroused the passions of malice and sharp-toothed envy. In the Bois de Boulogne, when the nurse, a full-breasted Burgundian, descended for a walk, she was more like a captive than anything else. The gouvernante, the two ladies—and, later, Miss Shaw, the English *bonne*, sent over to Paris by Queen Victoria—the guard, and four dismounted soldiers, kept guard upon her. Two lancers were, inside of the alley, sent in to beat the woods. M. Bachon, the equerry, taught "Lou-lou" to sit *Boulon d'or* unaided at three years of age, and to ride quite well when barely five; and, when he found the child was afraid of water, carried him off once into a boat, and bullied and laughed at him till he forgot his fear, and came home believing himself quite a sailor, to the intense amusement of the Empress.

A worthy zouave, who had re-enlisted in order to send the bounty-money home to his aged mother, having contrived to lose 1,500 francs, "Lou-lou" came to his aid with a roll of bank-notes, with one line scrawled in a great, round hand: "From a grenadier to a voltigeur."

The reign of gouvernante and governess continued until the Prince was nine years old, when the ladies were disbanded, to be replaced by a tutor and two aides-de-camps. To the close of the Empire the lancers clattered round the Prince's carriage in his daily airings. His pet tutor was the son of a French Comtois peasant, and a relation of the Grévys. His name was Monnier. He was honest, good, rude, kind, and learned, but too proud of his learning. The method he followed was to attach himself as closely to his pupil as his shadow, and never stir a step without giving him a short improvised lecture on the properties, history, nature, uses, etc., of the objects presenting themselves to his notice. Twice a week Monnier stipulated that he was to spend his evenings with his mother, an illiterate countrywoman with a deep fund of natural good sense and shrewdness. She wore muslin caps and cotton gowns, and talked *patois*. Monnier induced the Emperor to let him take the Prince to breakfast with the *gargottes* of the Faubourgs, frequented by masons and street-sweepers. This was to show him how the work of the world was done, and what wretches had to bear, and bore—without repining.

But for "Lou-lou" the pleasant lessons of Monsieur Monnier in the *rez-de-chaussez* under the Pavilion de l'Horloge; the castles in the sand at Biarritz; the worrying of the stolidly good-humored papa; the desultory studies, often only buckled to at all because young Conneau, the Prince's selected playmate and companion, was getting too far ahead of him, save and except in those lectures of Art which the sculptor Carpeaux contrived to make so attractive—all this was rapidly coming to an end. Severer training was now required for a boy who would soon take a part in public life; and Monnier, having given utterance to some opinions bordering upon the deistical, the Empress at once caused his suspension and dismissal. He was replaced in 1867 by M. Filon, whose work was chiefly to help the pupil to prepare his lessons; the higher instructions being imparted by the professors at the *Lycées*.

This same year is also remarkable for the fact that the Prince and his Imperial mother had a narrow escape from shipwreck, through the unskillfulness of a pilot, off St. Jean de Luz; and the reception by the Child of France of his first Communion, for which he was specially prepared by the Curé of the Madeleine, the Bishop of Arras celebrating the Mass, and Monsignor Darboy pronouncing the allocution.



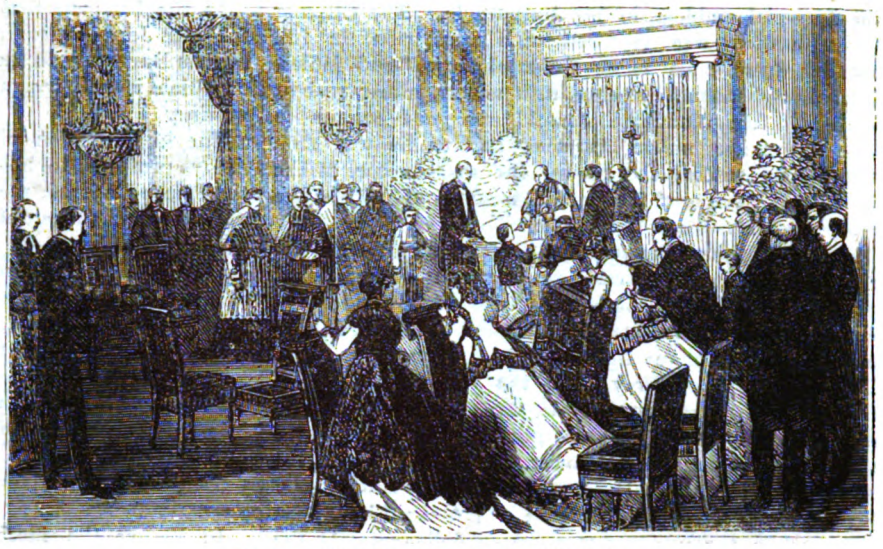
"LOU-LOU" IN THE EMPRESS'S ARMS AT THE CIRQUE IMPERIAL.

Equally favorable was the impression on the 15th of August, when another pilgrimage was made to Chiselhurst; and the Prince this time made a short set speech—not quite impromptu, but all of his own composing—in which the familiar shibboleths of Imperialism, "national sovereignty," "all for the people and by the people," etc., were very distinctly emphasized.

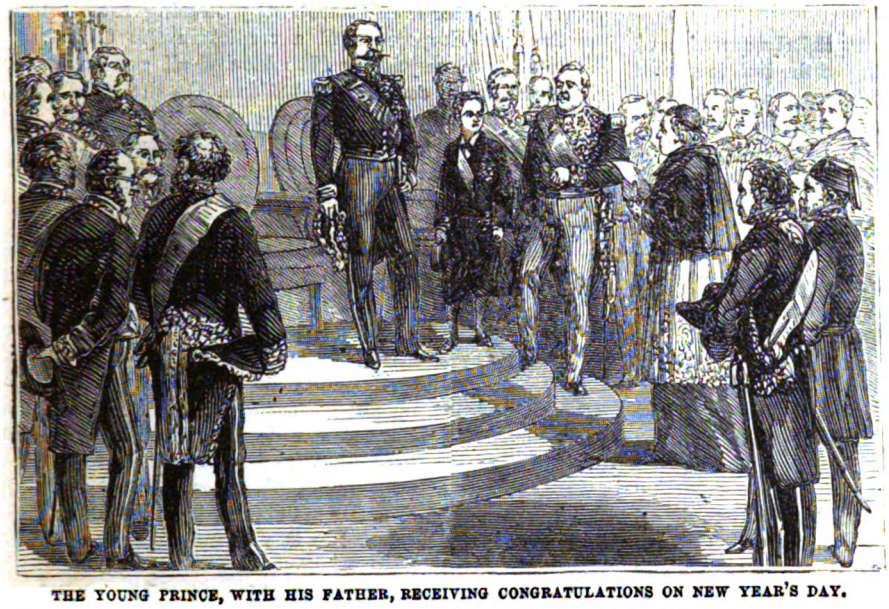
But the great event of "Lou-lou's" life was the reception

"LOU-LOU" ASTRIDE THE EMPEROR'S HORSE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TUILERIES.

on the 16th of March, 1873, the year of his coming of age, as fixed by the *Senatus Consultum* of July, 1856. For many weeks previously there had been some stir in France—intangible, it is true; but the name of Napoleon impregnated the atmosphere like some subtle odor. M. Rouher struck the keynote in a letter to the *Presse*, in which he declared that he and his friends respected the septennate because "it left the future free." M. Ollivier claimed to deliver at the Academy his over-due oration, as the last-elected Academician, upon Lamartine—an oration in which he praises the late Emperor by name—and when encountered by Guizot with the sarcastic taunt that though *cœur léger* might be allowed, *l'esprit léger* was inadmissible at the Academy, hotly replied that to a "general outrage" it was right to oppose a "general eulogy." Committees were organized for the pilgrimage to Camden House, and the Government, acknowledging that it could not prevent French citizens from showing tokens of respect for whom they chose, interfered with them only when they were distinctly founded on an express reference to that *Senatus Consultum* which, since the *déchéance*, had no longer a shadow of legality. Princes, ex-prefects and ex-senators arrived at Chiselhurst. Thousands of army officers applied for leave of absence—without, however, assigning any reason—and were peremptorily refused. A French officer is a gentleman at large from Saturday morning after parade until Monday morning's parade. An excursion was secretly planned, trains and steamers chartered, and the French army was splendidly represented at Camden House on the Sunday; the daring conspirators returning in time for the morning parade of Monday.

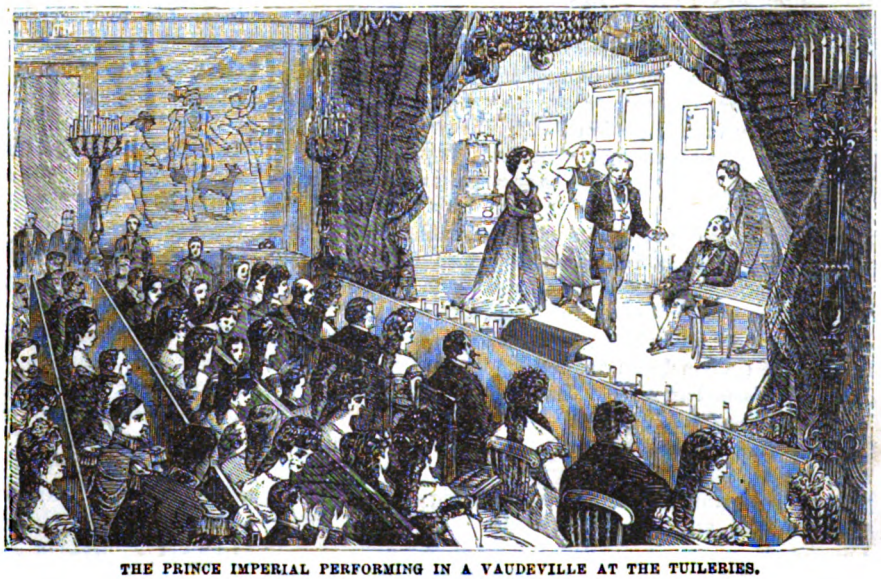


THE FIRST COMMUNION OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



THE YOUNG PRINCE, WITH HIS FATHER, RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The writer was at Chiselhurst upon that eventful day. It was a cold March morning, and a searching nor'easter swept moaningly through the streets of London. From an early hour Leicester Square was gay with closely buttoned-up Frenchmen, each of them wearing a bunch of violets,



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL PERFORMING IN A VAUDEVILLE AT THE TUILERIES.

the Imperial emblem, in his buttonhole. The Charing Cross Station was crowded with gentlemen in full evening dress, such being "correct form," and ladies, their dresses actually covered with violets, either real or artificial. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold was good enough to take the writer under his wing, and as he was then engaged in writing the life of the ex-Emperor, at the desire of the Imperial family, it is needless to say that the reception was *tout à fait en famille.*

Arrived at the picturesque little station attached to the village, the Imperial carriages awaited distinguished guests, amongst whom were M. Rouher, M. Paul de Cassagnac, Prince Achille Murat, and a host of the swells who fluttered in the fierce light that beat upon them at the Tuileries. The roadway from the station to Camden House, three-quarters of a mile, was strewn with violets, while the massive and artistic gilt gates were entwined with the glowing, modest flower. From the gates to the house the avenue was laid two inches deep with violets. No Turkey, Persian or Aubusson carpet could have been softer, while the perfume was simply delicious. At the oaken entrance-doors we found a tall *huissier* attired in a court-suit, and powdered as to his head, who at once admitted us.

The hall is wainscoted in oak, exquisitely carved, and dark and shiny from age. The ceiling of the hall is also of carved oak. Upon a great marble table was a globe composed of violets, its diameter being four feet. Before it stood the Empress, her hands folded, her eyes suffused with tears, and looking even more beautiful in her sorrow than when the writer beheld her in all the pomp and glitter of the Tuileries, or the *bourgeois abandon* of Biarritz. She turned to Mr. Jerrold, and exclaimed, "See this charming souvenir from the women of France!" The writer was presented, and had the honor of kissing the white, blue-veined fingers graciously extended to him.

We passed into the grand hall, where stood Napoleon IV., gayly chatting with some ladies, whose toilets seemed solely to consist of violets. He advanced to Mr. Jerrold at once, and, with marvelous quickness, recalled a day at Woolwich during which the writer had the distinguished honor of being in his company. "I never forget a face," said poor "Lou-lou"; "names *will* fade out of the memory." The writer possesses a photograph which the ill-fated young Prince presented to him on that memorable 16th of March—a speaking likeness of the poor lad who was destined never to see France again.

There were 10,000 Imperialists at Camden House that day. The Prince received deputations all the morning in the Empress's drawing-room, and at two o'clock proceeded to an enormous marquee, where he was greeted with ringing cries of "Vive Napoléon IV." He stood on a raised dais, beside him his mother, proud and hopeful, and at his back, men who were prepared to sacrifice everything in his interests. The Duc de Padoue read the address, and the Prince made a long reply. His speech was delivered with vigor, feeling and considerable eloquence, and above all, with a calmness that seemed astonishing in one so young. The Prince made allusion to MacMahon as "the former companion of the glories and the misfortunes of my father," and a concluding assurance that "if the names of Bonaparte issued an eighth time from the urns, he should accept the responsibility."

This announcement was received with a whirlwind of applause that lasted for minutes, during which the Empress broke completely down, and leaning upon Count de Clary, sobbed as if her heart would burst. That day at Camden House was big with the fate of the dynasty, and the hopes of the Bonapartes beat at "fever" heat.

In the banquets that followed—for the multitude were fed—Mr. Jerrold introduced a bottle of the late Emperor's famous Burgundy to the notice of the writer, the *bouquet* of which is still fragrant in the nostrils at this hour of writing.

The high opinion which the Bonapartist leaders had always professed to hold of the abilities and industry of the Prince Imperial, received in 1875 most gratifying confirmation in the result of his first examination at the Royal Military Academy—an examination from which, despite all the disadvantages of foreign training and distracting occupations, the Prince emerged seventh on the list, with a total of 31,615 marks, and, consequently, with the right—had he consented to take a commission—of making his own choice between the Artillery and the Engineers. In reference to events that yet have to be told, it may be interesting to remember that in this exhaustive inquiry into every branch of a cadet's training, practical or theoretical, the prince came out as the first horseman of the year.

In France the increased daring of the Imperialists proved, ere the Autumn came to an end, a little premature. At the beginning, it is true, they scored some points in a letter from Canrobert, professing high esteem for the late Emperor, and a verdict in the Cassagnac-Wimpfen case, acquitting Napoleon of all responsibility of tactical errors committed at Sédan. On the other hand, the several Bonapartist Committees in the Autumn, and the violent language of some of their chief speakers, more seriously damaged them in the end, by provoking moderate men of all parties to band together against a common foe.

From this time onward, with the exception, perhaps, of one vigorous protest from the Head of the House, against the insubordination, not to say the open hostility, of Prince Napoleon, there is little more in his career before he leaves for Zululand, to call for any special notice. Prudent and reticent beyond his years, it was not his habit to indulge in empty manifestoes, and, like all his party—even the hare-brained de Cassagnac himself—he saw that the Republic must be left for a time to run its course. At times we heard of his absence from England, and gossip hazarded a few matrimonial conjectures; but, as a whole, the modest life was as noiselessly as it was honorably spent.

Not often from this time on will poor "Lou-lou" form the central figure of Court ceremonials or of festive gatherings, for restlessness and discontent, and the uneasy sense of coming danger are gathering everywhere over the land, and the glory of the Napoleonic legend is growing dim.

The Spanish insurrection brings the young son of Queen Isabella and "Lou-lou" together, and, for the first few months of 1869 they are inseparable. Later in the year, at Chalons, the Prince reviews Bourbaki's army corps on the centenary of the First Napoleon's birth; and then comes the holiday visit with his mother to Corsica—the last bit of veritable sunshine in his life.

His father's illness, the failure of the "Liberal Empire," the Victor Noir riots, the *plébiscite*, the declaration of war, leave little leisure to think of Filon's and Frossart's pupil, until it is time for him to put by his toy soldiers and his book of themes, and accompany his father on the *promenade à Berlin.*

At Saarbruck "Lou-lou" received his "baptism of fire," riding upon a pony at the side of his father. The boy picked up a spent bullet that had rolled to his feet, and, packing it, made a little drawing of the action, both of which he sent his friend Tristan Lambert—"The first day

I have been under fire," reads the now historical note. Before a week had passed over, war showed itself in quite a different guise. Hurried helplessly from place to place, glad to rest in a third-class railway-car, or wash from a glass of water, of which his father had drank part, the poor boy was only saved, by being at the last moment sent back to Mezières, from sharing all the horrors of Sédan.

While yet the captive Emperor was speeding on to Wilhelmshöhe, the son, traveling almost in a parallel line, and at one time within a few miles of his father, accompanied by his trusty escorts, Commander Duperré, Major Lamey, and Count Clary, was half way through Belgium for Dover, whence the Duc de Grammont soon took him to rejoin his mother, already landed in England, after the narrowest of escapes from Paris, in the first fury of the proclamation of the *dechéance*. A few weeks more, and both had found shelter in the little Kentish village of Chiselhurst, until the weary war should come to an end, and the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe be once more a free man.

In the quiet retreat of Camden House—a superb old mansion of the Queen Anne period, wainscoted from cellar to garret with oak black as ebony from age, and surrounded by a park containing some of the finest trees in Merrie England—the Emperor, his wife, and child won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. It was no time for appeal or protestation to their countrymen. The Commune had, in this respect, been working for them far more effectually than they could have worked for themselves. It showed the world what a terrible task Napoleon III. had undertaken, and how successfully, when he kept the bloodthirsty, petroleum-throwing demons so long, and so well, under control.

The one thing to be done throughout the next two years, was to let the storm of obloquy pass by, and train the young Louis patiently for any change that destiny might bring. The Emperor himself directed his historic studies; an English tutor and the faithful M. Filou divided between them the work of the "Woolwich preparation." The compiler of this article has seen the Emperor leaning over "Lou-lou" in one of the windows of the billiard-room at Camden House engaged in inspecting a piece of steel just turned by the Prince, on the lathe which ran the entire length of the southern wall of the room. Here Cæsar and the Hope of France spent most of their time together, if not engaged in study, working the lathe, or playing billiards—a game of which the Emperor was passionately fond.

In November, 1872, a Queen's cadetship was offered to the young Prince, and accepted, and the lad was handed over to the Woolwich officers by his father, with the simple farewell, "*Messieurs, faites en un homme*" ("Gentlemen, make a man of him.")

At Woolwich he became a universal favorite, so modest, so gentle, so dignified, so generous, and, as Dean Stanley, in his sermon at Westminster Abbey declared, "so clean-mouthed."

The writer had the honor of meeting him at Woolwich on two occasions, and a higher "thoroughbred" it has never been his fortune to encounter. Every inch a prince, with a charming *soupçon* of medieval chivalry. The steady discipline of the School of British Gunners, its daily routine of virile exercises and many recreations hardened the Prince's frame and invigorated his mind. He performed the work of the meanest cadet, and, as a veteran gunner said to the writer, "We have a soap-boiler's son in the battery who puts on a lot more side." It was at drill that the messenger found him here on that January day when he brought tidings of his father's critical condition, and hurried him away to Chiselhurst, all too late to receive, or give, a last farewell.

The story of the last illness and death of the fallen Emperor is slightly foreign to our present purpose. In France, he never ceased to possess devoted partisans who had defended him with a courage bordering on hardihood, when defense of him was even dangerous; and in the course of the year 1872 the party had greatly gained in power and self-confidence. It was more with the feeling of the older courtiers, "L'Empereur est mort—Vive l'Empereur," as Paul de Cassagnac plainly put it, than as hopeless mourners over a lost cause, that in Paris, crape-banded and violet-bearing groups were seen, to the number of some thousands, about the Church of St. Augustine, and that at Chiselhurst, the assemblage of foreign visitors fairly startled those who had begun to think that the Empire would never revive again.

Early on the morning of the Lying-in-State, there were met at in the Great Hall of Camden House 150 persons of distinction, "a greater number than had ever been seen together at any one time during the last five years of the Emperor's power."

Behind the bearers, on the following day, there were the Prince Imperial as chief mourner, and then the Princes Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, Prince Murat, M. Rouher, the Duc de Grammont and many more celebrities of the Empire. But the chief feature of the day was the grave, dignified bearing of the Prince, above all, when the Empress's strength gave way, and he alone had to make brief acknowledgments to the little group of Bonapartist *ouvriers*—for the Bonapartist *ouvrier*, like the English Conservative working man, if not exactly in a majority, is by no means a myth. In their enthusiasm, indeed, the tacit understanding that he should be called Prince Louis, as his father was before him, until 8,000,000 votes set on his head the Imperial Crown, "gave way to the excitement of the moment, and to passionate cries of "Vive Napoleon IV."

The grave dimensions which the Zulu war assumed so suddenly in the eyes of thinking men when once they realized the full extent of the terrible disaster of Isandula, meant war to the knife with the sable Montenegrins, and naturally suggested to a youth like the Prince, that now was the opportunity to earn a soldier's fame by the side of his comrades of old Woolwich days. The Dark Continent, too, has always had a special attraction for a child of France. It is here that many of their most recent laurels have been won; here where they have their chief dependencies; while, for a Napoleon, lies there not, half-way between the Channel and the Cape, historic St. Helena, with all its memories and its inspirations?

The following letter written to M. Rouher is necessarily worth recording:

"My Dear Monsieur Rouher: I am about to quit Europe, and my absence may last some months. I have too many faithful friends in France to think it possible for me to keep silence on the reasons of my departure. For eight years I have been the guest of England. I have completed my education in one of her military schools, and on several occasions I have strengthened the bonds which connect me with the English Army by sharing in the great manœuvres it has executed. The war which England has, for more than a year, been carrying on at the Cape of Good Hope, has just assumed a character of gravity which it had not till now possessed. I desire to follow the operations, and I embark in two days.

"In France, where, thank God! party spirit has not destroyed the military spirit, it will be felt that I did not wish to remain a stranger to the fatigues and dangers of those among whom I count so many comrades. The time I shall devote to witnessing this conflict of civilization against barbarism will not be lost for me. Afar, as near, my thoughts will constantly be directed toward France. I shall watch with interest, and without disquietude, the gradual phases she will pass through, for I am certain God

protects her. I am certain that, during my absence, the partisans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident, and will continue to give the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrines, remains ever animated by sentiments of the most ardent patriotism.

"Accept, my dear Monsieur Rouher, the assurances of my sincere friendship. NAPOLEON.

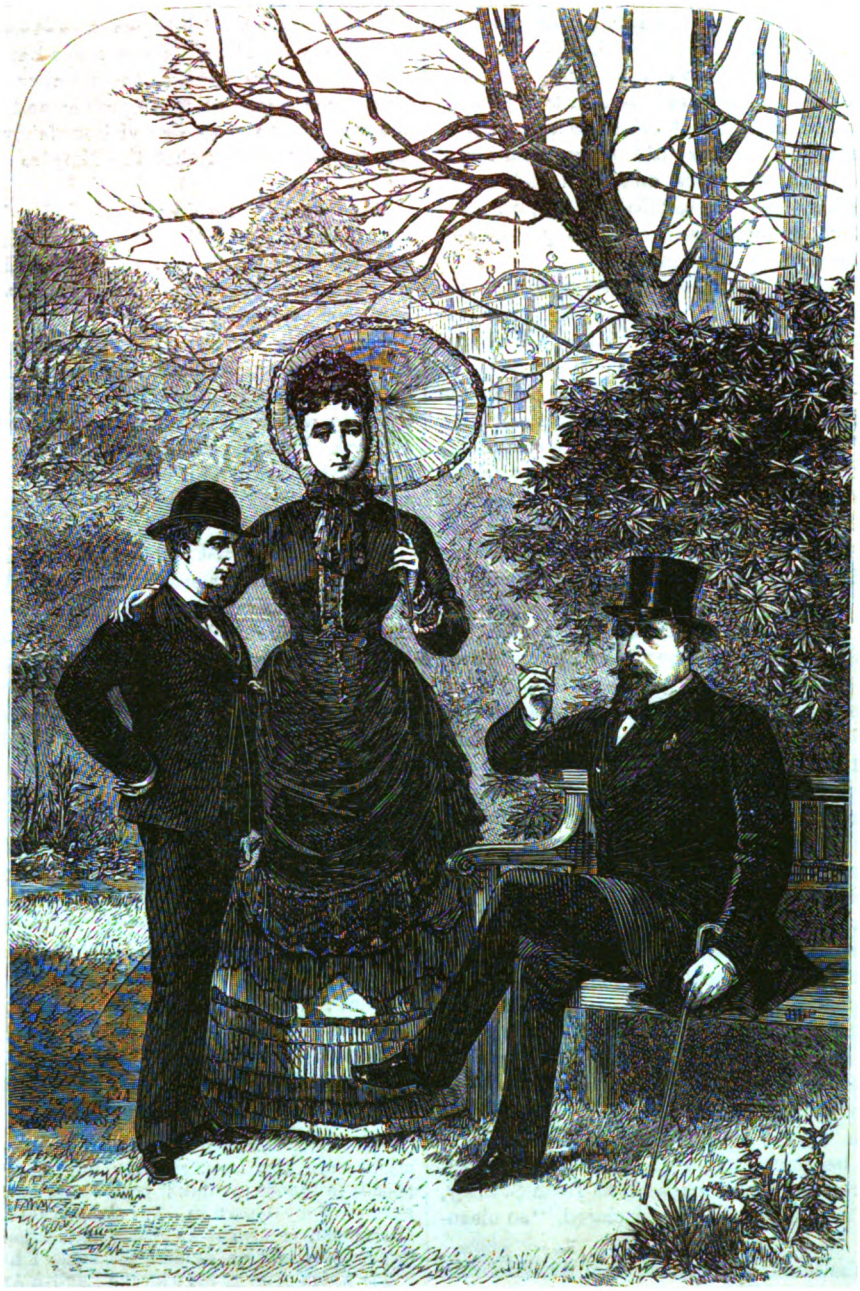
"*Camden Place*, Chiselhurst, Feb. 25th, 1879."

He went forth to do or die. Many of his best and truest friends were opposed to his going to Natal. There was little glory to be gained, and when gained, *cui bono?* The perilous perplexity of the position was greatly increased by the half-assent and half-refusal with which the English military authorities appear to have received his application. There can be little doubt now, that either his petition should have been refused at once, or granted to the full extent which would have placed every movement under the direct control of the general in the field. Prince George of Cambridge, who was utterly opposed to his going, wrote the following letter to Lord Chelmsford, in his own usual frank, soldierly style:

[PRIVATE.]

"*Feb. 25th*, 1879.

"MY DEAR LORD CHELMSFORD: This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who is going out on his own account to see as much as he can of the coming campaign in Zululand. He is extremely anxious to go, and wanted to be employed in our army, but the Government did not consider that this could be sanctioned; but they have sanctioned my writing to you and to Sir Bartle Frere to say that if you can show him kindness and render him assistance to see as much as he can with the columns in the field, I hope you will do so. He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and, having many old cadet friends in the artillery, he will, doubtless, find no difficulty in getting on; and if you can help him in any other way, pray do so. My only anxiety on his account is, that he is too plucky and go-ahead. I remain, my dear Chelmsford, yours most sincerely, GEORGE."



THE PRINCE WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER AT CHISELHURST.

To be allowed to roam about as an irresponsible volunteer, is the way to combine the maximum of risk with the minimum of attainable renown. All this, indeed, scarcely entered into people's thoughts at first. We pictured him to ourselves as a volunteer always to be found on the general's staff—perhaps not even coming to the front, save in those great encounters where the savage is usually at his weakest, and the civilized soldier at his best. Nor did the earlier intelligence from the Cape inspire special apprehensions for his safety.

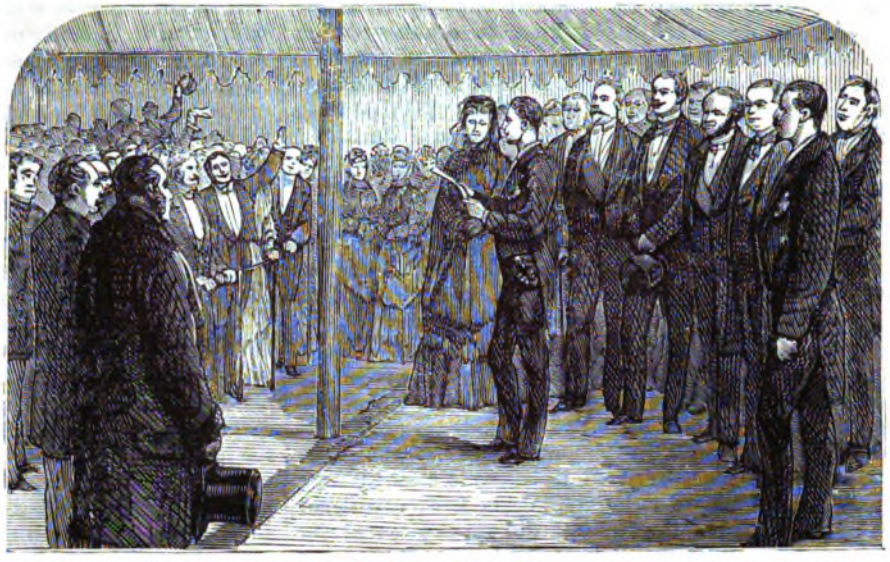
The Empress, before Sir Garnet Wolseley started for the Cape, made him come and see her, and spoke to him long and earnestly about her son. "I do not like his being so far off," she said, "and in that climate. The climate is all that I am afraid of; but I do not like his being away. You must promise me that you will send him home directly you get out there."

We heard of him, indeed, as stricken down, like so many new-comers, by fever at Pietermaritzburg, and for some time unable to make his way toward the front; then riding with Buller on a three days' reconnoissance, in which no enemy was within reach; then, as interviewed by a correspondent of the *Figaro*, during which the Prince compared himself to the "fifth wheel of a cart—of no practical use, and possibly in the way"; then in the attack upon a Zulu kraal all but surrounded by the enemy, and owing his safety to his good horsemanship; and then—yes, and then flashed the ghastly message, telling us of death by the assegai of an unknown savage! Let those who were with him on that fatal

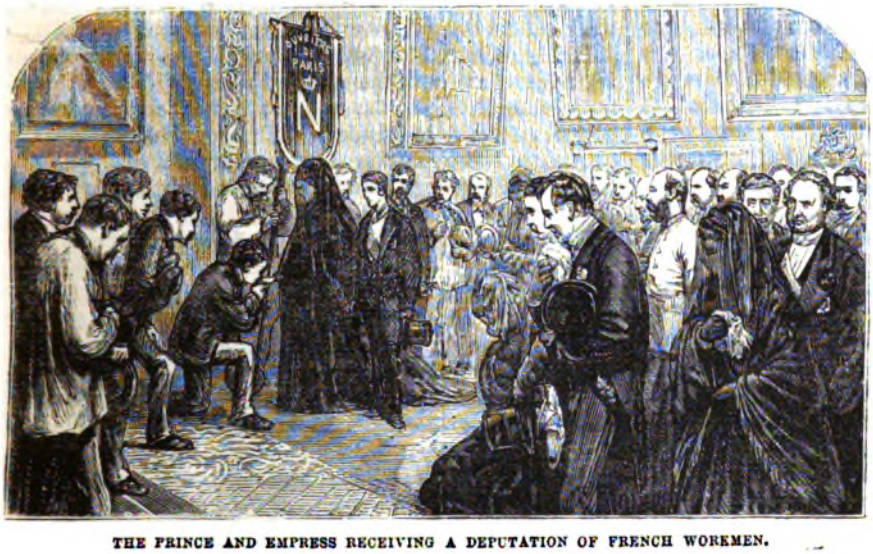
reconnoisance tell its tragic story.

Shortly given, the report of Lieutenant Carey, who accompanied the Prince Imperial on the reconnoissance which led to his melancholy death, is as follows:

"Having learnt that his Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1st to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that, as I had already ridden over the same ground, I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time, Colonel Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-general, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders, and at 9.15 six men of Captain Bettington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these, and a friendly Zulu provided by the Honorable Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Captain Shepstone's Corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incenzi and Itelezi Hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge, we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's Cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh, no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ilyotozi River. I proposed that we should here off-saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching,



THE PRINCE READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH DELEGATION ON ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY.




THE PRINCE AND EMPRESS RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF FRENCH WORKMEN.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT A REVIEW OF ENGLISH TROOPS BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below, and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired, and laid down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3.35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes'; but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal, when I heard his Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round, and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing toward us through the mealie fields. They shouted, and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that any one was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every one.' On looking back, I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and, seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombocto River."

The selfishness and cowardice of the party who accompanied the Prince has thrown a cloud over the whole British army. Hurriedly these warriors galloped off at the top of their speed, every man caring for himself, no one troubling about his friend or comrade; not one of them, until some miles of ground had been covered, looking to see if the Prince Imperial had got away with them. One would think that after they had vaulted into their saddles these British soldiers would have faced about, if even for a moment, to ascertain if their foes were few or many, and to see if their comrade the Prince was mounted and ready to move with them. Even had they been undisciplined men, they might have been expected to do so much, supposing them to have been possessed of the ordinary manly instincts. Had they assumed the defensive even for a brief moment, the Prince would have been enabled to mount and ride off with them. Did these miserable runaways, upon perceiving that the Prince was not with them, pluck up courage to dash back to ascertain if he were lying wounded on the field, or to bring away his body if it had been left there dead? Not they! Such a notion never entered their heads. They faced for their camp once more, and kept galloping as if for their lives until they fell in with one of their own regiments. Then they halted to recover their breath—and to tell the story of their shame. Nothing can wipe that shame away. In ages yet to come, this memorable incident of the wretched strife will be pictured with pen and pencil, and on the page of history few sadder representations will appear than that of the gallant young Frenchman being assegaied in the maize-field, while his English companions in arms, mounted on fleet horses, instead of rushing to his rescue, ran for their lives and left him to his fate.

Lieutenant Carey reported what had taken place, and the commanding officers went back to the camp, where orders were given for a strong patrol force to go out next morning and to recover the Prince's dead body if it could be found. Accordingly, on the 2d instant, at an early hour, six troops of cavalry, under General Marshall, were conducted to the scene of this disaster. No Zulus were now met with, and it is stated that only twenty or thirty had been seen the day before.

The body of the unfortunate Prince Imperial was found lying in the gulley, a hundred and fifty yards from the Zulu kraal. It had been stripped naked and thrown in there; only a necklace was left, upon which were suspended a locket with medallion portraits and hair, and a scapulary, with an "Agnus Dei," or medal of the Virgin Mary, both the gift of his mother. The Zulus had regarded them as magical charms or talismans, and had been deterred by superstitious fears from touching them; their belief being that the luck of the wearer goes with the charm.

There were eighteen wounds on the Prince's body, none of them from bullets, but all from the stabbing assegai, or short spear. Two of the stabs had pierced his body quite through from the chest to the back; two had gone through the sides, and one had destroyed the right eye. The bodies of the two troopers of Berrington's Horse, likewise bearing marks of the assegai, were found at a few yards' distance.

It only remained for General Marshall and the other British officers to remove the mangled remains of the unfortunate young Prince to the camp at Itelezi. A stretcher or bier was formed of blankets laid upon lances; and the corpse was laid upon this, after sending to the camp a message that it had been found, and that an ambulance should be provided to receive it.

The bier was then lifted by the officers present who were highest in rank—General Marshall, Colonel Drury Lowe, R. A., Major Stewart, and several officers of the Seventeenth Lancers. They carried it toward the camp, to meet the ambulance, in which it was deposited, and there was a funeral parade at the camp that afternoon. The ambulance containing the Prince's body was then sent to the rear, and the body was to be taken to Durban, for embarkation at that port, and for conveyance to England.

The will of the late Prince Napoleon was made at Camden Place, Chiselhurst, on the 26th of February, 1879, and the following is the true text:

"This is my testament. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, in which I was born. I desire that my body may be laid near that of my father, until the time comes when both may be transferred to the spot where the founder of our house reposes among the French people, whom we, like him, dearly loved. My latest thought will be for my country, for which I would wish to die. I hope my mother, when I shall be no more, will maintain for me that affectionate remembrance which I shall cherish for her to the last moment. Let my private friends, my servants, and the partisans of the cause which I represent, be assured that my gratitude to them will only cease with my life.

"I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude toward the Queen of England, the entire royal family, and the country in which, during eight years, I have received such cordial hospitality. I constitute my mother my universal legatee, subject to the payment of the following legacies:

"I bequeath 20,000f. (£800) to my cousin, Prince J. N. Murat. I bequeath 100,000f. (£4,000) to M. F. Pietri, in recognition of his good services. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. le Baron Corviseart, in recognition of his devotion. I bequeath 100,000f. to Mdlle. de Larminat, who has always shown herself so attached to my mother. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. A. Filon, my former tutor. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. L. N. Conneau; 100,000f. to M. N. Espinasse; 100,000f. to Captain A. Bizot, three of my oldest friends. I desire that my dear mother should constitute an annuity of 10,000f. (£400) for Prince L. L. Bonaparte; an annuity of 5,000f. (£200) for Mr. Bachon, my former écuyer; 2,500f. (£100) each to Madame Thierry and to Uhlmann. I desire that all my other servants should never be deprived of their salaries. I desire to leave to Prince N. Charles

Bonaparte, the Duke of Bassano, and to M. Rouher three of the most beautiful souvenirs that my testamentary executors may select. I desire also to leave to General Simmons, to M. Strode, and to Mgr. Goddard, three souvenirs which my testamentary executors may select from the valuables which belong to me. I bequeath to M. F. Pietri my pin surmounted by a stone (cat's eye); to M. Corvisart, my pin (rose pearl); to Mdlle. de Larminat, a medallion containing the portraits of my father and my mother; to Madame Lebreton, my watch in enamel, ornamented with my monogram in diamonds; to MM. Conneau, Espinasse, Bizot, J. N. Murat, A. Fleury, P. de Bourgoing, S. Corvisart, my arms and uniforms, except those I may have last worn, which I leave to my mother. I leave to M. d'Entraigues a pin surmounted by a fine pearl, round in shape, which was given me by the Empress. I beg my mother to be good enough to distribute to the persons who, during my life have shown attachment to me, the trinkets or less valuable objects which may recall me to their recollection. I bequeath to the Comtesse Clara my pin, surmounted by a beautiful, fine pearl (A.); to the Duke of Huescar, my cousin, my Spanish swords. NAPOLEON.

"All written by my own hand.

"I need not recommend my mother to neglect nothing to defend the memory of my great uncle and father. I beg her to remember that as long as a Bonaparte lives the Imperial cause will be represented. The duties of our house toward the country will not be extinct with my life. When I die, the task of continuing the work of Napoleon III. will fall to the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, and I hope my beloved mother, by supporting him with all her power, will give to us who shall be no more this last and crowning proof of affection. NAPOLEON.

"I appoint MM. Rouher and F. Pietri my testamentary executors. I mean by F. Pietri, Franceschini Pietri. N."

The will of Prince Louis Napoleon contains many expressions of natural feeling, which give it a solemn and touching character. No one, however his political views or his personal judgments, can blame the devotion expressed by the Prince to the memory of his father and of the founder of his house. Whatever history and morality may have to say to these two personages, it was not for their heir and representative to think or speak ill of them, or even to see them as they were. His views of patriotism and of personal duty, of the interests and greatness of France, of her past and her future, and of the part which he had to play in her history, were almost of necessity vitiated and falsified from the first.

The third clause in his will is touching, in the ironical comment which events have supplied. "My last thoughts will be for my country; it is for France that I wish to die." The poor youth's last thoughts may have been of his country. No one can say what they were, in that hurried and hapless flight from savage death. But it was not given to him, in any sense in which he would have allowed the words, to die for his country. Yet, perhaps, after all, he did so. We doubt not that even the bitterest partisans of the Republic will respect this strong yearning of the exile's heart for the land of his birth. We may even, without offense to the great, free Government that now rules over the Empire of the Bonapartes, venture to hope that the day is not far distant when it will be not considered incompatible with public peace and safety to give effect to the last wishes of this brave boy, who loved his country with all the passionate devotion of a man.

"It is for her that I would wish to die," writes the Prince in another passage in his testament, and in these few words we may almost see mirrored what were probably the last sad regrets, the last bitter sense of hopes frustrated, and longing unfulfilled, which doubtless flitted across his eager brain at that supreme moment when he turned round to face his savage foes, and knew that his hour had come!

Very simple and noble is the language in which the Prince bids farewell to the widowed mother whose heart has been broken by his death, and to the faithful followers and partisans whose lives and fortunes he knew were his when he chose to claim them. Inexpressibly tender and touching, too, is the consideration with which he remembers by a legacy every one of his friends with whom he was associated in exile. With highbred courtesy does he offer a graceful tribute of gratitude to the Sovereign and the nation who made him an honored guest; and then, after a brief direction, constituting the Empress his legatee, and charging her with the distribution of his affectionate bequests, the will ends.

Thus was the news of the death of her son communicated to the Empress:

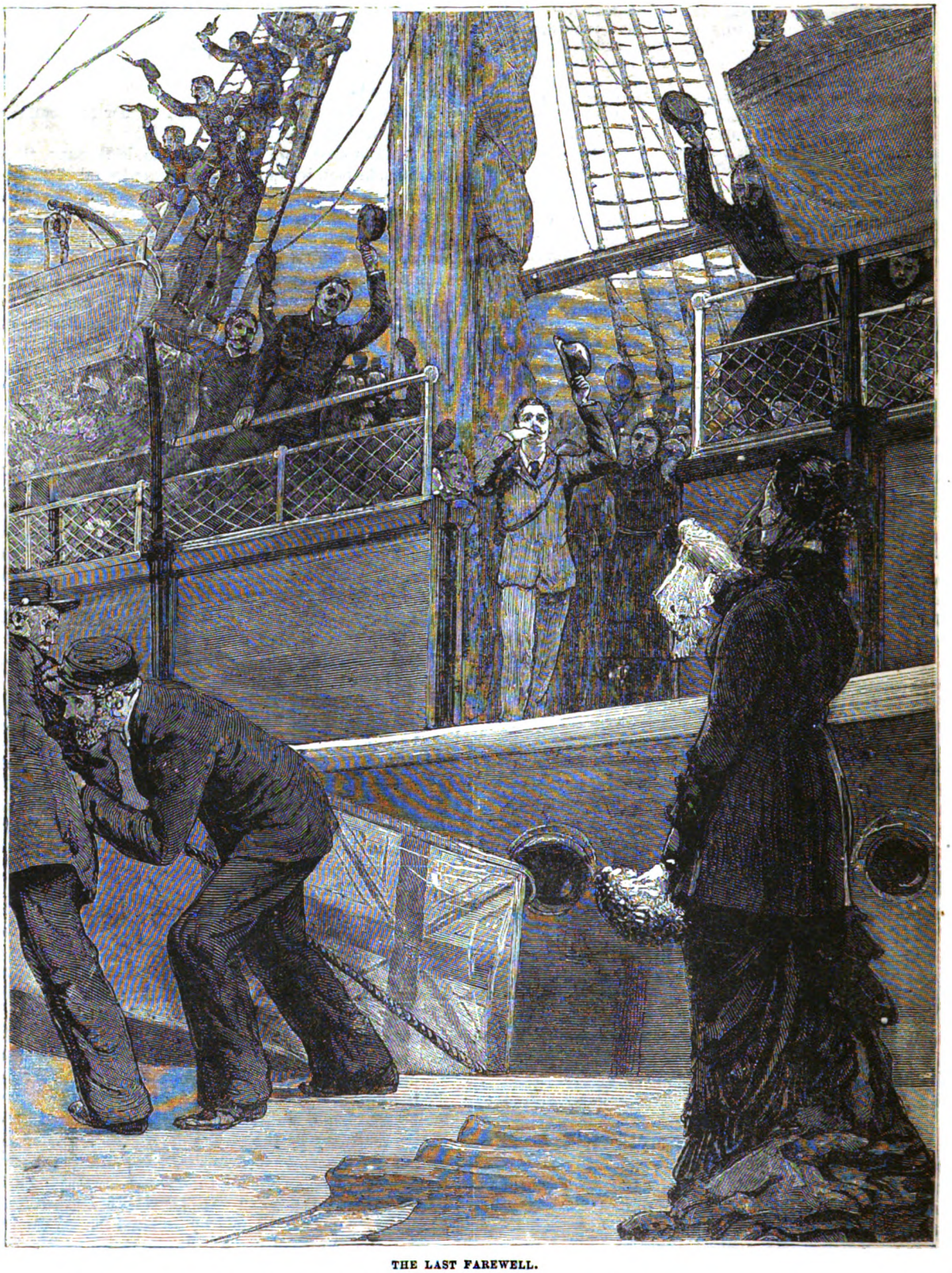
"The Empress," we quote the Duc de Bassano, "learnt the news, in fact, by an accident. Some friend of M. Pietri, hearing of the disaster which had befallen the Prince, wrote him a letter, which he sent by rail, warning him to prepare for sad, and, indeed, painful intelligence. Somehow or other the Empress opened this letter, and, although unable exactly to comprehend its import, feared unhappy tidings. She knew her son had been ill, and she naturally dreaded to hear that he was worse. However, no more intelligence came till this morning, when Lord Sydney, who had received a message from Lady Frere, and also the command of the Queen, came round to communicate the terrible news to the Empress, together with the expression of Her Majesty's sympathy. I received him, and upon me the duty devolved of breaking the fearful news. I asked permission to see the Empress, who, noticing probably from the expression of my countenance that I was greatly troubled, begged to know at once all I had to tell her. I said, 'Madame, the Prince is very ill—more dangerously ill than he was when we last heard.' Immediately Her Majesty exclaimed, 'I will go to him; I must go!' to which I replied nothing, and retired. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then I returned to her. I told her that further news had come, which made the aspect of affairs still graver. She cried out, 'I will go at once! Where is he?' To which I replied, 'It is too late, madame!' on hearing which Her Majesty burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, 'Mon fils, mon pauvre fils!' and I left her."

On the 11th of July the body of the Prince Imperial was landed on English soil. Transferred from the *Orontes* to the *Enchantress*, it was borne up the Thames to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, where a large group of mourners, all attired in black, and decorated with bunches of violets, awaited it in solemn silence. From the ship came a priest, bearing aloft a golden crucifix enshrouded in crape, followed by the Lord Bishop of Southwark, in mortuary robes of black velvet relieved by silver. As the priest touched the shore, the Guard of Honor formed, headed by the band of the Royal Artillery. Thrice did the muffled drums roll like distant thunder as the coffin, wrapped in the tricolor of France, was raised on the shoulders of twelve bluejackets, and borne solemnly and slowly through the line of mourners, who stood with uncovered heads, many of them sobbing bitterly. As the sound of the last roll of the drums died away, the plaintive chords of the "Dead March in Saul" rose like a wail, and the procession entered the temporary mortuary by the river side, a small, isolated building, with an octagonal dome. In front of the mortuary, the troops formed in square, the mourners grouping around the door, while the coffin was placed directly in front of a sombre-draped altar, lighted by dull, red flamed candles.

When the Prince of Wales, with the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, all in deep mourning, arrived, the Royal Standard was run up at half-mast on the great flagstaff, and, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Sweden, their Royal Highnesses entered the first resting-place on English soil of their late loved and respected companion.

After their departure, there was a long interval, during which the African coffin was opened, for permitting identification of the corpse, and its transferal to a sumptuous casket that had been prepared in England. The body was re-embalmed in the mortuary, then inclosed in leaden and oaken coffins, and the casket, whose outer covering was of violet velvet.

The body was perfectly recognizable, but the face had been disfigured to a ghastly degree by a terrible assegai-thrust in the eye. Six wounds in the chest were of so fearful a nature that death must have been instantaneous, while a wound on the left arm was evidently received while endeavoring to parry an assegai-thrust. The body kept its color marvelously well.

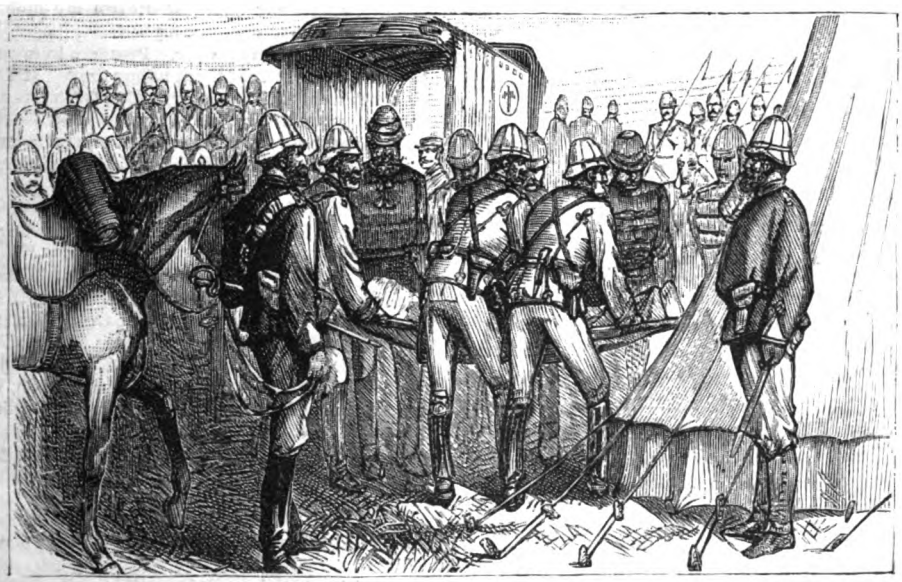


THE LAST FAREWELL.

HOW HE DIED.

Princes Lucien and Charles Bonaparte were present, as were also Joachim and Lucien Murat; the Duke de la Moscova, a son of Marshal Ney; the Dukes of Padua and Mouchy; M. Paul de Cassagnac, Baron Haussman, and young Conneau, the dead Prince's playmate. M. Rouher and General Fleury carried the pall.

At half-past six P. M. the horse artillery escort-troop took up its position, massed on the east side of the mortuary. Then the gun-carriage, drawn by six magnificent troop horses, wheeled into the open space. The white muslin curtains draping the entrance to the mortuary were drawn aside, and the coffin was brought out, borne on the shoulders of officers of the Royal Horse Artillery. The drums recommenced to roll, the "Dead March" to wail, as the procession passed out of the arsenal on its way to Chiselhurst, where it arrived at nine.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE'S BODY AT ITELEZI CAMP.

In the hall of Camden House, the body of the dead Prince was received by the mother, for whom the light of life has now gone out for ever and aye. Her grief was awful to witness. Eluding the care of her devoted sympathizers, she again and yet again returned to the side of the coffin, lying prostrate, kissing the gilded plate, and moaning, "Louis." She remained thus for four hours, occasionally uttering a piercing shriek that rang through the house of death with awful and appalling distinctness. The feverish sleep of exhaustion came to her for a couple of hours, only to renew her agony on the awaking. At nine o'clock, by a supreme effort, she took one last, long, lingering, famished look at the dead face of her boy, her all, and then, with a piteous passion of hopeless sorrow, glued her lips to the name on the coffin-plate—her last, last farewell!

After the mournful vigil the day broke, cloudy, and

threatening rain. From an early hour special trains from London brought down thousands, including a large majority of French. A body of workmen from Paris draped the gateway with voluminous drab-colored hangings bearing the Imperial cipher "N" interwoven with crossed palm-branches. Troops arrived from Woolwich, and at ten o'clock a special train from Windsor brought Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, bearing many splendid floral wreaths. Shortly afterward the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, all in full uniform, passed under the draped gateway of Camden House. The bells of the Protestant parish church and of the Catholic Church of St. Mary's, wherein repose the ashes of Napoleon III., began to toll, and at eleven o'clock a minute-gun announced the starting of the procession. The cavalry formed on the lawn at either side of the main entrance, and the artillery limbered up near the front gates. As the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, entered the Empress's boudoir, the boom of the first gun was heard, while the bands commenced to play the "Dead March in Saul." The procession then emerged from the gates in the following order: First came a troop of the Royal Irish Lancers, with lances in trail; then the Woolwich cadets, with rifles reversed; then the band of the Royal Artillery, playing the solemn march with expressive effect. The clergy, bearing the crucifix and accompanied by thurifers wafting incense, followed, preceding the Right Reverend Bishop Daniells of Southwark, supported by his two chaplains. Then came the coffin, on the six-horse gun-carriage which had borne it from Woolwich. On the coffin-lid rested a cross of camellias, violets and heartsease, covering the tricolor of France. Two gunners of the Artillery bore the immense wreath sent by Her Majesty the Queen. The pall-bearers, all of blood royal, were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Monaco, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. The chief mourners were Prince Jerome Napoleon (Plon-Plon), and his two sons, the Princes Victor and Louis. Then came the dead Prince's favorite horse, Stag, draped in a black netting, bearing the Imperial cipher "N" worked in silver. This was the horse the Prince was unable to mount on that fatal first of June. Then followed Uhlmann, the Prince's confidential chamberlain, and Lomas, his English soldier-servant, who, when the body was found, knelt and wept on it like a child; then the Prince's valet, Gamble, a Scotchman. The coffin was followed by the representative Imperialists who attended at Woolwich, already named, and the procession closed with Horse Artillery and Lancers. Her Majesty the Queen, profoundly moved, witnessed the procession from a small, black-draped pavilion that had been specially erected for her accommodation on the grounds.

The interior of the Church of St. Mary was completely draped in black. It was buried in complete darkness, save for the yellow candles at the catafalque, the altar, and at the Emperor's tomb. Presently a hush announced the entry of the Princess of Wales, who was attired in deep mourning. Scarcely able to control her emotion, she was led to the epistle side of the altar, where she flung herself on her knees and buried her face in her hands, in silent and sobful prayers. The Lord Bishop of Southwark received the coffin at the gate of the churchyard, the Duke of Cambridge personally directing its dismounting—an incident without precedent in the history of the English army. Amid the choir strains of the *De Profundis*, the procession passed up the aisle, the coffin borne by officers of the Royal Horse Artillery; came Prince Jerome Napoleon, of Napoleonic lineaments; came Uhlmann, weeping bitterly, heading the Imperial household; came Princes Lucien and Charles and Roland, and Prince Murat, and MM. Rouher and Benedetti; came Senators and Deputies of the Empire, with a solitary lady in their midst, the Princess Mathilde, the true and faithful friend of the dead Prince. Then came a throng of British officers, attired in the gorgeous uniforms which relieved the sombre hangings in a strange, wondrous way. As the coffin was reverently laid on the catafalque before the altar, all knelt; the sobs of the Princess of Wales and Princess Mathilde bursting upon the universal hush.

The solemn requiem was then commenced, to the plain Gregorian chant, and the princes of Protestant England bent the knee as the Lord Bishop reverently raised the Host, while the bell in the little belfry sweetly tolled. As his Lordship, in pronouncing the Absolution, intoned the name of the Prince, the sobbing from the true and tender-hearted women burst out anew.

Three volleys of musketry, each followed by a roll of muffled drums, then abruptly announced that the ceremony was over; that dust had returned unto dust; that "Loulou" had been conveyed to—not his last resting-place, for France will assuredly permit him to rest in that land which he remembered with his latest breath.

For long hours a procession, formed of those who desired to take a final look at the dead face, poured through the aisle. First came a deputation of young men of France; then of the students of Paris; then of the junior students of the Lycée; then deputations from the Departments of France, the most conspicuous being the deputation from Corsica.

Thus ended the last chapter in the history of the babe, born at the Tuileries on the 16th of March, 1856—the babe who was destined to die by the assegai of an unknown savage. After his young life's fitful fever, may he sleep well!

Among the papers in the desk of the late Prince Imperial was found, in his own handwriting, the following prayer, written in French:

"My God, I give to Thee my heart, but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself.

"Hear, O God! my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God, my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most Worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me.

"Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy.

"Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought: while I rejoice, those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering.

"For me, O God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn; and how sad the thought which makes one say, 'Time effaces all!'

"The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts for ever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. Oh, my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always.

"Arrived at the term of my life, I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy.

"Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions.

"My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my innermost thought shall never make them blush."

Let us say a few words about the existing chief of the Imperial line "Plon-Plon." There are two principal branches of the House of Bonaparte, the Cardinal of that name being head of the elder. By the death of Prince Louis Napoleon, the chief of the younger or Imperial line of France is now Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, son of King Jerome, of Westphalia, and commonly but inaccurately styled Prince Jerome Napoleon. He accepted the name, however, and (under the Empire) signed "Napoléon (Jérôme)." Since the proclamation of the Republic he has adopted the more ambitious signature of "Napoléon Bonaparte." But he is known best of all as "Plon-Plon," which sobriquet, be it stated in passing, is not an ill-natured one, but bestowed in endearment by his parents. The wickedness of human nature has, however, distorted it into "Craint-Plomb."

It is no use blinking the fact. "Napoléon Bonaparte" has been so unfortunate as to acquire the reputation most fatal to a French prince. In 1854 the Prince, who was a General of Division, asked for, and obtained, active employment. The post assigned him was, however, the somewhat unfortunate one of commander of the "infantry of reserve," in which capacity he was present at the Alma and at Inkermann—the Russian artillery, as in duty bound, being at a respectful distance. In fact, a subordinate *rôle* was assigned the Prince, who grew angry, and set to work to write a pamphlet exposing abuses in the French military organization.

Cæsar was in turn alarmed, and hinted to his cousin that he had better catch a fever and, by reason of weak health, return to France. The Prince, who was utterly disgusted with the conduct of the campaign (surely not without reason), willingly complied, but for all that he published his pamphlet (at Brussels), and it was translated into English.

Some men are pursued by an evil destiny. Six years after his return from the East, the Prince managed to embroil himself in a literary warfare with the Duke of Aumale. In the opinion of the keenest critics, the Prince had rather the best of the discussion—and the Duke seems to be of the same opinion, for he saw no better method of silencing his adversary than challenging him. Now princes of the blood do not, in fact cannot, fight duels. It is true that the last Duke of York crossed swords with Colonel Lennox, but the affair was a purely formal one—a sort of stately apology from His Royal Highness.

On receiving the Duke of Aumale's challenge, the Prince went to his cousin and asked him what was the etiquette in such cases. The Emperor reminded him that he was next heir to the throne but one, that much might depend on his life, and that all precedent was against a person of his rank availing himself of the privileges of a private gentleman.

Napoleon III. was quite right; but perhaps he would have served his dynasty better had he allowed Prince Napoleon to fight. Paris, that incorrigible rebel, sneered. "Yes, sickness had compelled him to abandon the trenches before Sebastopol, and now reasons of State forbade him to avenge his honor."

The great war of 1870 at length broke out, and the Prince again solicited active employment. It was refused him. There was an ugly story that the Prince (who is something of a yachtsman) had begged to be placed in command of the Baltic fleet, and that the officers of the French navy had signed a round-robin declining to serve under his Highness. It is to be regretted that under such circumstances the Prince did not seek to follow the example of certain cadets of the Orleans family, and serve incognito as a volunteer. Still, there would have been grave difficulties in the way of such a course.

The truth is that "Plon-Plon" is a fat, easy-going man, not more afraid of powder than most of us, but liking it just as little; and, above all things, hating trouble and exertion. The serious fault in his character would be defined by an ardent Imperialist as want of loyalty, by a man of the world as inability to see where his true interests lie.

The Emperor was very kind to his cousin and possible heir; gave him the Palais Royal to live in, and $300,000 a year to keep up a proper state with. All honors, too, that could be given to a Napoleon were showered on him—a general's commission, a seat in the Senate, also in the Council of State, the Grand Cross, presidencies of all kinds of august commissions, and at one time a Minister's portfolio, with a seat in the Cabinet.

But all these good things failed to satisfy "Plon-Plon," who fancied that Nature meant him to be the Louis Philippe of his house. Dame Nature, if she ever troubled herself about the matter, had probably assigned him a far better part in her mind, namely, that of a Mæcenas, for the Prince is clever, and not without a considerable tincture of letters. He could have done much for the arts, and the while have checked, by moderating, the opposition to the Imperial *régime*.

Instead of this "Plon-Plon" set steadily to work to loosen the foundations of his cousin's throne, constituted himself a spurious champion of popular liberties, attacked the clergy, wrote against the temporal power of the Pope, and committed a hundred other indiscretions—for indiscretions they were in a French prince.

The Emperor endured it all very good-humoredly—rather too much so, thought his most faithful servitors. One day the Bishop of Algiers complained to his Majesty of a gross affront offered him by the Prince. Plon-Plon was at that time Minister of Algeria and the Colonies, and the Bishop had business to transact with him. The good man was granted an audience by the Minister, but on availing himself of it, he found the Prince reclining on a sofa *in puris naturalibus*, without even that fragment of costume which tradition assigns to Adam. The Bishop fled in horror. Cæsar shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "He was thankful it was no worse." However, he recommended his cousin to resign, and the latter was pleased to comply with the Imperial advice. Of course, a very proper reason was assigned in the papers.

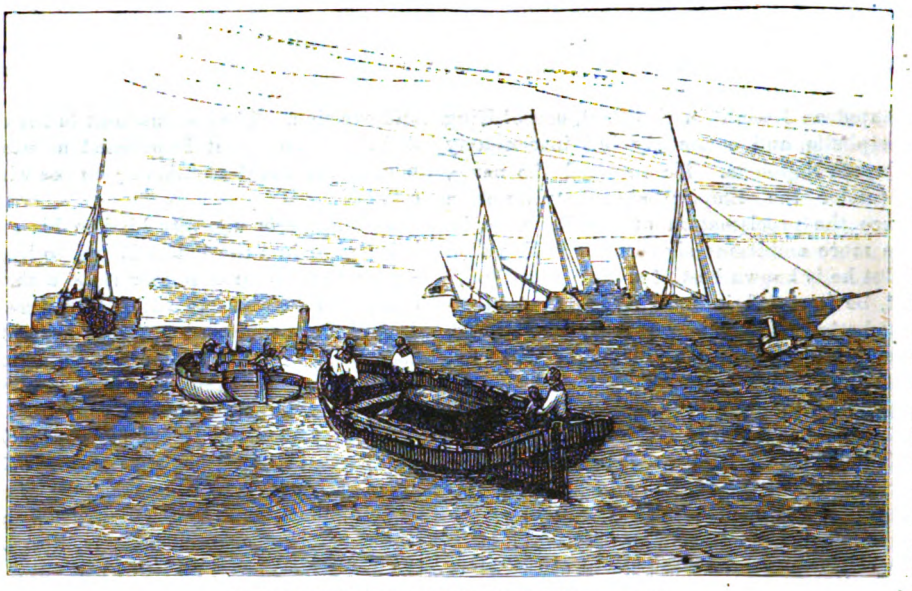
Then "Plon-Plon" thought it witty to give a banquet to a number of free-thinkers on a Good Friday, and to repeat the pleasantry in succeeding years. So great a man as Sainte-Beuve was foolish enough to be present on one occasion at these ill-timed festivities.

At length "Plon-Plon" had his wish. Napoleon III. fell—only the choice of the French people lighted on M. Thiers, instead of Prince Jerome Napoleon, to be their ruler. A twenty years' petty opposition to the head of his House had ended by merely helping to upset that House altogether. The Palais Royal and the $300,000 a year were gone; so was the prestige—but the imperial crown was not one whit the nearer.

So the Prince went over to England and said rude things to the Empress, who repaid him in his own coin. That august lady has, indeed, shown herself more skillful and cruel as an epigrammatist than her kinsman. "If ever," she once exclaimed, "a bullet is found inside him, it will be that he has swallowed it." The Empress, gossips said, hated him for a double reason: in the first place, he was a heathen—which might have been forgiven; but in the second, he aspired to the regency of France in the

event of a minority—which was an unpardonable offense.

It is only fair to add that more than one Republican and a few Imperialists (*e. g.*, M. Ollivier) believe in Jerome Napoleon. But this little coterie, while insisting that under favorable circumstances he would make an excellent constitutional sovereign or chief magistrate, are regretfully compelled to acknowledge that he has for the present made himself impossible. He will never be "Napoleon V." nor "Prince-President." It is in vain that he brings up his children in Spartan simplicity, that he is kind to journalists, that he tells delightful after-dinner stories to his guests. He has been unable to create anything like a strong party, and can be of no importance without one. A Chatham can still be a power in the State with only a nominal following; but "Plon-Plon" is not a Chatham. He is simply a man of rather more than average ability, but of less than average tact and prudence. That he has ever shown the white feather is highly improbable; but he has given no brilliant proofs of courage, and none of that quality which Mr. Carlyle terms "kingship"—that is, the art of ruling men in such wise that they shall love you, and follow you even into the cannon's mouth. A good sort of fellow, "Plon-plon," but not a hero. In his quiet way, he would ask: "Why should I be?" Why, indeed?

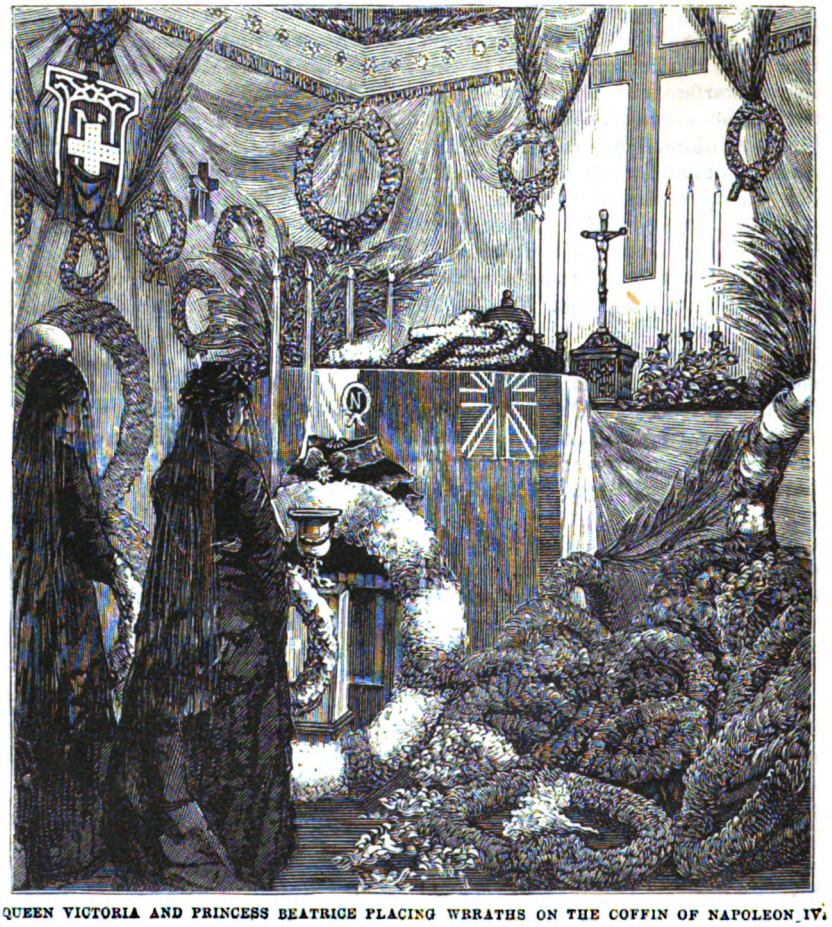


TRANSFERRING THE BODY FROM THE "ORONTES."

The Napoleonic legend has not yet ended. In the utterly extraordinary vicissitudes which have attended this dynasty we have almost a guarantee that the race will be heard of in history again. What has been, will be, and it was not more improbable that the line of the Corsican Cæsar should be revived in the nephew than it is that some descendant not now to be named will restore it anew when the hour is ripe. There seems to be growing every day less and less difference between the Republic and the Empire, or even the kingdom.

And yet, if it be true that no man can be counted happy until he is dead and all chance of mischance is over, the heir of the Napoleons was blest in his end above his ancestors. As Schiller says, "the future hides in it gladness and sorrow"; and no human wisdom could tell whether the Prince, had he fulfilled the destiny the world had marked out for him, would have reached shame or glory.

As it is, he takes his place in history a figure beautified by the purity of his life, the loftiness of his ambition, the romance of his fortunes, and the pathos of his untimely fate.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCESS BEATRICE PLACING WREATHS ON THE COFFIN OF NAPOLEON IV.

LA CONTESSA LA VARINA.—"SPELLBOUND, FASCINATED, THE BANDIT CHIEF GAZED AT HER, FEARING TO MOVE LEST THE CHARM SHOULD DISSOLVE." . . . "THE LIGHT FLICKERED WITH FANTASTIC SHADOWS OVER THE BLACK FIGURE LYING BEFORE THE ALTAR. THE ICY HAND OF DEATH HAD MERCIFULLY RELEASED THE WEARY SOUL."

# LA CONTESSA LA VARINA.

## Chapter I.—An Austrian Palace.

Among an assemblage remarkable for its beautiful women, was La Contessa La Varina, the gem of the Austrian Court. So light were the folds of her gossamer robe of snowy whiteness, that they seemed a drapery of clouds, well suited to the graceful form they enfolded; while her round, fair arms, covered with costliest gems, her blooming complexion and ripe, red lips, combined with a voice soft and musical, carried an irresistible charm.

Even without those fascinating graces of manner which a Parisian education had given, this beautiful woman was an invaluable ally in intrigue or diplomacy, gray ambassadors and beardless attachés alike yielding to her sway. With a rare skill at reading and managing that compound of vanity, recklessness and warm affection termed a *man's heart*, she made them all her slaves. She could murmur sentiment like a Sappho, smoke cigarettes, and play billiards in a bewilderingly fascinating manner, and, in fact, adapt herself to all things. She had everything but a *heart*, and never having felt the want of one, had lived thus far very comfortably with an imitation.

She sat now surrounded by a brilliant crowd of uniforms of every nation; her wit and dazzling smiles enthralling all around her. And yet there was one—a tall, impassive-looking man, with a cold, gray eye, plainly attired in black, who, although he regarded La Contessa closely, and listened attentively to every word which fell from her rosy lips, seemed oblivious of her beauty.

Monsieur Steinart was unmistakably a gentleman, and yet a stranger might wonder at his presence. But he had the "Open Sesame" of all Vienna, for none knew so well the private history of its inhabitants, acquired for the sole benefit or amusement of his imperial master.

La Contessa interested him as a study, as well as for private reasons of his own. He was well satisfied with the

day's labor, for, during a visit paid to the Minister of War —not skilled, poor man, in evasion, under ingenious cross-questioning—he had succeeded in making him acknowledge various delinquencies, hitherto unsuspected.

These thoughts he revolved in his mind, as materials for future operations. But a movement amid the brilliant throng attracted attention, and it separated to admit Monsieur le Baron, Minister of War, who, covered with Orders, bowed before the queen of beauty.

Although greeted with profound respect, he was a nervous and unhappy man. His affairs were in the most perplexing confusion, while Monsieur Steinart's visit had in no way tended to reassure him. Added to this, Madame la Baronne (old and shriveled, with black teeth, and hair dressed *à l'Imperatrice*) had soundly lectured him on his propensities to flirt, sneering at his fat form, and making him sigh for the past days of slim waists and waltzing. But now, as he sunned himself in the smiles of the fair lady, all disagreeable things vanished. A tender glance threw him into raptures, and a soft pressure of her delicately gloved hand, at parting, finished the intoxication.

Not a word or a glance had escaped the watchful Steinart, who, snake-like, wound his way through the crowd, till he stood behind the baron as he bowed his adieux.

"A word with you in the tea-room, excellenza," he murmured, in the baron's ear.

Drawing the baron one side, apart from the two or three groups scattered about the room, Steinart murmured, in a low voice:

"Does your excellenza wish your future ambitions more than gratified, and unbounded favor secured from our imperial master? Aid me in a little scheme I've on hand, and that affair in Galicia goes no further—those unfortunate expressions used this morning never reach the ear of majesty. A word to La Contessa, before you go, on the importance of closing the war—she gambles in stocks, and will be at once interested. You can think the matter over, and I will be at your private door at the west wing, in the lime grove——" ("He knows *that*, too!" thought the unfortunate baron)—"at midnight; admit me yourself."

Bowing as though ordinary courtesies only had been exchanged, Steinart made his way again to where the fair contessa was still sparkling in the grand reception-room. He bent over her chair for a moment, murmuring a few words in a low tone, and then passed through a window into the open gardens.

The stars shone dimly, and the heavy dews brought out fresh fragrance from the lime blossoms, as the Austrian spy wound his way quietly through the long avenue to the private door, where he was met by the baron. There, safe from prying eyes and listening ears, Steinart unfolded his plan of operation.

"Your excellenza is aware of our exhausted resources, our dispirited soldiery; there is no need to go into the matter. Any available pretext to end the war would be seized at once; and yet nothing galls the imperial pride like yielding aught to that detested Power. What think you the emperor would give the man who brought about peace?"

"But it is impossible," said the baron. "Has not every scheme been tried?—wealth and honors offered to Prince D—— for his influence, and scornfully rejected? and treachery equally unsuccessful? His life seems charmed."

"Against *steel*, perhaps," said the other, with his sneering smile; "not *all* weapons. What think you of La Contessa?"

The baron knew that *he* should not be able to resist her, nor could he conceive of a man who would.

"Ay, but would she?"

"Madame gambles," coolly said Steinart, taking a pinch of snuff. "She is ambitious, and certain letters from Russia are in my possession—in short, she is in my power. She *must* do as I say."

Alas for human nature! The baron felt a secret thrill of joy on hearing that the powerful Contessa La Varina, the admired of all, was also in this man's power.

"This matter cannot be trusted to a third party," said Steinart, as he took his leave. "I will see La Contessa myself to-morrow. But first, you must tell her I wish to see her *alone*. I will manage to secrete myself in her carriage to-morrow night, after the state ball, and she must drive home by the bridge, that I may have time to explain. I have no doubt she will readily accede to my demands."

And then the baron was left alone.

La Contessa sat in her boudoir, arrayed in a morning-robe of exquisite simplicity, with her scent-bottles, her fan and her French novel, prepared for morning calls. She was not occupied with her novel, however; she was wondering if Prince L—— would send her that lovely bracelet she had so eloquently described to him. Then her mind wandered away to those strange words of Monsieur Steinart the previous evening, until her lovely face contracted in a frown of perplexity.

But the frown fled, and was replaced by sweetest smiles, as Monsieur le Baron was announced. Bending low, he kissed the fair hand extended to him.

"I was thinking of you, my dear baron," she murmured.

"Ah, what happiness!" but in spite of this happy intelligence, the baron seated himself with a troubled air.

"You look troubled, wearied with cares of State, *mon ami*," La Contessa said, with a look of tender sympathy. "Confide in me; tell me all about this tedious war, which must press so wearily on your mind."

"Ah, madame, would it were ended, for your sake as well as mine;" and the baron heaved a profound sigh.

"It affects me little, monsieur," replied the lady, calmly: "but one must talk of something, you know." And she dexterously led the conversation into other channels, wondering why her admirer was so *distrait*. In spite of all her attempts, he appeared moody and ill at ease; and it was not until he heard a carriage drive up, announcing other visitors, that he mustered courage enough to deliver his communication.

"I have a message for you, madame," he said, hurriedly, "from Monsieur Steinart—you know him?"

The color faded from the contessa's cheek as she heard the name; but, with a forced composure, she assented, with an air of apparent surprise.

"He wishes to see you *alone*, secretly, and will manage to conceal himself in your carriage to-night, after the ball at the palace. You must order the coachman to drive home by the bridge, that he may have time to converse with you."

A fearful terror appeared to seize La Contessa as she heard the baron's words; her senses seemed leaving her, and her breath came in quick gasps. Yet, with a powerful effort of will, she waved away her distracted admirer, when, in despair at the effect of his words, he would have summoned assistance.

"A sudden spasm of the heart," she said, faintly. "I am subject to them. Be so kind as to hand me that little bottle on the *étagère*." Then, with apparent nonchalance, though the jeweled flask trembled in the white hand which held it, "But what were you saying about Monsieur Steinart?—some whimsical idea of his entering my carriage? Pray, if he wishes to see me, why can he not enter my house, as any other visitor?"

"His highness, Prince L——, awaits your pleasure," announced the servant; and the baron took his leave.

La Contessa pressed her hand to her heart, to still its tumultuous throbbings.

Could that fearful man possess her secret—those letters? Then all was lost, lost!

Little recked Prince L—— (a Russian of noble form, set off by a uniform covered with glittering orders), as he kissed with ardor the fair hand extended to him, of the tempest beneath that smiling exterior.

"Madame was pleased to admire this jewel," he said, presently, producing a case containing the much-coveted bracelet; "it will receive new beauty from her arm."

And kneeling in gallant courtesy, he clasped it on the fair, soft wrist.

She smiled on the handsome man at her feet, so evidently her captive, inwardly determined to encourage a passion which she had before regarded as a stepping-stone to her ambition, but which *now* might be her salvation. Never had she been so gracious, so encouraging, exerting all her powers to bring a declaration from the enamored prince. Agitated, surprised and delighted by such unequivocal marks of favor from this beautiful woman, who had a score or more of the highest nobility of the land in her train, Prince L—— forgot his caution, his reserve, and threw himself and his honors at her feet. She was surprised at his depth of feeling, yet, as she yielded to his embrace, and murmured the soft words which brought such rapture to her lover, she was thinking how well the family diamonds would adorn her lovely brow, when she shone as a new star at the Court of St. Petersburgh.

At length he took a reluctant leave, leaving La Contessa to reflect upon the mine on which she stood. Would it explode?

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Resplendent in jewels, and dazzling in beauty, La Contessa la Varina appeared at the State ball, the peril and excitement of her position giving a reckless gayety to her manner, as she whirled in the waltz, while, to the enraptured prince, her wit was more brilliant than ever, and her beauty seemed more than mortal. Crowds of admirers surrounded her, while the hours sped away on winged feet.

But the ball ended at last, and closely wrapping the fair lady in her fur cloak, the enamored prince placed her in the carriage, urgently entreating to be allowed to attend her home. Smiling gently, madame excluded him, whispering, as she shook her head, and extended her hand for him to kiss, "*Les convenances, mon chèr prince, les convenances,*" and was whirled away.

There sat the dark figure in the corner—La Contessa would have given half her life to escape the next half hour.

"Monsieur wishes to see me," she said, at last; and her voice was calm and soft as usual.

"*C'est vrai,*" responded Steinart, coolly taking snuff. "Accident, or, rather, one of my agents, has placed in my hands certain *Russian letters*, belonging to La Contessa la Varina. These letters I have no wish to retain, and will restore them, on one condition, to their fair owner."

Then there was silence between the two.

Steinart's keen gray eye shone and glittered in the obscure light, like a basilisk, as he watched the shades pass over that beautiful face. She knew there was no use in dissembling; she *felt* she was in the man's power.

Presently the calm, quiet voice broke the silence again, as if he realized La Contessa's utter inability to speak, and was willing to put an end to her agony.

"Madame has but to charm a new captive—a simple thing for her. But then the scene is far from her recent triumphs, and the captive an important one. The court will indeed be desolate without its fairest ornament."

"Let me know your condition fully," said La Contessa, speaking at last; and her voice sounded strangely hoarse.

"Prince D—— is to be your new subject," said Steinart. "You will exert your charms to induce him to influence his master to propose an honorable peace, or, by stratagem, to bring him to a dungeon in our State prisons. Unbounded wealth and honors will then be yours, for who can doubt La Varina's success?"

Under any circumstances, this proposal would have revolted La Contessa, for, under all her frivolity, there was a faint tinge of nobility of soul. Entrap this man, whom she believed to be the savior of his people?—throw herself in his way to betray him?

Steinart read the struggle in her face. Nothing short of his positive hold on her liberty could have had the slightest influence. With consummate skill, he exerted himself to reconcile her to the necessity, calling it a State matter, and even sketched a plan of action.

Steinart read her hesitation, but allowed her time, knowing that she would get round again to the given point—impossibility of escape from his power.

"We are approaching your palace, madame. Have I your consent and approval of my little plan?" he resumed.

"I *must*," she said, bitterly. "If you were a *man*, I might appeal to some sense of honor, of pity for a woman, but you are a fiend in human shape! I must yield to your power; but remember a woman can *hate!* I will be revenged for this!"

"You are severe, madame," he responded, calmly. "But to our subject. A courier will wait on you in the morning. You will leave at once; and, in case of mistake, here are written instructions for your journey. I shall take care there is no deceit in the matter."

The carriage stopped at last, and La Contessa ascended to her dressing-room. Dismissing her maid as soon as possible, she was left to reflect on her position. Plan after plan was rejected as impracticable, until, exhausted, she threw herself upon the couch and sank into a troubled sleep.

"A courier from Lombardy, madame," said a voice by her bedside; and she was aroused once more to the bitter reality of her life. "I would not have disturbed madame, but the message is urgent," continued the maid.

"Bring it to me," said the lady, wearily.

Alas! there was no escape now. She must leave Austria. Steinart would never permit her to communicate with the prince; he and his agents would take good care of that. No; she must wait for deliverance until she was beyond his reach.

Hastily glancing over the dispatch, she rose, with an exclamation of surprise and alarm (for the *world* should not dream of her forced submission to the power of the emperor's spy).

"My aunt is very ill—dying, Nannette. My dressing-gown, and coffee, instantly. Then bring the courier to my presence. I must leave for Lombardy at once." Then, as the maid was turning away: "Send *la cameriste* to me immediately, and lose no time in preparing my wardrobe for instant departure."

"Madame will not have need of her court dresses, I suppose, or a variety of rich clothing?" said the maid, inquiringly.

"I do not know how long I may be away; you can make the usual arrangements;" and in spite of herself, La

Varina blushed a little at the deception—little knowing that Nannette had long been in her enemy's employ, a spy on every word and action.

Presently *la cameriste* appeared in obedience to her mistress's summons—a singular-looking woman, withered and bony, with an eye like an eagle's, whose gay attire was in striking contrast with her face. A dark cloth skirt, adorned with tinsel, and boots richly trimmed with fur, were surmounted by a scarlet jacket.

"You may shut up the state apartments, Zelma, and dismiss the servants. I shall start for Lombardy at once, and may be absent a long time. My aunt, La Contessa Vareska, is very ill."

And now La Varina prepared for departure—sealed up her jewels and valuable papers, burned others, wrote a few notes, and then penned a tender adieu to the prince. The real sorrow she felt at leaving her luxurious home gave a tinge of reality to her words, breathing through them an impassioned strain of sentiment widely at variance with La Contessa's worldly nature; and as she read it over she half wondered at herself.

She did not venture the slightest allusion to the real state of affairs, well knowing it would never reach him if she did; besides, she could not bring herself to reveal to this proud, haughty Russian the humiliating position in which she was placed.

These preliminaries over, she summoned the pretended courier, in reality the guard to whom Steinart had intrusted her. A young man, attired in the costume of Lombardy, was ushered into her boudoir.

"WRITE SOON."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 279.

La Contessa wondered what was his master-passion, as she surveyed him critically. If he were older it might have been *avarice*—perhaps it was now. She would study him; he might yet serve *her* ends, instead of his master's.

Haughtily she gave her orders to this man who was to guard her like a criminal, bidding him call upon her servants to prepare her carriage, and all requisites for a long journey.

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When Prince L—— languidly glanced at the pile of letters and *billet-doux* awaiting his attention, as he seated himself before an elegantly served breakfast, he started at perceiving the delicately scented note of La Varina's.

The beautiful contessa has fascinated him by her wit, as well as her personal charms, and he fancied he discerned a noble soul under the sparkling nothings which constituted life.

This sudden departure was a keen disappointment to him; he could not endure the thought of a long absence, and yet she spoke vaguely of her return. The most artful management could never have riveted La Varina's chains more closely than did this sudden absence.

In the meantime, the fair lady rolled swiftly along, dispirited, and fearful of the power of her enemy. Nothing could have been more deferential than the manner of Polgar, the courier, or more attentive to her wants. Fresh horses seemed always at his command, and as the distance increased, the wild, romantic scenery could not fail to excite some interest.

Leaving madame to pursue her journey, which was to be even more eventful than she supposed, we will turn our steps again to Vienna, where Francis Joseph was amusing himself with choice bits of scandal, as well as weightier matters, prepared for his delectation by Steinart.

Ushered by a confidential domestic into the bed-chamber of the emperor (for his visits were unknown), Steinart approached his imperial master, who was reclining on a lounge. The richest carpets muffled his footsteps, and the subdued light of alabaster globes shone on satin hangings, and luxurious appointments, with a mellow lustre.

"Approach, Steinart," said the emperor, graciously, for the man was so indispensable he could afford to unbend. "What have you for our royal ear to-night? How are our restless subjects?"

Passing over matters of minor importance, Steinart disclosed his last achievement. The emperor started.

"Send La Varina away—the beauty of our Court! Amazing! Do you deal in magic, my prince of spies? Ah! if she succeeds, ask what you will for yourself and for her;" and the emperor rose, and paced the room in his excitement. "Our hated foe! if we could grind him to powder! But what potent charm could you bring to bear on this powerful beauty?"

"Ah! your majesty, that I cannot disclose. I should lose my art did I reveal its mysteries."

"Well, well! we will not press you too far. Only bring about the result—we will not be too particular as to the means. But enough for to-night."

### Chapter II.—The Robber's Castle.

La Varina had reconciled herself in a measure to what she deemed fate, and was determined to play her part well, and return to Vienna in triumph. They had entered Dalmatia, and the grand mountain scenery, so rugged and wild, engrossed her attention. Polgar, although formerly well acquainted in this region, lost his way on a mountain-pass, and was obliged to send back for a guide. But they had lost time, and Polgar began to despair of reaching Cattaro that night. To add to his perplexity, dark clouds presaged a coming tempest, which was dangerous as well as fearful on those steep ascents. Still, the next pass must be crossed, and wearily the tired horses toiled on.

The pass was almost gained, when the storm broke upon

THE DUET.

them with overwhelming fury, threatening to sweep them into the abyss below. The contessa, overcome with terror, requested them to stop, but there was equal danger attending either course. The guide entreated Polgar to take a side road leading into a ravine, and comparatively sheltered; but he hesitated, well knowing the danger lurking in these mountains. But the increasing fury of the wind settled the matter, and they plunged through the side path into the gorge beneath.

After a time they paused at what seemed a mass of ruins in the gathering darkness, in reality half-castle, half-dwelling. Rude, but strong, some rooms were still entire, and there were even a few heavy articles of furniture remaining in one of them.

Hastily gathering some sticks together for a fire, Polgar prepared a couch of fur robes for the exhausted contessa, who had been nearly insensible from terror; and, happily, in ignorance of anything but the annoyance of her situation, she soon was soundly sleeping.

Polgar and the guide built themselves a comfortable fire in an adjoining chamber, and the latter, wrapped in his bearskin, was soon asleep. But the other was anxious and watchful; his childhood was passed on these very mountains, his father belonging to a wild tribe, half-patriot, half-bandit. Years had passed since he had seen the old castle, but he had heard that the tribe was still in existence, under a chief who was a terror to all the mountain hamlets.

At last he slept heavily, and awakened to find himself firmly bound hand and foot, while a motley group of men surrounded him. It seemed as though deserters from all nations had enlisted under this dreaded chief—Dalmatians and Sclavonians, Tartars and Croats. Mongolians and Servians, with even a stray Russian or Spaniard. Every variety of fantastic costume was there, from the rough sheepskin of the peasant, with his hatchet in his girdle, to the rich costume of the cavalier of the Court.

By his side Polgar beheld their leader—the fierce, implacable Spallatro—whom he knew at once by his majestic bearing and imperious glance. His strong, supple frame showed great capabilities of endurance, while his face, although handsome, expressed the passions of his warlike nature, combined with considerable powers of mind.

"Welcome, Polgar, son of Veiba the Strong!" the chief said, with a disdainful glance. "How are our Austrian masters? We will hear the latest news from court; and as for the fair lady in yonder, whom you *guard* so well, we will not disturb her slumbers just at present. She may yet be found worthy to reign over this royal castle."

Two stalwart fellows lifted the young man from the floor, and placed him before the chief, who had thrown himself on a pile of furs.

Polgar's penetration was at fault. Did Spallatro know *all?* It was difficult to decide; but he made up his mind to appeal to the bandit's avarice, and promise a heavy ransom, well knowing his master would not give up the matter for the loss of money—loss of time was all he had to fear.

Roused by the noise, La Contessa regarded this strange scene as though some horrible nightmare had taken possession of her; and the beauty of the Austrian court felt her blood freeze with horror as she noted the fierce faces, so marked by their life of lawless indulgence. She turned to flee, but there was no exit to the room save through the one before her; besides, what hope had she in flight? An agonized prayer for help rose to her lips, which had not known *prayer* for so many long years. She listened to Polgar's appeal to Spallatro, and offers of a heavy ransom, which the chief replied to with:

"Ay, and a heavy one it will be before yonder beauty leaves my castle. She is worth her weight in gold."

A hoarse laugh greeted this sally.

"Now, comrades," the chief went on, "you know we've work for the morrow. Hasten and take the rest you so much need. I will see to these captives, who have so obligingly saved us the trouble of capturing them. We shall have gold for that beauty yonder—plenty of gold. Let that content you."

Obedient to Spallatro's command, they dispersed about the place, and were soon, for the most part, asleep. The poor contessa, after recovering from her long swoon, crouched in a corner of the room, overcome with hopeless despair.

Polgar managed to utter a few words of comfort to her in French, although his guard bade him be quiet; and thus they waited for morning light.

At the earliest dawn Spallatro was up, and the larger part of the troop were at once dispatched to a distant point, there to await his coming. The morning was fresh and bright, with but little trace of the furious storm of the night before, while the pure blue sky shone dazzlingly clear above the trees. The chief then prepared to visit his fair captive; and, stepping lightly inside the room, found her asleep. Wearied with long watching and fatigue, she lay on the couch of furs, her fair skin contrasting with its dark color, while her disheveled curls fell about her. Never, in all the glory of court-dress, had she looked so lovely, as she lay in graceful *abandon*, a half-smile parting her rosy lips, as some dream of her former triumphs flitted o'er her. Spellbound, fascinated, the bandit chief gazed at her, fearing to move lest the charm should dissolve. At last she stirred uneasily, and opened her eyes. At first she could not realize where she was, but slowly the horrors of her position crept over her, and the scene of the previous night passed before her vision.

Compelled, in spite of himself, to do homage to this wondrous beauty, all the chivalry of his nature roused, Spallatro courteously expressed his sorrow that he could not better accommodate his fair captive, adding that all in his power should be done for her comfort.

"Until our ransom can arrive," said the contessa, striving to keep her voice from trembling. "Ask what you will, only do not detain us."

"We will see, lady. Perhaps *gold* may not have power to release you. Our castle is not often visited by so fair a flower. We would fain keep its fragrance yet a while."

La Varina's heart sank within her as she noted his glance and heard his words.

"I have jewels," she said, hastily—"a fortune; all shall be yours at my release; but if you detain me," and the pride of her nature flashed from her eyes, "beware of Austria's revenge!"

A mocking laugh echoed her words, as, with a low bow, the chief left her without further comment.

A strong guard of trusty men being left in charge of the castle, Spallatro rode away to join the troop.

Closely guarded in this way, several days were passed in horrible suspense, and almost hopeless despair, until orders came from the chief to convey the captives to a more secure haunt.

Hope revived somewhat as La Varina, mounted on a sure-footed mule, proceeded swiftly on for several hours, when, suddenly emerging from a defile, they came upon a band of soldiers belonging to the grand army of Prince D——, and commanded by him in person—a fact which Polgar hastily communicated to La Contessa. Thus did deliverance suddenly appear, in a shape most unlooked for.

The contessa called loudly for help, and the bandits,

attacked, soon fled before the soldiers. She implored the protection of the prince, giving him a most moving account of the dangers she had escaped from, and the horrors she had endured in her fearful prison; while her helpless position, as well as her exceeding beauty, appealed strongly to the feelings of her deliverer.

Of tall, commanding appearance, a model of manly beauty, Prince D—— possessed the noblest qualities of head and heart; and, as La Varina rode by his side to the neighboring town, which was his headquarters, charming him more and more by all the fascinations she knew so well how to exert, she experienced a strange commotion in her own heart which she had never felt there before. Had Steinart possessed the power of magic, he could not have managed matters with more adroitness—could not have brought about a more fortunate meeting than the storm and its consequences had achieved.

La Contessa was conducted to the mansion where the prince lived, and entreated to make use of its resources to recover from her fatigue and fright, while he himself removed to a less pretentious abode.

Each day riveted her chains more firmly on the prince, and as he wandered with her through the delicious gardens which surrounded the place, La Varina realized that, for the first time in her life, *she loved*—deeply, madly, passionately. Alas for her mission! All thought of it was lost in the bliss that she loved and was beloved; while ambition, the responsibilities of his position and cause of his country, all slumbered in the soul of Prince D——. One smile from his adored contessa was more to him than a kingdom.

In vain his generals murmured at the delay, just at a critical point, and the soldiers were becoming rebellious. Each day found him more reluctant to leave the enchanted gardens into which he had entered.

One evening, as he strolled with her down the shaded alleys of fragrant lime-trees, whispering words of love, a rustling in the grove attracted his attention. He turned to look, but, with a cry of alarm, clasped her in his arms as the report of a pistol broke the stillness, and a ball, from some unknown hand, aimed at *her* life, entered his heart. Dying, he sank at her feet, as in wildest agony she bent over him, imploring him not to leave her, to take her with him.

"I die happy, dearest," he murmured, faintly—"happy that I have saved your life—happy in your love."

She clung to him in speechless despair, and pressed her lips to his as the last sigh fluttered over them; while the moon looked down silently, shedding stray beams of silvery light, flickering through the trees, and the perfumed air softly mingled the hair of the dead man and his love, as she lay insensible beside him.

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Prince D—— was carried in state and pomp to his family castle, and laid in the gloomy vault of his ancestors, while wax candles were burned continually before a shrine, and masses chanted for the repose of his soul.

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On a black, irregular pile of rocks, with a lake of sombre color below, hemmed in by stunted trees, stood the Abbey of Morafleda. The country surrounding it was dreary and marshy, while interminable fields of olives, bounded by a distant line of cypress trees, added little beauty to the scene. Its hoary, massive towers and narrow slits showed the architecture of the early centuries, while high walls surrounded it on every side. In a narrow cell of this gloomy abode was the once lovely La Varina, encircled by bare walls, with a narrow cot, and a crucifix upon the wall. Worn almost to a shadow by long-continued fastings, by endless prayers and expiatory mortifications, she sat with her hands resting on the granite ledge, looking listlessly from the window. And yet, amid the ceaseless agony of prayers and tears, her mind sometimes wandered away to the past, and the present seemed a ghastly dream. She lived over again the radiance of Parisian *salons;* she rode through the carnival of a Florentine night; she glided over the Mediterranean in a felucca laden with flowers; or whirled in the giddy waltz through the palaces of Vienna.

Midnight tolled solemnly from the great bell of the abbey, and, with a solitary candle to light her lonely vigil, Sister Clarissa prostrated herself before the altar. Murmured prayers fell from her lips, breaking the profound silence of the night, until finally these died away, and the light flickered with fantastic shadows over the black figure lying there. Hour after hour passed away. There was a rigid look about it now—the icy hand of death had mercifully released the weary soul.

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## "WRITE SOON."

By Eliza Cook.

Long parting from the hearts we love
  Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part, and prove
  Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
  But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere;
  And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
  Are both less earnest than the boon
Which fervently, the last fond sigh
  Begs in the hopeful words, "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of Truth!
  How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
  When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still, amid the trumpet-joys,
  That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
  To hear this *minor* cadence low.

We part, but carry on our way
  Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune;
That, as we wander, seems to say,
  "Affection lives on faith—Write soon!"

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## MRS. FRY AND HER NOBLE WORK.

"They are utterly irreclaimable," a principal officer of Newgate Prison, England, was, one day in the Autumn of 1804, peremptorily assuring a party of Friends, who had just before looked shudderingly in upon the wretches in the quadrangle—"They are utterly irreclaimable, be assured—sunk in depravity and crime beyond the power of rescue."

"Thou dost not surely mean," replied a voice of singular sweetness, "that they are beyond the reach and power of God."

The startled official looked sharply at the speaker, who, he saw, was a tall, youthful matron, richly habited as "a plain Quaker," with light, flaxen hair, and a mild, expressive countenance, lit up at the moment into more than usual animation by the newly kindled zeal which shone in her gentle, suffused eyes; and it was some moments before he rather confusedly replied, "that, of course, he could not mean *that;* but he, at all events, knew

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

very well that the chaplain of the jail could do nothing with them."

The Friends soon left, and a few days afterward the youthful matron returned alone; was, of course, received with the respect which character and social position always command, and, to the indescribable astonishment—almost consternation—of those who heard her, requested admittance to the quadrangle, and to be left alone there with the female prisoners. Vainly did governor, chaplain, turnkeys, strive to dissuade her from the disgusting—in some degree dangerous and altogether hopeless—task upon which she appeared so strangely bent.

The calm reply to every argument and objection was, that she was in the hands of God, in whose fear she felt no other. The lady's firm insistance at last prevailed, and she was presently standing alone in the midst of the denizens of the quadrangle—her only shield her faith and purity, her sole weapons the charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, and a copy of the New Testament opened in her hand at a previously selected chapter, more especially addressed to the manifestly fallen and lost ones of the earth.

The reprobate crowd, momently stricken dumb by the sudden apparition, quickly recovered their accustomed audacity, and clamorously petitioned—demanded rather—money—money to purchase food; meaning, thereby, beer and tobacco.

Those Babel-cries so far disconcerted the visitor, that the few introductory sentences she intended to deliver passed from her memory, and she instantly commenced reading, in the clear, thrilling tones peculiar to her, from the sacred volume in her trembling hands. As she read, the tumult gradually stilled, and the greater portion of the ruffian auditory listened with breathless surprise and eagerness to the divine words, by many of them heard for the first time, and now but dimly comprehended, we may be sure.

But the most hardened, brutified minds there could not but feel that the strange accents to which they listened wonderingly, were uttered by a compassionate, sympathizing woman, and one, too, evidently of that superior class, who, when seen flashing in their splendor past the end of the miserable court or alley in which they, the pariahs of civilization, burrowed, when theoretically free, in chains and bondage as crushing and hopeless as those of Newgate, seemed beings of a higher sphere and life—not, as it now confusedly broke upon them, children of the same Father, and heritors with no higher title than the meanest there possessed, of the same immortal destiny.

"Hush!" exclaimed a woman, in whose eyes glittered the fire of incipient fever, as some slight interruption occurred—"hush! the angels have lent her their voices!"

The scene thus roughly sketched was that which inaugurated the prison

MRS. FRY READING THE SCRIPTURES TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE.

teachings that have rendered the name of Elizabeth Fry illustrious wherever true heroism, unostentatious self-sacrifice, is recognized and held in honor. It was no sudden impulse of undisciplined enthusiasm—no passing spasm of fanatical excitement, that constrained the footsteps of that young and wealthy wife and mother to those abodes of suffering and shame—that nerved a delicately nurtured lady to hold personal communion with those moral lepers.

Elizabeth Fry, third daughter of John Gurney and Catherine Bell, was born in the City of Norwich, on the 21st of May, 1780. The Gurneys date as a family of importance from the highly respectable antiquity of the William Rufus epoch ; whilst Catherine Bell, the daughter of a London merchant, was a lineal descendant, on the maternal side, of Robert Barclay, the Apologist of the Quakers. John Gurney, her father, was a man of large wealth, and his wife a lady of great beauty, talent, and worth

Elizabeth was one of a family of twelve children, nine of whom reached maturity, the eldest being seventeen and the youngest two years old when their mother died, in 1792. Elizabeth, though not so handsome as her two older sisters, is described as a tall, graceful, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a very sweet expression of face, and withal of such a timid, fearful temperament, that she would burst into tears if only earnestly looked at, appearing to be always dominated by a vague feeling of terror, which, with the development of her intellectual faculties, settled for a time into a morbid anxiety relative to the phenomena of life and death. Often, when but seven or eight years of age, she would watch her mother, whilst asleep, with breathless apprehension, lest she might never wake again.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

This admirable and accomplished mother died whilst Elizabeth was in her twelfth year ; and John Gurney, the father, it is quite evident, was by no means a rigid Friend, in a doctrinal and disciplinary sense. The skeptical spirit of the age had, it is clear, penetrated even the stolid ranks of Quakerism. It was the conversation of an amiable and intelligent Roman Catholic gentleman—a Mr. Pitchford—that first revived in the minds of the Gurney family some faint reverence for the positive or dogmatical teachings of the Christian religion ; an impression subsequently deepened by the reasonings of Marianne Galton, a plain Quakeress and a very pious person.

The beneficent career of Elizabeth Gurney—the religion in action which sanctified her life and has ennobled her memory, dates from the termination of an unsatisfactory pleasure-trip to London. The practice of benevolence, the activity of compassion, fixed her wavering intellectual credence of the soul's divinity of life, and we find her, whilst ministering to the physical needs of a dying servant, "Poor Bob," telling him she could feel no pity for one so much nearer, to all appearance, than herself, to the future and better life.

The education of children, for whom she had long felt an almost romantic sympathy, "for we know not how great and good they may become," was now undertaken by Elizabeth Gurney, and persisted in with untiring zeal as long as she remained at Earlham Hall. She commenced with one poor little boy ; and so rapidly did her school increase, that a large vacant laundry was set apart for the accommodation of the scholars, who, when their benefactress quitted the parental for a conjugal home, were eighty-seven in number.

So absorbed was Elizabeth Gurney with these and kindred self-imposed duties, that it was with considerable difficulty Joseph Fry, youngest son of William Storrs Fry, residing at a country-seat near Plaistow, Essex, and the head of an extremely wealthy London firm, of which he, Joseph, was a partner, succeeded in inducing her to even listen to his matrimonial overtures. The constancy and perseverance of the lover-Friend at length prevailed—the lady one day "received a letter from Joseph Fry which she liked, and answered it"; and the result was, that on the morning of the 19th of October, 1800, Elizabeth Gurney "woke in a sort of terror at the prospect before her, but soon gained quietness and something of cheerfulness"—sufficient, at all events, to go through the wedding ceremony at the Friends' Meeting-house, Norwich, with tolerable composure, notwithstanding "her cold hands and beating heart" did not for several hours afterward regain their normal condition.

Previous to her marriage, Elizabeth Gurney had subsided, or soared, by slow but continuous process, into "plain Quakerism." Her life was ennobled by the unshrinking self-denial, the singularity of zeal, so to speak, which prompted her to enter upon and steadfastly pursue the tangled, thorny, untrodden path, illumined now by her bright footsteps, wherein she won for herself alike the reverence of the down-trodden, lowly ones to whose moral and physical needs she ministered in love, and the esteem and admiration of the highest in the land—of all, indeed, who are capable of appreciating the true glory of a life which owes its lustre and beauty to its own inherent purity and brightness, unhelped by the meretricious glare that for a time encircles and transfigures the conventional heroes and heroines of the world.

Her earthly mission finished, Elizabeth Fry passed tranquilly away to the reward of the just, in the sixty-seventh year of her mortal life; the seraphic smile which accompanied her last words: "It is a strife—but I am safe," remaining, whilst human eyes rested upon it, as bright and placid as when the passing angel traced it there.

## THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

An observant person, rambling about the fields and woodlands during the latter part of Autumn or early Spring, is often surprised at finding insects: grasshoppers, dragonflies, beetles of all kinds, and even larger game—mice and small birds—impaled on twigs and thorns. To any one ignorant of the recurrence and extent of the phenomenon, it might easily be attributed to the sport of idle children; but if the person who makes the discovery exercises a little caution and patience, the real author of the mischief is soon detected in a large, bluish or ash-colored bird that, in all probability, presently makes its appearance with an additional supply for its larder. This it proceeds to truss up on the first spare thorn that offers.

This bird is the great gray shrike of the Northern States, most appropriately named the butcher-bird, probably the cruelest and most belligerent creature of its size to be found anywhere. Whether its curious habit of hanging its slaughtered prey upon a thorn is to be attributed to a preference for the gamy flavor so much affected by biped epicures of the featherless species, or merely to collect a store for future use, is a mooted question among naturalists. Certain it is, however, it often leaves its small game to decay unheeded, never returning to reclaim it, and oftener proceeds to tear and eat immediately after its prey has been impaled. It is said that in captivity the bird continues this habit, and has been known to make constant use of a spike driven into the wall for that purpose, always impaling its accustomed food, whether it consisted of meat or small birds.

A bird, noticed by Mr. Yarrell in his work, would catch and strangle a small mouse introduced into its cage, and, after crushing its skull, double it through the wires, and, with every demonstration of savage triumph, tear it limb from limb and devour it.

Like all tyrants, great and small, the butcher-bird is fierce and brave only in the presence of weaker creatures than itself, but cowers and screams with abject terror if it encounters a falcon. This peculiarity is taken advantage of in setting snares for falcons. A butcher-bird is fastened or tethered by a cord near the snares, with a small turf hut as a perch. Close at hand, two or three live doves are secured to perches, to which strings are attached communicating with the hiding-place of the hunter. The shrike, who can distinguish the approach of its enemy at an immense distance, no sooner sees a falcon than it becomes very restless and uneasy, and finally flutters about and attempts to break away from the cord that holds it.

The hunter, perceiving this, jerks the strings attached to the perches of the doves, causing them to flutter, and thus attracting the notice of the falcon, and inducing him to stoop for a prey that seems so easy.

As the falcon approaches, the terror of the shrike increases, until, as the bird swoops down upon its victims, the shrike squalls with fright, and runs for shelter into its hut. This movement is the signal for the hunter to draw his nets, and secure the falcon as it makes its dart upon the doves.

The butcher-bird is readily tamed, and makes a very interesting pet, and its voice, though sufficiently harsh at times, is capable of great modulation. It has been taught to whistle parts of tunes, and imitate the cries and songs of many different kinds of birds.

It builds its nest about the middle of April, in the most secluded part of the forest. The nest is large, like that of the robin, and consists of an external envelope of dried grass protecting a soft bed of feathers, upon which are laid from four to six eggs of a dirty lead-colored, whitish hue, marked more or less thickly about the larger end with dashes and spots of brown.

## THE MYSTERY.

### Chapter I.—The Dark Deed.

WITHIN a cottage standing on a cliff jutting over the sea were seated an old man and woman, conversing in low tones.

"Nanny, I dinna like the wark—it's too muckle weird for an honest man to do."

And the old man shook his head gloomily.

"Peace be wi' ye, man. 'Tis goold ye want, 'tis goold that he gies ye—what muir wad ye ask?" the female replied, fiercely.

"Nathing—I dinna ask nathing, on'y it seems sae hard. She is a sweet lass, and the bairn has such winsome wee pranks."

"If he ha' done a wrang deed, the sin is his ain, and we dinna ha' to answer for't. If ye ha' sae weak a heart as ye ha' a head, I'll do the wark mysel', and niver quake a bit."

Three distinct raps upon the door made them both spring from their seats and listen for the sounds again. Trembling, the old woman advanced and opened the door. A tall form, muffled in a cloak, entered, closing the door behind him.

He advanced into the middle of the room, listening eagerly.

"Has she asked for me?" he inquired, in a whisper.

"Nae," answered the old woman; "she seems dull-like—sits all the time crooning over the bairn on her lap, and weeping; but she asks nae question of onybody."

"Good," the man replied. "Now is the time. One hundred pounds in gold to do the deed, and so many more in silver to keep silence upon the matter." And he then touched the crouching figure by the fire upon the shoulder. "Rouse you, man! One would think you were a coward."

"Ay, muckle muir could they say, if they see'd me now; but in fair fight none can find a bowsker or braer

man than this same Davy McGuire. I dinna like this dark wark."

And, with a sigh, he rose and looked around him.

"Ye ken nathing, and fear nathing neither, Davy McGuire," said the woman, in a low voice.

The door suddenly opened. A young girl stood before the gloomy, eager group.

"Oh, Ferd! why are you so dark and still? Have pity on little Adele; she needs it—all your love and sympathy; don't be so harsh!"

"Peace, wanton!—peace!" he cried, in thundering tones. "You forgot my honor, and for it you shall die!"

And he brought his face close to her, and hissed the death-warrant in her startled ear, through his clinched teeth.

"Oh, God! my husband, unsay those terrible words! I am true to you—have ever been. Don't bring me here to die a horrible death! Pity your wife!" Springing away, she caught up her sleeping babe, and, returning, she held it out to him, sobbing brokenly as she kissed it: "Not true to you? Let my pure, innocent babe—our boy, Ferd—bear witness that I have never sinned against you, even in thought."

Sternly unwavering, he pushed her violently away—spurned her from him with his foot, as one too vile to touch without pollution.

"I'll come again to-morrow. Let the work be done; and," said the stranger, turning to the elder woman, and speaking in a lower tone, "let it be *well done.*"

Then, beckoning the fisherman aside, he drew from his pocket a large leathern purse, tightly filled with gold.

"I'll double it to-morrow."

And, without again noticing the bowed figure clasping the beautiful babe, he went out in the storm, closing the door softly behind him.

"Come, my gude lassie, cheer up—cheer up! All wi' gae weel wi' ye."

And the old woman, with a devilish gleam glancing over her hard face, caught Adele Launcelot by the arm, and, as easily as a man could have done, placed her on the bed, and laid the child beside her.

Shivering under the rough touch which grasped her, the lady nestled her babe in her arms, and, turning her face to the wall, lay perfectly still.

"Come, Davy, ye dinna ha' time to waste in thought. To wark, man, to wark!" said the evil wife, startling him from his reverie.

"Weel, weel, bundle the lassie and the bairn up weel. It is a blustering, dark night, and a much darker deed to blacken it."

And he sighed as he watched the old woman wrap a coarse shawl round the dainty figure of the lady, and then put the infant in her arms, while she stood non-resistant, her black eyes only looking far away, as if she were dreaming. Pushing the two toward him, the old woman hurried them out in the storm.

Half an hour slipped by, but still the old man did not return.

Rising, she went to the door, and looked uneasily out, muttering as she did so: "Davy seemed bewitched; I wad nae wonder if he gaed in the water along wi' her"; when a wild shriek, unearthly in its heart-rending anguish, rang above the night-winds and the storm—again—again—now fainter, but once again.

Shuddering and pale, she listened, then retreated within the room, trembling at the foul deed.

In a little while the old fisherman entered, and throwing himself in a chair, buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud:

"She was such a winsome creature, and the wee bairn was sae bonny! Puir lassie! puir bairn!"

"Niver mind, Davy; ye ha' got the goold," said his evil genius, coming up beside him with the purse in her hand.

"Yes, I ha' got the goold; but where's the lassie and the bonny bairn?"

"There now, Davy, be a brave man—ne'er quake at trifles! We will nae starve now, Davy."

"Gang awa', Nanny. I mauna talk muir now—I muckle think. Ah, ha!" said he, "I ha' got the goold, but my hands, my brauny man's hands, are red wi' a weak woman's blood. I did nae wish to harm the wee, wee bairn, nair the pale, woe-faced lassie; but the goold made me do it. They are still by this time. God be wi' their souls and mine—puir lassie! puir bairn!"

And the old man bowed his head and moaned aloud.

Down amid the waves sank Adele Launcelot, without the time to say a prayer, without one call to God for mercy, save the frenzied shrieks which she cast up to the dense clouds and beetling gray crags above her.

## CHAPTER II.

### AFTER THE STORM.

The morning sun rose clear and serene. The waves had spent their fury, and lay, far off as the eye could see, reflecting the sunbeams and blue sky, placid as a silvery mirror.

Further down on the beach, where the water rippled languishingly, lay a human figure. The little hand, so dimpled and fair, and the long, black hair, betrayed the sex.

Slowly she drew her feet from the playful waves, unmatted her hair from the glittering sand, and wearily staggered further up the bank, where she fell again, perfectly exhausted.

She knew she could appear before the world, and summon her husband, too, as her would-be murderer. She did not remember anything after he had told her she should die, and struck her. Her baby was gone—if she was discovered, God only knew what might yet be her doom. For her there remained one thing to accomplish—revenge. And even there, as she lay there, the bitter, human thought came into her heart, "How can I repay him?"

Her clothes, dank and humid, clung round her, but it mattered not; so, after resting a little while longer, she commenced climbing the steep of the mountain.

Once at the top, she could see on one side the stone cottage which had been her home for the past fortnight, and on the other, far away, the gray hills of housetops in a little seaport town. There she must wend her way, and reach it ere she was detected. There she might find some friend who would aid her. Surely God would not desert her in such an hour of need!

As rapidly as she possibly could, she walked on; yet the darkness of night finally overtook her, but about two miles distant from her starting-place of the morning. Exhausted, she sank down to sleep, and, in the death-like oblivion, forgot life's cares.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FRIEND FOUND AT LAST.

Just on the outskirts of the little village toward which our heroine had looked so longingly, stood a dilapidated, low log hut.

"Who's that at my door this time o' night?"

A human voice! Oh, a rescue from the seething waves—a strong hand to guide her from the gurgling waters—the cool ripple of a spring, and scent of fresh green grass to the dying wanderer on the sandy desert. A human voice! So thought Adele in her despair: yet her great joy made her almost speechless.

"'Tis I!" she cried, faintly. "For God's sake, open and let me in!"

Footsteps hobbled across the floor, and as the latch was lifted and the door opened, Adele Launcelot fell across the threshold. A weird-looking old woman, bent almost double with age, peered out. Her tawny-yellow skin was shriveled to her bones like parchment; her gray hair, like a silvery vail, streamed over her shoulders; a scarlet cloth cap, with a long black plume, was perched on the top of her head; a scarlet cloak enveloped her whole figure, save her two long, bare, skinny arms; and one fleshless hand held a pine torch, while with the other she caught the lifeless lady and dragged her into the hut, shutting the door quickly, and drawing the bolt violently after it.

"This is what comes o' me taking homeless wanderers into my house o' night!" she exclaimed, testily, as she stuck the pine torch in a wooden socket protruding from the jagged arch of the chimney, and picked up Adele and laid her on a low bed in one corner of the room, while she went to work to restore her to sensibility again.

MAIDEN MEDITATION.

The room was low and square-built, the floor bare, and two rush-bottomed chairs, a little table with a deep drawer, an iron kettle swinging on a hook over the fire, which burned ruddily, and a double row of shelves, filled with dusty bottles of dark, queer-looking liquids, a few dried herbs, an old, broken plate, a cracked bowl, and a pewter

THE MYSTERY.—"A WEIRD-LOOKING WOMAN, BENT ALMOST DOUBLE WITH AGE, LOOKED OUT."—SEE PAGE 282.

spoon, a string of snake-rattles and a skull, with the rickety couch, comprised every description of furniture in the miserable hovel, where one would imagine refined humanity could scarcely exist a moment without pollution. Yet this was a sweet haven of rest to dainty Adele.

After again and again applying restoratives, almost fruitlessly, Adele opened her great black eyes, and looked with weary gratitude up to the aged face so curiously bent above her.

"Oh, you are *so good* to me!" she said.

"Never mind, now," said the witch-woman; "we will talk about that after a while. Drink this," and she held the old cracked bowl to the pallid lips with a trembling hand.

Adele obeyed her, and almost immediately sank into a deep sleep.

The old witch took down her death's-head, and commenced marking on it. She put the rattles round her neck, and sat down beside the invalid. She would occasionally smooth her hand over the fair, pure face, and so often as she did so the eyelids would quiver, and the beautiful lips break into a sweet but plaintively sad smile.

The hours wore on, with only the singing and hissing of the fire, and the sleeper's deep breathing, and the old woman's muttered gibberish, to break upon the silence and monotony of the scene.

At last Adele awoke, looking calm and refreshed. Raising herself on one hand, she reached out the other and laid it upon the withered, brawny palm of the old woman. Her eyes were so deep and earnest, her voice so pleadingly and passionately sad!

"Madam!"

"What is it?"

"I want you to be my friend."

"*I am already your friend*, beautiful and unfortunate lady. I *feel for you* deeply, truly, for you have suffered. *I am your friend*, remember, so long as we both shall live."

And the weird woman spoke in a deep, yet excited tone.

"Oh, thank you! I am so grateful! I am all alone in the world now, and to you I want to lay bare my life-history."

"Speak on."

And Adele related unto this woman all that I have told you so far, my dear reader, and more. Tears flowed and lips quivered while she went on. Ere she ceased, the sun was mounting the "gray stairs of dawn."

The old woman said to her then:

"I am growing old; I choose you as my daughter of science. I will impart to you my magic art. I am growing old, and I need but little. The gold I have hoarded for years is yours, on one condition—*that you will swear to be revenged on the man you once called husband, just as I shall say.* Swear!"

"I swear!" said Adele, solemnly, earnestly.

The old woman rose, and, turning up a corner of the dingy mattress, displayed a perfect sheet of gold pieces, which she commenced to gather up and put in a leathern bag, hid there too; which being filled, she handed to Adele, saying:

"I trust you; you have my fortune. And now for my art, and your revenge."

And she talked on in a wild, strange, excited manner, while Adele leaned eagerly forward, drinking in each gesture, each word.

The scene closes with the rattles about Adele's neck, one hand upon the death's-head, the other clasped in the brawny palm of the old woman, and her eyes, deep and dark, looking far off in the dim future.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MYSTERY—THE LOVERS.

It was a strange apartment, and well might it be called the habitation of the Mystery. Well might Marian Stanhope shudder as she found herself within the four walls, the door closely barred until such time as the fate into which she had surrendered her freedom should say "Open Sesame" to the sable slave without. Heavy velvet curtains, embroidered with strange silvery and golden and crimson devices and hieroglyphics, covered the walls. No ray of light made any object perfectly distinguishable; only one small lamp, with a crimson globe, swung from the centre of the ceiling, which cast a fiery, shadowy glow over everything. A death's-head rested on a round table with a deep drawer, and round it was wreathed a necklace of snake-rattles. A large black-velvet chair, with a canopy of gold above it, was raised upon a little platform, which was also draped in black and gold; another chair was placed for the visitor, and into this seat Marian Stanhope sank, half exhausted with fear and excitement. The black velvet curtains were drawn back, and flashed over the observer a flood of brilliant, scintillating light—the eye could scarcely brook the dazzling radiance. They closed almost instantaneously again, and the Mystery stood upon the throne, silent and motionless. The presence seemed but the shadowy mist of a silver vail. From out the sheeny folds a voice, low and breezy, almost inaudible, questioned:

"What wouldst thou?"

"O spirit," murmured Marian, leaning eagerly forward, utterly carried away by some inexplicable fascination, "I would know my future."

"Wouldst thou know it, good or ill?"

"Good or ill."

"Beware, ere it is too late."

"I fear not," replied Marian, breathless with an indescribable excitement only understood by those who have yielded to similar influences.

Slowly the death's-head commenced to revolve, and the rattles to twist in and out in a curious, waving way; and all over the death's-head small crimson devices appeared.

Marian shuddered with an indefinable dread.

"You love—love unwisely, and too well—love sinfully and passionately; for it you must reap a reward bitter in the extreme, unless you turn from the temptation ere it is too late. You have been willfully enticed into vice; you expect to marry. I bid you, with the voice of prophetic warning, beware of the bridal-ring; beware of the bridal-day; beware, above all, of the perfidious bridegroom, or the remorse of sin be upon your head. There is an impassable barrier lies between you and that man. He is not free. There is a wild, sea-girt shore, where a storm once raged fiercely, and where the furious waves ingulfed a woman's form; and *yet she lives*. Beware of your bridal-day. Seek to know no more."

"Oh, *God!*"

And Marian Stanhope sprang forward, madly, passionately: but the velvet curtains parted, and the light flashed dazzlingly over her again; when she raised her eyes, the silver Mystery had vanished, and the sable slave held the door open. She went out scarcely conscious.

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"Darling! Marian! come to me, precious one! Tell me why you are so cold and shy to Ferdinand. Don't you know how dearly, how devotedly I love you—say, sweet Marian?"

And Ferdinand Launcelot held out his arms in a half-pleading, half-commanding way to Marian Stanhope, who stood with her figure turned from him; yet her face, white and strange, was watching his own, longingly, wildly, earnestly. His hands reached out to her. Oh, how she yearned to go to him! The warning words of the Mystery held her back—"Beware of the perfidious bridegroom; he is not free."

The tempter spoke, inspiringly, ardently, making the rich, warm blood flush to her temples, and then crimson back to her heart with blushes, leaving even her lips pallid.

"Marian—*my Marian*—come!"

"Oh, oh, Ferdinand, *don't!*" broke wildly from her lips; "*don't!* you *hurt* me!"

"Marian, *my Marian*, once more I say, *come!*"

She looked at him but once again; the smile was fading from his lips, from his eyes; but he still held out his hand.

With a glad cry, a murmur of music, she sprang to his arms.

"Don't you know it wounds me inexpressibly for you to treat me coldly or with distrust? I love you so much more dearly, if possible, when you trust me! Why, then, ever stand off and look at me in that shy, indifferent way, when you know the welcome my heart always gives you? Say, little one?"

"Oh, Ferdinand! because I had my fortune told by the Mystery, and she said you wanted to marry me, and I loved you dearly, but it was so sinful to do so; bade me beware of you, of my bridal day, or I would bitterly repent it; said you were not free. Oh, Ferdinand, do you love any one but your little Marian? Are you not free?"

"Yes, sweet one, free as air, save the love-links you bind round me; and I assuredly do not love anybody but my own little Marian—beautiful vision that she is!" Closer he nestled her to his heart ere he spoke again; then, raising her face in his hand, so that he could read her thoughts: "I loved you, angel Marian, even before I had a right—loved you when my first wife, Adele, was on earth, and you never knew it."

Still she sat beside him, his arm around her, drinking in the poison with the sweet, only because he held the draught to her lips.

"Now, darling, for fear the Mystery may bear you entirely away from me next time you go in search of a future, tell me when I may call you my wife, Marian?"

She replied:

"Ferdinand,"—clasping his hand all the more firmly that she was about to express a doubt—"that Mystery told me something about a storm—a foam-dashed cliff—a drowning woman, who still lives. Was that Adele, Ferdinand?"

Like a thunder-cloud grew his brow. The blood faded from his crimson mouth. She shrank away from him, but with a quick, passionate gesture he caught her close again; and then, seeing how his vehemence alarmed her, he said, softly:

"Never express any doubt of me, Marian, my Marian, if you would have me love you. All I ask is obedience and trust. Now, good-by! I'll go see this Mystery, who seems to have shattered your nerves so completely, and when I come back we will compare notes. By-by!"

And he waved his hand in token of adieu as he went laughingly out.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE BRIDAL—THE MYSTERY UNVAILED.

In the grand, gloomy church of Wiltonby the sunshine stole through the shadow of ivy-leaves that clustered about the windows, glistening with a mocking glory the fair maiden-face bent blushing before the minister, standing in such solemn majesty behind the crimson altar-cloth.

Ferdinand Launcelot, grander, more handsome than ever, stood beside her, drinking in the sight of her beauty with the intoxicating delirium of delight.

Solemn and deep the minister's voice rose through the aisles, and floated to the arched roof of the dim, old cathedral.

"If any man can show just cause why they cannot be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

He paused. Again rose his voice, his eyes reading each countenance with fearful scrutiny.

"I require and charge you both——"

"Hold!"

A voice rang out through the solemn stillness like a clarion, and awe-struck faces were turned toward the figure which passed up the long aisle without the echo of a footfall, and paused beside the bridegroom.

A soft, silvery vail fell entirely around it, disguising the features, but the heavy velvet folds of drapery and the graceful stature discernible through the sheeny tissues, betrayed the womanhood.

The minister stood silent, horrified. The guests leaned forward, eager, anxious, expectant.

The bridegroom turned toward the apparition fiercely, as he threw his arm around his pallid bride, the anger-cords swelling and purpling in his darkening brow.

"Who forbids?" he questioned, sternly.

"I do," the voice replied—"I do."

"What, ho! *The Mystery? the fortune-teller?* What hast thou to do with me, sorceress? We have no mysteries now. Unvail thyself!" he thundered.

"Yes; but listen all, and let your blood curdle, frozen to your hearts again, as ye hearken to the Mystery, ere she unvails herself, dooming a bride to misfortune, and a bridegroom to the gallows!"

Every vestige of color fled from Ferdinand Launcelot's countenance. He stood so still, he seemed made of marble.

"There is a rugged, gray cliff, where the winds and waves make music when the days are fair; but they are not always so. On that cliff there stands a stone cottage, in which lived once an old fisherman and his wife. They are both dead now. They were rude and ignorant; starvation overtook them, and one day their evil genius came—came in the form of a man, with a trusting wife nestling to his heart, a babe at her bosom. Under pretense of business, he left his wife and child there, and went away. What he said to the old couple rests between them and God; but one night, when the winds shrieked and howled, and hail and rain fell, the husband came back, and his wife startled him plotting, with his human tools, her destruction. She knew it not; her only joy was that her husband had returned to take her to his heart again. But when her woman's love sprang in fond words from her lips, he hissed in her startled ear her death-warrant, and a doubt of her virtue—his pure young wife, pure as an angel, save in her love for so base a fiend. She pleaded with him, and he struck her down and spurned her with his foot—his wife, with his golden-haired boy in her arms. She knew no more. That night the mother and child were tossed in the seething waves that lashed the rugged rocks furiously."

"Fiend! sorceress! What art thou telling?" yelled Launcelot, springing toward her.

"Hold!" she said.

And, fascinated, he paused. She went on:

"The waves bore away the babe, the golden-haired, blue-eyed boy—bore him away to lull the storm to sleep with baby-cries for his mother. Morning found her, scarce alive, upon the seashore. She has lived, with God's aid, for this one moment of sweet revenge."

"Devil! Fiend! Who art thou? Ha, ha——"

"Who am I? Your wife, Adele Launcelot!"

And the silver vail fell back. The Mystery stood triumphant, avenged.

"Frenzied devil!" he shouted, "thou art no wife of mine—I know you not! It's all false—*false as h—l!*"

But he had hardly uttered the words than with a low groan of pain he sank lifeless to the ground. The justice of God had overtaken him.

## AT THE FARM.

By Etta W. Pierce.

The dew is on the clover, and the blackbird in the corn;
There's a tuft of starry blossoms out on a branch of that garden thorn.
Listen a moment, and you will hear the sound of the wheel at the mill,
And, piercing sharp through this hazy calm, the stage-horn over the hill.

Well, the cattle browse on the pasture-lands, and the world looks blithe and gay,
As blithe as that Summer morning when we watched him marching away.
Mother, 'tis like old times again, to see you in this seat,
With the lilacs nodding overhead and the sweet pinks at your feet.

Do you know how many times we've sat in this same place—you and I—
And looked at the saffron and tawny red afloat in the sunset sky,
The roses blowing along the lane, and the shine of the evening star,
And talked of the many things we'd do when John came home from the war?
How many times in three long years we've watched in the old west room,
And fancied we heard his ringing step a-sounding in the gloom,
From the gate, you know, straight up through the pinks, and over the threshold stone,
Where we sat in the shadows, you and I, in the shadows quite alone?

There are hearts, I ween, in the town to-day, as happy as hearts may be;
They are back from their hard-fought fields, at last—the boys of Company C.
Who would have thought of a house so still, of a feast unspread to-day?
I had been his bride but a year, you know, when he went marching away.

Oh, I dreamed last night of that dreadful field, the field we know so well!
With its charging columns, its gory dead, and the shriek of its shot and shell.
And I heard the cannon a-sounding deep, and I saw him where he stood,
By the river, whose current was running red, like a tide of human blood.

He was there—my John—with his bare, bright sword, and the voice we used to hear,
Out ringing over the farm at morn, like a trumpet loud and clear,
And the red, red batteries all around—ah, why did I dream the rest?
Why did I sleep to see last night that blood-stain on his breast?

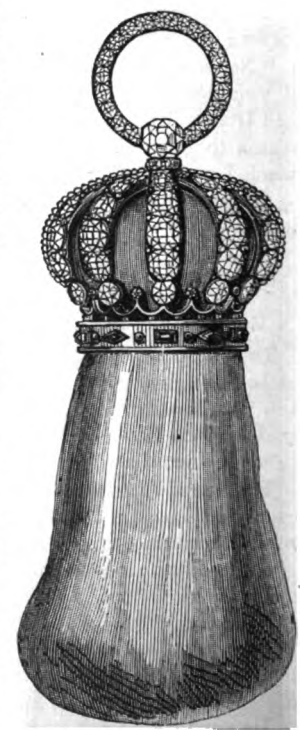
They brought my captain back to me in the sunshine yesterday,
With the muffled drum and the wailing fife, and the thick crowds in the way.
The bees were singing along the lane, and the blackbirds in the corn,
And the wind was coaxing the white bloom out from the buds of the garden thorn!

Did you see the light fall under their feet, in streaks like golden bars,
As they bore him up the broad church aisle, a-sleeping under the stars?
The broad, bright stars he loved so well—oh, the cruel wound they hid!
And the sword was laid, with a stain on its hilt, across the coffin lid.

The baby lies 'neath that blooming thorn—'tis just a month ago
Since the day we buried her there—she had her father's eyes, you know.
The house is still—the old farm lays spread out in the sultry noon,
Drowsy and hushed, with only the winds and the yellow bees in tune.
Without, two graves among the flowers; within, a battered sword,
A little lock of the baby's hair, and two empty seats at the board.
The silence of death in the old west room, and the sighs that the roses make,
And, in the shadow of those two graves, a dumb heart waiting to break!

## A VERY LARGE PEARL.

This pearl (the largest known) weighs three ounces, is two inches long, and four and a half inches in circumference; straight-sided, widening toward the lower part, which has a dark opalized tint. It is mounted as a pendant, in an arched crown of five vertical bars set with brilliants, on a lining of crimsoned enamel, a gold border of emeralds, sapphires and rubies; the back of the crown is chased gold. It is one of the attractions of the cabinet of A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq., in England.



A VERY LARGE PEARL.

The scales of a fish are for the purpose, probably, of defending it from its enemies in the way of associates of a vegetable or animal parasitic or devouring nature. If one be lost it is again supplied in a manner similar to the supply of a lost nail in the human beings. Glands are situated under the so-called internal line and on the head of the fish, and from them a sort of varnish of mucus is perspired, without which fish cannot live long.

# THERESA.

THERE is a hand-organ under my window, playing with steady persistence the aria from "The Barber of Seville"—"Una voce poco fà."

It is not the creaky organ I hear; it is not the dark face of the man who turns that relentless handle I see. I hear a voice, powerful, true and clear—the voice of a girl of seventeen, throwing forth every note in sweetest cadence. The face I see is one of wondrous beauty. Ah, me! I will write the sad story down, and see if some of the hideous ghosts of the past will be exorcised by dragging them from their graves into the clear sunlight. I was a bride of three months, and had not yet completed my twentieth year, when one evening my husband invited me to attend a concert. He was very considerate for my youthful love of pleasure, though he was more than double my own age, and his own tastes were reserved, and inclining to serious pursuits.

When we were married, every day I found new traits to waken my love and reverence in the goodness and noble qualities of my husband. Knowing I loved music, and sharing this fondness with me, he took me frequently to the operas or concerts.

The great prima donna we had come to hear was assisted by an Italian whose first song was "Una voce." She was singing the first notes when I looked at Everard. One moment before he had been smiling at my enthusiasm over a wonderful violin solo, now he sat staring at the singer upon the platform as if she were a very Medusa to turn him to stone. His face was ashy pale, his eyes dilated, and a sort of fascinated horror seemed to hold every sense.

"Everard," I whispered, "are you ill?"

"The name!" he said, never moving his eyes from the singer. "What is her name?"

I looked at the programme, found the name, and said: "Theresa Buonetti."

His lips quivered, and a sudden softening came over his rigid features as he whispered:

"Theresa *mia!*"

I shrank away. I knew but little Italian, but there was no mistaking the tenderness of those two words. I looked earnestly at the singer.

"She was very young; not more than seventeen, with a velvety complexion, clear olive in tint, with richest crimson on lip and cheek.

She finished her song. I drew a deep breath, and looked at my husband. He had regained his composure, but the pallor had not left his face as his eyes met mine.

"Will you let me take you home?" he asked.

I rose at once. He gave me his arm silently, and we threaded our way through the crowded hall till he put me in the carriage.

"I'm going to send you home alone," he said. "To-morrow I will tell you all you wish to know. Till then I ask you to trust me."

THERESA.—"'SEE!' SHE SAID, HOLDING BEFORE MY EYES A MINIATURE LOCKET, OPEN, TO SHOW THE FACE OF A FAIR BLONDE. 'HE LEFT HER FOR THIS FAIR-HAIRED GIRL, AND I POISONED HIM SLOWLY, SLOWLY, AS HE KILLED MY MOTHER.'"

I did try. Through the long drive, through the silent, lonely hours, when I tossed, wakeful and watching, I tried to believe no evil of the man I loved, the man I had promised to "honor." I thought of his age, so much greater than that of the beautiful Italian, then remembered my own childish years, and found a new torture.

Suddenly, as if in a flash of inspiration, after hours of restless misery, I remembered a morocco case I had seen in a private drawer of my husband's writing-desk.

Down-stairs I stole softly, lighted the study lamp upon the desk, opened the drawer, and found the case. It opened under my touch, to show me the very face I had seen a few hours before in a concert-hall. The same perfect features, lustrous black hair, and soft, velvety complexion. It was a face to worship, upon the ivory.

Did Everard worship it?

While the cruel question pressed upon my brain, I heard his latch-key rattle, and his step in the hall. I did not stir, and he came in as the little mantel clock chimed three.

"Sophie!" he cried, "you here? My darling, how pale you are! and as cold as ice! Ah, you have found the miniature. Well, I meant to show it to you to-morrow, and tell you its history, but I see by your face it would be cruelty to wait. In five minutes you shall hear it. Poor little one!" he said, tenderly, "I would not have left you, but I was afraid I would lose trace of Theresa. Years ago, when I was but little over twenty, I was in Milan, when the whole city was in a tempest of enthusiasm over a new singer, Theresa Buonetti. You hold her picture in your hands. I went night after night to hear the wondrous voice give a new charm to music. But I was carried beyond mere musical enthusiasm, and from admiring the voice I worshiped the face, and learned my first lesson in love.

"It was not an easy task to obtain an introduction to Signorina Buonetti, but I was wealthy, and gold finally opened the doors between us. Whether Theresa loved me, or whether my gold tempted her, I cannot tell. I believed in the love, and I asked her to be my wife. We were married in Milan twenty years ago.

"For about two months after my marriage I lived in a fool's paradise. I was slow to believe that Theresa was utterly ignorant, had no education but the training of her glorious voice, was bad-tempered, furiously jealous, and eaten up with vanity. Her beauty lessened in my eyes when I found her slovenly; her voice I seldom heard, save in childish complaints or loud scolding, for I had taken her from the stage when I married her, and she found it too much trouble to sing for her husband. She was reckless in extravagance. But her jealousy was utterly unfounded. Though I was weary of my wife, my affections did not seek more congenial society. I hated all women for the sake of one who had so disappointed me.

"But Theresa chose to believe me false, and for two years we lived together in miserable bickering, when some jealous whim, stronger than any previous, roused my wife to such fury she attempted to stab me in my sleep. I could not sleep again within reach of her strong arm, and I left her. My life was unendurable. Through my lawyer, I settled upon her an ample income, and resumed my travels. For ten years I wandered about, visiting different cities, and then I heard of Theresa's death.

"I went at once to Milan. My wife had utterly refused to touch the money the lawyer there held for her, and had resumed her former profession. But six months after I left her a child was born to her—my child! I could get no trace of it. Her death was proved to me beyond any doubt, but her child was gone.

"Leaving the money still in the hands of the lawyer for the use of my child, should she ever come to claim it, I returned home The face of Theresa Buonetti startled me to-night as if a ghost had risen from the grave. I could not realize that it was not my wife, singing as she sang twenty years ago in Milan. The truth came to me when you spoke. It was my lost child who was singing—Theresa's daughter, who was following her mother's profession. I saw her after the concert was over. She was, indeed, Theresa's child, who had been sent to a musical school in Paris a month before her mother died."

Four o'clock! The little silver bell chimed the hour as we sat silent. Then Everard bent over me, pressing his lips to my cheek, sighing heavily.

"Asleep, Sophie?" he asked. "You must go to your room, little one."

"Not quite yet," I answered. "Not till you tell me if I may go to the hotel and bring Theresa to share our home."

"Will you?" he cried, the joyous thrill of his voice reproaching me for my hesitation. "I was afraid it would not be pleasant for you."

"We will go together, then, to-morrow," I said. "I cannot exactly promise to be a mother to her, Everard, but I will be a very loving sister."

"God bless you, my own! You have taken the only sorrow from my life!"

So, spite of my own shrinking, I went to the hotel, and asked Theresa to come to our home. She was very cold, seeming to accept my offer as if she claimed a right, not a favor, and even Everard was evidently chilled by our reception.

We drove home silently. I heard my husband sigh more than once, as if some weight rested upon his heart, heavier far than any he had carried during our brief married happiness. I tried by caresses and loving attentions to comfort him, but the same unspoken dread I felt sure was haunting him held me silent.

She came to us in November, this beautiful Italian, the child of Everard's first wife, and I made a party, especially intended to introduce her to our friends, within a week after she came. But her first appearance was scarcely calculated to gladden Everard. Gentlemen flocked around her, admiring her beauty, her voice, her exquisite toilet of black lace and scarlet. But ladies shrank from the bold eyes, the haughty rudeness of manner, the defiant recklessness of speech. Before the evening was half over, I regretted my attempt to introduce my stepdaughter to society. She sang once only—the same aria I had heard at the concert, and she accepted the compliments of her admirers as a matter of course.

It was something fascinating, yet impish, to follow her vagaries in the life that succeeded her introduction to our happy home. Her only education seemed to lie in the cultivation of her marvelous voice, and a fluency in speaking foreign languages, acquired, I soon learned, in traveling professionally from city to city in Europe. Young as she was, she had far more self-possession than I had ever acquired in my quiet life, and was easy, even to imprudence, in society. She would never take up any needle-work, read very little, and had no accomplishment but her music. Hour after hour she would spend at the grand piano, playing brilliantly, without one touch of heart-music, or singing difficult exercises and dashing songs. But whatever else she played or sang, I was sure at some time in the day to hear the clear, pure voice singing—

> "Una voce poco fà, qui nel cormi risuono,
> Il mio cor ferito è gia e Lindoro fu che il piago."

till the air became hateful to me. It was her mother's favorite, she told me once, when I forced myself to compliment her perfect rendition of it, and the cruel eyes seemed to taunt me as she spoke.

I tried by every coaxing art to tame her—the beautiful wild creature I wanted to love for my husband's sake—but I could never win her confidence.

It was a hard Winter for me, for Theresa's wonderful beauty, her gorgeous dress and eccentricities of manner

made her conspicuous wherever she went, and my cheeks have burned as old friends looked inquiringly at me, as if mutely wondering at my giving countenance to the girl's oddities. I was glad when Spring opened, and Everard proposed we should go early to our country-seat on the Hudson.

We had expected violent opposition from Theresa, who had no hesitation in expressing her wishes upon any subject, but she made no open objection.

My husband was very patient, making all allowance for the foreign education by paid teachers, the inherited faults of disposition, the years of orphanhood, but he could not love her. He tried, and she mocked the effort. She would speak to me of a present from her affectionate father with such bitterly scornful accent that I longed to strike the sneering lips.

When we were fairly settled in our country home, I hoped Theresa would become more domestic in her tastes, would pay more attention to home requirements. But I was disappointed. She asked for a horse and habit, and these given her, would spend whole days riding about the country, coming in at evening to assume a dress far too elaborate for the occasion, and spend the evening far into the night at the piano.

I might have made more successful attempts at winning her from some of her eccentricities if I could have devoted more time to her, but, apart from my own weakness, I was racked with anxiety for Everard.

For months my husband's robust health had been failing, little by little, scarcely perceptibly, day by day, yet appallingly great when I looked back a few months. His daughter, upon whom he had heaped every indulgence from the hour when he gave her a home, exhibited the most profound indifference if I spoke of my fears.

"He is an old man," she said to me one day. "Old men must expect to die."

"He is not old," I answered; "not forty-five. He is in the very prime of life."

"Well, what would you? You will be a rich young widow."

I turned away, sickened by her heartlessness.

A week later, sitting beside Everard, watching the face I loved, wasting and pale, I saw a sudden spasm pass over it, a gray pallor come there, the eyes staring blankly forward. My screams soon brought the housekeeper, the servants and Theresa. We worked over my husband while a messenger went for the doctor, but he lay upon the bed where we had placed him, gasping, pale, apparently dying.

There were a few minutes when the housekeeper was away, preparing some hot application for the cold, rigid limbs, and I thought myself alone.

"Everard!" I cried, "speak to me only once!"

"No, madame," said a mocking voice at my ear, "he will speak never no more. Ha! you think you keep him, the bad husband who deserted the poor Italian singer. You think an Italian die, deserted, alone, unavenged. No! The poor wife left in Milan had a child, and a legacy to leave her—a legacy to hate the man who betrayed and deserted her, and *revenge!*"

"Revenge!" I cried; "for what? What have *you* to revenge?"

"The wrongs of my mother. See!" she said, holding before my eyes a miniature locket, open, to show the face of a fair blonde. "When Everard Thurston swear to love my mother, when he marry my mother, he wear this—*this*—on his heart, where she find it. He left her for this gold-haired girl, and she told me before she died, 'Find your father, and avenge your mother.' Did I not obey her? See!" and she pointed to the bed where Everard lay, apparently dead. "He is dead, and I poisoned him, slowly, slowly, as he killed my mother! I would have kept him ten years dying if I could, but I had no drug to do so."

The horror of it overcame me. With a cry I fell insensible to the floor. For many days and nights I knew nothing.

At last there came a day when, opening my eyes from a profound slumber, I saw seated beside me, pale and emaciated, but living, my husband! I dared not move or speak. The memory of the last horrible scene I could recall passed upon my brain, and I believed my love had drawn Everard's spirit from the grave to comfort me.

"Darling," he tenderly said, "I startled you. I did not think you would waken quite so soon."

"Everard!" I cried, realizing that it was my husband, alive, not his ghost, beside me, "are you really here, not dead, not poisoned, as that girl—— Oh, Everard, keep her away!"

"Hush, darling; she will come here no more."

I was content then to rest upon that promise, and my weakness compelled me to sleep soon, Everard's hand clasped fast in mine, Everard's voice soothing me with gentle, loving words.

When I awakened again, the housekeeper was beside me. I looked beyond her for another face.

"He is here, safe and well," said the good woman, "but sleeping. He is weak yet, but he would come here as soon as he could get upon his feet, and he watched you faithfully, ma'am, sick as he was."

"But he is well, you say?"

"Well, not exactly strong yet, but out of danger. You see, ma'am, the doctor was comin' in when the mad young lady was tellin' you about the poison her pa'd took, an' he made her get what was left of it an' show him. An', ma'am, knowin' then what ailed Mr. Thurston, he knowed what to do for him, an' done it, an' brought him around, ma'am, beautiful. We had a tough spell of it, with you a-ravin' in one room, an' not expectin' you'd live, an' the young lady carryin' on awful, an' two nurses the doctor brought to watch her till they took her to the 'sylum, ma'am, a screechin' lunatic."

Mad! I had never thought of this charitable interpretation of her eccentric conduct, but when the housekeeper spoke there was a new light thrown on the cruel bright eyes, the cunning smiles, the daring conduct of Theresa.

While the nurse went for some nourishment, Everard came to my side. I heard his slow step, I saw him coming feebly, like an old man, and I cried out in my pain:

"You will not live, Everard, and I cannot live without you!"

"Hush, dearest," he said. "I am shaken to-day by bad news, but I am gaining every hour. We will get well together, Sophie, and we will go abroad for a few years."

"But what is your bad news?"

"Theresa, in a paroxysm of madness this morning, took her own life."

"It is good news!" I fairly screamed. "Forgive me," I said, looking penitently into the sad, pale face of the stricken father. "I do not mean that. I will try to be sorry; but how can I grieve when I think how she endangered your life?"

"It was in a mistaken devotion to her mother," Everard said, sorrowfully. "The doctors say her brain has never been sound, and Theresa made one idea a ruling passion with her. From a mere baby she must have been taught to imagine me a fiend, a monster, who had blighted her mother's life; and when she was only ten years old she lost that mother, after hearing the distorted fancies of her jealous imagination."

"But you were so kind, so good to her. No daughter was ever more indulged by the fondest father."

"Remember, dear, her brain was not sound."

"Oh, Everard," I said, a sudden memory flashing over me, "whose miniature was that she showed me?"

"My sister Caroline's. She was my only sister, and we were orphans. She died when I was but sixteen, but I worshiped her memory. Had Theresa been the true, tender wife I hoped to find her, I should have told her of my sister, but I never did. I missed the locket from my neck, but thought it had slipped from the chain in the street. I never knew that my wife stole it till I heard my child's mad ravings about it, and found the picture amongst her possessions."

It was slow work getting well, both for my husband and myself, but we gained strength as the Summer days approached Autumn, and when October came, Everard kept his promise, and we sailed for Europe.

We are at home again while I write. Two brave boys, with Everard's eyes, call me mother, and there is an angel of happiness ever hovering over our household; but when we go to our home for the Summer, on the Hudson, we let our boys carry flowers to deck a grave in the little cemetery there—a grave whose pure marble headstone bears the record only, "Theresa, aged 18."

## UNEXPECTED HELP RENDERED BY A DOG.

THE late Lord M. had a very fine large black Newfoundland dog, called "Neptune," which used to be kept chained up in a courtyard outside the castle. Now Neptune was very fond of mutton and pork, and used to worry the sheep and pigs whenever he had a chance. He was consequently seldom let loose or taken out, unless his lordship was going to ride in some out-of-the-way district.

On one occasion, in the Autumn of 1856, Lord M. and Mr. H. were riding across country, accompanied by Neptune, when coming to a high bank with a broad ditch on either side, Lord M.'s horse refused to take it, so Lord M. dismounted, and getting on to the bank, tried to lead him over it; but, while so standing on the bank, a gust of wind blew his hat off, and, in trying to save it, the bridle slipped from his hand, and the horse became loose.

As quick as lightning Neptune, who had apparently been most interested in the endeavor to get the horse over, sprang after the hat, and catching it, jumped with it on to the bank, dropped it at his master's feet, and dashed after the horse, which was trotting off, and before Mr. H. could overtake it, he had seized the bridle with his teeth, and held on, checking it till Mr. H. came up and took the bridle from him, when he appeared to express his pleasure by little short barks and a variety of gambols.

UNEXPECTED HELP RENDERED BY A DOG.

## IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL COSTELLO.

A FEW years before work actually began on the Northern Pacific Railroad, but at a time when it was being talked about as an enterprise that would certainly be carried through, I determined, with two young friends, who, like myself, were anxious to find a good place for investment, to cross the continent from the headwaters of Lake Superior to Puget's Sound on the Pacific.

Our intention was to follow as near the line of the proposed road as possible, and to note carefully the agricultural advantages of the country in connection with its mineral resources.

We organized at Superior City, though our outfit was not very extensive, as the party was small. Two wagons, filled with supplies and articles for barter with the Indians, whom we expected to meet, and horses for ourselves and cook, constituted our train. I was familiar enough with the necessities of the trip to feel assured this was all that was necessary.

My friends were Julian Whitchurch and Henry S. Brougham, both of New York City, and as brave, earnest and cultured gentlemen as I ever had for companions in my life. They knew nothing of "wild life," as they considered existence on the plains and in the mountains beyond, so that they were as eager and anxious about the trip as boys.

They had fishing-rods and knives and pistols for every kind of game, and they read every book they could find

IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THEM STRUCK PATSY ON THE HEAD, AND WITH THE BLOOD POURING OVER HIS FACE HE ROLLED AT MY FEET."

that said anything about the country, and wore out several maps studying its geography, though all the maps of that region at that time were as purely works of imagination as the record of "Gulliver's Travels."

I had never traveled across the continent on this parallel, but my experience in the Far West made me certain of its general characteristics.

Our cook was a very remarkable black man. He had been the body-servant of a prominent public official, and hence was something of a politician—indeed, he considered himself a very superior and highly cultured specimen of the American variety of that article.

He was a perfect budget of trite maxims, whose commonplace became bearable by his genius for misquoting, and his constant effort to improve upon them. He was rich in the songs and hymns in which his people delight, and he could sing them very well, but he had the knack of mixing up the sacred and secular, that was unintentional, and therefore very ludicrous.

Patsy, that was the misnomer of our black man, though Brougham vowed that our cook spoke with an Irish accent; but be that as it may, he was a capital cook, and

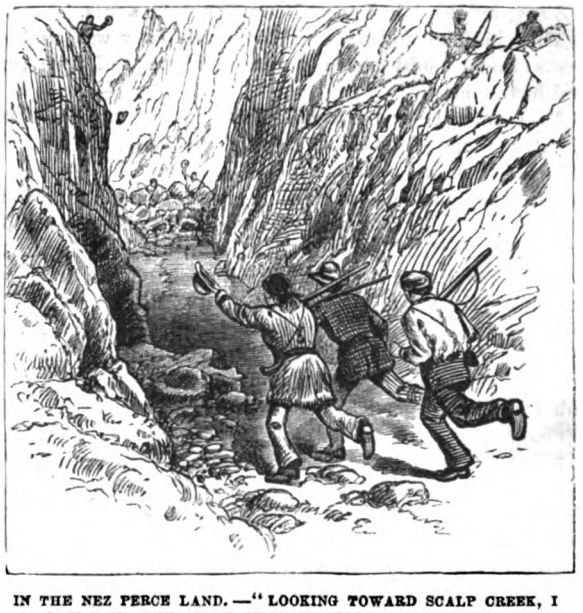
IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"'YEH SEE, MAUSS COSTLAH, SOMEBODY HAD TER FIGHT, AN' DAR WARN'T NOBODY LUFF' BUT ME, SO I'SE PEGGING AWAY.'"

I never saw him out of humor but once, the reason for which I shall presently explain.

We reached the Red River of the North without adventure or mishap, and here we engaged a guide to accompany us as far as the Columbia River, from which point I anticipated no trouble in working my way to Olympia, in Washington Territory.

We struck the buffalo country in August, and as the only game we had seen so far were antelopes in the far distance, rabbits that ran out of range, and prairie-dogs that refused to be shot, Whitchurch and Brougham were wild with excitement, and went in to kill buffalo pell-mell. This thing of riding into a herd of buffalo that dash across the plains with lowered heads, hanging tongues, and flashing eyes, is no child's play.

The ground is so honeycombed with prairie-dog and coyote burrows, that a horse and rider, no matter how good, if unaccustomed to it, are in constant danger of



IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"LOOKING TOWARD SCALP CREEK, I SAW PAUL THE GUIDE, WITH WHITCHURCH AND BROUGHAM, RUNNING TOWARD ME."

going down, and a strange horse is always so alarmed at the sight of the buffalo that it is next to impossible to get within pistol-shot.

My New York friends were not, therefore, successful in the first hunt, but Paul, our half-breed guide, shot a splendid animal, and consoled my friends by assuring them that a little practice would make them as fine buffalo-hunters as could be found in the Northwest, and this compliment encouraged them. Indeed, subsequent events proved that Paul was a veritable prophet.

In September we reached the mountains, and here our work was to begin in earnest.

The Crows were at peace with the whites, but we learned it was dangerous for so small a party as ours to travel in that country at that time, as bands of young braves, not only from the Crows, but also from the Nez Perces and Sioux, were out, ostensibly hunting, but, in fact, committing depredations, killing and scalping every white man they came across.

When we learned this news I held a council in our camp, for, while personally I was in favor of pushing on, I wished to defer to my New York friends, who knew nothing about Indian fighting, and, for the matter of that, nothing about fighting at all. Paul, the guide, thought we could get through safely by exercising proper vigilance, and, as he was personally well known to the Indians, he felt sure he could prevent their attacking our party if we could only get up a truce with them.

Whitchurch and Brougham were not only willing, but anxious, to go ahead, and I felt relieved by their decision.

Patsy had listened to our conversation during the council, and a short time afterward I heard him saying to one of the teamsters:

"'We's a gwine inter de den ob lions, my feller-citizen, an' da's no backin' out. 'Tain't for myself I now raises my wooice in dis meeting! No, banish that obserwation!"

"Well, who are you raisin' your voice for, then, Patsy?" asked the amused teamster.

"For de white men ob de party. I'll suffah, my countrymen, like de chillen in de fiah, what's in de prophets of old; but, like dem, my bredren, my har won't be singed."

"Why! what do ye mean, Patsy?"

"I mean we're all a gwine ter be killed an' scalped—all save me—dey can't scalp dis chile, kase why I need not say, an' may de Lor' hab mercy on yer souls."

This judicial ending to Patsy's prophecy was so ludicrous, that I could not help discovering myself by a loud and hearty laugh.

As I turned away I heard Patsy muttering something about, "When de wicked stop dar trouble, an' de tired folks am at rest."

About ten days after this we were encamped on a tributary of the Yellowstone that bore the suggestive name of Scalp Creek. The country was interesting, and we decided to remain on the Creek for a week or two, while we examined the volcanic hills and beautiful valleys in the vicinity.

Fortunately, as we thought, there was no sign of Indians in the vicinity, so, instead of moving in one body, we divided into three parties, that is, if the two teamsters, left in charge of the camp, be called one party. Whitchurch and Brougham, the latter a first-rate geologist, went with Paul, the guide, and I took, in my separate explorations, the philosophic Patsy.

One day—by-the-way, it was to have been the last of our stay at Scalp Creek—I started with Patsy to examine a range of hills about seven miles from camp. We took a cooked dinner in our haversacks, as we did not expect to get back before night. We were both well armed with rifles and pistols, but each morning Patsy would protest that he was a non-combatant, and that it was just throwing arms away for him to carry them.

"For," he would reason, "I neber could shoot an' keep my eyes open at one an' de same time. De only danjah in dem tings is, dat if I carries 'em, I may shoot mysel', an' if I'se killed, de Injuns won't know I couldn't shoot. Dey'll tink I'se a great warrior 'mong de ten tousand, an' altogedder lubbly. So dey'll hack me up pretty bad afore dey leave me alone in my glory, like de yellah rose of Texes, what's bloomin' alone."

Despite this, I insisted on my companion's going armed, and subsequent events proved Patsy and I were both right.

We remained in the hills till the sun was well down, but leaving us ample time to get back to camp before it was dark; so we started, delighted with our success, but not a little fatigued by the day's hard work.

We entered a deep ravine, or cañon, that led out to Scalp Creek, about six miles below the camp, and I was in the lead, carefully watching the ground from force of habit, as we walked along.

A green weed that had been lately uprooted attracted my attention, and, after examining it, I came to the conclusion that it had been pulled up within an hour. Had it been done by an animal, it would have been trampled or eaten, but I saw that it had been pulled from the side of the rift at an elevation as high as a man's hand would reach as he clung to the rocks for support while making his way over the boulders underneath.

I said nothing to Patsy about my discovery, but now kept my eyes in front or searching the cliffs above.

We had gone to within about a hundred and fifty yards of Scalp Creek, and already we could see it through the rocky defile, when an unearthly yell, accompanied by a shower of arrows, came from foes whom I could not see; but, from the direction of the missiles, I knew they were in front.

"Get back, Patsy!" I shouted, pointing to a rock about thirty feet behind that nearly blocked up by the passage.

He obeyed me with astonishing alacrity, but I never can forget the look of overwhelming horror in his face as he turned to run back.

"Is dey Injuns, sah?" he asked, as he rubbed his head and turned his protruding eyes on me.

"Yes, man. Get your rifle ready!" I shouted, and at the same moment catching a glimpse of a feathered black head above the rocks in front, I raised my Spencer rifle and fired. My shot was answered by another yell, and at the same time a dozen bullets struck the rocks about me.

We were effectually cut off, and, judging the number of Indians in front by the explosion of their rifles and the discharge of their arrows, I concluded it would be impossible for our friends to render us immediate aid even if aware of our danger.

Behind us were a number of loose boulders, and while I watched the opening in the creek, I called out to the trembling Patsy to roll the rocks up, so as to make a barricade in the narrow pass. This was something Patsy could comprehend, and being a stout fellow, he at once went to work, and, inside of twenty minutes, the rocks were as high as his head.

"Dar, Mauss Costlah, that's done; now let dis sarvant lie down an' purpayah foh death."

Patsy dropped on his knees, and assumed the attitude of an Ethiopian martyr. But, if he could not or would not shoot, it struck me I could utilize him by making him keep the arms loaded.

It was now sundown; I could see the last rays gilding the snow-peaks away in the distance, and, as may be

supposed, the approach of darkness increased my alarm, for it added to the danger of our situation.

I had just told Patsy to place his rifle and pistols where I could reach them, and that he must at once reload the arms I laid down, when again the Nez Perce and Crow war-whoops echoed through the defile, and, looking out, I saw the painted braves coming toward me at a run.

The rift was so narrow that they were forced to push on in single file, while a few warriors, from precarious positions on the steep, flanking rocks, tried to cover the advance.

I trembled with fear and excitement, and only by a strong effort of will could I control my weapon so as to make sure of my aim. I had seven loads in my repeating-rifle, and, waiting till the nearest brave was within twenty yards, I opened fire. I am astonished now at the rapidity with which I sent the seven balls into the howling enemy.

"Load, Patsy!"

I dropped my rifle and took up his, but to my horror I found it would not work. It was as useless as so much wood. Fortunately my revolvers were near, and with one in each hand I opened fire again.

The line staggered, broke, and then, yelling like demons, the warriors ran back or threw themselves on their faces. I had breathing time to reload, and, though never addicted to the vulgar and immoral habit of profanity, I could not, on this occasion, resist hurling an imprecation at the cowering Patsy. All the weapons were out of order, and I had no time to correct his bungling.

While I was making these preparations, a number of Indians ascended to the summits of the cliffs on either side. Their object in doing so at once became apparent, for in a short time they began to hurl the detached rocks and logs of wood down on the spot where we were supposed to be. So close did these thundering, giant missiles come, that the splinters tore my clothes and cut me severely about the face, while a fragment from one of them struck Patsy on the head, and, with the bood pouring over his face, he rolled over at my feet.

I dragged him into a little angle, and expecting every moment to be my last, I waited without hope, though I still clutched my pistols in desperation. From my position I had a view down as far as the creek, and though it was nearly dark, I could see there was no renewal of the attempt to attack from that quarter; still the stones came down, and one of them struck my left arm, and it fell powerless by my side. This, added to the loss of blood from the cuts on my head and face, made me so weak that it was only with the greatest difficulty I could remain on my feet.

It became dark, pitchy dark, and never for an instant did the torrent of stones cease. I felt sick and giddy. I was parched with thirst, and even if the foe were to withdraw I was powerless to leave my position. I do not know how the time went by. Once I imagined I heard low voices outside the barricade and up the defile, and I emptied a chamber of my pistol in each direction, when the whispering ceased, and the hurling of the rocks was renewed.

I thought Patsy was dead; but some time during the night—the whole time is misty, like a half-remembered dream—I thought I heard him mutter:

"I'se dead, an' I'm put in de dark, my feller-citizens; foh my body's in de cole, cole groun'."

I have an indistinct recollection of firing my pistol several times after this, then comes a blank, not one incident of which I can recall till daylight.

When I woke, or, rather, returned to consciousness, I could not believe my eyes nor ears. The Indians were still yelling, and a rifle was blazing away close to me. I looked up, and there stood Patsy, like a black Hercules, guarding the pass. He looks down at me, and his big eyes grow larger and brighter as he gasps:

"Bress de Lor', yeh ain't done gone yit! Yeh see, Mauss Costlah, somebody had ter fight, an' dar wan't nobody luff'd but me, so I'se peggin' away."

So saying, he raised his rifle, and let drive like a veteran.

Like myself, he was covered with blood, and the sight of it made him stronger. I staggered to my feet and looked up the ravine, from which now came the sharp rattle of rifles and the terrific yells of the Indians.

They were attacking us on every side. I took up my rifle in my right hand, and determined to die fighting the fiends, whom I expected to see every second.

While I was listening, I heard cheers blending with the yells, but they came from the opposite direction, and, looking toward Scalp Creek, I saw Paul the guide, with Whitchurch and Brougham, running toward me.

The momentary strength that came to me when I supposed the end was at hand departed, and I had no recollection till I found myself in camp at the mouth of the ravine, to which point the wagons had been brought.

My friends told me they had been attacked the previous night, and hence could not search for me and Patsy. They repulsed the Indians, and, knowing the direction I had taken the day before, they broke camp and started on the search, with the result already stated.

The Indians were badly punished and driven off; still, on account of my broken arm, we turned back to Fort Benton, where we remained all Winter.

The following Spring we started again, and went through successfully; but a curious thing about the adventure was that Patsy, from being a timid non-combatant, at once became the most warlike of beings, and never was so delighted as when there was a prospect of a brush with the Indians.

## SPANISH GUITARS.

The country which of all others has associated the guitar with its national expression in music is Spain, on whose romantic soil it was introduced at the time of the Moorish invasion. There always have the most tuneful guitars been manufactured. To the Paris Exposition were sent guitars from a Spanish instrument-maker, the vibrations of whose strings could be prolonged twenty seconds when the air performed required it. The workmanship displayed on these Gonzales guitars is exquisite, and the instruments were sold at the price of $200 each.

The progressive development of sonorous power in music, which began in the second half of the eighteenth century, has caused to disappear from the domain of art one by one all the instruments whose voices are not very strong. But, as recently as forty years ago, the guitar was cultivated with passionate feeling by a multitude of persons of musical tastes all over the world. Rossini, in "The Barber of Seville," gets a charming effect from it in the famous serenade. Still the days of the guitar, in any wide sense, were even then numbered. It has not sufficient volume of sound to hold a place in the noisy music of the present, not to mention that of the future.

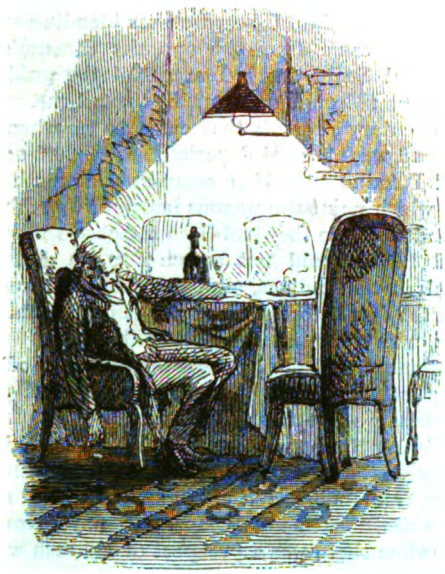
Spain is now the only country where the instrument continues to give active signs of life. Heard amid the stillness of the lovely moonlit nights of Spain, struck by a practiced hand, and accompanied by a mellow voice, it seems in perfect analogy with the character of the nation itself—tender, gallant, dreamy, secret, and melancholy.

## THE LAST SUPPER.

By J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.

There is a story of a club of twelve friends who agreed together to sup annually on a certain day, at a certain place, when all should meet, no matter how far apart they might be scattered; the survivor to sit at the last supper alone. The compact was kept to the letter, and the last man was found dead in his chair.

Sad at heart he sat, and lonely,
In the gayly lighted hall,
With the silence broken only
By the clock upon the wall,
Saying with its dreary ticking: "End of
Time must come to all!"



Sad he filled the bumper, glowing
With the ruby-flashing wine;
Drank, but felt no rapture flowing
From the spirit of the vine:
Only Death spake from the goblet—
"Thou art old, and thou art mine!"

Vacant chairs around the table
Standing stiffly in the gloom,
And the tapers are not able
So to light the empty room,
That the shadows in the corners shall not
Speak of death and doom.

Where are they, the gay eleven
Who once sat here at his side?
Some in Hades, some in Heaven—
All are gone; yes, all have died,
And have left the old man lonely; greater
Ill can scarce betide.

Midnight, stepping through the portal
Of the open banquet door,
Finds within the weary mortal
Sadly waiting for the hour
When the compact shall be ended, and
The Twelve shall be no more.

Waiting—stay, what is it passes
Gliding to each vacant chair,
Filling high the empty glasses,
Pouring on the midnight air
Scraps of ancient song and story? Lo
The last, the dead are there!

And they drank, and toasted gayly
Many a loved one in the tomb,
Many a beauty they'd mourned daily,
Cut off long since in her bloom,
And the ringing toasts and laughter filled
With joy the banquet-room.

When the servants came to tell him
That the night was nearly fled,
Little dreaming what befell him,
And how fast his time had sped,
There they found his body only, for his soul
Was with the dead!

## THE PECAN NUT.

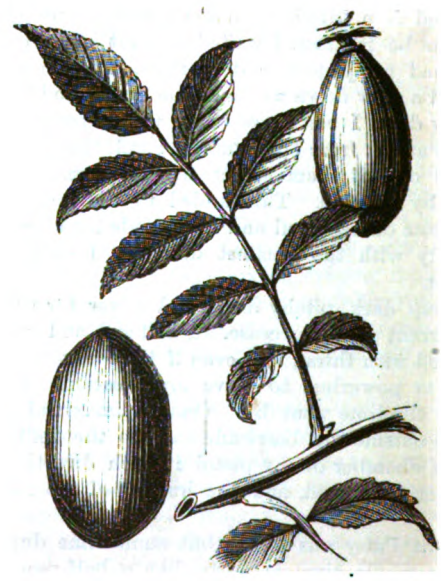
The pecan, or Illinois nut, belongs to the genus *Carya*, more commonly known as the hickory. It is surnamed by botanists *Oliviformis*, on account of its resemblance in shape to the olive. This is the finest and most deliciously flavored nut of the genus. As its name implies, it is a native of Illinois.

The tree, when fully grown, reaches the height of sixty or seventy feet, and has a straight trunk. It grows spontaneously on the river-banks of Illinois, southward to Mississippi. It is also found in gardens and sheltered situations as far north as the Hudson River, but is nevertheless quite rare in this vicinity, as our Winters are too severe. It is very abundant in Texas, from whence immense quantities of the nuts are annually sent to our markets.

The tree bears yearly a bounteous crop of those sweet and pleasantly flavored nuts, considered by many as being superior to any of the nuts of Europe.

The husks are very thin, as also is the shell of the nut itself, which is of an ashen or yellowish-brown color, soft, and easily broken. A very palatable oil is obtained from the kernel by pressure.

Owing to the constant destruction of the pecan trees for



THE PECAN NUT.

timber, the supply of nuts is annually becoming scarce. Last season they brought from $3 to $4 a bushel in the Southern markets.

Of the genus *Carya* there are other familiar varieties: the shell-bark (*C. Alba*), common in the Eastern States, and highly valued for its timber, contains a sap rich in sugar;

AT COURT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

the mocker-nut (*C. Fomentosa*), noted as being the most common of all the hickories, being plentiful in the West and South, as well as East; and the pig or hog nut, the tree of which is the most noble of all, growing to the height of nearly ninety feet. The wood of this species is considered superior to that of any other. The fruit is smaller than the others, and is mostly eaten by squirrels and pigs. Hence its name.

## PRESENTED AT COURT.

Contrary to the custom of most European Courts, the English Court has kept up the habit of a daylight ceremony, for the purpose of what is known as Presentation. Both "levees" and "drawing-rooms" (the former attended by men only) take place early in the afternoon (usually beginning at two o'clock), and full dress is required of all attending. This involves, in the case of ladies, a large amount of trouble, so that all the morning of the day has frequently to be spent in some toilet process or other. The fashionable hair-dressers—and there are not above three in London who are considered to be quite "the thing"—are engaged weeks beforehand; and as the number of people needing their services is large, and their best apprentice is not always well received as a substitute, it follows that many *coiffures* have to be arranged hours before the time. Fancy yourself sitting down to breakfast with your hair dressed as if for a ball, while the rest of your dress consists of a comfortable wrapper, or a lace-trimmed morning-gown.

The Court etiquette requires three ostrich feathers and a vail, no matter how disposed, nor of what size; and the *coiffeurs* are skillful enough to arrange very pretty combinations out of, nominally, the same materials which furnished our great-grandmothers with their hideous nodding head-dresses, a foot and a half high, and clumsy, notwithstanding their height. Many family pictures show this peculiarity of Court costume of bygone days; a thing like the sign of the Prince of Wales's approbation over a successful tailor's shop, stands upright on a small, insignificant head, and a heavy vail of priceless lace, with all grace and elegance hidden behind age and costliness, hangs clumsily behind the bare shoulders.

As the lady's great-granddaughter stands before this portentous representation, hanging in the further corner of the long dining-room that represents the breadth of a whole London house of the old style, she may well compare her own Court equipment favorably with that of her ancestors.

Living in such a house, we will presume that she is not one of the Belgravian, fast or husband-hunting kind, but a girl with country tastes and quiet manners, not given to extravagance of fancy in dress or to lavishness of purse; but in England the exigencies of position are so arbitrary, the social machinery so resistless, that it is out of the question that she should spend her Summer where and as she likes, before having paid toll, at least for one season, and run the gauntlet of London society.

The French *coiffeur* has put three small ostrich feathers (I believe marabout is also permitted) as coquettishly as white camellias, among the intricate puffs and loops of hair, and on the left side, rather far back, is fastened the silver-spangled tulle of the very lightest kind—only a tangible vapor—which represents the technical "vail."

You may see, when you get to Buckingham Palace, a good many head-dresses that will astonish you—hair standing in solid tiers, dragged up from the neck; hair "banged" like a terrier's over the forehead (perhaps the worst taste of all); hair floating in preternaturally long love-locks, or "frizzed" in curious wrinkles produced by hot crimping-irons; but what I am describing now is a compromise between the extreme of fashion—whatever it may be at the time—and the style that best suits the face of the wearer. When you see such a *coiffure* in a crowd, you may be sure that with it goes the traditional character of the old-fashioned type of Englishwoman, modest, home-loving, dreading notoriety and hating affectation.

By-and-by, after breakfast, our young girl will put on her dress, generally a marvel of prettiness, and only second to the bridal dress as a model of millinery. White is almost universal for a *débutante*—a silk or satin underdress, puffed with tulle and looped with flowers, and a train of silk or satin, trimmed to match round the edge. Sometimes, when fastidious taste objects to artificial flowers, satin bows and white feather trimming make a prettier and more uncommon substitute. The first court-dress of our friend let us suppose to be something like this, *plus* some wonderful Parisian shimmer of silver introduced very delicately here and there, and, instead of tulle, the rarer and lighter *crêpe-lisse*.

After an ordeal of admiration from the assembled household, she gets into the carriage, usually the stately "chariot," or "coach," an antique-looking vehicle, hung very high, and approached by three or four folding steps. On the single seat in front, called the "hammer-cloth," from its being covered like a cushioned ottoman, sits the coachman, whose full dress consists of a small wig in tightly curling rows fitting to the head like a cap, knee-breeches, pink silk stockings, and buckled shoes, and a large bouquet of choice flowers fastened to the front of his coat, whose color depends on that of the family livery. The wig and cockaded hat are part of his customary as well as "full" dress. The footmen stand, in the same costume, *minus* the wig (their hair being powdered, as usual), on a wide board at the back of the coach, holding on by embroidered straps. Two footmen are sufficient, but three are considered a still more fashionable number, and the under-butler often dons his livery to make it up.

Toward the Marble Arch, the carriage begins to be stopped by a crowd of other carriages like itself, full of finery inside and out; for the husbands, fathers and brothers generally accompany their womankind, and consequently wear their uniforms or court-dress, though at a drawing-room they do not go into the Presence-chamber itself. Presently the carriages fall into rank, and henceforward the progress is at a slow foot's pace, and the road lined on either side with a thronging multitude, scarcely kept back by the police. Free remarks are passed on the beauties inside the coaches. The British public, though it "dearly loves a lord," as this very crowd testifies, is still fonder of criticising him at a safe distance; and outspoken and quickly formed judgments are passed on every face as it is borne slowly along. To a bashful person, this is worse than the publicity of the Palace itself.

At last the gates are reached, the magnificent, statuesque sentries of the Horse Guards are passed, and, still under the gaze of a crowd—but a uniformed, military and official crowd—the occupants of the carriages get out. Here, in the first hall, which is almost open, and one of the most picturesque parts of the unartistic Palace, the multitude and variety of uniforms are bewildering. There is a detachment of the Guards in blue or scarlet uniforms, blazing with gold lace, the high, polished boots meeting the white leather breeches, and the gilt helmet with a tangle of black or scarlet horse-hair flying from it, the men all of gigantic stature and equal height, physically a picked corps; there are servants in liveries so gorgeous that they

might be mistaken for court-dress; ambassadors from foreign countries, in uniforms, or in some special national dress; court officials in their various costumes; and a maze of women in every color of the rainbow, and exhibiting every variety of fashion.

The staircase which opens to your right as you go in is full, yet not crowded; up and down its whole length the same bright display of warm color, framing otherwise insignificant faces and figures, and the same through the immense saloons beyond. At one spot the stairs branch off on two sides of a wide landing, where pace guards of a different stamp from those below—the famous "Beef-eaters," or, properly speaking, the "Yeomen of the Guard"—a corps dating from Henry VIII.'s reign, and still wearing the costume that distinguished them at the Tudor Court—buckled shoes, scarlet hose meeting short, puffed breeches, a scarlet tunic with a golden rose on back or breast, and a red, round flat cap. They bear the old halberd instead of any modern weapon. Forty of these yeomen (there are one hundred in all) are in attendance at the Tower as "wardens," and it is nominally their duty to attend also at the royal table, to carry up the dishes. I do not know if this is done now. On levee and drawing-room days they are distributed in the palace chambers from the stairs to the Presence-chamber, nearest the door of which the head of the band, or "Yeoman Usher," stands. The lowermost yeoman, when a person of certain distinction enters from the stairs, calls aloud, "Yeoman Usher!" to anounce his approach; whereupon the usher answers, "Stand by!" to warn lesser individuals to make way. These attentions are called "the honors of the Great Chamber," and only peers and peeresses, privy councilors, knights of the great Orders, ambassadors, and the heads of legations, with their respective wives, are entitled to them.

In St. James's Palace, where the "drawing-rooms" used to be held, the space was much more confined, and real inconvenience was often the result; but in Buckingham Palace, there seem miles of hall and saloon to get through before reaching the room of audience. Progress is slow, however, even at present, and there is ample time, often two hours, for conversation, observation, and curiosity. You notice all the diversities of personal taste as well as the layers of fashion represented by the numberless women—young, middle-aged, and old; you stare at the diamonds of this one, and the family lace of that; you are curious about the history of that fair, haughty, melancholy dame; that other is the sister of a lady no longer "in society," on account of some scandal not possible to be hushed up; that one beyond has been married three or four times; the next is the greatest heiress of this year, and on the other side is the last beauty, who is "all the rage." And the toilets! Many are Parisian, and cost four times their real worth; but many more are as costly, and yet dowdy into the bargain. The old women are the most painful to look at; the taste of their youth survives in those hideous erections on their heads; the incongruity of colors is not worse than the contrast of any color with their poor necks and arms, swathed in gold and jewels, like the brown images of Italian shrines.

Those splendid Beef-eaters, however, are enough to turn the attention of any female spectator, at least, from the contemplation of their own sex, or of the foreign beribboned or bespangled diplomats whose dark eyes and complexions are so good a foil to the auburn-haired Saxons who swarm among them.

No one hears the odd name of "Beef-eater" without wondering what it means, and there are two or three learned explanations, based on corruption into English of a French official term; but Fuller, in his Church History, gives a pleasant incident as the source of their modern name, and if the explanation is not conclusive, the story is none the less characteristic.

He says that Henry VIII. when out hunting in the neighborhood of Reading, disguised himself as one of his yeomen, and paid a visit to the abbot about dinner-time. The abbot, finding it politic to be civil to such a guest, invited him to dine at his own table, where there was a large joint of beef, of which the supposed yeoman ate voraciously. Observing his appetite, the abbot cried out: "Well fare thy heart! and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of His Grace. I would give £100, on condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak, squeamish stomach will scarcely digest the wing * of a small rabbit or chicken."

The king took his leave, and a few weeks after the abbot was summarily committed close prisoner to the Tower, and fed for many days on bread and water. When at length a piece of beef was put before him, he was quite in a condition to enjoy it; and while he was eating it, the king came to see him, and demanded the £100 promised for a restoration of appetite. Such a practical joke is not unlike Bluff King Hal, and Fuller vouches for the truth of the story and the fact of the payment. The connection between the uniform of the yeoman and beef-eating would henceforth be natural in the mind of the abbot, and the story—enjoyed, as it would be, by most Englishmen—might easily entail the nickname, which to most people at present is the only one, of the Yeomen of the Guards.

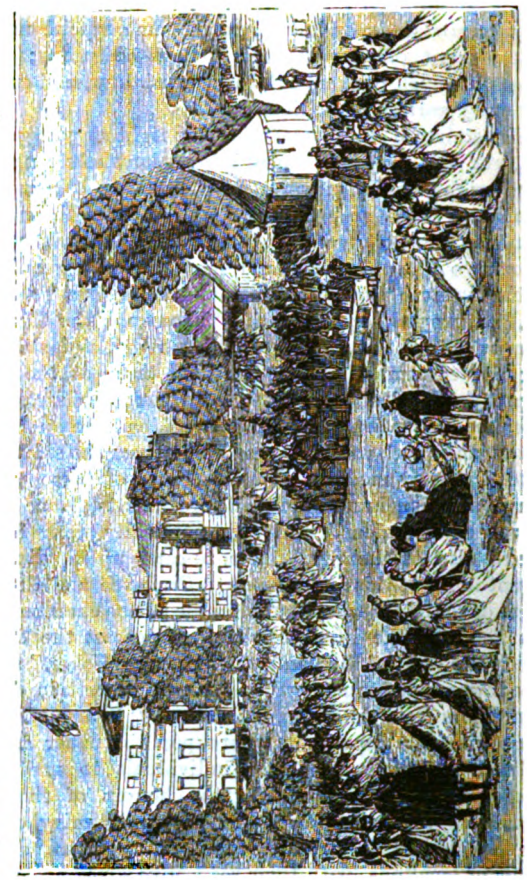
By-and-by, as the time goes on, the crowd lessens round the ante-room, divided from the great saloon by two low turning-gates, admitting one person at a time. Within is a page-in-waiting, to whom one of the prescribed cards bearing the name of the individual and the person presenting her, is given, while the other is handed on entering the Presence-chamber to the lord-in-waiting charged with announcing the names to the sovereign. Just as you go in, your train, which hitherto you have carried over your left arm, is spread out behind you by two men posted on each side of the door for the purpose, and you walk up to the Queen, who stands in the centre of the room, with a half-circle of the Princesses and Officers of the Household around and behind her. The lord-in-waiting reads out the names in a clear voice, and you courtesy low as the sovereign gives you her hand to kiss. Ladies above the rank of earls' daughters (inclusive) receive a kiss from the sovereign on the cheek; all below that rank only kiss the hand.

In the days of George III., after the old King became deaf, it was not always easy for him to hear the name, and it is said that on one occasion, the wife of a city knight being presented to him as Lady So-and-So, he was going to salute her cheek, when the Lord Chamberlain, horrified at the breach of etiquette and precedence, called out, loudly, "Do not kiss her, Sir; she is not a *real* lady!" On another occasion, he kissed a young *débutante*, a very pretty girl, so heartily, that he got his nose powdered from the dust of her spreading *coiffure*, and, not observing it, was admonished by an officer of the household, but not until the latter's agonized gestures, being misunderstood by the good-natured king, had to be put into loud words that caused a titter throughout the Court.

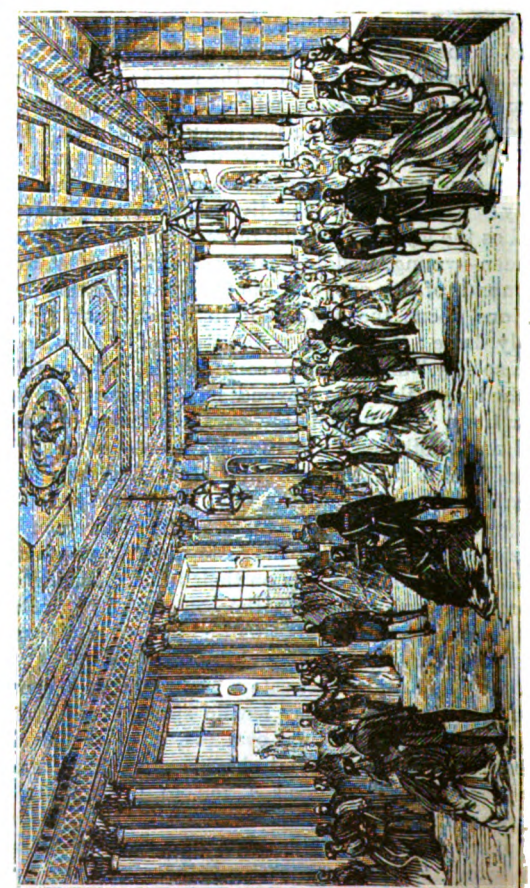
A few seconds are all that is required for presentation, and you pass on sideways, courtesying still to the members of the royal family, who stand to the left of the sovereign,

* Rabbit is often served whole, boiled in white sauce; and the doubled-up fore-leg is not unlike a wing.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.



A GARDEN-PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM—THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

until, when nearing the opposite door, two men once again dexterously throw your train over your arm, and you back out of the throne-room.

These movements are not easy, and the knowledge that a hundred eyes are upon you does not tend to make you graceful. Girls are usually trained to it by a special rehearsal, either at home or, oftener still, at a dancing-school, where, with a table-cloth tied round them, they are taught to back and manage a train. Even under these circumstances, awkwardness is the common result.

After passing the Sovereign, no one is allowed to stay in the same room, except, at the levees, the ministers, the officers of the household, the foreign ministers and the officers on duty; and at the drawing-rooms, the respective wives of these dignitaries. An unmarried woman is usually presented by her mother or nearest female relation; a bride, by her mother-in-law or her husband's nearest female relation; and a foreigner, by the wife of the minister representing her country.

Technically, a girl is not really "out" before she is presented at Court. On her marriage, she is presented once more, and then, once again, should she succeed to a title, either in her own right or in her husband's; for instance, the wife of a peer's eldest son, on her husband's succeeding his father and becoming himself a peer.

When petitions or addresses are presented to the Sovereign during a levee or drawing-room, it is the rule to write a short statement of the object of such a paper, with the name of the person presenting it, on the cards beforementioned, one to be left with the page in the ante-room, the other to be given to the lord-in-waiting, who reads the contents out loud, but no other statement, either by word of mouth or in writing, is allowed on the occasion. I believe there is no technical reason preventing any one not of noble or gentle blood from being presented to the Sovereign; at any rate, persons in the lower ranks of society are constantly presented. The only bar is illegitimacy or personal ill-conduct, and the former is occasionally overlooked when circumstances warrant it. The chief obstacle to practical people of all classes is the expense, involving other items besides the mere dress. The latter, if judiciously managed, may be turned to good account, and people often manufacture three presentable dresses out of the materials of a Court suit, the train alone being capable of making a handsome dress. Velvet is a magnificent, and, on the whole, an economical choice, for it will last almost your lifetime; but the use of it is restricted by custom to married women, and the same tacit rule holds good in London for the wearing of diamonds.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM—THE CEREMONY OF PRESENTATION.

Last season two young Americans were presented—at least, two intended to be—and made up their minds to disregard the old rule about ostrich feathers, wear flowers instead, and see what would come of it. The story goes—as the newspaper correspondents had it—that one of them was actually presented, but that the significant look which the Queen gave her headdress as she passed before her so deterred the other girl, watching the presentation from the ante-room, that she gave up her intention for the time, and went home. The well-known conservatism of the Queen as regards court-forms is no doubt a wholesome check, especially at present, when all forms, even of decency, are on the wane. There is still a wide gap between English and American social toleration, but the difference between English ways to-day and English ways

forty years ago is still wider in proportion. Fortunately, the social head of the nation is intensely conservative and old-fashioned in her views, and people who would not otherwise be held back *are* slightly impressed by the fact that, although "free and easy" may be the latest stamp of society manners, it is a stamp utterly repudiated by Court manners.

The Court garden-parties, which have become the fashion of late years, are of course less formal than the Court balls and concerts which are given every season, two of the former and two of the latter, and to which all have a right to be invited who have been to a levee or drawing-room during the year. Most people who wish to keep in the front of London life, therefore, go to Court at least once a year. Young men are presented at levees by their fathers, guardians, or nearest male relation, and wear uniform or Court-dress. As nearly every one is a Volunteer, there is always that resource to fall back upon in the costume line; but the ordinary Court-dress of the individual who cannot boast even of a Volunteer uniform is very pretty, and generally becoming, consisting of a coat and waistcoat of black velvet, lace ruffles at neck and wrists, black silk stockings and low shoes with buckles, and, I believe, a light sword. Professional men often go in this when not in the Volunteer force and entitled to wear a uniform. The garden-parties, of course, involve only morning dress, and leave plenty of margin for individual taste.

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now PONDER well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one, a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mold.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth—
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear:
"Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone
She kissed her children small—
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!"

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young
And slay them in the wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away they went, these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide—
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay;

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake with fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here expressed;
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God with such-like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

## THE POTTERY TREE.

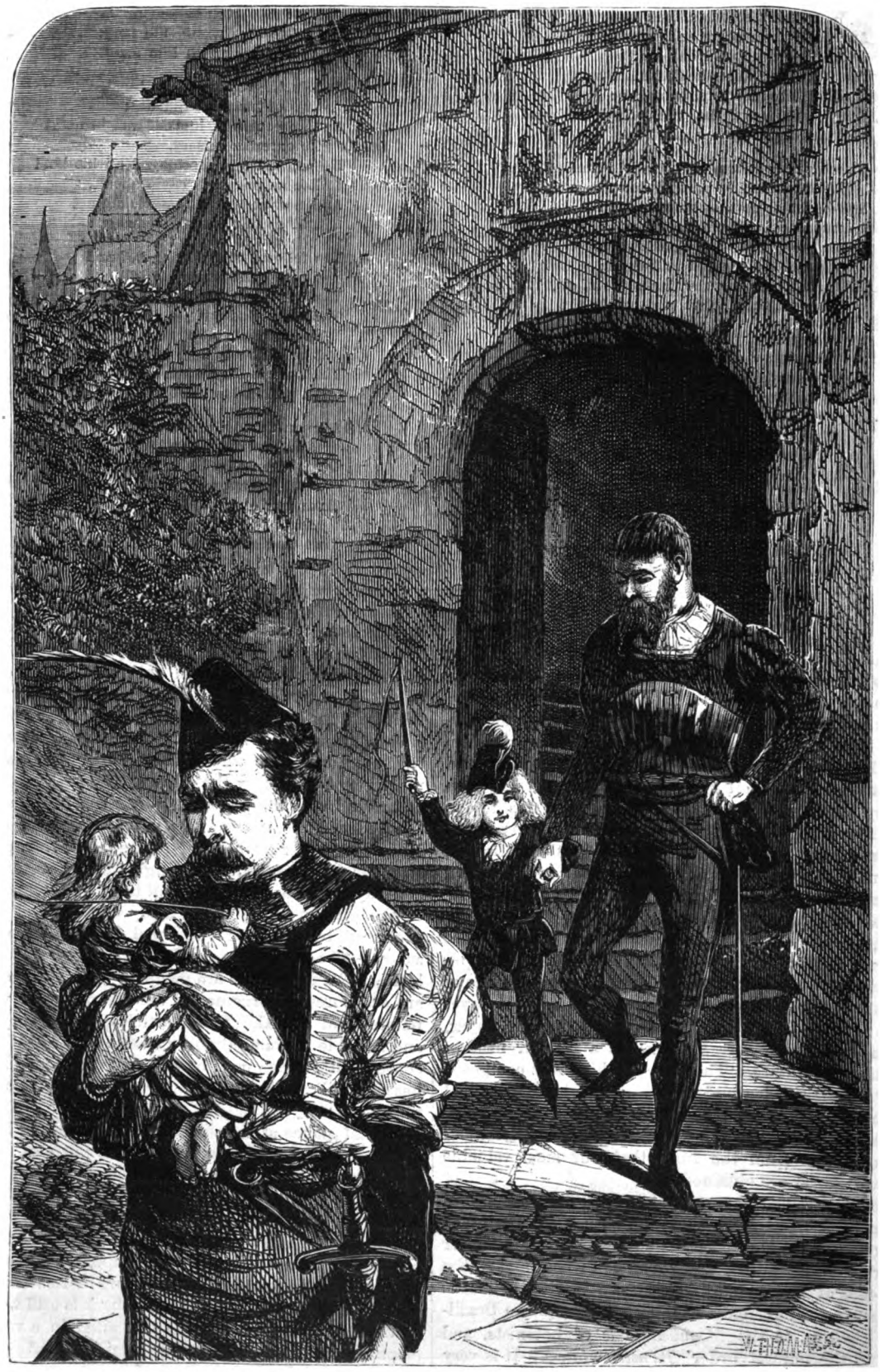
Among the various economic products of the vegetable kingdom, scarcely any hold a more important place than barks, whether for medicinal, manufacturing or other purposes. The structure and formation of all barks are essentially very similar, being composed of cellular and fibrous tissue. The cell contents of these tissues, however, vary much in different plants; and for this reason we have fibrous or soft, woody, hard, and even stony barks. To explain everything which relates to the structure of bark would lead us into long details which our space will not permit. Briefly stated, the bark of trees (considering now those of our own climate) consists of three layers. The outermost, called the cortical, is formed of cellular tissue, and differs widely in consistency in different species; thus, in cork oak, which furnishes man with one of his most useful commercial products, the cortical layer acquires extraordinary thickness. The middle layer, called the cellular, or "green bark," is a cellular mass of a very different nature. The cells of which it is composed are polyhedral, thicker, and more loosely joined, and filled with sap and chlorophyl. The inner layer (next the wood), called the liber, consists of fibres more or less long and tenacious. It is from the liber that our most valuable commercial fibres are obtained.

In some plants the fibrous system prevails throughout the inner bark. But what we wish to refer to more particularly at present is a remarkable example of the harder and more silicious barks, and which is to be found in the Pottery-tree of Para. This tree, known to the Spaniards as *El Caouta*, to the French as *Bois de Fer*, to the Brazilians as *Caraipe*, is the *Moquilea utilis* of botanists, and belongs to the natural order *Ternstrœmiaceæ*. It is very large, straight and slender, reaching a height of 100 feet before branching. Its diameter is from twelve to fifteen inches, and its wood is exceedingly hard, from containing much flinty matter. Although the wood of the tree is exceedingly sound and durable, the great value of the tree to the natives exists in the bark, for a purpose which, to say the least, is a novel one in the application of barks—that of the manufacture of pottery.

The Indians employed in the manufacture of pottery from this material always keep a stock of it on hand in their huts for the purpose of drying and seasoning it, as it then burns more freely, and the ashes can be gathered with more ease than when fresh. In the process of manufacturing the pottery the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers; this kind being preferred, as it takes up a larger quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware. Though the proportions of ash and clay are varied at the will of the maker, and according to the quality of the bark, a superior kind of pottery is produced by a mixture of equal parts of fine clay and ashes. All sorts of vessels of small or large size for household or other purposes are made of this kind of ware, as are also vases or ornamental articles, many of which are painted and glazed. These articles are all very durable, and are able to stand almost any amount of heat; they are consequently much used by the natives for boiling eggs, heating milk, and, indeed, for culinary purposes generally.

A brief glance at the structure of the bark will show how it comes to be so well adapted for this purpose. The bark seldom grows more than half an inch thick, and is covered with a skin or epidermis; when fresh, it cuts somewhat similar to a soft sandstone, but when dry it is very brittle and flint-like, and often difficult to break. On examination of a section under the microscope, all the cells of the different layers are seen to be more or less silicated, the silex forming in the cells when the bark is still very young. In the inner bark the flint is deposited in a very regular manner, the particles being straight, and giving off branches at right angles; that of the porous cells of the bark, however, is very much contorted, and ramifies in all directions.

In the best varieties of the tree, those growing in rich and dry soil, the silex can be readily detected by the naked eye; but to test the quality of the various kinds of bark.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 302.

the natives burn it, and then try its strength between their fingers; if it breaks easily, it is considered of little value; but if it needs a mortar and pestle to break it, its quality is pronounced good. From an analysis of this singular bark, that of old trees has been found to give 30.8 per cent. of ash, and that of young, 23.30 per cent. The wood of the tree, in comparison with the bark, is relatively poor in silex, the duramen of an old tree giving only 2.5 per cent.

THE "RESOLUTE" ABANDONED IN THE ICE AS DISCOVERED BY CAPTAIN BUDDINGTON.

# THE STORY OF THE "RESOLUTE."

A SHORT cable dispatch recently published in one of the New York daily papers announced that the old Arctic exploring ship *Resolute*, which formed part of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850, is about to be broken up at the Chatham Dockyard.

The memories which are awakened by this simple announcement are many and interesting. The ill-fated search for a Northwest passage made by Sir John Franklin has long been the object of deep and anxious interest. Both English and American expeditions were fitted out to search not only for the passage, but for Sir John Franklin as well, who never returned from his quest amid the eternal ice. We remember the Grinnell expedition, commanded by the gallant Kane; and since his time there have been many adventurous and brave spirits who were willing to risk hardship—nay, even death—that to them the glory might be of determining the fate of Franklin.

It was in the Spring of 1845 that Sir John Franklin started on his last and fatal voyage to the North Seas. He had previously made several voyages thither, and had earned the reward of knighthood from the English Government, which always knows how to recompense bravery and merit. He started on his final voyage from the Orkney Islands, on June 8th, in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with Captain Crozier, an experienced Arctic navigator, as his lieutenant, and one hundred and thirty-seven brave and resolute picked seamen. A month later he arrived at Baffin's Bay, where he remained a few days, baffled by the floating ice, which, however, opened on the 25th of July; and on that day the two ships sailed out into those Polar seas from which none of their occupants ever returned alive.

SIR EDWARD BELCHER.

Two years passed away, and no word was heard of the missing heroes. The English Government determined to institute a search. An expedition was sent out under Sir James Ross, another under Sir John Richardson; but neither was able to find any trace of the lost. Hope then was lost by all except the brave and noble wife of the missing commander; and she till her dying day never gave up the search for her lost husband. She believed, and impressed her belief on others, that Sir John and his companions had taken refuge among the Esquimaux, and were dragging out a weary existence in some remote wilderness, in expectation of help from home. Several expeditions were fitted out, some of which discovered articles which were identified as having been on the two ships *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In the year 1852, the English Government determined to make a last effort to discover the fate of Franklin. Five vessels, the *Pioneer*, *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Intrepid* and *Investigation*, were selected and fitted out. The *Assistance* was commanded by Sir Edward Belcher, the *Resolute* by Captain Kellett, and the *Investigation* by Captain McClure. The reports received of the progress of this expedition were uniformly unfavorable; and, after an absence of nearly two years, the Government sent out the *Phœnix* and the *Talbot* to the relief of the other ships, which were imprisoned in the ice.

Sir Edward Belcher decided

to abandon some ships in Wellington Channel, latitude 76°, longitude 94°, and return home in the *Phœnix* and *Talbot*. This was in May, 1854. Captain Kellett of the *Resolute* did not wish to abandon his vessel, and wanted to remain and winter the season out, but yielded to the command of his superior with great regret.

The crews of the *Investigation*, *Resolute* and *Assistance* were placed on board the *Phœnix* and *Talbot*, and were, along with their commanders, taken home to England. Although Sir Edward Belcher had orders from the Admiralty that in the opinion of many justified him in abandoning the vessels, yet he and Captains McClure, Kellett and Richards were tried by court-martial for not properly performing the duties allotted to them. The result of the investigation placed Sir Edward in rather an unpleasant situation; for, although he was acquitted of the charge against him, the swords of Captains McClure and Kellett were handed back to them with a complimentary speech, while his was returned in silence. This action on the part of the Admiralty was considered almost tantamount to a conviction, in the eyes of the world and his brother officers.

The *Resolute*, thus abandoned, was left fast imprisoned in the ice, and none of her crew expected ever to see her again; but sixteen months later she was rescued by an American whaler under the command of Captain James M. Buddington, who has since made his name known in the history of Arctic discovery. On May 29th, 1855, the whaling bark *George Henry*, Captain Buddington and seventeen men, left New London, Conn., bound on a whaling voyage in the Northern Seas. In the course of a few weeks she was surrounded by ice. On August 20th, when in latitude 67°, the ice became penetrable, and the bark was able to force its way in a southerly direction nearly two hundred miles. A storm then came up, and the bark became unmanageable, and for three days drifted in a floe of ice, still in a southerly direction. On the 10th of September, in latitude 64°, while hemmed in with fields of ice, Captain Buddington discovered a ship in the distance. He at first signaled the ship; but, on receiving no answer, he ascended the rigging, and, looking through his glass, pronounced the stranger an abandoned vessel. Captain Buddington said, after his return: "She was bearing northeast, twenty miles from Cape Mercy. Her head appeared to be due east. We kept gradually nearing one another. For five days we had been in sight, and it was not until the sixth that I ordered two of the crew to proceed to the abandoned vessel across the seven miles of pack-ice that separated us, and directed them to bring back an account of the phantom ship. I had told them to send for me if the case seemed a very bad one, and I would go and take a look at her before we finally abandoned her, if it was thought to be hopeless to save her."

The mate, Mr. Quale, and his companions, when they came up with the vessel, found the ice piled up in solid rifts around her. She was lying over on the port side. With the superstition natural to sailors, they for a long time hesitated to go on board. Finally stealing over the side, they found everything stowed away in proper order for desertion—spars hauled up to one side and bound, boats piled together, and hatches closed. Everything wore the silence of the tomb. At length, reaching the cabin door, they broke in, and felt their way in the darkness to the table. On it they fortunately found a box of lucifer matches; in a moment one was ignited; the glowing blaze revealed a candle, and on lighting it a scene was exposed before the gaze of these astonished men more like enchantment than reality. Upon the massive table was a metal teapot, glistening as if new; also a large volume of Scott's family Bible, together with glasses and decanters filled with choice liquors. Near by was Captain Kellett's chair, over which had been thrown, as if to protect this seat from vulgar occupation, the royal flag of Great Britain. There was also another object of especial attention—a stove, either of brass or bronze, of peculiar construction, which, at the time it was first seen by the rescuing party, was shining with burnished brilliancy.

The exhilarating effect of the liquors on Quale and his companions soon dissipated the ghosts of the dead they at first supposed were still attendant upon the ship, and in their migrations they opened the private wine-locker in the captain's cabin. The first thing turned out was a basket of champagne; another followed, and there began a popping of corks which sounded unusually comforting considering the howling of the distant storm which raged without.

For two days these agreeable revels continued, when Quale, having satisfied himself thoroughly of the merits of the discovery, returned to the *George Henry*, and reported the result of his examination, announcing that the ship was the *Resolute*, one of the fleet abandoned under the command of Sir Edward Belcher.

Captain Buddington, on becoming fully acquainted with the prize, determined that a British Government vessel was of more commercial value than whales, while at the same time there was considerable glory in restoring to the living, breathing world a famous ship, supposed to have been long since sunken in the yawning grave of the sea. He himself said, on his return, "I was quite familiar with the published accounts of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, and blamed myself for not having solved the mystery of the ship by a lucky guess. I determined to abandon the catching of whales and to navigate the *Resolute* to some port of the United States. I accordingly sent the first mate, with six men, to the ship, telling them to communicate by signal all details about the condition of the vessel and her seaworthiness. It took nearly a day to accomplish the journey to the ship."

On the 17th of September, Captain Buddington for the first time took possession of the *Resolute*, and staid on board that night, and on the next day proceeded to examine her condition. On descending the hold, she was found to be entirely full of water up to the first deck. The well was then sounded, and seven feet of water were discovered to be in the ship. The pumps were then examined, and, being of new construction, none but Captain Buddington understood the manner of working them. One of them, which was a force pump of great power, was rigged, and the following morning was got into working order. A gang of men was then set to work, and for three days the pump was kept busy. Fourteen hours of the twenty-four were consumed in thus freeing the vessel from water. On the third day her hold was cleared, and the attention of the captain was then turned toward extricating the prize from the dangerous position in which she was then placed. After incredible exertion, the *Resolute* was entirely freed from ice and water, and on Sunday, the 23d, she was righted.

The day following, Captain Buddington and his party went to work at the rigging, getting it straight, and preparing to make sail. The rudder, which was found on deck, was put in its place, and in a week the canvas was all bent, and the *Resolute* was in a position to resume the journey upon which she started out over three years before.

When all was ready, Captain Buddington squared away for New London, with a crew of eleven men. The ice would occasionally open, and the vessel made a little al-

vance, sometimes half a ship's length, and sometimes several lengths, in a southeast direction. When she was at last freed from the floating ice, Cape Elizabeth was in sight.

Among the difficulties that beset the captain in the *Resolute*, was the want of proper navigation instruments to work the vessel. His compass was not trustworthy, he was without a chronometer, and he had no other map of the American coast than a rough outline drawn on a sheet of foolscap. Nevertheless, with these poor appliances, the brave Buddington took his place on the deck of that ship which Captain Kellett had so reluctantly deserted nearly two years before.

Bidding adieu to his comrades on the *George Henry*, and trusting in Providence, but relying also in a great measure on his practical experience in Arctic navigation, he started on his journey home. Soon after he got fairly under way, the British bark *Alibi* hove in sight, and, on being signaled, came alongside the *Resolute*. The news of the recovery was communicated to Captain Stuart, of the British bark, and a pair of Captain Kellett's epaulets found on board the abandoned vessel were intrusted to him by Captain Buddington, with instructions to have them forwarded to the owner as speedily as possible. A letter for the owners of the *George Henry*, informing them of what had occurred, was also placed in the hands of Captain Stuart, who promised to mail it immediately on his arrival in England.

On the homeward voyage, Captain Buddington experienced every possible privation and hardship. The ballast-tanks had burst in the hold, long before he came into possession of the *Resolute*, which made the ship light, and disposed to roll in the trough of the sea. Gale after gale poured its fury on the ship, at times driving it helpless amid the waste of water and ice. On account of her great strength, no danger of her being sunk by the floes of ice on which she was constantly driven was anticipated; but there was a period in the history of the voyage when the lives of all on board hung, as it were, by a thread. When a little to the north of the Banks of Newfoundland, the *Resolute* came in contact with a towering iceberg, on the summit of which was a detached piece of ice of many tons in weight, and which the captain expected every moment would topple down upon the vessel and sink the prize he had so gallantly won. So great was the danger that the boats were all in readiness to put off, should the overhanging glacier be precipitated upon them. But they passed this danger in safety.

Night and day the captain and his gallant crew remained at their posts. The crew, not having shipped in the *Resolute*, every man was more less his own master. All discipline had to be effected by persuasion. There was no command given on board. "For sixty hours at a time," said Captain Buddington, "I frequently had no sleep, and would sometimes sink, utterly exhausted, and wake, to my own astonishment, in some part of the cabin." His hands became almost helpless with the labor of working the ropes, and for a long time after showed the signs of the hard work they did on that voyage. In fact, so great was his mental and physical suffering and anxiety, that he declared that he would not again go through the same scene for the salvation of a fleet of abandoned ships.

But his noble perseverance was successful, and a few days after the safe arrival of the *George Henry* at New London—on Sunday morning, December 24th, 1855, one hundred and six days after he took possession of the prize—he dropped his anchor in the harbor of his destined port. His desire to save the *Resolute* was accomplished.

The moment the anchor was down, Captain Buddington ran up the royal ensign of Great Britain. The astonishment ashore at the appearance of a strange vessel, with topgallantmasts down, was exceedingly great; but when the British flag was planted in the faces of the admiring crowd, Sunday as it was, the determination was at once taken to take the ship by storm. It was estimated that in a few hours 300 sailing craft of various sizes had encircled the stranger. A few months before, the *Resolute* was hugged in by the towering ice, all was solitude and desertion—now, how changed the scene! The eternal silence of the Arctic seas had disappeared, and in its place were gallant vessels crowded with living, admiring, enthusiastic beings, who, as they comprehended the great triumph of their fellow-townsmen, rent the air with joyous acclamations. The crew hailed their friends, and, according to the time-honored custom of celebrating "arrivals at home," made sad havoc with the choice wines and liquors of the *Resolute*.

During the sixteen months that the *Resolute* was without a human being to guide her course, she had floated over some thousands of miles. In the opinion of Captain Buddington, if Captain Kellett had remained on board the *Resolute*, he would have perished with cold, the topmasts having already been consumed for fuel. The ship was abandoned by those on board, fast locked in the centre of a field of ice, 300 miles in extent, and it could not have been less than 150 miles from the nearest open water. Under such circumstances, the British officers were fully justified in leaving her as they did. It was a natural impossibility for them to have extricated themselves for at least a twelvemonth, and very doubtful whether they could have done it at all, before their provisions failed them, for though, when the Americans took possession of her, she was well supplied, she had by no means enough on board to have lasted a crew of seventy-five men that length of time. When she was abandoned, her sails were left bent on the standing rigging, yet, so preservative was the Arctic atmosphere, that they brought her safely into New London.

The *Resolute* was a vessel of 600 tons, and was valued at $100,000. A Resolution was passed by the House of Representatives on August 28th, 1856, authorizing her purchase by the Government, and directing that she be presented to Great Britain. The sum of $40,000 was appropriated, which was accepted by the owners of the *George Henry*, whose lawful prize the *Resolute* was, the English Government having waived all claim to her. She was, therefore, taken to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and repaired and refitted with the utmost care, with the design of restoring her to the Queen in at least as good a condition as she was at the time when the exigencies of their situation compelled her crew to abandon her.

This work was performed with such completeness and attention to detail, that, not only everything found on board was preserved, even to the books of the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and some musical instruments belonging to other officers—but new British flags were made to take the place of those which had rotted during the long time she was without a living being on board. From stem to stern she was re-painted; her sails and much of her rigging replaced with new material, and the muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments which she carried were cleaned and put in perfect order. Nothing was overlooked or neglected that was necessary to her complete and thorough renovation; and everything that was cleaned or repaired was with excellent taste restored to its original position; and as regarded the arrangement of the furniture and the situation of each particular article, she presented the same appearance when re-finished as when the crew forsook the ship. The English papers expressed it that the ship was "A floating

THE "RESOLUTE" LEAVING WOOLWICH, APRIL 17TH, 1852.

Pompeii, and everything came to light just as it was left."

After the renovation was complete, she sailed out of New York amid salutes from all the forts at the Narrows, and, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Portsmouth, England, on Friday, December 12th, 1856, under the command of Captain Hartstein, of the United States Navy She was under the American flag, but, on letting go her anchor, the British colors were run up and saluted. The next day, Captain Hartstein was embarked by the steam tender *Sprightly*, and landed near the official residence of the United States Consul, the Chevalier Vincent Pappalardo, at the Platform Battery, where he was met by Commodore Sir Thomas Maitland, C.B., of H.M.S. *Excellent*, who offered Captain Hartstein, in the name of Her Majesty's Government, everything in the way of ship's provisions, pilotage, and whatever else the officers and crew could require during their sojourn in England.

CAPTAIN JAMES M. BUDDINGTON.

On the following Tuesday, the 16th, the *Resolute*, having in the meantime been taken to Cowes, was visited by the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice. The *Resolute*, dressed in her colors, was lashed alongside of the Royal Embarkation place at Trinity Wharf. The English and American flags were flying at the Peak, and as soon as the Queen set her foot on the deck, the Royal Standard was hoisted at the main; salutes were fired; boats' crews "tossed" their oars, and the ship's company standing on the rail, received Her Majesty with three rounds of cheers. Captain Hartstein received the royal party at the gangway, and the officers in full uniform were grouped on each side. All the officers were pre-

STOVE FOUND ON THE "RESOLUTE."

THE "RESOLUTE" SAILING INTO NEW LONDON HARBOR.

sented to the Queen by Captain Hartstein, who then addressed Her Majesty in the following words:

"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen, and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your Sovereignty, but as a token of long admiration and respect to your Majesty personally."

The Queen replied, with a gracious smile, "I thank you, sir."

After completing the inspection of the ship, the royal party retired amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the spectators. After the withdrawal of the royal party, an elegant *dejeuner* was served in the ward-room, at which the following toasts and sentiments were given among others:

"The Queen and the Royal Family."
"The President of the United States."
"The Union Jack and the Star Spangled Banner."
"The Health of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell."
"The future success of the *Resolute*; and may she again be employed in prosecuting the search of Sir John Franklin and his comrades."

Captain Hartstein was invited by the Queen to dine and spend the night at Osborne, and all the officers were invited to visit the grounds there.

During the stay of Captain Hartstein in England, he was the recipient of numberless courtesies and honors, and, at the Queen's command, £100 were divided among the crew of the *Resolute*.

The official transfer of the vessel to the English Government was soon completed, and she again became British property on December 30th, 1856.

The *Resolute* was never again employed in Arctic explorations, and is now ordered to be broken up. Ornaments and handsome pieces of furniture are to be made from the best timbers, which the Admiralty intend to present to the President of the United States as a souvenir of the occasion when the *Resolute* was found by American whalers abandoned in the ice, and the Government of the United States had her repaired and refitted and presented her to the British Admiralty.

ARTICLES FOUND ON THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.

## THE CHAPEL OF HENRY VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE Chapel of Henry VII. is indeed well called by his name, for it breathes of himself through every part. It is the most signal example of the contrast between his closeness in life and his "magnificence in the structures he hath left to posterity"—King's College Chapel, the Savoy, Westminster. Its very style was a reminiscence of his exile, being "learned in France" by himself and his companion Fox. His pride in its grandeur was commemorated by the ship, vast for those times, which he built, "of equal cost with his Chapel," which afterward, in the reign of Mary, "sank in the sea and vanished in a moment."

It was to be his chantry as well as his tomb, for he was determined not to be behind the Lancastrian princes in devotion; and this unusual anxiety for the sake of a soul not too heavenward in its affections expended itself in the immense apparatus of services which he provided. Almost a second Abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks, who were to sing in their stalls "as long as the world shall endure." Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains.

To the Virgin Mary, to whom the Chapel was dedicated, he had a special devotion. Her "in all his necessities he had made his continual refuge"; and her figure, accordingly, looks down upon his grave from the east end, between the apostolic patrons of the Abbey, Peter and Paul, with "the holy company of heaven—that is to say, angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, and virgins," to "whose singular mediation and prayers he also trusted," including the royal saints of Britain: St. Edward, St. Edmund,

PRESERVES, WINES, BISCUITS, ETC., FOUND IN THE LOCKERS.

St. Oswald, St. Margaret of Scotland, who stand, as he directed, sculptured, tier above tier, on every side of the Chapel; some retained from the ancient Lady Chapel; the greater part the work of his own age. Round his tomb stand his nine "accustomed Avours or guardian saints," to whom "he calls and cries"—"St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. George, St. Anthony, St. Edward, St. Vincent, St. Anne, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Barbara," each with their peculiar emblems—"so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the ancient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit, have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer." These were the adjurations of the last medieval King, as the Chapel was the climax of the latest medieval architecture. In the very urgency of the King's anxiety for the perpetuity of those funeral ceremonies, we seem to discern an unconscious presentiment of terror lest their days were numbered.

But, although in this sense the Chapel hangs on tenaciously to the skirts of the ancient Abbey and the ancient Church, yet that solemn architectural pause between the two—which arrests the most careless observer, and renders it a separate structure, a foundation "adjoining the Abbey," rather than forming part of it—corresponds with marvelous fidelity to the pause and break in English history of which Henry VII.'s reign is the expression. It is the close of the Middle Ages: the apple of Granada in its ornaments shows that the last Crusade was over; its flowing draperies and classical attitudes indicate that the Renaissance had already begun. It is the end of the Wars of the Roses, combining Henry's right of conquest with his fragile claim of hereditary descent. On the one hand, it is the glorification of the victory of Bosworth. The angels, at the four corners of the tomb, held or hold the likeness of the crown which he won on that famous day. In the stained-glass we see the same crown hanging on the green bush in the fields of Leicestershire. On the other hand, like the Chapel of King's College at Cambridge, it asserts everywhere the memory of the "holy Henry's shade"; the Red Rose of Lancaster appears in every pane of glass; and in every corner is the Portcullis—the "Altera securitas," as he termed it, with an allusion to its own meaning, and the double safeguard of his succession—which he derived through John of Gaunt from the Beaufort Castle in Anjou, inherited from Blanche of Navarre by Edmund Crouchback; whilst Edward IV. and Elizabeth of York are commemorated by intertwining these Lancastrian symbols with the Grayhound of Cecilia Neville, wife of Richard Duke of York, with the Rose in the Sun, which scattered the mists at Barnet, and the Falcon on the Fetter-lock, by which the first Duke of York expressed to his descendants that "he was locked up from the hope of the kingdom, but advising them to be quiet and silent, as God knoweth what may come to pass."

It is also the revival of the ancient Celtic-British element in the English monarchy, after centuries of eclipse. It is a strange and striking thought, as we mount the steps of Henry VII.'s Chapel, that we enter there a mausoleum of princes, whose boast it was to be descended, not from the Confessor or the Conqueror, but from Arthur and Llewellyn; and that round about the tomb, side by side with the emblems of the great English Houses, is to be seen the Red Dragon of the last British king, Cadwallader—"the dragon of the great Pendragonship" of Wales, thrust forward by the Tudor king in every direction, to supplant the hated White Boar of his departed enemy—the fulfillment, in another sense than the old Welsh bards had dreamt, of their prediction that the progeny of Cadwallader should reign again:—

> "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight—
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul—
> No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:
> All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue hail!"

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# TWO WOMEN; Or, THE HEIR OF FAIRFIELDS.

## Chapter I.—Fairfields.

"My birthnight."

So said Ross Wrexham as he came over the top of the last long hill and saw Fairfields shining in the sun.

"The old estate looks to me like something I have dreamed of, for it is twenty years since I saw it," he murmured. "The same stately, pillared structure of glistening white stone, the four colossal oaks, the succession of green terraces, the wide, level grounds all around, smooth as a carpet. A goodly heritage—Fairfields. Why should I bear a heavy heart? I have a home, a name."

He touched his steed with his spur, and, with a snort, the fiery creature dashed away.

They paused at last at an arched iron gate.

Two negro boys came running from different directions across the lawn to open the gate.

"Please, massa, I'm Jupe."

"An' I'm Pixie, massa."

He flung them some coin, with a smile, and rode on, coming at last to the stone steps of the upper terrace. There was a man waiting respectfully here, hat in hand.

"Glad to see you home, Mr. Wrexham."

"Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you. Is my aunt well?"

"She is—yes, sir."

He saw a face at a window, then the door opened wide, and a stately old lady extended both hands with a beaming smile. She was in rich, sombre dress; her face was beautiful, with clusters of silvery curls about it.

"So, Ross, you have come at last?"

"At last, Aunt Serene!" and they exchanged a cordial kiss.

She had a shrewd smile, this handsome old lady. Ross saw it now as she held him off and looked him over.

"Humph! tall and handsome. Fairfields hasn't waited in vain for its master. Any heart affairs, Ross?"

"Not any," hanging his cloak and cap on a stag's antlers in the hall.

"Because, if you had come home married——"

"Who is with you, Aunt Serene?"

"My goddaughters, Rose Cadore and Beatrix Beverly. You remember them?"

"Not at all. Please lead the way."

The large dining-room was lighted with arched, pink-tinted windows, and in this light, at a round table, sat two girls, laughing and lunching. A great dog, lying at the feet of one of them, rose and sniffed at him suspiciously.

"Traitor, you beggar, come here!" cried a deep voice; and a young man, pouring wine at a buffet, came forward with a sparkling smile to be introduced.

"Your cousin Fairlie, Ross. You remember?"

"I remember the boy Fairlie as my cousin remembers the boy Ross, perhaps;" and the two young men shook hands.

The ladies had risen from the table. The shorter one, with a ready smile and a brilliant complexion, Ross thought to be Rose Cadore; but it was the other, with a cheek creamy and cool as a magnolia leaf, nut-brown, waving hair, and eyes of dark, sparkling gray, whom his aunt presented as "my goddaughter, Rose."

The little one was "Trix."

"Fairlie is on furlough," the mother's heart betraying itself in the tone of pride, and then her glance wandered to Rose, who was composedly stroking the head of the dog, who had gone back to her knee.

"Such brief notice of your coming, Ross! only a day's watching. Yet the *Europa* has been in a week."

"I preferred to come in my own time and way. It was nearly impossible to have my horse sent on; he is almost unmanageable by any one but me."

"I have waited until the last moment to see you, Ross. I am off to-morrow," said his cousin Fairlie. "The girls will light bonfires of rejoicing, I have no doubt," but looking only at Rose, with blue eyes grown suddenly stormy.

Trix only laughed.

"Then I must console myself with your mother and the young ladies—unless they belong to the army too," replied Ross, glancing at Trix, but secretly longing to hear Rose speak. "I have to thank my aunt for this house-warming," he continued. "It would not have been cheerful coming home to empty rooms."

He looked up to meet Rose's clear gaze.

"Thank you," she said, gently.

Her voice was creamy and cool as her cheek.

Her godmother looked up with a quick frown, then her glance wandered to Trix.

"My goddaughters are very different," she said to Ross.

He understood that already.

After lunch they went through the house and over the grounds.

Ross saw that Fairlie gave Rose his arm in the garden, and he said:

"She is engaged to him."

Trix fluttered like a butterfly through the walks.

"You have had a pleasant home here all these years," he said to his aunt.

The old lady glanced up at him, and for a moment her handsome face looked aged.

"I am a homeless old woman but for you, Ross," with an unsteady voice.

"Hush, hush! Fairfields will always be your home, Aunt Serene. And my uncle is dead at last?"

She nodded.

"And Maurice must remain in the asylum during the remainder of his life?"

"No hope there."

"But do not despond. Fairlie is a fine fellow, and you are invaluable to me. Your goddaughters love you, too, I am sure—or they should. Be cheerful and happy now."

He pressed her hand, then went to cut a rose for Trix.

When he came back, she was talking briskly with Rose and Fairlie, looking as if her blue eyes had never known a tear.

"The St. Georges were all handsome, Rose. It would be folly for me to say that our family was without personal beauty. Ross is a St. George. He shows little of the Wrexham blood."

Ross smiled.

"Aunt is a born aristocrat, Miss Cadore. The Wrexhams had money, but were not distinguished. She ignores them."

"How do you like your grounds, Mr. Wrexham?" asked Trix.

"They have been taken good care of, and are fine."

"Now, the *next* thing is to find you a wife," said Aunt Serene.

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## CHAPTER II.

### MATCH-MAKING.

THE following morning, Fairlie St. George took his departure.

Ross was immediately called to New York to meet his business-agent, and for a few days Fairfields saw little of him.

Presto, change! Fairfields was almost a dream to him again, in the bustle of the city and the society of men.

But dimly, sweetly, one woman's face haunted him—a pale, cool face, with broad lids, curled lashes, gray eyes, crimson lips—Rose Cadore! Law-offices, insurance companies, bank stock—but also the echo of a liquid voice, the fragrance of a silken dress.

"Bewitched!" he muttered, "and by my cousin Fairlie's choice. Absurd! When I go home, the charm, perhaps, will vanish."

Sophistry! And he knew it.

Upon the following day he put spurs to Lucifer, galloping once more over the home road.

Trix, lingering in the hall, was robed in a dress of cool, sea-green *crêpe*. And she wore a heart of pink coral at her throat. Indifferent as Ross was to her, he saw that she was very pretty.

"Welcome home!" she cried, merrily, as he dismounted upon the terrace.

Aunt Serene, in the upper hall, heard, and smiled approvingly.

"Thanks!"—gayly; for since Trix was a reality, Rose surely would be. "And the—others?"

"Oh, godmamma is pattering about somewhere, and Rose is in her chamber, reading Fairlie St. George's letter, I suppose. Let me give you some iced claret; the weather is growing so warm!"

She served him with a charming grace, to which he was not *quite* insensible. But he said shortly afterward:

"Miss Cadore is very unlike you, Miss Beverly."

"No, we are not alike. How should we be? We are not related. More wine? Is it not pleasant to come home?"

"Yes"—roaming around the room, and finally deserting Trix altogether, and wandering off up the staircase.

But the great dog, Traitor, lying at Rose's door, growled at him.

He went to his aunt's dressing-room. She welcomed him with her charming smiles.

"Sit down, and let us have a talk, Ross. I want to take counsel with you. Tell me all your wishes respecting Fairfields."

He regarded her thoughtfully as she sat mending her laces.

"I wish for nothing different at present," he replied, after a pause.

"The girls——"

"She—they do not think of going away?"—in alarm.

"You like their company?"

"Exceedingly."

"I will tell them so. Rose thought it might seem even an intrusion. Do you not think Trix very pretty?"

"I believe she is."

"You like *petite* women, I hope; and Trix has such a charming complexion!"

He wanted to ask if Rose were engaged to Fairlie, but, somehow, could not utter the words.

"Trix came of a good family," continued Aunt Serene. "You know Lendemain, the great diplomatist?"

"Yes."

"She is his cousin. She is thoroughly accomplished, and very brilliant in society."

The opening of a door, the joyful barking of a dog, and Rose passed through the hall.

"Trix will also have a fortune of forty thousand dollars when she marries."

The light footsteps and the leaping dog-feet went down the stair. Ross half rose, then seated himself.

"Then, beware of fortune-hunters," he said, making an effort to give his aunt his attention.

"We will look out for *that!*"—nodding. "Ross, doesn't your birthday come this month?"

"The grounds are perfect for such an entertainment," she said. "*My* home is on the shore, and is surrounded by sea-sand. The trees and the trellises—we can have them hung with colored lamps—red, blue, and yellow."

"Yes, it shall be done. Where *is* your home, Miss Cadore?" said Ross, who was leaning upon the piano, where she sat.

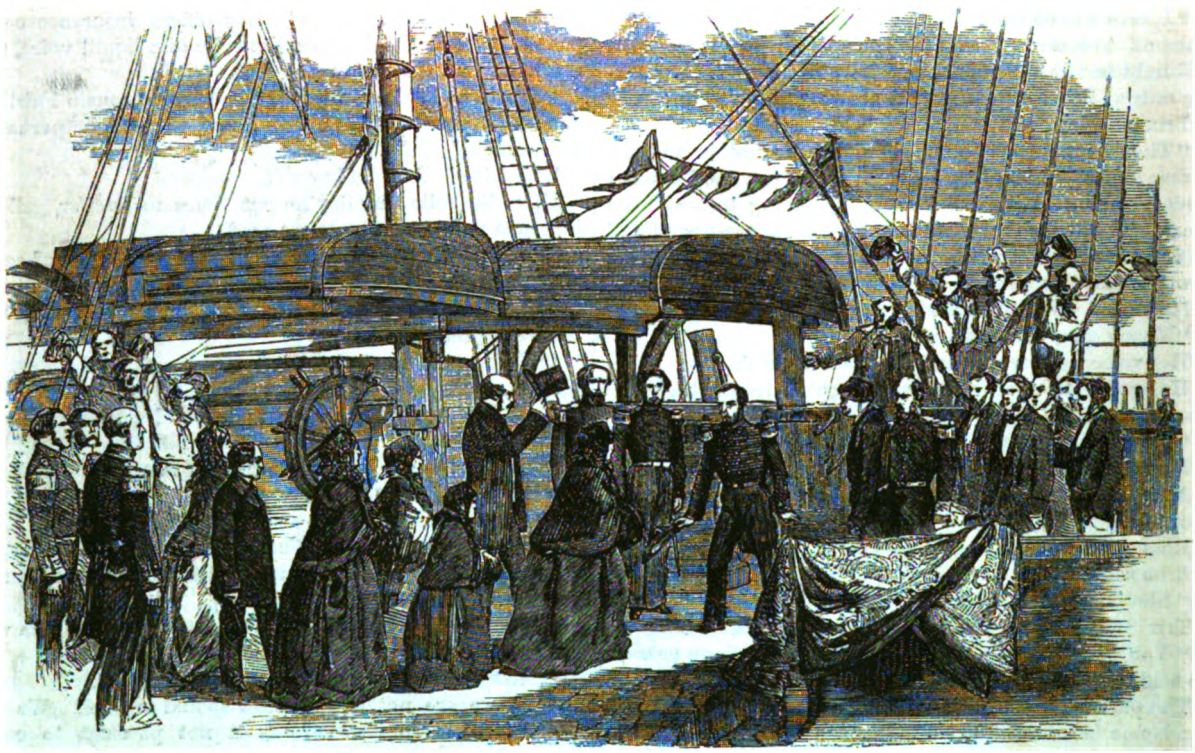
"At Flintfield, on the Jersey coast. If you will come and see me some day, Mr. Wrexham, we will return your hospitality."

"You and Fairlie?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"No," she answered, with decision, but her color changing sensitively.

"Rose," said her godmother, "I shall leave the arrangements of the flowers for the rooms quite in your hands. You can have Jupe and Pixie to help you about hanging the garlands."

"That is too arduous a task for Miss Cadore," said Ross.



RECEPTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN ON BOARD THE "RESOLUTE," DECEMBER 16TH, 1856.

"Yes. I am thirty in a week. Shall we have a *fete?* I owe something to society, I suppose."

"Wrexham of Fairfields has been expected for months by all the neighbors. Some remember you as a boy. You must be civil to them, I think."

"A party, then. Send out invitations according to your discretion. You know whom to invite. We will have a merry time!" brightening up. "You think Miss Cadore would like it, do you not?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"She is very quiet."

"Rose is beloved by my son Fairlie. I hope they will be married before another year."

"I guessed as much," he answered, carelessly. But the red had faded out of his bronzed cheek.

* * * * * * *

Miss Cadore *was* interested, joined the family councils freely, made the most charming suggestions, and helped carry out all the plans.

"No; I shall like it," replied Rose. "I like to be very busy," but the color of her cheeks still a burning red. "Come, godmamma, who shall we invite? If you and Mr. Wrexham will make out the list, I will write the cards."

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE FETE.

THE morning was magnificent. The carriages rolled up to the door and disgorged upon the terraces. The Herberts, the Malverns, the Ferrols, the Embdens, the Gairlocks of "The Glen," the Ilchesters of Ashpark—fifty persons in all, including Admiral Frontignac and Commodore Lynn. A goodly company for Ross Wrexham to play host to.

Trix was the best dancer in the company; Rose, to his eye, the loveliest woman. And Madame St. George was in her element—she was the ideal hostess.

TWO WOMEN; OR, THE HEIR OF FAIRFIELDS.—"THE LARGE DINING-ROOM; WITH WALLS OF OAK, WAS LIGHTED WITH ARCHED, PINK-TINTED WINDOWS, AND IN THIS LIGHT, AT A ROUND TABLE, SAT TWO GIRLS, LAUGHING AND LUNCHING."—SEE PAGE 310.

With his years and travel, Ross was yet new to social life. He was utterly unconscious of how the ladies of his company pulled caps for his attention. Maggie Gairlock had openly vowed to win him—a large, sandy-haired, confident woman of five-and-twenty, Scotch blonde. Trix laughed at the boast, and then betrayed Miss Gairlock to Ross, who blushed like a girl.

It was a time of wild excitement. The mirth exploded in hilarious bursts of laughter.

The lawn-breakfasts, the croquet-matches, the music, dancing, amateur concerts and tableaux, kept up a ceaseless activity for five days.

Then the festival came to an end.

The gayety and social magnetism broke the ice between Ross and Rose Cadore.

It was such a merry time, and both were happy as children.

"Rose," he whispered, that last night, "come down to the lower lawn with me, and see the effect of the colored lights up the avenues."

She looked at her watch.

"Yes; there are five minutes before godmamma will want me."

They went down the green terraces. She wore a white dress; her curls were on her neck; there was a silvery vail about her head.

"*Does* she love my cousin Fairlie?" thought Ross, with a thrilling heart.

The sun disappeared behind the grove, and, down the long vistas of shadow, the gloves of light, crimson, purple and gold illuminated the dark.

"Did not I say that it would be pretty?" cried Rose, with enthusiasm.

"Yes; it was your plan."

"The ground looks like a fairyland. But I must not wait any longer, Mr. Wrexham. Will you go back with me?"

And he went back, longing to confess, yet not daring. She went into the house.

He left a group of men playing like children, and wandered alone into the garden.

Within a rose-arbor, dim and densely covered with foliage, he threw himself into a rustic chair.

That little moment alone with Rose had been a great temptation. He would dare another.

He spoke to Jupe, who was running through the garden, scrawled a word upon a leaf of his memorandum-book, tore it out, and gave it to the boy.

"Give this to Miss Cadore before supper."

The boy's nimble heels ran off, and he stood waiting in the dark.

Little Jupe, bounding up the terraces, met Trix.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Note fur Miss Rose."

"From whom?"

"Mass' Wrexham."

"Miss Rose is busy—give me the note. I shall see her before you can. I will hand it to her."

"Mass' Wrexham said, 'Right 'way.' He's waitin' down by de rose-arbor."

"Yes. Well, then, I will give it to her right away."

Obtaining possession of the note, Trix saw Jupe disappear, and then slipped into the momentarily deserted hall, and read it. The light of the great swinging alabaster globe showed her very pale.

"Umph! something to tell her. He *does* love her, then! I suspected it. If I give her this, she will meet him—he will know that she does not care for Fairlie, and —and they will be happy!"

Her eyes glittered. She set her little, white teeth.

The next moment her glance rested upon a vail of silver gauze lying upon a table. She snatched it up, as footsteps approached, and fled. She flew to her chamber.

"Waiting by the rose-arbor—it is dark there," she murmured.

Tearing off her robes of blue silk, she hurriedly donned a dress of white *crêpe*, pulled the silver comb from her hair, permitting the curls to fall loosely about her neck, thrust her feet into some high-heeled slippers, and darted from the room.

As she descended the stair, she tied the silver vail about her head.

The next moment she was treading the shrubbery of the lawn, and entered the garden.

Her guilty heart throbbed wildly as she entered the rose-garden.

She knew that she had guessed the truth, when Ross Wrexham, springing forward, caught her hands, saying, in tones trembling with tenderness:

"Rose, Rose!"

"You said you wanted to see me," she whispered, not daring to betray her voice.

"You must know for what, Rose. I wish to tell you of my love. May I? Are you engaged to my cousin Fairlie?"

"No."

"And you do not love him?"

Trix shook her head.

"But he loves you?"

"I cannot help that."

"Then you will listen to me? Dearest! dearest!"

She felt the tender clasping of his arms, the beating of his heart.

"Can you accept my love, Rose? It is a good one, and the only one of my life!" he murmured, solemnly.

She gave her own imperious heart its sway—clasped him, kissed him.

How long the roses swayed in the Summer night-wind —how long the stars twinkled, they knew not. By-and-by footsteps and voices approached.

"Darling, we must go; we shall be missed. Go first, before those people come. I will follow after they have passed."

Quick as light Trix stepped forth, and, after a wary glance, hastened away, passing Admiral Frontignac and Margaret Gairlock.

Trix sped by them unnoticed.

"He has said that he loves me. I will make it true!" she murmured, exultingly.

Again in her chamber, she hurriedly resumed her former dress.

In the supper-room Ross was listening to the conversation of his guests with a pale, abstracted, happy face. When Rose passed him, he touched secretly, reverently, lovingly, with the tips of his fingers, the hem of her dress.

Utterly unconscious, she passed on.

Ross mused over the expression of her face.

"Her godmother wishes her to marry Fairlie, and she desires *our* love kept a secret," he thought, and guided his actions by this idea.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### SUB-ROSA.

THE *fête* was scarcely over, when Madame St. George was taken ill. Rose immediately took her station as nurse. She shut herself in the sickroom, and applied herself with unwearied care to the restoration of her old friend.

Ross bore it as best he could. He longed to see his angel, yet adored her for the service she gave his aunt, whose cheery presence was sorely missed in the house.

Trix wore her prettiest dresses, grew large-eyed and pale in her efforts to win a sunbeam from Ross's gloomy eyes.

"He shall love *me!*" she had vowed, and no eyes that were free to admire could fail to observe her charms.

But she might have donned sackcloth and strewn her hair with ashes, for any effect her robes and smiles had on Rose's lover.

And so a week went by, and Madame St. George was better.

It was evening when Rose came from the sick-room for a breath of fresh air. She sank into a rustic seat upon the terrace.

Ross approached her, but Trix also hovered near.

"How pale you have grown!" he said, tenderly.

"I was afraid she would die," she responded, with an answering smile, for she could not be insensible to his tone.

But the strong, loving voice was a pleasure, after a week of the invalid's pitiful moans, though she knew nothing of the heart which freighted it.

"Shall you write to Fairlie to-day, Rose?" put in Trix, quickly.

"Yes, as soon as it is time for lights."

"She writes every day. Is not that faithful?" asked Trix, in an aside to Ross.

Rose had dropped her aching head in her hands.

"I believe I am tired," she murmured.

Lights and shades were chasing over Ross's face as he stood silent beside her. He bent quickly.

"Come for a walk in the garden, will you not? The fountain-spray cools the air, and—and the arbor-roses, they are in full bloom, and so exceedingly sweet!"

His eyes shone in the dark, as he bent them pleadingly upon the fair, unconscious face.

"Thank you, no. I am too tired."

What were the arbor-roses to her? They had no association, as to him, with clinging embraces, close kisses, and whispers of endearment.

But Trix flushed hotly. She clasped Rose's hand, and pretended to be toying with her rings.

Ross concealed his disappointment.

"I will not be selfish," he murmured.

Rose stood up.

"I must go in. They are bringing lights, and I have letters to write."

Ross's face grew white. Would she leave him, then, to write letters to Fairlie St. George? A twinge of bitter jealousy stung him.

"She said she did not love him—she would not tell me an untruth—yet what can she mean me to think?" he muttered, with knit brow. "Rose, Rose, surely you will be true! All my life's hopes are hoarded for you—surely you will not fail me!"

A light step, a rustle of silk, a quick breath, and a woman's hand on his arm.

"Hush! it is Rose."

There was a quick embrace.

Her quick kisses electrified him. She cried, in an eager half-whisper:

"You must not be jealous and make a fuss, dear. Be quiet, or you will break my heart!"

"But I'm afraid you love Fairlie."

"I do not—oh, I do not! I love no one but you! Be patient," she said, after a moment. "Godmamma, she is sick; she must not be troubled with this. Her heart is set on her son's marriage to Rose—no one else but Rose. Wait—don't be impatient, and spoil everything."

"But you have seemed so cold! Surely you might have given me one little glance! And yet, I will not reproach you, dearest—my own! my own!"

"You forget that Trix was by. Poor Trix!"

"Why poor Trix?"

She kissed him silently, once, twice. She made no answer. Then, with a sudden "I hear a step!" she darted away, and he was left alone.

So for a few days he played his part as obediently as an automaton twitched by invisible strings.

And Rose, she yet sat in the sick-room. Madame St. George was out of danger, but the days of convalescence were very tiresome.

"Write and tell Fairlie that I am better to-day," she said, every morning.

And Rose obeyed, though the letters were brief as telegraphic reports.

A sadness oppressed Rose. She was motherless, fatherless. At her home—sea-bound Flintfield—her brother, the host, was a man proud and cold as stone. That she was an heiress did not make her happy.

She did not love Fairlie St. George; she would not promise to marry him, in spite of his prayers and his mother's persuasions.

Many envied Rose Cadore—none guessed her secret.

For a little while her sadness had been assuaged. The bright days of the *fête*—how bright they had been to her! It had seemed as if Ross Wrexham had loved her. A subtle joyousness possessed her. But the dream had fled.

It was Trix whom he preferred—bright, saucy, imperious Trix. Her animation, her significant smiles, her careful toilets, told the story.

Well, she was young, barely twenty, and in the dark—forgive her! In after years she learned to be stronger, more hopeful.

Madame St. George came down from her sick-room. Ross was overjoyed.

"Now," he thought, "Rose is released from her confinement. I can at least look upon my darling's face."

And now Trix deepened her plot.

"Rose," she whispered, from behind the coffee-urn, where she sat, "come to my room, after breakfast. I have something to say to you."

Rose assented. She turned pale.

"She will tell me that she is engaged," she thought.

"Fortunately she is the proudest girl I ever knew," murmured Trix, cracking an egg-shell.

Rose repaired to Trix's chamber. The latter stood before the mirror, putting her hair in crimping-pins, for dinner.

"Sit down by the window. How pale you have grown, sitting up so much with godmamma! Do you know, Rose, I should have gone away from here long ago, but for her illness."

"Why, Trix?"

"Mr. Wrexham thinks we impose upon his politeness by our long stay."

Rose's blue blood flamed in her cheeks.

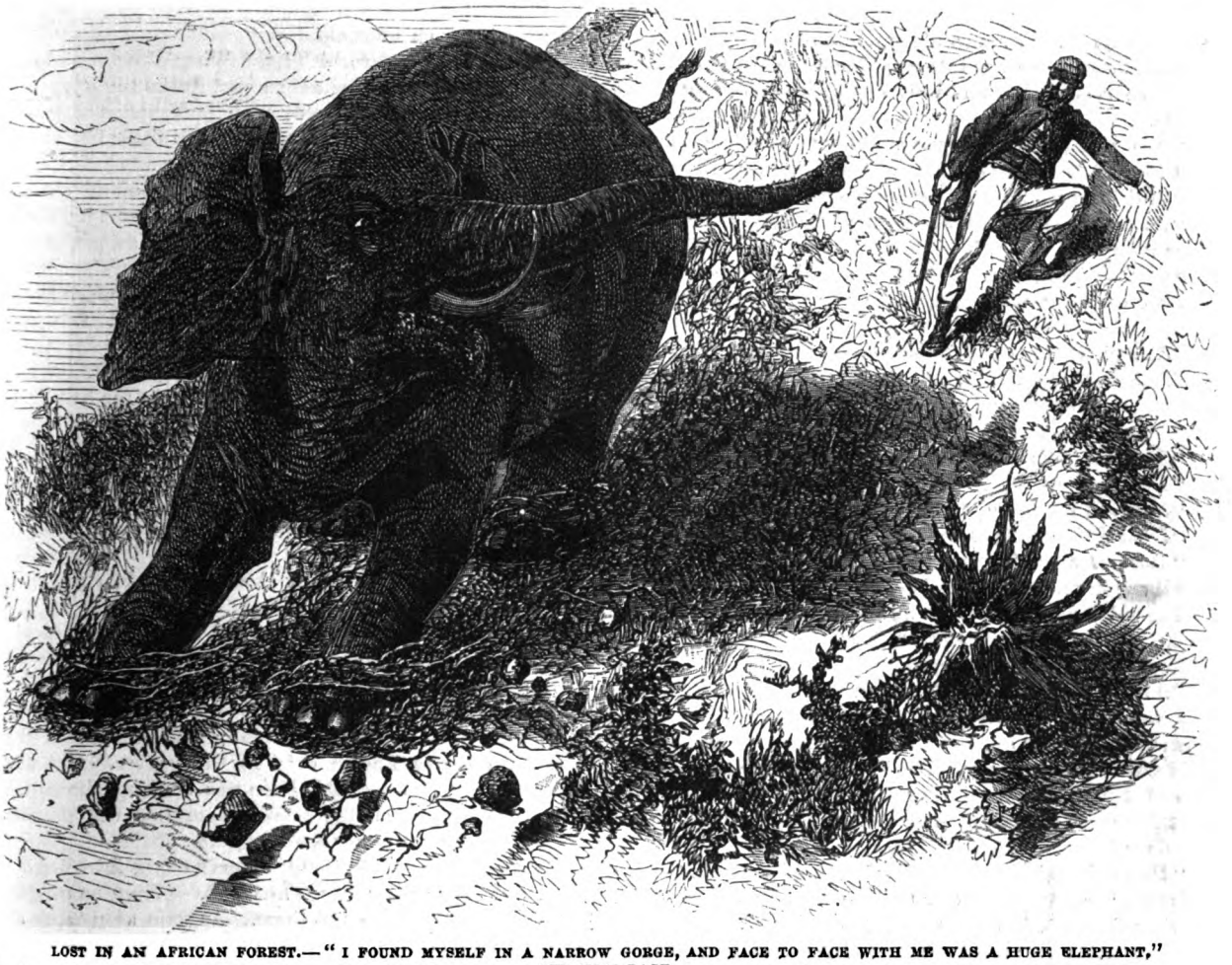
"Trix, what reason have you?" she began.

"Reason enough," Trix replied. "He is barely civil to me when we are alone together. Still, he does not want to offend his aunt, and will say nothing to her. I am off Monday."

"I was afraid of this," murmured Rose. "But I trusted godmamma's judgment; and it is so lonely at Flintfield! But she must not be troubled."

"We will leave him his old castle! Such an odd, silent fellow! You must assume that your brother Gregory sends for you."

THE CHAPEL OF HENRY VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.— SEE PAGE 309.



LOST IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.—"I FOUND MYSELF IN A NARROW GORGE, AND FACE TO FACE WITH ME WAS A HUGE ELEPHANT," SEE NEXT PAGE.

"But, Trix," after a painful pause, "I am surprised. I thought you were a favorite with Mr. Wrexham."

"You know godmamma's wish. But men are so perverse!"—with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. "I can do better! Commodore Lynn has offered himself. I want a man of some address. Mr. Wrexham is *bizarre!* He has lived in horrid places in Germany. Still, he has money, and if he were to offer himself—I should be obliged to consider the advantages."

Rose dropped her head wearily upon her hands. The old heartache was very strong. But to be an unwelcome guest was unendurable. She sat silent.

"Yes, Trix, I will go to-day. A train goes at half-past three o'clock. You can take care of godmamma. You are quite right. We have staid here too long."

She arose, with decision, and left the room.

Instantly beautiful Fairfields, wherein she had taken so much delight, was hateful to her. She longed to be away, though she knew she should long to come back. The great dog, Traitor, was lying at her chamber-door.

"Good fellow!" she murmured. Then added, "Why not marry Fairlie St. George, and have done with all this unrest?"

But she did not love Fairlie St. George—he would never give her ease. And she did love Ross Wrexham.

## CHAPTER V.

### STRATEGY.

TRIX was secretly filled with exultation. She had only to see Rose off without an interview with Ross, and then to prove her insincere to him, and the field was all her own!

So she must needs help Rose at packing. Madame St. George was not to be told until after lunch; Ross, when the hour of departure came, unless he learned it sooner. It would not matter, in either event.

Rose was abstracted, sad—Trix chatted gayly. She had a thousand confidences to relate of Commodore Lynn and the *fete*.

The morning wore away, and lunch-hour came.

Madame St. George presided for the first time.

"Dear me," she said, "what a trouble one's body is! Now, if we were made up of a head and two wings, like the cherubs in pictures, how much more convenient it would be!"

They all looked at her, and laughed fondly.

But Rose scarcely spoke through the meal.

Trix, however, was voluble, and Ross was happy as a boy, and must needs let his happiness run over.

"I purchased some goldfish for the conservatory yesterday," he said, as they arose from the table, speaking to his aunt, but looking past her at Rose; for he longed to hear her beautiful voice. "Will you not come and see them?"

Rose only answered, "I have no opportunity," and left the room.

Disappointed, Ross led the way to the conservatory.

Trix went, that her godmamma might not ask him inconvenient questions.

When madame went up-stairs for her *siesta*, Rose was in the room. She told her that she was going away.

"You should have told me days ago!" said madame, almost angrily. "I am so disappointed!"

But Rose coaxed her into acquiescence. In the Winter, madame must come and visit her goddaughter at Flintfields.

"You look pale; your eyes are heavy; you do not appear fit to travel," said the old lady at last, enfolding the young, graceful form which bent to kiss her.

"I am very well, and shall go at three. I have staid here too long already."

And then Trix, hovering near, entered the room.

Half an hour afterward, when the girls had gone to Rose's room—though Rose would gladly have been alone—Trix's quick ear caught the sound of her godmamma's bell. She slipped from the room, and presented herself in madame's apartment.

"What is it, dear godmamma?"

"Does Ross know that Rose is going away, Trix?"

"I suppose so."

"*You* will not leave me?"

"Dear godmamma, I love you too well!"

"Rose is a good girl, but willful. Well," with a sigh, "call me in an hour, Trix."

The old lady fell asleep, and dreamed that Fairlie came home, and Rose, at the altar, refused to marry him!

Ross was duped until that last hour.

He loved Rose too dearly to find fault. If blessed with her love, he thought it his duty to be patient. He did not wish to arouse her godmamma's displeasure against her.

It was Jupe who revealed to him the anticipated departure of Rose. It was during Madame St. George's *siesta* that Jupe put his bright mulatto face and curly head in at the door.

"Please, Mass' Wrexham, Miss Trix tole me to go to town an' send hackney-coach out to take Miss Cadore to depot. Tho't, pr'aps, you'd rudder send de carriage."

"Is Miss Cadore going to the depot?" asked Ross, in surprise.

"Yes, sah. Goin' to take half-pas' three train."

He looked at his watch; it was nearly two o'clock. He dismissed the boy.

Then he heard them coming to the library—Rose, his aunt and Trix.

Trix saw instantly that he knew Rose was going away. He waited to be told, however, without referring to it. Madame complained; Rose might stay a week longer, she thought.

"Will you not?" asked Ross, fixing his eyes upon her race, tenderly.

"I do not think it best, Mr. Wrexham."

Ross saw that her cheek was ashen, her smile forced. He did not think her fit to travel alone by railway.

He wished to offer himself as her escort, but her manner was constrained, and he was embarrassed for a time how to act.

The ladies sat around the fi.e, for the day was cool.

Madame St. George looked disturbed, and talked at random. Ross, too, was absent-minded. Rose, only, seemed quite natural, though wearing the air of sadness or weariness that had of late become habitual to her.

At length the clock struck three. Ross begged to be excused, and left the room. Rose's pale profile, lying against the back of the velvet chair, her dear, melodious voice toned to weariness, the listless little hands clasped upon her lap, were too much for his caution. She should not go alone to Flintfield. Soon he came back.

"I have ordered my carriage for you, Miss Cadore. With plenty of wraps, you will reach Flintfield far more comfortably by carriage than by rail. I should feel a reflection cast upon my hospitality to have you travel less comfortably from Fairfield."

His bright face alarmed Trix. When Rose went to get ready for her journey, she remained in the library.

"I think Rose should stay with godmamma as long as she wishes," she said. "But Rose is so fickle!"

Ross stared.

"Poor Fairlie!" sighed Trix. "I am afraid she will never marry him, she is such a flirt. I am sorry. I think these dreadfully cool people are always selfish, do not you?"

"Rose selfish?" murmured Ross. "No, indeed!"

"Ah, you do not know her, I see!" said Trix, carelessly, but inwardly angry.

Idle scheming! She bided her time in vain. A light foot on the stairs, the banging of trunks in the hall. Madame St. George's voice.

"Now she is going," thought Trix. "I shall have the field to myself."

But Ross Wrexham sprang from his chair. He went into the hall. He saw the luxurious carriage standing before the open door.

When Rose put out her hand at parting, he smiled.

"I am going with you," he said.

Trix's plot was ruined. Free and alone under the blue sky, the sunshine flooding them, the coachman discreetly observant only of his horses, they were at last masters of the situation.

How they had untangled the labyrinth into which they had been led is known only to themselves. But when they arrived at Flintfield, Rose was smiling, though she had been crying, and Ross Wrexham was the proudest and happiest man under the sun.

He remained at Flintfield several days, introduced to Rose's brother as her future husband. When he returned to Fairfields, Trix was not there. As soon as p ssible she married Commodore Lynn, and went to Europe.

At Fairfields all is peace and content. Rose was greatly the fashion as a bride. As a wife and mother, she was the pride of future generations. Her godmother became reconciled. She spent her life with Rose. And Ross Wrexham has been heard to say that the price of his wife is far "above rubies."

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# LOST IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Our principal occupation, of course, during our sojourn among the Caffre tribes, was hunting the elephants that abound among the pathless forests of that wild region. We hunted giraffes, antelopes and panthers by way of a change to the dangerous and exciting business of our travels, and even amused ourselves by chasing a tribe of huge baboons that dwelt near the hamlet, and had a special pleasure in descending among the huts and tents and stealing everything they could lay their claws on.

One day I was returning to the tent, when I saw a venerable baboon that I recognized as an offender of long standing, bounding away at full speed with a blanket in his paws. It was really time that an example should be made, if we did not wish to be wholly despoiled; besides that, our reluctance to kill the creatures had rendered them so impudent and fierce that it was evident they misunderstood our scruples, and believed they were left uninjured through fear of their attacks. So I set the dogs upon this old thief, and followed myself at a rapid trot.

Away went Mr. Baboon into the woods, and we after. Before long he appeared to discover that the chase was in earnest this time, and he dropped the blanket and flew on

with dismal outcries. The dogs overtook him at length. When he found there was no escape, he stationed himself against a tree, and fought so desperately that, before I could dispatch him, several of the dogs had received severe wounds. I left his carcass fastened against the trunk, as a warning to his confederates.

That night we heard the most doleful moans and howls from the whole tribe, who appeared to have collected about the body of their friend, but the lesson was one they did not forget; they kept shy of the village during our stay, and we were duly gratified at this forced improvement in their morals.

The next afternoon I went out in the forest alone with an old man, whom I had christened Crafty, on account of his skill and cunning in the chase. We started on the track of a herd of elephants, anxious to discover their whereabout, and be ready for a grand hunt on the following morning.

It was a beautiful day, and we had gone miles further than we intended, finding no traces of the animals, when, without the slightest warning, we were overtaken by one of the most violent storms I ever witnessed, even in that region. I had nothing on but a thin shirt and a pair of linen pantaloons, so that in an instant I was drenched like a river-god.

We turned in the direction of the village, even the great branches affording us slight shelter, the rain falling in such torrents that we could distinguish objects little better than if we had been surrounded by a heavy fog. We hurried on as best we might; but when the storm ceased, and twilight approached with the suddenness of that torrid clime, I made the agreeable discovery that for once Crafty's skill had deserted him—we were lost!

Nothing can be more dispiriting than such an adventure. We climbed trees in order to obtain a more extended view—nothing met the eye but the endless sweep of forest; and when we descended, we were sure to take a labyrinthine path in the opposite direction to the one we had desired to follow. At last I became so weary and dispirited that I threw myself down on a rock and told Crafty to call me when he found anything like a path.

The poor fellow was in despair, deeming the misfortune wholly his fault, and he was so dolefully penitent that I had not even the satisfaction of scolding him.

At last he disappeared from view, and I lay for a long time, somewhat forgetting the unpleasantness of my position in thoughts of home, when it suddenly occurred to me that Crafty had been a great while absent.

I roused myself and called loudly; there was no answer. I was alone in the forest. I began to think that he had wandered off, and, losing his way anew, was unable to find me.

A very uncomfortable feeling began to suggest itself to my mind; but I was unable to indulge in it long enough for it to become poignant, for at that instant the crackling of the underbrush at a distance warned me of the approach of some heavy animal.

I sprang down the declivity—found myself in a narrow gorge, and there, face to face with me, was a huge elephant, dashing madly along, the blood streaming from a hurt in his shoulder, and his whole appearance denoting pain and rage. I learned, after, that he had been pursued and wounded that morning by my friends, while out in search of me and my poor Crafty.

Just as I raised my gun to examine the loading, the brute caught sight of me, and with a sudden roar bore down upon me. Discretion was so decidedly the better part of valor in that case, that I turned to run up the hill. It was a difficult task; my feet slipped among the dead leaves and sharp rocks, and several times I rolled full length upon the ground.

The elephant was quite near me; I dropped my rifle and climbed up the trunk of a great tree, while he executed an awkward sort of advance under it, yelling and groaning, and evidently urging me to come within reach of his trunk. Just then I heard Crafty's gun on the top of the hill beyond, and shrieked to him with all the force of my lungs. I concluded to try a leap, and, descending to the lower branches, I sprang recklessly down, but my foot slipped, and I was gradually sliding down the hill.

I caught at a clump of bushes desperately, not even stunned by the fall, and sprang up; as I did so, I heard a fresh roar from the elephant, and there he was half way up the hill, brandishing his trunk almost within reach of my shoulder. I threw myself into the thicket, dashed over a great rock, rolling and pulling rather than jumping, but there was the elephant again, so close that it seemed to me I could feel his breath.

The agony of the moment was beyond all words. I made one more frantic effort, in which the last of my strength seemed to go out. There was another rush from the elephant, followed by the crack of a rifle, and the unwieldy creature rolled over and over down the hill. Crafty had come up just in time to see my danger, and, with his usual dexterity, had planted a bullet in the brain of my pursuer. Another shot finished his agonies, and we descended the hill to take a better view of the victim and recover my rifle.

But poor Crafty could think of nothing except the danger I had run. He threw his arms about my neck, sobbing like a child, and offering to kill himself for his stupidity, if it would be the slightest satisfaction to me.

When I learned that he had discovered no traces of the camp, I declined the proffered sacrifice, and we set out again to find some means of exit from the wilderness.

At last, after more than an hour's wandering in circles, we discovered a sort of path, and persevering in it despite of its discouraging appearance, we emerged into a more open track, evidently trodden by cattle. Not long after, I saw a flock of goats in the distance, and pointed them out to Crafty. He fairly danced with joy, and declared that we were near the village; but alas, as we approached the flock, the goats turned into a troop of brown animals, that fled with all haste.

We began again to feel our weariness and hunger, but we marched hastily on in silence for another half-hour. Then Crafty gave a cry and declared that he saw a dog ahead, but the dog was a figment of his imagination. On we traveled; the day was passing, and no sign of escape visible. We came to the foot of a high hill, and I told Crafty I was worn out, and we would make up our minds to spend another night in the forest.

He urged me so earnestly to go at least to the top of the steep, that I consented, and up we clambered with great exertion and difficulty. Crafty was in advance, and, as he gained the summit he uttered a howl of delight. I hurried to him, looked in the direction he pointed, and saw through an opening the village lying in the sunshine, miles away, it is true, but plainly to be seen, and with the way to it so clear that there was no possibility of losing the path.

We reached there before sunset, and I was suitably disgusted to find that though my friends had searched for us, they had not been anxious, because Crafty was with me, and had been rather inclined to believe that our absence was prolonged because I had discovered some exciting chase, from which I wished to emerge with all the laurels.

A BALLROOM IN 1700.

A GOLDEN DAWN.—"IT SO HAPPENED, AS ILL-FORTUNE WOULD HAVE IT, THAT ALAN HAD OVERTAKEN LADY FRASER ON THE LAWN, AND HYACINTH SAW THEM ENTER THE HOUSE TOGETHER."

# A GOLDEN DAWN.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "Lord Lynne's Choice," "More Bitter than Death," Etc.

## Chapter XI.

Lady Fraser found out that afternoon that there was no voice blended so well with her own as the young squire's; they had been trying a duet, and she had said to him, in an ecstasy of delight:

"What a superb voice you have, Mr. Branston, and how strange that it should blend so perfectly with mine! Do try some duets with me, will you?"

"I shall be only too pleased," said Alan, for whom her ladyship's contralto had a wonderful charm.

The result was that the hour before dinner, always hitherto appropriated by the young lovers to themselves, was spent with Lady Fraser, who sang like a siren; while Hyacinth sat in her dressing-room, trying to understand the terrible pain that was eating her heart away.

What was it? Alan loved her—what could it matter whether he sang with Lady Fraser or not? He was not in the least changed to her.

One evening, just before dinner, she went into the

drawing-room. She had generally been first there, and Alan had been accustomed to join her; he did so, he said, jestingly, to see if the flowers in her hair were all right. This evening, on entering suddenly, she saw Lady Fraser leaning back in her chair, diamonds shining in her dusky hair and a pomegranate blossom on her white breast, and Alan bending over her, talking earnestly to her. She could not discern that it was merely a scene which Lady Fraser had put upon the stage, as it were, for her benefit. She had called Alan to her side, and was questioning him about Elmsthorpe Grange, when Hyacinth saw him talking so earnestly.

She hesitated for half a moment, while her fair young face grew pale. Lady Fraser looked up with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. Hyacinth said, gently:

"I beg pardon; I hope——"

She had no time to finish her sentence; two or three others entered, and she walked to the other end of the room, where no one could see the pain she could not control.

Through some witty, playful nonsense, Lady Fraser had her chair placed next to Alan during dinner, and the little anecdotes she told him were so bright and clever that he allowed her almost to engross his attention. It was after that that Lady Rosedene made the fatal mistake of speaking to Hyacinth about the widow, and so bringing the jealousy which had until now lain dormant, into terrible, active, fiery life.

"Hyacinth," said the kind-hearted mistress of Dene Hall, "I want to speak to you. Why, child, you are losing your beautiful color! You look like a white hyacinth indeed! You must not be jealous of Lady Fraser."

The blue eyes raised to her face had something in them of intense pain.

"I am not jealous, Lady Rosedene," she said; but the keen ears detected the ring of pain in the clear, young voice.

Lady Rosedene went on:

"No one thinks much of what Lady Fraser does or says; if any one else did the same things, people would be shocked. She is a thorough flirt. I believe that she could no more see a nice man without trying to make him like her, than a cat can see a nice, plump little sparrow without wishing to eat it. There is no sincerity about her; her flirtations never last. Were I in your place, I should take no notice of her."

"Then you really think she is flirting with Alan, Lady Rosedene?"

Her ladyship was rather discomposed by the very straightforward question.

"I think, my dear, she is trying to do so; but I do not think she will succeed. Alan loves you too much to think of any one else."

"He did love me—he does love me!" said the girl; but her voice had the ring of despair in it.

"I should laugh at it," continued Lady Rosedene—"not take it seriously. Lady Fraser always devotes herself to the nicest man in the house, no matter whom he may be. Alan is the nicest man here."

"But he is mine!" said Hyacinth.

"Certainly. I know he is, and always will be. He cares nothing about Lady Fraser; but he cannot be rude to her. Take my advice, Hyacinth, and do not be jealous."

"I will not," said the poor child; "I am not."

"You have no cause," declared Lady Rosedene; "if I saw that you had, I should be the first to interfere—you know that."

But even Lady Rosedene's faith was somewhat shaken that evening, when she saw Alan and Lady Fraser singing together.

"Gertrude is cruel," she said. "She cares nothing for the squire. Why should she make that poor child unhappy? I shall speak sharply to her, if this goes on."

Lady Rosedene had no fear of Alan's loyalty; she had no doubt of his truth and constancy to Hyacinth; but she could not bear to see the sweet face lose its brightness and the tender eyes their light.

Little scenes that were nothing to the outsiders, yet which were full of tragedy to those interested, passed continually. One lovely morning in the middle of May, the guests were out on the terrace, the widow, as usual, in the centre of a brilliant, laughing group. Alan and Hyacinth were near her; and she was pretending to read the character of each person present by the flower that he or she admired. She made some wonderful "hits"—above all, when Captain Clifton said that his favorite flower was the poppy. The character of a brave and reckless soldier which she drew from that was clever in the extreme. Alan listened with wonder. Presently she turned to him.

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Branston?" she asked. He laughed as he replied:

"My allegiance is divided between two, and they are very different."

"What are they?" she asked.

"The white hyacinth and the blue cornflower," he replied.

She laughed the low, silvery laugh which was like a chime of bells.

"The fact that you are divided between two shows that you prefer neither. Your favorite flower shall be a spray of apple-blossom; from that I will sketch your character."

And she proceeded in a few picturesque words to give such a description of Alan, with such happy "hits," that every one was amused—except Hyacinth. She tried to reason with herself, to believe that there was nothing in it; but the hot fire of jealousy was burning her very heart away. She withdrew silently from the laughing group, and Alan was so deeply engrossed by Lady Fraser's brilliant wit that he did not miss her.

He found Hyacinth an hour afterward in the garden.

"My darling," he said, "why did you leave me? I never saw you go away."

He sat down by her, and drew the fair, troubled face near to his own.

"Alan," she asked, "do you really love me?"

"What a question to put, when we are to be married so soon!" he replied.

"But do you really love me better than any one else?" she pursued.

"Yes—ten thousand times better. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have no thought, no wish, no desire, no hope, that does not begin and end in you, Hyacinth."

"Then," cried the girl, "why do you torture me? Oh, Alan, if you love me, why torture me?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"I torture you, Hyacinth?" he exclaimed. "Why, my darling, I would not hurt a hair of your dear head! How do I torture you?"

"You do not understand," she said, with a bitter cry.

And, rising, she left him, lest he should see the tears she could not restrain.

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## Chapter XII.

Alan soon forgot Hyacinth's words. He was of a singularly bright and happy temperament. He had a certain vague idea that all women had highly strung nerves, and

were never to be properly understood. When Hyacinth said anything that was not quite comprehensible to him, he attributed the want of clearness to the fact that she belonged to the sex supposed to be swayed by feelings without reason.

He wondered a little sadly and a little gravely at the word "torture." What could the child mean, when every hair of her head was dear to him, and he worshiped the ground on which she stood?

It was one of Lady Fraser's fancies never to recognize the engagement between the two lovers. She never alluded to it. She never made even the faintest comment upon it. She gave no sign of having ever heard about it. She took no notice when others mentioned it. If any allusion were made to the coming marriage, she affected to misunderstand it.

More than once Hyacinth found herself wondering whether she knew of the engagement or not. Surely she did not—though they called her a flirt, she must have some notion of honor, and no honorable woman would ever seek the admiration of another woman's *fiancée*. When Lady Rosedene wished to speak to Alan, or took him in any way from Hyacinth, she always made some laughing apology. When Lady Fraser asked him to sing with her, or to take her round the grounds, or to read to her, as she often did, she never affected to think that Hyacinth was in the least concerned.

And, as she found that Alan fell easily into the net spread for him, she became more and more encroaching. She totally ignored Hyacinth, and openly claimed Mr. Branston. If some of the guests proposed going out for a drive, she always asked him to drive her; if any were walking, and he was with them, she chose him as her companion; if the evening was fine, she invited him to stroll around the grounds with her.

Alan was slightly impatient at first. Sometimes he excused himself, and went away with Hyacinth. Sometimes he was irresolute, and a witty jest from the beautiful siren brought him to her side—a constant fire of witticisms kept him there. She was kind to Hyacinth in a cold, formal fashion, but never mentioned Alan to her.

The others looked on—Lady Rosedene with vexation and impatience, the rest with amusement.

One day Hyacinth, passing the library windows, which opened upon the terrace, saw Lady Fraser seated in the deep bay-window; a dark head was bending over her, and just as Hyacinth went by she saw Alan take the white, jeweled hand and kiss it.

It was not much, perhaps, to kiss the hand of a beautiful woman; and she could not tell that Lady Fraser had tempted him—drawn him into doing it—by showing him one of her rings and leaving her warm, soft hand in his.

It was no wish of Alan's—he had no desire to kiss any hand save Hyacinth's; but, when she left it in his own, with a plain invitation in her eyes, he was but a mortal man, and he kissed it. There was not much in the action; but it shot with deadliest pain through the girl's loving heart; it smote her with bitterness like death; her face paled; her lips trembled. She looked like one whose heart had suddenly been transfixed with a sharp sword.

She went on her way—she was taking a message to the head-gardener about some flowers that Lady Rosedene wanted—but over the brightness of the May day a cloud had fallen: a funeral pall lay over the gold of the laburnum and the purple of the lilacs; a dark mist hid the budding roses and the lily-leaves; the birds seemed suddenly to have changed their notes. What was the fiery, horrible pain that made her heart bleed?

She went on quickly. She wanted to be alone to think over what she had seen. She gave the message to the gardener, who looked at her in amazement—her face was white and her lips trembled. Then she went from the park into the woods, where she could be alone and sob out her pain.

If she had known that Alan was searching everywhere for her, with hot impatience in his heart against the widow, she would have gone to him.

What bewildering pain it was! She flung herself down, hiding her white face and burning tears in the long, soft grass. The memory of that kiss was a burning pain—it tortured her. How was she to bear it? Was his love so light that a few glances from dark eyes and a few smiles from rosy lips could take his heart from her?

The white hands were clinched; the pretty lips trembled with deep-drawn, passionate sobs. How could she bear it—she loved him so well! Why should this dark-eyed woman come between them? Why should she woo him with her soft voice?

"He is mine!" she said, raising her tearful face to the sky. "Why should she try to take him from me? He is mine!"

The fever of jealousy that burned the loving soul grew cool in the rain of bitter tears—but the pain remained. How it tortured her!

Presently she returned to the house. It so happened, as ill-fortune would have it, that Alan had overtaken Lady Fraser on the lawn, and Hyacinth saw them enter the house together. As a matter of course, she thought that they had spent the morning together, while she had been weeping her heart out in the wood. The sight of them entering the house together made her grow faint.

The bell was ringing for luncheon. She had only just time to remove all traces of tears from her face, and hasten to the dining-room. The widow and Alan were side by side; but a chair had been left for Hyacinth next to her lover. She took it—but it was a mere farce for her to pretend to eat.

Alan was kind to her—he attended to all her wants; but he was laughing the whole time at some absurd anecdote that Lady Fraser was telling him. Hyacinth could not eat, but she had no wish to draw attention to herself. She contrived to keep up appearances, and joined in the discussion about a ball which Lady Rosedene had resolved upon giving. But her voice seemed to her as though it came from a long way off. It was forced and unnatural.

More than once she found Lady Rosedene's eyes fixed anxiously on her; and then she tried to rally—but it was in vain. The sting of her pain was too bitter. How was she to bear it?

On that same day Alan asked her to go down to the lakeside with him, and she did so. They sat down on the green bank that sloped gently down to the clear lake.

"Hyacinth," cried the young squire, suddenly, "let me look at your face! Why, my darling, what is the matter? Your eyes are quite dim. What is wrong? You do not look happy. And yet you must be happy—you cannot be otherwise."

"I am not happy! Oh, Alan," cried the girl, "do you not see that my heart is bleeding—not pained, not aching, but bleeding? Can you not see it—you who love me so well?"

He looked at her in utter wonder.

"No," he said. "What is it, my darling? Have I displeased you?"

"'Displease' is not the word. You torture me! Oh, Alan, give up Lady Fraser'"

"Give up Lady Fraser! Why, my darling, what have I to do with her? She is nothing to me."

"She talks to you; you sing with her; you kiss her hand—I saw it. Oh, Alan, it is killing me! You must give her up!"

"I have nothing to give up," he replied. "I hope you are not jealous, Hyacinth? I do not like jealous women."

"She causes me nothing but pain," said the girl, earnestly. "But I see it is not your fault—she seeks you."

"Yes, I think she likes to talk to me," he answered, little dreaming of the bitter anguish his words would cause her. "You see, she is a clever woman, and I understand her."

"Give her up, Alan, for my sake—because it makes me so unhappy to see you with her."

"My darling," said the young lover, gravely, "while we are in the world, we must do as the world does. Because a lady happens to be young and beautiful, and to show, as Lady Fraser does, a decided preference for my society, I cannot be rude to her. I must give laugh for laugh, jest for jest."

"Give her up, Alan. Tell her you are going to marry me, and have not time to spare for her."

"My darling, I cannot—every one would laugh. They would say that I was under petticoat government."

"But it is for my happiness," said the girl. "Sometimes, when she looks into your eyes and smiles, it seems to me as though my heart were burning. For my sake, Alan——"

"I have never wronged you, even in thought, Hyacinth," he interrupted. "I would do anything on earth to please you; but, my darling, I cannot make myself a subject of laughter. I promise to keep out of the fair widow's way. Do not ask me to make myself the mark for everybody's wit. Let us talk about something more pleasant."

And he forgot the subject, while she suffered unutterable pain.

But that evening, when Lady Fraser asked him to sing, the young squire excused himself—he was going to play at chess with Miss Vane.

The widow gave a glance at the fair face of the girl whose heart she was wounding for her own amusement.

"You have been talking to your lover about me, *ma belle*," she said to herself; "but you shall pay dearly for every word!"

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## Chapter XIII.

Lady Fraser began to be interested. She liked the young Squire better than she had liked any one yet, and there was a certain piquant pleasure in watching the pained face of the young girl. For once the biter was bitten. She had begun by playing at love, and she ended by learning to love the man who was so solemnly promised to another woman.

After she had found that out, she delighted in torturing her young rival; to see the fair young face blanch, the white lips tremble, and a sudden quiver of pain pass over it, was a pleasure to her. Yet she was so clever and so cunning that she contrived to accomplish all this without attracting attention, or drawing down upon herself the displeasure of others.

One afternoon, by some strange chance, she found herself alone with Hyacinth. It was a golden opportunity—one not to be lost. Lady Fraser walked aimlessly up and down the room; then, as though an idea had suddenly occurred to her, she said, half to herself, half to Hyacinth:

"I wonder where Mr. Branston is? I wish he would sing with me for half an hour."

Looking up at her, Hyacinth saw a flash of fire and mischief in the dark, lustrous eyes. She spoke without thinking.

"Lady Fraser," she said, "do you know that I am going to marry Mr. Branston? We are to be married in July."

She trembled as she spoke; it seemed to her as though with these few words she must crush her rival; but, to her surprise, Lady Fraser laughed a low, gentle laugh with a touch of scorn in it.

"Indeed!" she said. "But July is not here yet; and there is 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"There will be no slip for me," rejoined Hyacinth, hotly.

"I hope not," laughed Lady Fraser; "but it is wise not to make too sure of anything in this world. Those who trust, for instance, in a man's love trust in shifting sand. I am going to sing. If Lady Rosedene wants me, tell her I am in the music-room with Mr. Branston."

A few minutes afterward, Hyacinth heard a stream of music filling the house. She did not wait to discover whether her lover's voice was blending with the magnificent contralto. She went to her room and buried her face in the pillows to shut out the sound.

"She is stealing his heart from me!" sobbed the girl.

From that hour the very madness of jealousy seemed to take possession of her; her pain became intolerable; she lost all the sweet, childish grace and softness that had been her great charm. She was always angry, suspicious, or silent. The light had gone from her life; and Alan, vexed and impatient at the change in her, was often displeased, simply because he did not understand. Lady Fraser did her best to make matters worse. She said many things in the young girl's presence which she would not have dared to say to others.

One evening Hyacinth was with Lady Rosedene; they were walking slowly amongst the budding roses, and suddenly they saw Lady Fraser crossing the lawn, with Alan by her side. The very sight seemed to turn the girl's blood cold.

"Look, Lady Rosedene!" she cried. "There is Alan—he is with Lady Fraser again. She will take him from me, I am sure. See how she smiles at him, how she looks at him."

Lady Rosedene looked in alarm at the girl. Her face had suddenly grown livid, her eyes were dim with despair.

"My dear Hyacinth," she said, "do not look like that."

With a convulsive grasp the girl clung to her arm.

"Lady Rosedene," she cried, "she will take my lover from me—I am sure she will. She is luring him away."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," said Lady Rosedene, honestly indignant. "I wish she had never come to Dene Hall."

The madness of passion seemed to have taken possession of Hyacinth. A crimson color flushed her face, an angry light shone in her eyes; all her gentleness and sweetness vanished. Under the influence of her terrible jealousy, she was like one transformed. Lady Rosedene never forgot that awful change; it was the first time she had ever been brought face to face with the dreadful reality of human passion.

"She will take him from me," said the girl, in low, despairing tones; "and he is all I have in the world. I wish she was dead!" she cried. "Why should she seek to take him from me?"

"My dear Hyacinth, you must not say such things," remonstrated Lady Rosedene. "You do not mean them."

"I do mean them," cried the unhappy girl. "If she takes my lover from me, I will kill her!"

Then the wild, passionate words died in a burst of tears.

Lady Rosedene tried her best to soothe her, but to Hyacinth it seemed as though her soul had been seared.

Perhaps Alan was not altogether free from blame. He might, as he expressed it, have kept out of Lady Fraser's way; but her evident admiration flattered him. More than once, when he found Hyacinth with a tragic face, and eyes dim with tears, he muttered words that were by no means complimentary to the charming widow; but also more than once, when he found Hyacinth sad and silent, or ready to taunt him about Lady Fraser, he showed his independence by going straight back to Lady Fraser's side.

So things went from bad to worse, and there seemed little hope of any improvement. Lady Rosedene resolved to speak to the beautiful coquette, who was risking the happiness of two lives merely to gratify her own vanity. She resolved to do or say something which should shorten Lady Fraser's visit.

"I have never felt jealous in all my life," said Lady Rosedene to herself; "but if jealousy can change any one as that beautiful, happy, loving child is changing, it must be hard to bear."

It was hard to bear. Hyacinth tried to trample it down, but it rose again with a thousand tongues of flame, and seemed to enfold her. It poisoned every breath of the sweet Summer air; it poisoned the food she ate; it killed all sweet sleep; it destroyed all rest. It was like a corroding poison eating her very heart away. There was no brightness, no beauty, left in her life.

She was always weighing evidence about Alan. She said to herself a hundred times over that if he really found that he liked Lady Fraser best, she would give him up, and then tried to imagine what her life would be without him, and found that it held nothing for her but despair and death!

More than once Lady Fraser stung her into the madness of pain, and she had cried aloud that she wished her rival dead. With many additions, the words were passed from one to another, and the guests said such passion was dangerous.

The night of the ball came, and great had been the preparations. A ball at Rosedene was one of the most pleasurable events in the county, and this was, above all others, eagerly looked for. Hyacinth, by her lover's desire, wore a dress of rich white silk, superbly trimmed with blue cornflowers; a wreath of blue cornflowers lay on the golden hair, and she wore a knot of the flowers at her breast. An exquisite toilet it was—one just suited to her fair, Spring-like loveliness. She was so pleased with her lover's admiration that something of her former glad young happiness came back to her.

Alan was waiting for her in the hall, and kissed the sweet, wistful face that was raised to his.

"How beautiful you look, my darling!" he said. "Now we will have a night so happy that it shall be like a Summer dream to us. Let me see your dear face bright and glad as it is now."

They went into the ballroom together, Lady Rosedene watching anxiously. She had seen something in the widow's dark eyes that boded mischief.

When Lady Fraser entered the ballroom—which she did an hour later than most of the others—all eyes were turned wonderingly toward her. The beauty of every other woman paled before the fire of hers. Art, elegance and luxury had exhausted themselves in her marvelous costume. She wore a dress of the palest green brocade, so pale as to be almost white; it was elaborately and beautifully trimmed with apple-blossoms; diamonds, shining like dew-drops, were scattered over the blossoms. The lovely hues of the flowers were shown to perfection in the wreath on her glossy hair; diamonds shone in it, and a diamond cross sparkled like fire on her breast.

A low cry came from Hyacinth's lips as she saw Lady Fraser's dress. She remembered the scene about the apple-blossoms. It seemed to the loving, wounded heart as though her beauty suddenly faded and the light of her life went out.

Alan evidently understood all that Lady Fraser intended to convey. He laughed when he saw the flowers; he laughed when people teased him; and those who remembered the little scene assured him that he was much honored. He laughed again when Lady Fraser raised her face to his.

"You will dance with the apple-blossoms, if you do not with me," she said; and the heart of the girl who loved him stood still with jealous rage, with hot, bitter pain.

Once during the evening the two rivals stood together. Lady Fraser said to Hyacinth:

"How well Mr. Branston dances! I am longing for a waltz with him."

"He does not waltz," said Hyacinth, coldly.

"You will see," the widow laughed. "You have forgotten all I told you about lovers' vows. He will waltz with me, I am sure."

Later on he did so; and Lady Rosedene, who was talking to Hyacinth, was startled by the spasm of pain that crossed the fair young face.

When the girl saw that, although the waltz was over, Alan remained talking to Lady Fraser, her jealousy became unbearable.

"Good-night, Lady Rosedene," she said. "I cannot bear it. I shall go home to-morrow, and then I shall suffer no longer. I—I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

The last glimpse that Lady Rosedene and several visitors had of her that evening was when she left the ballroom, with a pretty blue-and-white shawl thrown over her shoulders. No one knew that she flung the shawl away as she passed through the hall to go to her room.

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## Chapter XIV.

AFTERWARD, every detail of that night was remembered — from Hyacinth's passionate cry, "I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me," to the insignificant occurrence that, while the ball was at its height, a stranger had called, and asked if Lady Fraser was staying at the Hall. Hearing that she was here, he had said that he would call on the morrow. Long afterward, one of the footmen, who was not quite sober at the time, remembered that this stranger had spoken of the size of the Hall and of the situation of the visitors' rooms.

Alan was the first to miss Hyacinth from the ball-room. He went at once to Lady Rosedene, who told him frankly the cause of her absence.

"If she is really cross," he said, "it is of no use my sending any message to her."

Lady Rosedene looked gravely at him.

"I think you are to blame," she said. "If I were in your place, I should not spend so much time with Lady Fraser."

He laughed carelessly.

"I shall not be much troubled," he replied, "when Lady Fraser's visit ends. She amuses me almost against my will; but I love my darling."

"Then why vex her?" asked Lady Rosedene, quickly.

"I do not—that is, she ought not to be vexed. She knows I love her, and she ought to trust me," said Alan. "I shall be glad when Lady Fraser is gone; I have had a presentiment of evil ever since she has been here."

The last they saw of Lady Fraser that evening was when she stood, in all the brilliant glow of her beauty, talking to Alan. The light from the great chandelier fell on her beautiful face and imperial figure—on her diamonds, her rich dress and the lovely apple-blossoms. She was talking to him, and saying to herself that she liked him far better than any one she had seen, and that, if it could be managed, she would be the lady of Elmsthorpe, instead of the child who showed her jealous pain in her face.

Her dark eyes flashed and her red lips smiled as she bade him good-night. She said good-night also to Lady Rosedene; but the mistress of Dene was not very cordial to her; she could not forget the pain on Hyacinth's face or the despair in her voice.

"Gertrude," she said, somewhat sharply, "do you remember the old saying, 'Do as you would be done by'?"

Lady Fraser laughed a careless, musical laugh.

"I remember many quaint old sayings, but I never apply them to myself," she answered; and, as she hastened away, some of the apple-blossoms that had been fastened to her dress fell to the ground.

"They are all rather cross with me," said Lady Fraser to herself, as she reached her own room. "I do not care. I like him, and I shall win him for myself if I can."

It was long after midnight, and the whole household was wrapped in slumber. There was no sign left of the brilliant ball; the last carriage had driven away; the tired dancers, and the still more tired servants, had gladly sought rest. Lady Fraser alone felt no fatigue; she was full of high spirits and exultation; her brain seemed to burn with the different plans that came into her mind. Her maid took the jewels from her hair and her breast, and then she opened her window, that the cool air might take the fever from her.

As she leaned her head out in the moonlight, a man standing watching uttered a low cry.

"It is herself!" he exclaimed. "Now I shall see."

She did not remain there many minutes, but quickly closed her window, still smiling to think what she would and could do.

She had been for some time moving quietly about her room, when a noise, as of some one throwing sand or gravel at the window, attracted her attention. At first she thought it was fancy. But it was repeated again and again. Such signals could not have been quite unknown to her, for she suddenly grew deadly pale.

She went to the window and opened it. The man then stood underneath. He looked up, and in the moonlight their eyes met.

"You know me?" he said, briefly.

A low cry of wonder and dismay came from her lips.

"Is it you, Andrea?" she asked.

"Yes; I want to speak to you; you must come to me. Do you hear? I make no prayer; I say only you must come to me."

"I cannot," she answered, with a low moan. "I cannot get out of the house."

"You must—I repeat that you must! I have looked half England over to find you, and now I will see you—now—here—to-night!"

"I cannot, Andrea. Be reasonable; come to-morrow. I dare not," she moaned.

"I say come. You need not fear; only cowards fear. You think I shall hurt you; on my honor I will not. You know my power over you—do not hesitate. If you come now and speak with me, you shall return to your room unhurt; but I must have speech with you. I am a desperate man. If you refuse, I shall wake up the house and declare before all that which you know and I know. Quick—your choice?"

"I will come," she said.

She did not wait even to gather together the long, dusky hair that lay over her shoulders. She opened the door of her room, which was near the grand staircase, and looked out cautiously. There was no sound, nothing but darkness and silence. She knew of a side-door which opened with but little trouble into the grounds. If she could use that, she could get out in silence and no one hear her.

Cautiously she made her way down-stairs. In the hall lay a blue-and-white shawl. She lifted it and threw it over her head; then noiselessly unfastened the door and went out.

The cool, sweet night-air greeted her. Passing round the western end of the house, she met the stranger face to face. He seized her with almost savage force.

"I knew you would come," he said. "I am a desperate man. You lured me on to love you. You laughed at me when I asked you to marry me. I have searched half England to find you; and now I shall never leave you until you promise to be my wife. You may look at me. You think me mad. I may be. I have been mad, they say, since you played with me. But I am sane now, and you must listen to me."

She foresaw that she had a hard battle to fight, and that she must do the best she could.

What took place between them, no one ever knew. What was the secret of his power over her, no one ever understood. She walked with him for more than an hour, and then she raised a white, tired face to his.

"You will let me go now, Andrea," she said. And he watched her as she re-entered the house.

The beauty and exultation had all left her now. She undressed hurriedly, and flung herself, tired in body and mind, upon the bed.

She drew the blue-and-white shawl from her head, and folded her hands in it. Soon the dark eyes closed, and the beautiful woman slept. Soon dreams gave her back her happiness, and she smiled while her hands lay, warm and still, folded in the pretty shawl.

What that night saw, only Heaven knew; but one thing was quite certain—day never dawned for her!

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It was late the next morning when the household began to stir. Lady Fraser's maid, Julie, waited some time before she knocked at her mistress's door, and then there came no answer. She went away, thinking that her mistress slept and did not wish to be disturbed. But the morning wore on, and she grew anxious at last. She could hear no sound, and could get no answer. She went in search of Lady Rosedene, who smiled when she heard the maid's story, but finally shared her anxiety. They went together to the widow's room, but all endeavors to rouse the sleeper were ineffectual.

"We must have the door opened," said Lady Rosedene, with a pale, scared face. "What can be the matter?"

They fetched the butler—an old, confidential servant of Lady Rosedene's—and he broke open the door.

Then followed the wailing and shrieking of women, speedily succeeded by the horror and anger of men. For the beautiful Lady Fraser lay dead, stabbed to the heart—stabbed in such a manner that she must have suffered little pain. Her closed, cold hands clutched Hyacinth Vane's shawl, and to the fringe of the shawl was fastened one of

the blue cornflowers that she had worn on her dress. The servants tried to remove the shawl, but the dead hands clasped it with the clasp of death.

To one and all the same awful thought came. The young girl who had threatened her rival's life had surely accomplished her end; and there in the dead woman's hand, by the will of Heaven, was left the proof of her guilt. Her own words rang in all ears—"I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

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CHAPTER XV.

ENE HALL was filled with consternation. Colonel Halle undertook the superintendence; Lady Rosedene was quite incapacitated. All that she could say was, "I knew evil would come of it."

Even in the midst of her sorrow and dismay, she had time to reflect that her prestige was ended—that never again could people speak with satisfaction of her home. A murder had been committed there—a beautiful woman had been cruelly slain in the middle of the night. Instead of being the admiration of the whole county, her house would henceforth be shunned as the scene of a most cruel tragedy.

Colonel Halle, by dint of hard words, brought her back to reason.

"It is clearly," he said, "a case of murder, and the laws of the land must be obeyed; no one must touch the body or enter the room."

The last injunction came too late. When the rush of terrified women came, they disturbed the ornaments on the toilet-table; and no one remembered whether the window was found open or shut; all that was known was that the dead woman grasped the shawl in her hands as though she had grasped it in her last struggle.

Colonel Halle forbade its removal. He sent away the weeping women, he kept a watch on the chamber of the dead. He was a strong man and a brave soldier, but his eyes filled with tears as he picked up from the ground the beautiful spray of apple-blossom that had been worn on the white breast now stilled for evermore.

Very quickly the detectives came, and the whole ghastly machinery of the law was set in force.

No one ever knew who first uttered the fatal words:

"She must be guilty; her shawl was in the dead woman's hand."

Several guests of her own sex, with some women-servants, sought Miss Vane. No one could tell in the after days who was the first to enter the room where the girl stood in her white dressing-robe, her hair falling like a vail over her, her face colorless as that of the dead woman's, a terrible fear in her eyes, her white lips dumb. She leaned back against the wall, with her hand held out as though she would ward off some terrible blow.

Who entered first, who said first that she was guilty, who revealed that she had said over and over again that she would slay Lady Fraser if she took her lover from her, who repeated the last words that she had uttered in the ball-room when she hastened away with the blue-and-white shawl round her shoulders which was now clasped in the dead woman's hand, was never known.

The storm gathered, and the young girl stood there breasting it alone. Her own sex shrank from her with looks of scorn, with horror in their eyes, with fear in their faces. The room seemed full of whispers.

"She is so young," said one; "could she be so cruel?"

"She looks so fragile," remarked another, "it is a wonder that she possessed the strength."

"Hate is strong," was the answer; "and she hated her rival because she was jealous of her."

And all the time they spoke these words, Hyacinth stood dumb and motionless, with unutterable woe in her white face.

She never moved until, attracted by the crowd, Alan entered the room and saw her, the mark for all suspicion. She sprang to him, regardless of who saw or heard her; she flung herself upon his breast; she clasped her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Alan, save me, help me! Send them away; they say I killed her!"

And the words were wailed out in a voice that filled some of the people with pain.

He gathered her to him; he kissed the sweet, despairing face

"No one shall say so, my darling; I will take you away. No one thinks you did it; it is women's foolish talk. You shall go home; I will take you. Leave the room," he said to the ladies and women-servants who had gathered there. "Hyacinth, get ready to return to your father. I will stand outside here at the door, and see that no one molests you." He raised one white, cold hand to his lips and kissed it. "My darling," he added, "those sweet hands would not knowingly take the life of anything."

But, when she tried to arrange her dress, her hands trembled so that one of the women-servants had to help her. She was not long, however, before she was ready; but, when Alan led her from the room, he was stopped by a stern-faced officer of the law.

"That lady cannot leave the house, sir. I have a warrant for her apprehension for the murder of Lady Fraser."

"You are mad!" said Alan, "or rather those who granted such a warrant are mad!"

"I am very sorry, sir, I must obey orders. The lady cannot leave this house. When she does, it will be to go to Ulverston Jail."

Those who saw the scene will never forget it. The officer produced the warrant for Hyacinth's apprehension—he had ridden to the nearest magistrate for it—and the girl, her fair young face as white as death, clung to her lover, crying out that he must save her. Alan, mad with shame and despair, sent for Lady Rosedene, who came with Colonel Halle.

"You cannot allow such an injustice as this," he said; "it is too cruel! This young lady is under your care, Lady Rosedene. They shall trample my dead body under foot before they touch her!"

A voice rose from the crowd of women:

"She killed Lady Fraser because she was jealous of her!"

When Alan Branston heard the words, they smote him like a sword. The arm that had gathered her closely to him fell by his side. She raised her despairing eyes to his face.

"Oh, my love, my love!" she cried, "surely, if all the world fails me, you will not?"

Lady Rosedene's words bore fatal witness against her young visitor.

"I never thought you meant it, Hyacinth," she said; "although I believe she drove you mad with jealousy."

"I may have been mad," replied the girl, calmly, "I do not remember what I said; but I take Heaven to witness that I never injured Lady Frazer."

"If you are innocent," said Colonel Halle, "you will be able to prove it at the right time and in the right place."

He, for one, evidently believed in the girl's guilt.

The terrible scene was shortened by Colonel Halle. Under some pretext he drew Alan away, and during his absence Hyacinth Vane was removed under the charge of the police-officer.

The details of the terrible tragedy at Dene Hall were soon known all over the land. The newspapers discussed it fully; every illustrated paper had a view of Dene Hall; every variety of style was used in describing the tragedy—the pathetic, the sentimental, the monitory; but one and all of the writers agreed that it was the most awful crime of modern times.

How greedily people read the story of the handsome young squire who had so truly loved the young girl, although, manlike, he had thought it no treason to flirt with another woman! How they wondered about the young girl, who was said to have the face of a goddess! How they talked of the brilliant woman who had tried to lure the young lover away!

It was the old story, they said—love, jealousy, and madness. No one seemed to doubt Hyacinth's guilt—she must have done the deed. So the public read and talked, while at Dene Hall the dreary tragedy moved on. There was an inquest, and the verdict was "Willful murder." Then most of the visitors left Dene Hall. Colonel Halle, at Lady Rosedene's request, remained.

The saddest part of the tragedy was to come. Alan Branston determined that Francis Vane should not hear the intelligence from any one but himself, and he went over to see him. He lived out of the world—this scholar who had been so true to one love; but the moment his eyes fell on the young squire's face, he cried out:

"There is something wrong with my daughter!"

Alan tried to tell him gently—to break the news to him softly; but from the first moment in which he clearly understood, there was death in his face. He spoke at last, but his words were few.

"My daughter is in prison, you tell me, charged with the murder of the woman of whom you made her jealous?"

"Alas, it is so!" said Alan. "I would rather be dead myself than telling this to you."

"And, were I in your place, I would rather be dead than saying it."

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The tragedy was deepened when people heard that Francis Vane, scholar and gentleman, was found dead on his wife's grave. There was a smile on his face when they raised him, as though he knew the truth.

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## Chapter XVI.

Hyacinth Vane's trial, while it lasted, occupied the attention of all England—there had been no such sensation for years. There had been cases of poisoning and horrible murders, but nothing like this—a young and beautiful girl in her jealousy had slain the woman she believed to be her rival.

It was a trial that had been expected for many months; but the prisoner had been seriously ill, and it had been delayed until she was well enough to appear at the bar of justice.

The March Assizes at Ulverston were the general subject of conversation; every one was on the alert. The grand jury found a true bill, and Hyacinth Vane was to be tried for her life for the willful murder of Lady Fraser.

Hyacinth's father was dead, and, but for Alan, she would have been alone in the world. He would have lavished his whole wealth in her defense. He employed the cleverest and most eloquent counsel; he left no stone unturned; he wore himself to a shadow in his efforts—but circumstantial evidence was too strong for him.

The day of the trial came, and from all parts of England people went to see the heroine of the Dene Hall tragedy. There had been nothing like the excitement for years.

The evidence against the prisoner was strong. Ladies of unimpeachable veracity came forward and said that they had heard the prisoner threaten that she would slay the deceased if she took her lover from her; and those words, spoken by the girl in the mad frenzy of jealousy, meaning nothing then, had a very different and far more horrible sound when repeated in a court of justice. She had been heard to threaten Lady Fraser. A dozen witnesses could swear to the ill-feeling there was between the two. On the night of the murder they had quarreled; Hyacinth had been heard to say she would kill her rival if she took her lover from her. It was next proved that after those few sharp words, Hyacinth left the ball-room with the blue-and-white shawl round her shoulders. The same shawl was found clinched in the dead woman's hands, and fastened to it was one of the blue cornflowers Miss Vane had worn.

The evidence was strong; no one else had even a faint dislike to the hapless lady. The crime had not been committed for booty; her jewelry was lying about, but not even a ring had been touched. There was no possible motive to be assigned save jealousy; there was no one jealous but Hyacinth Vane. The evidence as to the shawl found in the murdered woman's hands proved that Hyacinth Vane must have been with her when she died; therefore she must have killed her.

So argued the prosecution, so thought the jury; and in defense what was there to be said? Most eloquent appeals were made by the clever counsel employed. They spoke of the prisoner's youth and beauty; they tried to show how impossible it was that a girl so young, so fragile, so weak, could have been guilty of so gross a crime. They made the most of one point—the absence of a weapon. But from the first it was evident that the trial was going against her. Perhaps her youth and beauty, instead of pleading for her, were against her. The jury had to steel themselves.

The evidence had told against her; one could read it in the faces of the jurymen, which grew graver and sadder—in the face of the judge, which was sorrowful with a great sorrow—in the weeping eyes of women and the bent brows of stern men.

The time came when the short sunshine of the March day was over, and a dull, yellow light filled the court—when the jury went out to consider their verdict, and the prisoner, white and cold as death, was led from the dock. The jury were absent for more than an hour, and when they returned it was to a scene no one ever forgot. Through the large windows could be seen the darkening sky, and the hoarse murmur of the crowd surrounding the court could be plainly heard. Tier after tier of eager faces was lifted, all eyes were bent in one direction. The gas had been lighted, and threw a curious livid hue on the hundreds of assembled faces. The one object of interest was the tall, slender figure of the young girl. She stood quite erect, her hands clasped, her fair, sweet face white as snow, her blue eyes lowered and drenched with tears, her lips closed like the bud of a white flower—surely the most pitiful figure ever seen on earth.

Women told each other afterward of the brave young lover who would not leave her, who watched every move-

"THERE IS NO HELP FOR ME!"

ment of the white hands, every expression of the sweet, white face; who listened attentively to every word for and against her; who sent little notes to her counsel, and looked as though he could annihilate every witness whose evidence told ever so slightly against her.

The sweet face grew even whiter when the jury returned; the girl's hands trembled, her blue eyes turned with a wistful, helpless look to the Squire's handsome face.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury—do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

There was a moment's silence; one might have heard a pin drop; in the whole of that crowded court there was not a sound.

"Guilty!" was the word that fell like a death-knell; and the eager expectation gave way to a murmur of dismay.

"Innocent, I say, and I will prove it!" cried the young Squire.

And, looking at his troubled face, the judge refrained from rebuke. He passed sentence of death on her, while women wept and men shuddered. Death for that fair young girl with the angelic face—death for that fair, delicate body—it was too terrible!

It was over at last. The warders carried the prisoner away, as one already senseless or dead. No one interfered when the lover who loved her so well bent down as she was carried past him and kissed the sweet, silent face; no one rebuked him—there was deepest pity for him.

As the audience broke up, different groups discussed the verdict. Slowly enough they gave their opinion—she must be guilty; no one else could have done it. Yet how angelic she looked, and how dearly the Squire loved her!

Slowly the miserable March day ended; and the next day it was known all over the country that Hyacinth Vane had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

A petition was drawn up and numerously signed, praying that, because she was so young, and the evidence against her all circumstantial, the sentence might be commuted; but the Home Secretary, who had not seen the fair face, and the blue eyes drowned in tears, saw no cause for interference, and the law was to take its course.

What those days spent in the dreary solitude of the condemned cell were for the hapless girl, no one ever knew. The only grace that she obtained was permission from the Governor to have pens, ink and paper. She wrote all that she thought and felt. She kept those papers until she died; and she called them

### *A DREAM OF THE SCAFFOLD.*

Some one has been into my cell and tells me that I may have pens and ink, that I may write all I think and feel; and my thoughts go first of all to my home.

There was a large bed of white hyacinths in the dear old garden at home; they were my mother's pride. When any one came to see her in the warm, beautiful Springtime, she would say to them, "Have you seen my hyacinths?" and then show them with such gentle pride. When she lay dying, with the light of the western sun on her face, they laid me in her arms. She could not see me for the mist before her eyes.

"You would like to kiss the baby," those about her said; and the sweet soul smiled, and would not tell them that the light had gone from her eyes.

She felt with her white, dying hand for the little face, and then said, with a smile:

"My dear little baby! Francis, I should like her to be called 'Hyacinth,' after my favorite flowers."

My father promised that it should be so; and I was named Hyacinth Vane.

Yes, I—Hyacinth Vane, condemned to die to-morrow—I was a little baby once, with my golden head nestling on my mother's breast, with my soft, pink cheek warmed by my mother's dying kiss.

I am to die to-morrow. To die! Oh, Heaven, what do the words mean?"

I raise my hands and look at them; they are white and warm. The warm blood courses through them. Is it possible that to-morrow they will be whiter still—cold and motionless? How can I die to-morrow, when to-day I am full of warm life?

The sun rises in the east, and touches the left side of the wall of my cell; at night it touches the right. Now it is between the two. The golden sunlight creeps so slowly along the wall. When it comes round here to-morrow, I shall be dead. Oh, stop, golden sun, while I think what that means! I shall be dead—my eyes will see no more, my ears will be closed, my lips dumb. I shall lie cold and still; but where shall I be—the "I" who thinks, speaks, feels and suffers? A cold, white body will be somewhere within the prison walls, but that will not be I.

I am to die to-morrow. I am nineteen years old—a girl, young and innocent, lying in Ulverston Jail, condemned to death—found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung by the neck until I am dead.

I remember the crowded court, the sea of faces, the hum of voices, the glare of the sun, the stirring of the vast crowd, and the deadly silence that reigned while the judge put on that terrible cap, and said, "Hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

There was a stir, an excitement. One lady, who had watched the trial intently, suddenly gave an hysterical cry—

"She is so young! Is there no mercy for her?"

I heard murmurs all round me—I saw tears on many faces; but I did not think of myself. It was to me as though another girl stood in the dock, and I was so sorry for her. My mind dwelt on those words, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" If those wise and learned men wanted me to save my soul, why do they hurry me out of the world? Why not let me live to do it?

Slowly the golden light is changing on the wall; when it reaches the end of the window, the sun will set—when it sets to-morrow night, I shall be beyond it. I kneel by the side of the little pallet, and I pray that my fair young mother may never know that her white Hyacinth was accused of murder.

Slowly the sun-rays are creeping along before the terrible darkness of night comes—the darkness that for me knows no second dawn.

Let me describe what my cell is like. It is a square, cold, bare room, all white; yet it seems to me that the very walls should be black with sighs. The window is very small, very narrow. When I stand on the bed, I can see just one piece of blue sky. There are a chair and a white deal table. This is the condemned cell at Ulverston Jail. Strange tragedies have passed here; unhappy women have moaned their lives away, frantic wretches have knelt and clutched the hands of the chaplain and the warders. Soulless, saddened, brutal men have stupefied themselves with despair, and have died without a word; cowards have shrieked and raved, good men have prayed, while I——

Strange stories are told of the last night spent by those condemned to die on the morrow. Sometimes a stupor of despair comes over the criminal—a stupor from which nothing can rouse him—and he dies; or, bewildered, a frantic madness seizes him. Men who have to die at eight in the morning have been known, in a paroxysm of this madness, to almost kill the man who watched him.

In this cell, due precaution has been taken; there is a portion of it inclosed within an iron railing, which has no outlet into the cell. If the warder wants to go near the prisoner, he must go out of his own door and re-enter the cell by the door that belongs to it. The railed-off portion looks like an immense iron cage. The warder's bed is inside it.

I have heard of frantic men clutching those bars with shrieks that have made the blood run cold in the veins of those who heard. I shall try to die calmly; but I know that I shall be most terribly afraid.

Faster now and faster the light creeps along the wall. Oh, for one face to smile on me, for one hand to touch me, for one word of comfort!

I climb to the window and watch the blue sky. What mystery lies beyond it?

There is just a breath of the sweet Summer air. I lay my tired head against the cold stone wall, and shut my eyes; then—ah, then I am in the old garden at home, where the roses are growing, and sweet, old-fashioned flowers are full of perfume! The blossoms fall from the lime-trees, the bees are busy with the carnations, the butterflies woo the lilies, the golden sunlight lies over all. A bird with bright eyes and smooth plumage sings on a bough of white pear-blossom. Oh, dear and gracious Heaven! how fair it is, this warm, sunlit, fragrant world!

I watch the swallows on the eaves; I watch the blue and white pigeons circle in the air. My heart grows light and gay with all this loveliness around me; yet there is a feeling as of some impending dread. I hear the wood-pigeons and the shouts of children at play. I can see the gray church-spire, and a voice calls, "Hyacinth, where are you?" "I am here, father," I answer, in my dream; and I see my father walk down the broad path bordered by white lilies. A sudden sense of security and freedom from all danger warms my heart. I throw my arms round him, and then, with a deadly chill, with a terrible horror, with mortal dread, with keenest anguish, I awake.

Ah, dear Heaven, it was but a dream! I am miles away from the garden at home, and I have looked my last on my father's face.

It was only a dream. My head lay on the stone wall, one sunbeam touched my face; yet so vivid had been the dream that the odor of the lilies seemed to be around me.

I cannot cry. My eyes burn, my heart swells, all my tears have been dried long since; but a great sob comes from my lips. Oh, if I could but escape through the narrow window, were it only to fall dead on the ground beneath!

My dream has unnerved me; the song of the bird on the pear-tree is with me still. I hear the low ripple of the little brook over the pebbles; I hear the soft, sweet chime of the church-bells; I know just now that the sunlight lies low on the hills, that the haymakers are leaving work, that the children are wandering through the woods, that the birds are calling to each other, that the cows are returning from the meadow, that the sun is beginning to set amid a great mass of crimson clouds, that the wind is whispering, and the trees stir their great branches in languid answer.

Never again will sun set, or bird sing, or flowers bloom for me. Never again will the reapers, passing me in the green lane, greet me cheerily. All sweet sounds of earth have ceased for me.

If I could but stop that changing light! It is on the right side now, and it is growing fainter. A cold, horrible shudder comes over me; my limbs tremble; an unutterable anguish burns my very soul. I give one long, lingering look at the blue sky. Shall I see it to-morrow, when they take me out, shame-stricken, to die before the eyes of thousands? Shall I notice either the sky or the sunlight then—I, who have loved them all my life?

Then comes another pause. I dream again. This time I am standing in the churchyard at home, with a group of laughing girls around me. The great oak-trees and the stately elms line the path that leads to the porch; great tendrils of ivy reach the ground; birds sing gayly in the heart of the green trees; the bells are ringing merrily. I stand there laughing as gayly as any of them. Near us is a large white marble cross with crimson roses growing over it; on that cross I read my mother's name. Suddenly one of the girls turns to me and says: "I do not see your gravestone here." Another answers: "No; Hyacinth Vane was buried in Ulverston Jail." And they all fall back from me with a terrible cry.

I wake with great drops of anguish on my face. While I have slept, the light has grown dim, and the sun has set.

The light men love so well and call the gloaming has set in; strange shadows lie in the corners of my cell, strange sounds fill my ears; every few moments a curious sensation comes over me—a loss of memory and a confusion of thought. Once I fancy that the face I love best on earth is smiling into mine; I fancy I am kneeling, with my head on my lover's breast, and his dear arms around me. I forgive him, my dear love, whose disloyalty has brought me here. I forgive him, and love him with all my heart, as I always have. But, when my senses return to me, my head lies on no lover's breast; I have fallen upon the stone floor, and have barely strength to rise.

Ah, my love, I shall never more know the clasp of your hands! I said hard words, cruel and bitter, in my jealous rage, but I never meant them. I would have given my life for you, not have taken the life of one you loved.

Hyacinth Vane guilty of murder! It seems absurd, as though one broke a butterfly on a wheel, or racked with torture a feathered songster. My whole heart faints at the sight of pain.

I hated her for her beautiful face, for her proud manner, for her false, sweet words, for her insolence to me: but slay her? Dear Heaven, I had neither the strength, the courage, nor the will to hurt one hair of her head!

I hated her; she had robbed me of more than my life; but slay her? Ah, me, how foolish the wisest of men are! If I had been a judge, and they had brought before me such another girl as myself, it seems to me that I should have looked in the girl's face and said:

"That child a murderess? What nonsense!"

Though my judge looked sorry for me, yet he certainly believed I had done that shameful deed.

I shall stand before another Judge to-morrow, and He will know; there will be no injustice then—no untruth. I shall find Infinite Mercy. My earthly judge has failed—on these hands of mine no stain of blood rests.

And now the last faint light must be dying out of the skies at home. My hours grow fewer. I must pray now, while my senses are left to me. I must beg Heaven to forgive all my sins.

What is my worst sin? I made an idol of my lover. I worshiped him as one should only worship the great Creator. I gave to my lover the love I should have given to Heaven. For that sin I must pray for pardon. Again, the sins of hatred against the beautiful woman who stole him from me, of burning jealousy, of bitter words, of longing for vengeance—for those sins, and no other, I have to suffer to-morrow a shameful death.

I am sorry for her, lying in her grave, her bright beauty hidden for ever from the eyes of men; but I pity myself more. Thousands of curious eyes will look on while I

die. There will be no one to prove that I was innocent. My father, my friends, the girls I loved, the children I played with, will all believe me guilty; and for fifty years to come they will tell at Dunwold the story of how Hyacinth Vane murdered Gertrude Fraser out of jealousy and revenge. There will be no one to defend me and say I was innocent. The little ones I have nursed will grow up into men and women, and to their children in their turn they will tell how Hyacinth Vane murdered her beautiful rival, and died in Ulverston Jail. There will be no one to tell the truth. I hate to think that Elsie Vane's only child—"the little white Hyacinth," as she was called—shall for all time be branded with the name of murderess.

I kneel down and pray as well as I know how. I remember my sins, and ask pardon for them. And then I ask that I may die bravely; that I may not cry, or shriek, or faint; that I may not cling to the kindly chaplain, whose heart aches for me; that I may not cry out to the seething multitude. I ask—and I never stop to think whether it be right or wrong—with woeful tears, that my mother may come and be near me on the scaffold when I am about to die.

It is quite dark; and a strange sound comes to me. It is like the hum of a multitude—a confused, horrible sound. The jail at Ulverston stands facing one of the wide streets, and clearly enough I recognize the sound of an enormous, surging mass of people.

They are come to see me die!

I fall upon my knees with a passionate cry of terror and pain. Hundreds and hundreds of people will tell each other how they saw Hyacinth Vane hung. I remember having read with wonder and amazement in the newspapers that to see a fellow-creature die men and women will walk for hours, will stand for hours, shouting, singing, jesting, giving no thought to the pain of the doomed one's last moments. Oh Heaven! under the bright, blue, beautiful sky, can such things be?

Then another sound freezes the blood in my veins. What can it be, this muffled hammering? Oh, I know! At night, with the help of torches, they are erecting the scaffold on which I am to die! I hear the sound plainly, and I cry out with passionate terror and pain—loud, bitter cries! I cannot restrain them. This brings my fate home to me. Who will save me? Who will help me? Oh, Heaven—oh, mother—I am so young, and I must die!

I fling myself upon the ground. I am half mad with fear; and the cruel sound of the hammering, the shouting of the crowd—of a vast multitude, seem to grow clearer. How they will rejoice when I stand before them to-morrow to die! For it was a cruel murder, and they all believe me guilty. I could make no defense, except that I had not done it.

My passionate, woeful cries ring through the vaulted passages. Some one must have fetched the governor, Captain Longmore, and the head matron, Mrs. Martyn. I hear the key turn in the lock; my sad, longing eyes gaze out into the corridor, and then the door closes. I am shut up in the condemned cell, and the outer world has gone from me.

It is Mrs. Martyn who raises my head from the cold, stone floor, and, looking into the governor's face, says, quietly:

"It is very sad for her to hear that noise—it is bad enough without that."

The governor's face darkens.

"It is bad enough altogether," he replies; and I wonder in my own mind whether he thinks me innocent or guilty.

I may mention that this tragedy of mine took place thirty years ago, when it was the custom to hang men and women alike before the scoffing gaze of thousands.

My passion of terror has exhausted me. I feel that my face is white and still like that of a dead woman. I cannot unlock my lips to speak; my eyes are closed.

"I will lay her on the bed," says the matron. "She ought to sleep until the bell tolls."

The governor shudders, strong man though he is. I feel him tremble as he raises me in his arms.

"Hanging men is bad enough," he says; "but a woman—a fair, delicate girl like this—I would as soon be hung myself as help in it!"

"Do you really think she did it?" asks the matron, in a whisper.

"The law has pronounced her guilty. Surely the judge and the jury must have had pretty good evidence, or she would not be here. I am bound, as governor of the prison, to believe her guilty, and to see that she is punished; but, if you ask my opinion as a man with a judgment of his own in the matter, I should say that she is innocent—that a white dove is far more likely to slay an eagle than she to murder a girl young as herself. I believe another thing, Mrs. Martyn, and it is that, if she does not have either wine or brandy, she will be dead before to-morrow comes."

The kindly matron says:

"Let her die, Captain Longmore. Only think what it will save her, if she could die here, and now!"

"I dare not," he answers, slowly. "I must do my best to keep her alive. I shall order some wine."

It is brought to him; and they try to pour it down my throat. I endeavor to open my lips, but I am quite powerless.

"She is dying!" cries the matron. "What shall we do?"

They send for the prison doctor, and he comes in haste.

"Dying? Is she, poor child?" he says. "I wish that I dared let her die!"

But he dares not. He does all he can to bring me back from that shadow-land, to keep me alive, that to-morrow thousands may look on in the bright sunlight and see me die.

Slowly, under his skill and care, my eyes open and the blood stirs in my veins. I read the very yearning of pity in the doctor's eyes. The sound of the hammer with its mighty, muffled blows is more clear and distinct. I catch his arm.

"Doctor!" I cry, "send me where I——. Oh, I cannot bear to hear that noise!"

He turns from me with a groan; and the governor says:

"You cannot leave this cell. Try not to hear it, Hyacinth Vane!"

* * * * * * *

Four hours later. The sun has long since set, the birds are surely resting, the flowers all fast asleep; the great, beautiful wings of night are spread over the world; the wind is hushed, the trees are still. The noise of the hammer has ceased, and my heart, which seemed to throb painfully at every stroke, beats more regularly.

The moon must be shining, for across the narrow window falls a ray of light—faint silver light. Ah, me! how often have I watched it lying on the lilies and roses at home! I have seen it on my lover's face, when it has given to it the beauty of a Greek god. I shall never see sweet silver moonlight again.

I can hear the surging, the subdued noise, of the vast crowd. I know that men and women are waiting outside—lying, standing, sitting, through the long hours of the

sweet Summer night, just to see me die. A hundred memories sweep over me. Again I go over the tragedy of my love—the love that has been my doom, my fate—that has brought me here to die; and I say to myself—may Heaven forgive me if I am wrong!—that my love was so dear and so sweet, it made me so unutterably happy, that I would rather have had it, even were it to be followed by the punishment of death, than have been without it and have never known it—ten thousand times rather!

I think of every hour I spent with Alan, and my heart grows warm again. Unutterable anguish, the very extreme of sorrow and woe, have followed my love; but it lives in my heart, and will never die. They will kill me to-morrow, but they will never slay my love. The best part of us never dies.

I remember her—the tall, dark, brilliant beauty whose eyes alone would have lured any man to his ruin. There is no stain on my hands; they are white and clean. I hated her, but I would not have hurt a hair of her head. There comes to my mind, as I lie in the darkness and the silence, a horrible story.

We had a fair at Dunwold every year; and when I was about ten years old I was allowed to go to it. The thing that struck me most was not the booths, the stalls, the amusements, the people or the fun, but a man who carried a large board on which were painted the several scenes of a murder. I remember every detail of it, even the sound of his voice as he shouted out the story.

It was of a mother who had murdered her child by throwing it upon a large, blazing kitchen fire. The picture that thrilled me most was a representation of the condemned cell, in which the hapless woman sat staring helpless at one corner, where the murdered child stood surrounded by a bright light. The man chanted the mother's words: "By night and by day the child stood always in a corner of my cell, looking at me with such sad eyes." There was no silent figure reproaching me; for on my soul lay no sin of murder.

The darkness increases; and the matron, who has asked to remain with me for the night, sleeps. I can hear her calm, regular breathing, and it seems to me that my pain is increasing. My restless sighs awake her, for she opens her eyes and says:

"Can you not sleep? Would you like to get up?"

I thank her, and try to lie still, so that she may rest.

* * * * * * *

Oh, the horror of that last night, spent, as it were, under the outstretched hand of death! I cannot tell if I slept; my very senses were steeped in fear and dread; but there came a time when the darkness seemed to enfold me, and I remembered no more.

When I opened my eyes again, a pearly light lay across the window. The sun was rising; it was the last sunrise for me. In my mind I saw it all—the rose-red clouds, the birds actively in quest of food, the flowers with dew on their leaves, the cool, sweet earth; I saw all the beauty and color at home.

A pitying voice asked would I take some tea. My lips were parched, my mouth burned, I longed for a cup of water even, and the cup of tea was most refreshing; yet I could scarcely drink it—the recollection that it was my last almost prevented my swallowing it.

Six o'clock—and at eight I had to die! A strange calmness came over me, a stupor that froze all my senses; I could not even pray—and I had been so anxious to pray! The chaplain came in then, and the others stood apart that he might talk to me. I raised my dazed, miserable eyes to his face, the kind, good face that in my distress and horror had been to me as that of an angel.

"I have but two hours," I said; and then it must have been the sight of the tears in his eyes that brought mine, for I fell weeping at his knees, crying to him that I had to die—to die!

He turned away his head with a sob.

"She is only a child," I heard him say—"only a child." He recovered himself. "Let us spend the two hours in preparing for heaven," he said; and then he told me how much it was to be desired that I should make a full and free confession of my crime, with all its details.

My crime! That had been loving my lover too well, not the murder of my rival. I could only look into his face and cry out:

"I am innocent! Do you not believe that I am innocent? If I had been guilty, I should have told you before. Do you not believe me?"

"The law has found you guilty, my poor child!" he said.

"The law is unjust!" I exclaimed.

He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hush, my poor child!" he said. "Remember, you are at the threshold of another world; there should be calmness at the gates of death. If you are guilty of the crime for which you are going to die, then accept death as a just punishment of your sin; believe me, child, the scaffold as well as the cross has opened for some the gates of heaven. If you are innocent, give your life cheerfully. You can die a martyr's death."

"Ah, me!" I cried out in my bitterness, "you do not realize how frightened I am to die!"

Until just before the terrible hour struck, he prayed for and with me. He told me what I should have to suffer, how great would be the ordeal of stepping out from the dark gloom of the prison walls into the bright sunlight, where thousands of faces would be turned eagerly toward mine. He told me, when deadly fear seized me, to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

As he talked I grew calmer, and the thought entered my mind, "If men pay such a man as this with gold, what will his reward be in heaven?"

Calmer? I had need to be calm. There was a hush in my cell, a roar from the crowd outside, then a solemn and terrible pause; one voice said, "Poor child!" another, "Lord have mercy on us all!"

"Hush!" said the governor, imperatively.

Ah, I knew—I knew. The cell door opened, and a man came in with rope in his hands.

"It is time," he said, in a low, harsh voice.

He took hold of my arms to pinion them. I cried out to him:

"Pray let them be free! I will be docile, silent, motionless; only let my arms be free!"—those white, rounded arms that had been clasped round my lover's neck. With a passion of despair I kissed the little hands that had gathered the lilies in the garden at home. They were warm now; only a few minutes more and they would be dead.

The man turned aside for half a minute when he saw me kiss my hands; and then my arms were pinioned to my sides.

The dread moment was drawing terribly near. The bell began to toll, and the warders came. Was I a coward, that I cried aloud in my agony for Heaven to help me—that woeful cries and passionate words came from my lips? Was I a coward, that I turned my white, dazed, miserable face to the chaplain, telling him I was so frightened? I was almost dead with fear. I saw strong men turn away with great, tearless sobs, and one woman fell fainting to the ground.

The roar and cries of the crowd were quite audible then, and the solemn tolling of the bell sounded above all. The procession was pitiful enough to make an angel weep. All the stern majesty of the law was arrayed against one poor, white, trembling child, whose hands were bound; grim, stern men—the Governor with his military bearing, the warders with their impassive faces—were leading me to death. We were in the corridor then, and the solemn words of the Burial Service cut my heart in two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life——"

Hush! Hark! What was wrong? Such a cry rose from hundreds of lips! There was a surging and a rush in the vast crowd; there was a strange sound within the prison walls. The warders halted; the chaplain's words died on his lips; the Governor stood still.

"Stop! A reprieve! Stop!"

It was as though a whole nation shouted with a mighty voice, "Stop!" And then men came running up the corridor, one bearing on him the marks of travel. He hastened to the Governor.

"A reprieve!" he said. "I ought to have been here two hours ago, but I was delayed by an accident. I am not too late; thank Heaven," he added, "that I am not too late!"

"A reprieve!" cried one to another; and from the crowd there rose a mighty cheer that seemed to cleave the bright blue sky.

Some one unpinioned my arms. I could not realize, I could not understand what was passing. When my hands were free, I caught the outstretched arm of the chaplain. I raised my face to his; no sound came from my parched parted lips.

"You are saved!" he said.

And then Heaven in mercy sent a dark mist, a dark cloud, that shut out everything; and so my dream of a scaffold ended.

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## Chapter XVII.

WHILE Hyacinth Vane suffered in prison, a long agony began for Alan Branston. He was as sure of her innocence as he was of the truth of Heaven, but he was quite powerless—he could do nothing; and the time was drawing near when the last and most terrible act of the tragedy was to take place.

He left no stone unturned; but what could he do? He went to Dene Hall and sifted all the evidence over and over again. It was of no use; nothing seemed to be of the least avail. He spent whole days in trying to obtain a farewell interview with her, but he could not obtain it.

There were times when his misery almost maddened him; when he blamed himself wildly for his folly; when he cried out that his own weakness had cut short two fair lives; when he would have given his heart's blood to have undone what he had done.

One morning, two days before the day for the execution, there came to him a note, written in a quaint, trembling hand, headed from Mary Street, Leicester Square, and signed "Andrea Fieschi"—a note from a dying man, who begged of him to go without loss of time and see him on a matter of life and death.

Alan was there before three hours had passed, and, on inquiring, was told that the Italian gentleman who occupied the drawing-rooms was supposed to be dying; he had met with an accident some months before, the landlady said, and had never been well afterward.

"Go to him," cried Alan, eagerly, "and tell him that the gentleman to whom he wrote—Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—is waiting to see him."

In a few minutes he stood by the bedside of the dying man—a handsome man, and evidently a patrician—who looked into his face with dim, wistful eyes.

"You are Alan Branston?" he interrogated.

And the answer was a quick, almost impatient "Yes."

"You loved and wished to marry Hyacinth Vane, now in prison for the—the murder of Gertrude Fraser?"

"Yes," said Alan; and the dim eyes looked more keenly at him.

"You have suffered," remarked the stranger. "I see lines on your face, white threads in your hair. I see signs of anguish and woe that have known no rest and no cessation. I should not tell you my secret now, but that I know I am going to die, and the telling of it cannot hurt me, while it may save her. Send for a magistrate, and what other witnesses you desire; I will tell my story once, and all may hear it."

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Alan Branston, Mr. Barton, one of the keenest London magistrates, and Alton Chevril, one of the barristers who had done his best in defending Hyacinth, were all assembled in the dying man's room. He looked at them with steady eyes and a calm face; he hesitated one half-minute, while Alan's heart beat so strongly with excitement and suspense that it seemed to him every one must hear it.

"I am perhaps quixotic in what I am doing," said Count Fieschi; "but my doctors say that I shall die before forty-eight hours are over my head, and I may as well save that young girl's life if I can. I have done many bad actions, and a few good ones. I have cheated the law and the scaffold. I may tell you that I murdered Lady Fraser; let me add, also, that if ever a woman on earth justly deserved her fate, she did; that if the time and the opportunity came again, I would repeat the deed. No weak, sickly thought of repentance has urged me to confess all this. I am dying, and that young girl may live."

Mr. Barton caught Alan Branston, as his tall, strong figure swayed to and fro; the wonderful strength that had upheld him so long gave way now that there was a glimmer of hope. Count Fieschi smiled a slow, satirical smile.

"Give him some brandy," he said. "I know what it is. I once loved a woman like that, and she deceived me. Let him listen to me; tell him time is short."

"Time is short," whispered Mr. Barton in Alan's ear; "every moment is worth gold, and we have so much to do."

The words were magical in their effect; Alan stood up again, and again the Count smiled.

"I understand it," he said. "I loved a woman just as much as that once. Who teaches women? Not Heaven, I am sure. There is no art so cruel but that they understand it; there is nothing they cannot do. The woman I loved and slew knew all that the world of coquetry and cruelty holds. She was one of those cursed with a beautiful face, who used the beauty Heaven had given her to work misery and destruction among her fellow-creatures.

"Let me tell my own tale—what she did to me. I tried her in my own mind, condemned her, took the law into my own hands, and slew her. Let me tell you what she did. Three years ago I was good in heart and soul, devoted to my country. I had great hopes, fiery ambition; I longed to imitate the great men of my native land, and devote my life to her service. *Bella Italia*—I had no other love.

"I met the siren who has wrecked my life, admired her, and for a time resisted her. I said to myself, 'No love but that of Italy.' I steeled my heart against the warm glances of her eyes, against the lovely smiles of her red lips, against the touch of her white hands; and, when she saw that a few sweet smiles and looks would not move me, she set to work to ruin me.

"She did not love me—not in the least; but she had a thirst for conquests. Men's hearts were playthings to her; she loved to torture them. She saw that I had resolved to steel my heart against her, and she resolved to win me. She never gave me any rest until she had made me love her!

"Do you know how we Italians love? We love with a fire such as you cold Englishmen never know. She lighted this fire in my heart solely to gratify her own vain love of conquest. She made me love her; and I loved her as madly as any man ever loved a woman. I laid my heart and soul at her feet, and then she was content. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few days; then I asked her to be my wife. She laughed at me; and my hot blood boiled with rage. I said to her:

"'You have aroused the love in my heart—you must be my wife.'

"She laughed again, and the fire burned more fiercely in my blood. I swore that she should be mine. She was frightened, and tried to temporise by a few soft words and looks.

The day came when she spoke of returning to England, still laughing at the notion of being my wife. We had angry words, and I swore that if she did not keep the promise she had made me, I would follow her to the end of the world and kill her.

"Patriotism, country, honor, fidelity—all became less than nothing to me. I bore my pain until I could bear it no longer, and then I followed her to England. I read in a provincial newspaper that she was at Dene Hall. I knew her well—if I had asked after her in the broad daylight, she would have evaded me; so I went to her window by night. I gave her a fair chance for her life. I asked her to marry me, and she refused. We talked for an hour. She was beautiful—I could not kill her; I let her go back into the house again. Then I brooded over my wrongs—brooded until I grew mad.

"'She must die!' Under the stars I swore that she should. I climbed to her window, and entered her room. She lay fast asleep, her hands wrapped in a small blue-and-white shawl. Ah, Heaven! shall I ever forget the sight—the lovely face so placid and still, the red lips parted in sleep?

"I had no mercy—I stabbed her to the heart. She died instantaneously. She never moved, or stirred beyond clinching her hands; and I went as I had come—but I had had my revenge. Open that locked box; here is the key. You will find in it the dagger that I used. It is an old heirloom of the Fieschi family.

"You will say that Heaven was quick to punish me. As I climbed the outer wall of the park, my arm caught on a great rusty nail, and my flesh was torn even to the bone. I took little notice of the wound; but my neglect has ended fatally. It is a just punishment, you will say—perhaps it is.

"Now you have little time to lose. Hasten to the Home Secretary. The girl is quite innocent—he will respite her. Do not trouble about me; I shall soon be dead."

Save that the police were directed to watch, Mr. Barton, Mr. Chevril, and Alan did just as he had advised. They went all three together, and the Home Secretary did all in his power to help them.

When the reprieve was safe in his hands, Alan had even then a hard struggle before him. There were no telegraph wires to Ulverston; he had to engage a special train—and that was delayed by an accident. He was only just in time to save Hyacinth's life.

When she woke from her long swoon, it was to find his arms round her and his kisses warm on her face.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "the agony of the past weary night!"

He looked at her.

"Think no more of it," he said; "this is the golden dawn."

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Count Fieschi died that night; and before another day had passed his confession was spread all over England. People read it with wondering eyes. How foolish they had been, to think Hyacinth Vane guilty!

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Hyacinth stood by the green grave where Francis Vane slept with his wife, the girl's heart still throbbing and beating with the atonement that had been made to her. She and Alan were married; and he had brought her to the spot she loved best.

"It seems to me, Alan," she said, "that the whole country has in some measure tried to atone to me—I have had any number of letters of sympathy; but nothing can give him back to me—the dear father whom that awful shock killed."

"We need not wish him back, my darling," returned Alan; "he lives in the light of the Golden Dawn."

Again she laid her fair head against the marble cross.

"It seems so strange, Alan," she said, "to begin life again. I had thought it all ended."

"It will be a life that shall be as bright as Heaven's blessing and human love can make it," he told her; "and it begins for us, my darling, in A GOLDEN DAWN."

THE END.

## UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

"I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. Do look into it—it is not in the white."

Honest soul; thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun. In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right! There is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent, delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.—SEE PAGE 335.

# A LIFE SACRIFICE.

THEODA PENTECOST, at eighteen, was one of the most perfect women it was ever my good fortune to meet. Never mind who I am; the incidents I am about to relate passed under my notice, though it was not until long afterward I knew the motives and meaning of much that puzzled me at the time the actions came under my eyes.

When Theoda was eighteen her father died, leaving her a very moderate fortune, but sufficient to keep her above the necessity for work. She continued in her old home, part of her heritage, and her uncle Amos, a bachelor who had lived for years with his brother, Theoda's father, still retained his room in his niece's house.

Not that she liked him. With a grand, full, womanly nature, she scorned the snake-like twistings of her uncle's mind, manifested in his thin, sallow face, his bead-like black eyes, ever shifting and glittering, his thin lips and cautious speech. She used to say:

"Uncle Amos cannot bid you good-morning without first consulting the sky, to be sure you cannot find one cloud to threaten him with a bad morning."

James Pentecost, the dead brother, was a man of altogether a different stamp—a broad-shouldered, heavy-voiced man, with frank brown eyes and a jovial manner. Widowed after two years' married life, he had given his whole heart, overflowing with love, to Theoda, and the two were inseparable. No governess could win Theoda's obedience so quickly as those who held up some companionship with her father for a reward. No lessons were so perfect as those learned at his knee; and when he died there was actual fear that the girl would lose her reason.

But a year later, when resignation had come to her poor, sore heart, the glorious, bright beauty of Theoda again made her a belle in her own small town, and her active mind took up the long-neglected studies and employments. The old housekeeper, who had been a second mother to her, found her once more bothering about the pantry, as of old, and scolded at the muss she made, while her heart sang to welcome her back. The gardener had again a pretty tyrant over him, and Amos Pentecost smiled grimly when the piano once more answered the touch of her skilled fingers.

"Grief don't kill!" he muttered, "though she did make such a fuss over poor James. Well, I'm glad she has done moping!"

She was not moping, but blushing brightly over a closely written letter one morning, when a servant told her Mr. Pentecost desired to see her in the library. Because that one burst of heart-sunshine was the last she was ever to know, let me describe Theoda Pentecost as she stood up to obey the summons, carefully folding her letter.

The morning sun struck into her room, brightening every object there, and wrapping her in its glorious light. Her dress—a soft, white wrapper, with knots of black ribbon down the front—fitted her tall, noble figure loosely, leaving freedom for every graceful curve. Her head, small and shapely, was set upon a round, white throat with a majestic carriage, and crowned with braids of richest chestnut hair, shining in the sunlight like burnished bronze. Her eyes were large, of the softest brown, with long lashes and well-arched eyebrows of dark-brown, and in their depths could be read the true, noble nature they mirrored faithfully. Every feature was delicately chiseled, and the sweet,

A LIFE SACRIFICE.—"HE TURNED UPON HIS HEEL AND LEFT HER, NEVER SEEING THE WHITE FACE, LIFTED DESPAIRINGLY, THE LITTLE HANDS STRETCHED FORTH IMPLORINGLY, BEFORE THEODA FELL ENTIRELY INSENSIBLE UPON THE FLOOR."

sensitive mouth was graced with rows of pearly teeth. But above the beauty of form and face, the soft, creamy complexion, the grace of every motion, was the pure womanly soul that gave the gentle, dignified expression to Theoda Pentecost's face.

Her lips and eyes smiled as she put her precious letter away, whispering:

"I will write to-day. He shall not want the help my love may bring him."

Then she went to the library, where the sallow, wiry little man she tolerated for relationship's sake sat awaiting her, nervously toying with a paper-folder as she entered; so nervously, in fact, that he dropped it, and fumbled under the table for it a moment or two before he seemed to know that Theoda was present.

"Jane said you wished to speak to me."

"Yes—yes—take a chair. It will take some time to tell you all I wish to communicate. It is of vast importance to you—vast importance."

Theoda took a chair, thinking, half contemptuously, that her uncle was more fussy than usual.

"You—you are well acquainted with Paul Whyte," Mr. Pentecost said, still fingering the paper-folder and avoiding Theoda's eye.

"Well acquainted with him!" Theoda said, with an accent of strong surprise. "Has he not been the tame-cat of the house for some fifteen years?"

"Now, really, really, Theoda, that is not the way for you to speak of a man who has half a million of money—half a million!"

"He is an idiot, though!"

"That is another of your impetuous speeches. I wish that you would weigh your words before you use them."

"Were I to weigh that speech as carefully as you weigh each one of yours, Uncle Amos, I should but repeat it. It is late in the day for you to express surprise at a fact we have all known for years—that your ward, Paul Whyte, is imbecile!"

"Now, that is the mistake we have all made, and, unfortunately, with grave results. When Paul came of age last week, the court decided that he was competent to manage his property."

"So much less care for you. You are always complaining of the trouble it has cost you since my father died."

"Yes, it was troublesome. But to return to what I called you here to say. You must be aware that Paul loves you."

"I think he has asked me to marry him, once a week at least, since I was ten years old."

"But now he is of age, he comes as a man to renew the offer, Theoda, through me. Remember his wealth!"

"Why should I? It does not make it less a fact that he is simple-minded, a man to pity, to treat with the gentleness we accord to children, not a man to marry, Uncle Amos. I thought you knew me better than to imagine his money would influence me."

The keen black eyes looked furtively as the noble face flushed a little with scornful indignation.

Suddenly the man leaned forward, and catching Theoda's wrists, held them firmly while he said, in a low, concentrated voice:

"You *must* marry him. Not for his money, but to save your father's good name!"

"Who dares assail my father's name?" Theoda cried, vainly trying to release her wrists from the vise-like grip upon them.

"Listen to me, and do not interrupt me again," was the reply, in the same intense but low tone. "Your father was Paul's guardian for years, until he died, and I took his place. We always supposed the trust would be lifelong, as the boy was so feeble in intellect, but some demon possessed him to assert his own independence, and the courts have decreed that he shall not be under control any longer. It was necessary to settle up the affairs of the estate, and"—here Amos Pentecost's voice sank still lower—"we found your father had used nearly fifty thousand dollars fraudulently!"

"It is false! I would not believe it if the whole world told me!" Theoda cried, wrenching herself free.

"It is true! Worse than that, Paul Whyte holds the papers that prove it. He will publish them to the world unless he shield's his *wife's* father by destroying them."

"I will not believe it!" Theoda cried, passionately. "My father was incapable of committing a dishonorable act!"

"Paul Whyte has just left me. These are his terms. Here is the letter he left for me to deliver to his attorney, if you consent to his wish."

With half-blinded eyes, Theoda read the paper her uncle pushed under her eyes. It was written in the straggling, schoolboy hand she recognized as the one upon various love-letters in her possession. It read:

"MR. WEST: You need not do anything with the papers you showed me implicating my late guardian, James Pentecost, until you hear from me. PAUL WHYTE."

"Well!" Theoda said, in a hard, cold voice, strangely unlike the passion-laden accents of her last speech.

"When you consent to marry Paul, those papers will be destroyed."

"I presume it will make no difference in the monstrous bargain you propose, if I say that my love is all given elsewhere?"

"Reginald Drayton?"

"Yes. I love him, and an hour later would have accepted a proposal of marriage he made me to-day."

"A beggarly artist!"

"A *man*, if he has not his cousin Paul's bank account."

"You will thank me, one day, that I chose for you the possessor of the bank account."

"Never! To shield my father's good name I would lay down my life! But I shall never thank the hand that drives me to the living death you choose for me!"

"But you consent?"

The eagerness in Amos Pentecost's tone was but half-suppressed, but Theoda, looking her own misery in the face, did not notice it, as she answered, in a cold voice:

"I consent. But first I must see Paul Whyte."

The nervous fingers clutched the paper-folder hard, and an ashy pallor swept across the sallow face, but Amos Pentecost's voice did not waver as he said:

"He will be here for his answer in an hour."

How it dragged its weary length along! Theoda would not return to her own room, pacing up and down the long drawing-room. She heard Paul come in, heard him go to the library, and a few moments later saw him enter the drawing-room. He was faultlessly handsome in feature and figure, but the vacant eye and silly mouth masked every beauty. Theoda shuddered as he came quickly toward her, his face beaming with joy.

"Stay one moment," she said, waving him off, as he would have taken her hand. "You know how often I have told you, Paul, that I could not be your wife, could not love you as your wife should."

"But your uncle said——" he began, in blank consternation.

"My uncle said you had papers—papers——" the words actually choked her.

"Yes, yes—I know! If you marry me I will never tell anybody about them. Never! I am of age now, and I am to do as I please with my money. But if you break your promise now, I'll tell everybody about Mr. Pentecost! I will!"

"I will marry you! Never mind all that!" as he would have embraced her.

"But mayn't I kiss my wife?"

"Wait until she is your wife!"

And not waiting for further remonstrance, Theoda left the room.

The morning sun no longer shone upon her windows. A gray, cold mist filled the air, and suited well the set, white face, the despairing eyes that looked into such a blank future. Paul Whyte's wife! The life companion of a mar who could barely read and write, who had been through the best schools, had special tutors, had been the object of the most pains-taking care for years, and yet was surely imbecile! How her father had toiled to waken any dormant intellect that might lie in the dulled brain! Her father!

The girl shook as if with a heavy chill. Her father! She had worshiped him above her Creator all her life. She had thought all manliness, all honor, all integrity was comprised in that one word—father! And he was defrauding the ward whose very imbecility should have awakened all honor in his guardianship.

What mattered her life now? Perhaps Reginald, too, was a cheat—a liar. If her father was false, there was no man to be trusted. As well try to find consolation in Paul's wealth as in Reginald's love. Dollars and cents were tangible. Love and honor were dreams.

How the few hours had hardened her! The rosy dreams she had cherished since she knew Reginald loved her, the sweet comfort she had taken from his lips after the first crushing sorrow of her father's death was over—all these were gone for ever. And where all tender sweetness had lurked in her expressive eyes, her sensitive mouth—now hard, stern purpose looked coldly from their depths, and drew rigid lines upon the fair face!

It was well for her resolution that Reginald Drayton called while every nerve was yet strung to its utmost tension. Later, she might not have been able to turn to him such a cold, pitiless face. He was sure that she loved him, reading only too truly a nature far above all coquetry or deceit.

To meet a cold reception wounded him sorely. His face fell as he saw the white, hard one that greeted him, and Theoda shivered as all the glad light faded from it. The dear face she loved, that had none of Paul's beauty of feature, was rugged and strong, brave and true, with the light of genius in the large, dark eyes.

"You received my letter?" he faltered, pausing in his quick advance toward Theoda's chair.

"I did. It will answer all you ask me to tell you I am betrothed to your cousin Paul."

Surely, if she had sinned it would have been a sufficient punishment to meet the utter amazement in Reginald's face. He paid her the compliment of profound astonishment at first. Then, very slowly, as if his mind could scarcely grasp the fact, an expression of deepest contempt succeeded that of surprise upon his face.

"You—you will marry my cousin Paul?"

She bent her head in reply.

If only he would go, taking the simple statement she had made for answer!

"And you amused yourself with me," he said, in a voice whose deep tone could not hide its furious emphasis. "You played at love, while you schemed for gold. I could find it in my heart to kill you, if you were worth an honest man's rage. I believed you noble, pure and true—a woman only a little lower than the angels. Had I guessed what manner of heart you carried under your beautiful face, I would have stricken my right hand off before it penned the words that you have answered. Pray forget that your conquests included one honest man's love—that you had won a love that would have died to serve you. I wish you every happiness you deserve, as my cousin Paul's wife!"

He turned upon his heel and left her, never seeing the white face lifted despairingly, the little hands stretched forth imploringly, before Theoda fell entirely insensible upon the floor.

Her face was so ghastly when next her uncle saw it, that his coward fears took a new form. She might die before the wedding; she might take her own life before she gave it to Paul Whyte.

With a terror no one divined, Amos Pentecost formed his plans. He decided to go to Europe, and impressed it upon Paul that the marriage must be hastened before his departure left Theoda without a protector. And Paul, hoping Theoda would be gentle and kind, as she had been from his boyhood, when once they were married, urged haste as eagerly as Amos Pentecost desired.

Theoda was passive. What mattered it how soon the sacrifice she had determined upon was made? Whether it was a month or a year seemed as nothing, since it was to be. She let her uncle send milliners and dressmakers to her, and would give no orders save general ones.

"Whatever is suitable," she said, and took no note of the extravagant costumes sent her, the incongruous trousseau that resulted. Even her wedding-dress was the result of the dressmaker's taste, with no word of direction or comment.

Amos Pentecost insisted upon a grand wedding, and met with no opposition. So, pale and passive, the bride passed from his nominal care to that of his late ward, and by the next day's steamer the uncle sailed for Europe.

It had been his last act to refurnish Theoda's house for the future Mrs. Whyte, and Paul left his rooms at a fashionable hotel for his future home—the only real home he had ever known. He had not proposed a bridal tour, and Theoda proposed nothing. So when their married life was but twenty-four hours old, the ill-matched couple found themselves in the drawing-room, cleared of the traces of last night's festivities.

"Theoda," the bridegroom pleaded, "you are my wife now, and your uncle is away. Won't you smile as you used to do? Won't you speak to me as you did before you promised to be my wife?"

"Paul," she said, "I want those papers. I want to destroy them—now, here!"

"The papers Mr. West said were forgeries?"

"Yes. Give them to me!"

"I gave them to your uncle this morning. They harmed no one but him, you know."

"Say that again!" Theoda screamed.

"The papers your uncle forged harmed no one but himself."

"My *uncle* forged?"

"Don't screech so, Theoda! Your uncle said you knew all about it."

"My uncle!" she moaned, sinking back, shivering, in her chair. "Oh, the villain! Oh, my heart will break!"

"What is it, Theoda? What troubles you?" Paul asked, his voice tender with love.

"Tell me what you wrote to Mr. West about the papers?" she said. "What name did you write?"

"None, Theoda. I never wrote to Mr. West about them. I only took them away and kept them until this morning, when I gave them to your uncle. They were so clever, Theoda! Anybody would have sworn I wrote them all, and I never wrote one!"

So the note was another forgery!

And yet, in her wretchedness, there rose in Theoda's heart a comfort that gave her back much of the womanliness she had crushed down in her despair. Her father was innocent. Fool that she had been ever to doubt him! She could worship his memory once more, could think of him with the love of her life. It made her pitiful to the pleading face lifted beside her.

"Paul," she said, gently, "I am not well. I have suffered much in the last few weeks. Be patient with me, and I will try to be all you want."

In answer he softly stroked her hand.

"Poor Theoda!" he said. "Was that what made you so white and strange?"

"Yes. I am better already, Paul. Soon I shall be quite well."

It touched her deeply, now that she had opened her heart to softening influences, to see how he pitied her.

He brought her a glass of wine, he shaded the lamp from her eyes, and then he sat a little apart from her, watching her anxiously.

Poor Paul! How he had loved her since they were little children together! How her father had trained her to be gentle to him! telling her, while she was almost too young to solve the mystery, that "God kept part of Paul's soul in Heaven, and his little girl must never be impatient or cross to his afflicted ward."

She remembered in the days long gone how Paul had learned from her when no teacher could reach the weak brain. She had taught him his letters, to read, to write the straggling hand.

And now! Before her Creator she had promised to be true to the poor fellow, whose only fault to her had been loving her too well. All joy was gone from her life. Her love was a sin now, and must be crushed out. But there was a duty clear before her newly roused conscience, and she lifted it to her heart.

Just as a tender mother would guide and strengthen a child Heaven had afflicted, Theoda guided Paul; and beside her he was a gentle, docile pupil. His mental affliction had never led him into vicious desires, and even as a child he had always been willing to follow any loving guidance. So in the strange marriage that blighted Theoda's life, she found some comfort in striving to lift her husband above the imbecility that was his curse.

She read with him, and it gladdened her to find her pupil slowly learning to understand her teachings; she talked with him, ever tenderly, and knew that her words rested in his memory when all other impressions faded. She gave herself up utterly to this new wifely duty, and found her reward in a success beyond her hopes.

And yet her life was one long martyrdom. Caring little for society, she went into company, to opera or concert, because it pleased Paul to see her admired. Fond of intellectual pursuits, she neglected the food her own mind craved, to take up the weaker subjects she could teach Paul. A musician of no mean order, she passed over the studies, the difficulties she had delighted to conquer, to play simple airs for Paul, to sing the songs he loved.

Her bitterest trial was when her husband insisted upon her sitting to his cousin Reginald for her portrait. She dared not give him the true reason for her refusal, for Paul's jealousy was unreasoning, and extended even to a bird or cat she petted. Her only hope was that Reginald

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THE HUGUENOT PRISONER.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY V. NEHLIG.

would refuse the commission. But that hope failed when one evening Paul entered the drawing-room where she was seated, with his cousin.

"I had to fairly pull Regie in, Theo," he said, with his harsh, silly laugh, "but here he is."

The grave bow that Reginald accorded her was devoid of the scorn she dreaded.

"I am glad he is here," continued Paul; "now we can get the picture. Regie, will you paint Theo's picture for me—all in white, like an angel?"

The wife shrank a little, remembering her last interview with the grave man facing her. Then, conquering herself, she looked up with brave, true eyes.

"Paul is very desirous to have the portrait, Reginald, and I desire to please him. Will you paint it?"

"If you desire it," he answered, gravely.

"That is right," said Paul. "I have to see Mr. West, Theo, at nine o'clock. Keep Regie till I come back. I will not be long."

So these two were alone for the first time since that parting when Reginald's farewell had been almost a curse. There was a moment of deep silence. Then Reginald said, very gently and gravely:

"Theoda, when I saw you last I did you a bitter injustice. What your motives were in marrying my cousin I can only conjecture; but your life proves I wronged you when I accused you of heartless or of mercenary conduct. Paul has told me enough to show me you sacrificed yourself to save your uncle from disgrace."

Theoda hid her face. Even to Reginald she would not own the whole truth.

"I know how your life is spent in striving to throw some light upon poor Paul's dulled mind, and I honor you now as never before, seeing how you have taken duty where love left your heart vacant. Theoda, can we bury our past and be true friends? Will you let me help you, taking my old place with Paul, being your own brother and his?"

"Thank you," she said, cordially, though her face was still very pale. "You have lifted a load of sorrow from my heart, Reginald."

Then, fearing more personal topics, they talked of Paul, true friends both to the poor fellow, though one was his lawful heir and rival, the other the wife whose hand had been won by a base fraud.

They were still conversing when he returned, radiant with pleasure that Regie was once more beside him, a guest in his house. He talked of the picture, of the way Theoda must arrange her hair, of the attitude he preferred, the dress she must wear. He made his cousin set the hours for the sittings, and would have all preliminaries settled before he took his leave. And when Reginald was gone, he talked half the night of the promised picture.

This was Theoda's greatest trial. She loved her hours of solitude, and she had seldom one. Paul grudged every moment she spent away from him, and in his happiness he talked incessantly. Any subject that pleased him must form the theme of almost ceaseless babble, seldom rising above the chatter of a child, but calling constantly upon his wife's attention. These were hours when it seemed to Theoda that she would go mad if the continuous, monotonous voice could not be silenced. But when gentle interest failed, and she could only endure in silence, she prayed for patience, and it was granted her. She had taken up her burden voluntarily, though bitterly deceived, and she would not murmur, even when its weight seemed crushing her.

In a few days the picture was commenced, Reginald throwing all his heart into the task. Theoda came punctually to his studio, always with Paul, and there was some relief in her task when Reginald talked to his cousin, and she could sit silent. Often the low voices lost all meaning to her, and she sat dreamily looking before her, conscious only of a deep sense of repose.

Even after the portrait was completed, Reginald came often to take Paul away for a drive or a walk. It was characteristic of the two that they avoided all intercourse, save when Paul was present. If he was out when Reginald called, the visit was postponed; if he had engagements, Reginald left the house with him.

He knew, and Theoda knew also, that they could only keep down dangerous memories by making Paul the ever-present bar between them. Not that they thought even of the possibility of the old love springing up again, but the pain of the separation was keenest when they were face to face, and it was easier to bear when Paul called upon one or the other for attention.

And Paul, whose weak brain left the whole strength of his nature to concentrate upon his affections, had ever given his heart's whole love to Theoda and Reginald, his one friend and dear cousin from boyhood. The trio, once more united, shared every pleasure; and when the Summer suns grew hot, all three went to Paul's country-seat together for a few months of fresher air.

The first suggestion Reginald made was to procure a boat; for at the foot of the lawn a river rippled by, and the artist was a good oarsman. The tiny pleasure-boat he bought was softly cushioned and repainted, and upon the bow was the name *Theoda*. Every evening the three spent an hour or two upon the water: Reginald rowing, Theoda steering, while Paul watched the water and often sang in a thin tenor voice. He was utterly happy in those Summer days.

His lawyer, Mr. West, lifted all real business care from him, though he nominally governed his own estate. Theoda made her whole life subservient to his pleasure, and Reginald shared her self-imposed duties. Many hours he spared her now, by taking Paul for long country strolls, sending him to seek wildflowers for Theoda, while he sketched busily, or letting him lie beside him upon the soft grass, and talk ever of Theoda.

The Summer was waning, and Autumn winds were already stirring, when one evening before sunset the cousins and Theoda started for a row, the last one they purposed taking before returning to town. The wind was fresh, the air chilly; but Paul had pleaded for one more sail, just one, and, as usual, his wishes were law for the others. They floated idly with the current, chatting, dreaming, singing, till Reginald, rousing himself from a long reverie, suddenly discovered that they had been carried far beyond the point where he had intended to turn. To add to his dismay, heavy clouds were gathering across the skies, and the wind was steadily increasing in force.

Not wishing to alarm his companions, he turned the boat silently, and motioned Theoda to take the helm. Then, with long, vigorous strokes, he bent to his task of hastening homeward before the storm broke. But even in the first few minutes the wind proved his enemy, and he found his labor was to be no light one. Half-way home the storm burst, the rain fell with sudden fury, and Paul, starting up in a paroxysm of unreasoning terror, capsized the boat. In a moment they were all struggling in the water. Reginald was the first to rise, and, shaking the water from his eyes, saw Theoda clinging to the boat, which floated upside down. He reached her in a moment.

"Put your hands on my shoulders," he said; "I can easily carry you ashore."

In her terror she would have obeyed, but the agony of

pleading in his eyes roused her to the deeper significance of their position. In both hearts the same thought rose. Only that feeble life, sinking now, lay between them and happiness.

"Save Paul! He cannot swim! I can hold here till you return!"

As she spoke, Paul, already unconscious, rose beside them. Reginald grasped him, and struck out for the shore, fortunately not far distant. It was a dead weight he held, but he reached the bank safely, and found there a group of men, who had seen the accident.

"Take care of him," Reginald gasped, and, waiting for no answer, plunged again into the water, and struck out for the boat. It floated still with the current, but the numbed, chilled hands he had last seen grasping it were gone. Only the boat itself mocked him, as he looked for the precious life he had come to save. He plunged in again and again, diving till he was utterly exhausted, vainly. Not until all strength was gone did he reach the bank, so feeble that he fainted as soon as he was ashore.

Not until noon of the next day was the fair, cold form found by those searching for it. The sweet face was placid and beautiful as if in sleep, and no mark showed that her death was not a quiet sinking into eternal slumber.

Before Paul saw her, she was robed in spotless white, with flowers about her face and in her hands. But the truth came home to the bereaved man with a force that struck away all light from the feeble mind for ever. With a cry he dropped beside his dead, insensible, to awaken to a life of blank idiocy.

The law gives to Reginald the control of Paul's property, and he voluntarily assumes the whole care of his cousin. One hour in every day these two spend beside a tall marble shaft, marked "Theoda"; and Paul waits there, whispering softly:

"She will come soon for me, will she not, Regie? Theoda will come for Paul soon?"

And Reginald, looking at the wasting figure and the sunken eyes, answers, with sad truthfulness:

"Yes, Paul, she will come soon."

## A TALE OF A TUB.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BOYHOOD OF SYDNEY SMITH.

WE believe it was Sydney Smith who said that in time of danger absence of body was better than presence of mind, and most people will be inclined to agree with the genial divine. The following anecdote of his boyhood will show, however, that the future wit evinced the possession of the latter quality at an early age.

At the time of which we write his father occupied, with his family, the habitable part of a ruinous old castle near Woodford, in Essex, and at a short distance from the castle was a sheet of water, large enough, in English eyes, to be dignified with the title of lake.

Young Sydney, although unable to swim, was passionately fond of boating, but his aquatic aspirations were sadly restricted by the fact that he had no boat, and his father being decidedly opposed to his venturing upon the water at all, was not likely to provide one for him.

In this dilemma, Sydney's inventive genius soon found a way of overcoming the difficulty. Taking his little sister into his confidence, he surreptitiously possessed himself of a large tub from the castle laundry, and, persuading her to accompany him, launched it upon the lake. Provided with a small piece of board as a paddle, the adventurous young navigator managed to paddle his unwieldy craft into the very middle of the lake.

He was greatly elated by his success, and waved his paddle triumphantly aloft with the air of a conqueror. Alas! it slipped from his hand, fell into the water, and floated off beyond his reach, leaving him without any means of propulsion, at the mercy of the winds and waves.

There was nothing for it but to cultivate patience, and wait for succor; so, like a new Diogenes, he remained seated in his tub, trying to calm the fears of his sister, who was now badly frightened and crying bitterly.

It was not long before the perilous position of the two children was noticed from the house, and soon the father and mother, with all the household at their heels, ran down to the bank in great alarm.

Indeed, the situation was one of real peril. The crank, topheavy craft in which they were embarked seemed ready to capsize every instant, and the agonized father could think of no means of rescuing his darlings that did not involve so much loss of time as to invite a catastrophe.

A favorite dog had followed the others to the shore, and, as if understanding that something was amiss, several times plunged into the water, and after swimming out a little way, returned, apparently conscious of his inability to help.

Young Sydney, however, who had remained cool and collected, despite the lamentations of his mother and the others, suddenly exclaimed:

"Get a rope, father—get a rope, and tie it to Jack's collar—perhaps I can call him to me!"

His father, filled with admiration for the courage and self-possession of the boy, quickly procured a rope, and, tying one end to Jack's collar, pointed to the tub, while Sydney, at the same time, called and whistled to the dog.

The intelligent animal at once sprang into the water and swam out toward the tub, while Mr. Smith paid out the rope from the shore, and Sydney encouraged the dog with shouts of "Here, Jack! Here, Jack! Good dog—good fellow!" and the like.

It was a long swim, and the anxious watchers scarcely hoped that the dog could accomplish it; but he stuck to his task bravely, and at length reached the tub, and was seized by the collar by his delighted young master. Untying the rope from the dog's neck, Sydney fastened it to the tub, and was speedily drawn to the shore, where the children were instantly clasped in the arms of their overjoyed parents.

## CHASED BY TARTAR CAVALRY.

DURING the last China war I had the good fortune to be attached to the British Naval Brigade which accompanied the army throughout the campaign. Thus it was that I eventually found myself in the mythical old city of Pekin.

Although the Allied armies had marched without sustaining a single defeat up to the very walls, and, after a show of resistance, now held their imperial city in military occupation, yet the force of our arms had failed to strike terror into the hearts of the Chinese individually. The Chinamen were abject enough in the immediate presence of a superior force; but let them get the upper hand by treachery or otherwise, and it would go hardly with you.

In this way it happened that many of the English soldiers strolled into the city in twos and threes, and were never seen again. They were, without doubt, tortured to death. In the Government returns, the word "missing" was written after their names; that was all that was done, and saved so much trouble.

With the French it was very different. They did not

content themselves with simply reporting their men as missing; they sought out and discovered those who were implicated in the murder, and the Chinamen generally had to pay about six lives for one. If the outrage could not be satisfactorily traced to any of the people, the whole street in which it was perpetrated would be razed to the ground. It must be a blundering Chinaman who would molest a Frenchman, the Nemesis followed so quickly.

As regards the English, these things went on with such impunity that as many as six of the Rifles went together into Pekin, with their arms and all their accoutrements, and never returned. They were reported missing, and there was an end of the affair.

These things were not pleasant, especially to those who had seen the effects of the slow bone-crushings and the myriad other tortures that had been inflicted on those unfortunate men who had been captured on the march, and whose lacerated bodies were sent back in retaliation upon the English.

Bad as was this state of affairs in Pekin, it was worse on the plain between it and Tungchow. Tungchow, being the nearest city to Pekin in direct water communication with the fleet, was the headquarters of the commissariat department. It is a walled city of considerable size, and is situated on the Houenho, a tributary of the Pei-ho. Pekin is twenty-five miles distant in a northwesterly direction. Between the two cities there is an imperial road, paved throughout with enormous slabs of stone. But this road led to one of the south gates of the city, and the camp of the Allies was at the northeast gate; besides, it was believed to be undermined. The army, therefore, found its way across the plain without following any road in particular. With the exception of a few hills, just visible on a fine day far away on the horizon, the country is as flat as a billiard-table. The Pagoda of Tungchow is soon lost sight of, and after there is no landmark until Pekin, entirely hidden by its high, gray walls, is reached. Here and there, like oases in the desert, are clumps of trees, with a few houses amongst them. They are all alike, and serve rather to increase the monotony of the scene than otherwise. But these peaceful-looking farmhouses have proved fatal to many stragglers.

CHASED BY TARTAR CAVALRY.—"A FLASH, A SHARP, RINGING REPORT, AND ONE OF MY PURSUERS ROLLED OVER WITH A BITTER SCREAM."

THE SHADOW DANCE.—SEE PAGE 347.

Some soldiers on the line of march discovered a sword-scabbard half buried in the ground on the outskirts of one of those villages. It belonged to a man whose regiment had marched to the front some time before. In digging up the ground, not only the rest of his accoutrements were found, but his whitened skeleton as well, clean, without a scrap of flesh on the bones. Some Chinamen of the village being seized, one of them, more frightened than the rest, confessed that the man who had lagged behind the "foreign braves" (mark the politeness now) had been kidnapped, and boiled to death in a caldron, which he proceeded to point out. Such, it was too evident, was the revolting fact. These dastardly murderers were brought to a kind of trial, and, the evidence not being quite as conclusive as would be requisite to convict one of the man's own comrades of a similar crime, they were acquitted. In England this course would be considered magnanimous, but the Chinese attributed it solely to cowardice.

A few days before the incident that I am about to relate occurred, a slow, lumbering train of baggage-wagons, with a strong escort, left Pekin for Tungchow at noon. At two o'clock a soldier, well armed and mounted, was sent to order back a portion of the baggage. It was presumed that they could not have gone very far by that time, and so he went alone. He was cut off before he could overtake them, and was never seen again. Another was added to the list of missing, and there was no more trouble about that.

It should be borne in mind that these murders, of which the number was not small, were committed after the Treaty of Peace had been signed, and were, nevertheless, persistently winked at by the English authorities.

Dispatches were put into my hands by the commander-in-chief to be immediately delivered to the head of the commissariat department at Tungchow. The usual escort of mounted Sikhs, without which no one dreamed of crossing the plain, was ordered to accompany me. But the commanding officer, a most unpleasant man of the red-tape order, made so much fuss and bother about sending his men away, that I concluded a very warm argument by telling him that he and his Sikhs might go anywhere they pleased, for I would have none of them, but would go alone.

This rash resolution was much condemned by every one. Friends and strangers were unanimous in declaring that I should never reach Tungchow "Why?" "There was that intrenched Tartar camp in ambush outside the city, and no one knew exactly where, so that you couldn't tell how to avoid it. Then there was the certainty of losing your way, and the probability of getting murdered by the village cutthroats, like Smith of the Second Queen's, poor Johnson of the First Royals, Green of the Third Buffs, etc., etc. You surely haven't forgotten that fellow who was sent after the baggage-train the other day, and never turned up again? Why, you must be quite mad!" And so on in this strain for half an hour.

When my old messmate, Lieutenant Jack Devereux, heard of it, he came up and took me by the hand, saying:

"Well, old boy, if you're determined to go, I'll go with you, for you've always stuck to me like a brick, and now I'll do as much for you."

In vain I tried to dissuade him, and used all the arguments that had been urged against my going; but he was just as obstinate as I was.

At two o'clock, then, on indifferent military-train horses, we started. The first half-hour was pleasant enough; after that we lost sight of Pekin, and there was nothing but the great, hot plain before us. A small division of the army had left for Tungchow that same morning at daylight; their footprints and other traces of their march were still visible. We gradually got careless about the track, and finally lost it altogether.

The way seemed tolerably easy, and we began to congratulate ourselves on the clever manner in which we were shaping our course. Just then we came to a white marble monument of peculiar form. It represented a monstrous tortoise carrying an inscribed slab vertically on his back. Such as these are erected to the memory of the kings of one of the old dynasties. It occurred to us that we had passed one of these half an hour before; on closer inspection it proved to be the very same one. Without knowing it, we had lost our way and made a complete circle.

This was particularly annoying, especially when the danger of being overtaken by the darkness on this wide plain of the enemy's was considered. Besides, my horse was beginning to show signs of flagging, and stumbled continually.

We halted, and started again, "taking a fresh departure," as naval men say; this time having the sun for our guide, and looking out for the footprints.

To our great satisfaction, we came upon the track again—or, rather, upon *a* track. The possibility that these could be any other than the footprints of an English army—for instance, those of Tartars, leading to their camp—never suggested itself. With light hearts, we unsuspectingly followed up this track, until, right ahead, there appeared a long, low wall, with here and there the top of a tent showing above it. One significant look, full of meaning, sufficed to show us that we had accidentally discovered the much-dreaded Tartar camp.

Without a word we wheeled round and galloped back as fast as the poor, jaded old steeds would carry us. Any hope that we had not been observed was instantly dispelled by seeing nine or ten Tartar horsemen, well mounted, rush out in hot pursuit. Thus had we fallen into the very pitfall that was our worst danger.

Our miserable horses seemed, by some curious instinct, to be aware of the danger. They tore along at a speed that agreeably surprised us. Hedges, trees, fields flew by; over the rice-plantations, crashing through the millet-stalks—away, away, over everything. This was a race for life, and the speed was frightful. This furious pace could not last. Gradually the Tartars gained ground. On they came, in a cloud of dust, the foremost one alone visible through it. Away, away, over the arid plain, the thick, hot air resonant with the eager shouts and savage yells of our pursuers.

But all the fierce goading of our horses, we too well knew, was useless; in the long run we must be captured, and then——. Heavens! the thought was horrible. There was nothing left for us but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, and, if it were possible, to reserve the last precious bullet in our revolvers for ourselves. Once in the hands of the Tartars, the old proverb becomes reversed, for whilst there is life there is no hope, except—yes, only one—that of a quick and easy death, a hope seldom fulfilled.

Nearer and yet nearer, they gained on us rapidly. Now an arrow whizzed past, followed by a crossbow-bolt; then another, and another, in quick succession. Still closer and closer they pressed on us. When within safe distance of the foremost one, I drew my revolver, turned round in the saddle, and fired. From over-anxiety I missed the mark. Jack, who fired shortly afterward, also missed his man, but killed the horse, which was nearly as well. His next shot missed; mine also—not, however, through bad aiming, but because at the instant that I pulled the

trigger an arrow grazed my right arm, tearing through the coat and the fleshy part; but, happily, it did not stick.

Nerved with rage, although smarting with intense pain, my arm was steady for the next shot. With a long and careful aim, the man well covered, I fired. A flash, a sharp, ringing report, and one of my pursuers rolled over with a bitter scream, and lay weltering in his life's blood.

Faster and more fiercely came on the rest of the savage horde. One received a bullet from Jack's revolver that scattered his brains on the sand, and prevented his ever chasing again. The next shot, however, was not so successful. I had two bullets left, and Jack three; the number that followed us was reduced to seven. If all our shots were sure to tell, there would just be a chance of our escaping. A report from Jack's pistol, and a hasty glance at our pursuers, told me that he had again fired without result.

Our horses were flagging tremendously, and it was evident that the critical moment was at hand. As we still sped onward, the arrows whizzed past. I cocked my pistol, and reined in a little to let the foremost man come within certain distance—I could afford to waste no more shots. He rapidly came up. I got an excellent aim, and fired. With a shriek and a yell of agony, he dropped, and his horse galloped past me. At the same instant my horse fell down dead, struck by an arrow or bolt. I was aware of a sudden shock, my head was jammed into my shoulders, and I rolled over and over in the dust.

Half blinded, and choked with sand, I scrambled to my feet just in time to put a bullet through the body of a Tartar, who in another moment would have ridden or cut me down. As he fell, his horse luckily stumbled and fell also. I rushed to him, and, stifling his objections with the butt-end of my revolver, dragged him clear of his horse. In less time than I can write it I had the horse on his legs, and was scouring across the plain on his back.

In the meantime, Jack, perceiving my downfall, wheeled round, and, with consummate coolness, lodged one bullet most cleverly in the skull of the nearest Tartar, and dismounted another with his last. We rode on together, and were exceedingly glad to see the rest of our pursuers turn back to attend to their wounded. Our first care was to reload our revolvers. This done, we halted for a moment whilst Jack bound up my arm, which was intensely painful and bleeding profusely.

Having shaken hands, and congratulated each other on our escape, our former difficulty as to the right way recurred; we could only, as before, steer by the sun, and trust to "that sweet little cherub that sits up aloft." Thus we jogged along as fast as Jack's poor horse would go. I had benefited immensely by the forcible exchange that I had made, having now a beautiful Tartar steed, with any quantity of life and vigor in him.

The loss of blood consequent on the wound was beginning to tell on me, and I was getting faint and weary, when over the tops of some distant trees I descried the Pagoda of Tungchow glistening in the rays of the setting sun. Never had the Lizard lights, after ever so long a commission, been so welcome to us as that old pagoda. How we blessed the builder of it! It was about five miles distant on our right. Therefore it was evident that during our long chase we must have been going very nearly in the right direction. However, had we not seen the pagoda we should have passed the city to the northward, and in that case it is not easy to say when we should have found it.

We now rode straight for the city, and arrived just as it had become quite dark; and it will be long before I forget that terrible day, and the chase of the Tartar Cavalry.

## THE SHADOW DANCE.

There are few more familiar objects seen amidst the fields than the little, lively rabbits. How rapidly they speed across the sward! their long hind-legs propelling them onward in prodigious leaps, apparently with little or no effort on the part of the animal. Ever and anon they check their course suddenly, and, sitting upright, with ears erect, listen intently for any hostile sound, scanning at the same time, with a not uncomical scrutiny, everything within the range of their limited vision. Playful in disposition, many are the eccentric movements performed by them when on moonlight nights they assemble together and gambol over the smooth turf. Unprovided by Nature with any means of defense against their enemies, which are many and powerful, the rabbits are obliged to rely solely upon their speed to enable them to escape all pursuers.

These little animals are very sociable, and fond of living together, and their warrens, as assemblages of their habitations are called, frequently contain hundreds of individuals. Their galleries extend sometimes for great distances, and little tunnels ramify in all directions, with many an opening to the surface, thus affording the inmates numerous avenues of escape. These apertures do not always give direct access to the nests, but they serve rather as entrance-halls, from which, at intervals, other lanes lead to secluded spots, in which the young are reared.

Rabbits are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, although it is not unusual for them to seek their food by day. But at the going down of the sun they commence to be lively, and at the opening of each small burrow an active little fellow will suddenly appear, and, sitting upon his haunches, will attentively examine the field before him. Apparently satisfied that all is right, he starts forward on his first race for the evening, and, with the short white tail erect over his back, bounds over the grass in leaps so similar to those of the stately buck as to cause him to be frequently called a small deer. Soon tired of his solitary excursion, as the moon rises in the heavens and floods the landscape with her silver light, our lively friend joins others of his companions, and their fun soon grows fast and furious. With many a lofty leap, they bound over their fellows' backs, and rapidly chase each other around the fields. At times the males will stop suddenly in their race, and impatiently strike the earth with their hind-legs several times, and then bound away again more swiftly than before. Their active forms are pictured in many fantastic shapes upon the surrounding banks and rocks, while their shadows, as if caricaturing the supple creatures, follow them everywhere, and imitate their motions upon the sward. And so this dance of shadows is continued for hours, until their appetites, sharpened by the cool night and by their exertions, cause them to think upon the evening meal, and in little groups they scatter over the field and commence to crop the tender grass. Even when thus occupied, they cannot altogether repress their inclination for a romp, and ever and again some sprightly little fellow will suddenly start forward, and, after executing a few exceedingly intricate and rapid evolutions, will settle gravely down once more and continue his repast.

Rabbits have many enemies, and are preyed upon both by the birds of the air and by the beasts of the field. Eagles and owls seize and carry them off to their nests by day and night, and many fall victims to the various cunning four-footed creatures that prowl about the fields in search of some dainty morsel for a meal. One of their most dreaded foes is the fox, which is ever on the alert to seize them as they gambol about in fancied security. His

ALL NIGHT WITH A PANTHER. — "I PROCURED A LONG POLE, UNFASTENED THE CURVING CLAWS, AND THE GREAT BROWN CARCASS CAME TUMBLING TO MY FEET."

sharp nose easily detects their whereabout, and his ready cunning and fertility of resource enable him to approach and fall upon them unawares. Even now, let us suppose, one of these keen-scented animals is apprised of the presence of such a little colony as we have described, whose members are sporting together in the early morning, after a night of gamboling and feasting. The thickets that intervene between him and his prey hide them from his sight, but his nose tells him that there can be no mistake, and so he crawls gradually toward them. How carefully he moves! Crouched low toward the ground, the feet are lifted slowly in succession, and then are placed softly upon the grass, as if he were feeling his way, while his bright eyes cast eager glances on every side, and the pointed ears are thrown forward to catch the slightest sound. Soon he sees before him, portrayed upon the side of a rock that glistens in the bright light of early morning, the dancing shadows of two of the graceful creatures that are playing together just beyond him. All kinds of movements are depicted upon that novel mirror by the lively animals, and the face of the stone seems itself in motion as the shadowy forms pass rapidly about its surface. But Reynard is altogether too knowing to take the shadow for the substance, and, disregarding the show that is passing before him, he endeavors to peer around the friendly bush that hides the rabbits from his view, and to ascertain their true position. Soon he will see their nimble figures, as they draw closer to his vicinity; then the spring will suddenly be made, and the shrill scream of the startled victim will tell the story of the fox's success; and as the members of the frightened colony disappear in their burrows, the shadows too will flee away, and naught will remain save one dark form rapidly disappearing in the distance, as the fox bears away his lifeless prey.

## ALL NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

It was useless to search longer for the lost trail. Each step might be bearing me further astray; daylight was almost gone and I must prepare to spend the night in the forest. The prospect was not a delightful one, for an all-day's hunt with an empty game-pouch had sharpened my appetite wonderfully, and I longed for the flesh-pots of camp. But repining was of no avail; each moment the sombre shadows spoke of the fast-fading light, each moment the woods grew more gloomy, and I must lose no time in securing some shelter, let my hunger be what it might. Had I followed the trail more carefully during the afternoon, waiting and fasting would not have been needed now; but such was my fate, and "*Que voulez-vous?*" as the little Frenchman on the Big Muddy used to say, "Ze milk be spilt!"

I was hunting on the Blue River in Southwestern Colorado, among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Early in the day I had driven a herd of deer from Surprise Valley, and, intent upon securing some venison, had followed the animals for hours until the slanting sunbeams warned me of the approaching night, and, anxious to regain my friends before the darkness fairly set in, I had made too great haste and lost my own trail.

For an hour or more I wandered up and down among the cañons, uncertain of my bearings, until the gathering darkness rendered further searching useless, and I acknowledged myself fated to pass the night alone.

Having bemoaned my unlucky lot and cursed my own stupidity to my heart's content, I sought some snug corner in which to rest my weary limbs. The temperature was not cold, nor would it be, for, although late in the year, the day had been one of unusual calm and even sultry heat, and, during the afternoon, great banks of dun-colored and yellow clouds had arisen along the southern horizon, threatening storm, but their masses seemed only to increase the heaviness of the atmosphere and render any exertion enervating. However, rain might come, and from that I needed a shelter. For a time I stumbled about seeking some low, thick bush or tree whose outspreading branches would afford me the covering I desired, but only the yellow pine flourished in that region, and the crackle of its dry needles beneath my feet answered to the ceaseless rattle of its green needles far overhead in seeming derision at my fruitless efforts.

I had about decided to cast myself down anywhere and find sleep, for I was very tired, when suddenly, just before me, I heard a sharp, grating sound, and with a cry of horror sprang back trembling and cold with fright, for I knew the warning, and cared not to meet the deadly rattlesnake upon his own ground and in the darkness.

As I retreated, the reptile slowly writhed away, and my attentive ear caught the sound of his departing movements; but one such encounter was enough, and turning, I strode hastily from the spot, determined to occupy a second-story lodging in the first convenient tree that I could find.

Fortune favored me, for I had not taken a dozen steps when I saw dimly before me an umbrageous cedar, its gnarled and twisted branches offering the very resting-place I desired.

THE HYMENOPTERA WHICH PRODUCES GALLS.— SEE PAGE 351.

Slinging the rifle across my back, I quickly scrambled aloft. The tree was not a large one, and, at a height of some fifteen feet, I discovered a convenient fork, and at once began to arrange myself for the night.

Not caring to tumble from my perch when asleep, I loosened the strap from the gun for the purpose of lashing my body to the limb. As I did so, the sound of a soft, quick tread fell upon my ear, and, with startled pulse, I leaned forward to listen. It, whatever it might be, was coming toward me; I grasped my rifle nervously. Nearer, nearer, until, through the twilight, my straining eyes discovered a long, dark form skulking close to the ground and approaching the cedar.

What was it?

Scarcely had the question formed itself in my brain when the answer came—a weird, blood-chilling yell ringing out through the sultry night-air with an ominous thrill, echoing and re-echoing from the neighboring cliffs: and dying away among the tangled thickets in the distant cañons.

It was a mountain-lion, and the beast had discovered me!

Quick as thought my weapon sprang to my shoulder, and aiming as well as might be in the gloom toward the blue, flaming eyes, I waited. Slowly, and with cat-like motion, my enemy gathered his feet together. I could hear the leaves rustle as he moved; almost could I see the lithesome swaying of the long, snake-like tail. His eyes burned even more brightly.

In an instant he would spring, when, with a half-muttered prayer, I fired.

There came the blinding flash, the sharp report, and then an unearthly yell—half howl, half moan, and a scrambling to and fro, accompanied by low, snarling cries. I had hit the animal, and he was wounded.

Was the shot a fatal one? Determining at all events to decide the matter, I hurriedly pushed a second cartridge into its place, and began with searching eyes to seek my antagonist in the darkness. The night was each moment growing thicker, and the air seemed more oppressive. Overhead the sky gleamed with a dull, phosphorescent light, however, and occasionally a blood-red lance flashed for an instant across the southern horizon. I could still hear the half-suppressed moans of the wounded lion, but was unable to define his position with sufficient certainty to fire at him.

As I peered anxiously into the gloom, I was suddenly and horribly aroused by the sound of strong claws tearing at the bark of the very tree in which I lay concealed, and, turning my eyes downward, for a second time they encountered the blazing balls of the panther not ten feet away.

My shot had wounded without disabling him, and, wild with pain and anger, with tremendous efforts and low snarls of rage, he was climbing the slanting trunk of the cedar.

There was no time for thought; it was life or death—sure death for one of us. I caught the gun in my left hand, swung its muzzle into the animal's hideous face, and pressed the trigger; but at that very instant my hold upon the tree gave way. I slipped a little, and with the natural instinct which impels one to save himself at any cost, I dropped the rifle, caught wildly at the treacherous branch, touched it, seized it, struggled a moment, and regained my footing—regained it to listen with a shudder to a sharp, metallic ringing, growing fainter and fainter, until, rising from unmeasured depths beneath, the last sullen plunge died upon my ear, to hear once again sound forth the lion's demoniacal cry, to see his horrid eyes gleaming toward me, and to know that the cedar tree stood upon the brink of some terrible abyss, into which my rifle had fallen, while my dreaded enemy still lived!

Had I not cause to shudder? I was lost.

For a time my reason tottered on her throne, and fiends came and tempted me, mocked me, crying, "Death! death!" in my affrighted ears—sought to loosen my grasp upon the limb and hurl me, too, into the black gulf below; but it was for a little time only.

Soon I grew calmer, and hope revived again. It might be that the panther could not reach me, wounded as he was, and my heavy knife would yet perform good service if used aright, and drawing it, I climbed still further aloft, until the tree began to yield and bend beneath me. Then I waited.

The beast below was slowly struggling upward, and the tearing of his cruel claws told of his steady approach. Nearer and yet nearer he dragged his ugly form, until, by the frequent flashes flaming from the lowering sky, I could see his gleaming teeth, until his hot breath struck upon my trembling hands, until a single branch alone remained between us. His cries had ceased, and only an occasional sniff now broke the oppressive silence, or a low, cat-like growling. His prey was cornered, and he knew it.

Two feet more, and the dreaded claws could reach me; and I clutched my knife-hilt with a desperation born of despair, and, crouching, nerved my whole strength for one sweeping blow.

With arm drawn back and muscles tense as steel, I waited, counting the seconds, straining my wild eyes through the darkness to mark the vital spot, when suddenly I felt myself enveloped in a stifling cloud. For an instant the heavens burned red, then yellow, and with a roar like that of an angry ocean, the wind came down upon us. The storm had burst at last, and a whirlwind was sweeping the forest.

For an hour I lived in pandemonium. Such passages in one's life cannot be described, for they are neither seen nor heard, but *felt*. A thousand times was my frail support bent far out over the horrid gulf below—a thousand times great trees, torn from their mother earth, were hurled fiercely through the air, or cast with terrible thunderings into the yawning pit beside me, and yet I lived. The woods echoed with cries and howlings, the air was filled with screams and croakings, the treetops lashed each other, while the wild wind surged on, and the *débris* fell as snow-flakes in a storm.

From the narrow cañon came up continually the sullen sound of death, the shrieks of panthers, crushed and mangled, the bleating of wounded deer, the snarling of dying wolves, while dismal moans and groanings lent a minor chord to all the horrid chorus. In very truth the darksome ravine was like a hungry grave that fearful night.

Half-stunned, torn and bleeding, I yet clung to the cedar, whose tough and twisted roots had thus far resisted the fury of the elements. As the moments flew, the wild wrath of the wind seemed slowly to fail, and when, perhaps, two hours had passed, the danger for the time was over, and the gale had ceased.

More than once during the hurricane had I glanced downward, only to see the eyes of my dreaded antagonist still blazing through the night, and to know that he as well as I had found safe refuge from the demons of the air. Often had I wondered, too, that the beast did not cry out or fall from the tree with fear, for I knew that usually the denizens of the forest were filled with terror in such a storm; but still he crouched before me, and, with

a sinking heart, I confessed to myself that revenge had driven out fear, and that he only awaited a safer moment to drag me down and slay me.

Again, with knife in hand, I watched my enemy—quick-eyed, alert; determined to die bravely, if die I must—watched anxiously, fearfully, weariedly; watched waiting, but only the animal's eyes gleamed up at me, and he made no move. Waited watching, while the moments grew to hours, shivering, weak, and faint; but the beast stirred not. Watched through all the long, long night, until the gray dawn came, and waited until the sun began to climb the golden east; then, emboldened with the approach of day, and worn to desperation by my vigil, I determined to lie a prisoner no longer, but to attack the lion.

With stealthy movement and slow, with eye and hand and knife ever ready, I carefully let myself down inch by inch from my perch, drew near and nearer to the ugly form, marked all the dull-hued stripings of his hide, the fang-like claws, the claw-like fangs, chose out the very spot where I would strike, and had raised the glittering knife, when a sudden thought came to me like a gleam of light, and reaching forth my hand, I laid it on the shoulder of my kingly enemy. His form was stiff and cold—the animal had been dead for hours!

The reaction overcame me, and, weak and helpless, I slid from the tree to the ground. Then, gathering strength again after a few moments of rest, I procured a long pole, unfastened the curving claws, and the great brown carcass came tumbling to my feet.

Then I learned the reason of his death. During the storm some flying branch had stricken him, breaking his back even as one snaps a pipe-stem with the fingers, killing the great cat instantly; while his strong claws, driven into the bark of the tree, had held his body in its place during all the hours that had passed—an object of terror to me throughout the night.

I regained the lost trail after an hour's search, and, with the lion-skin at my back, and a shattered rifle on my shoulder, presented myself at camp before noon, a little tired and ravenously hungry, but uninjured in body or in mind.

Such another vigil, however, I care not to endure, and in all my hunting-days thereafter I gave not the half only, but the whole of the narrow pathway to the panther of the mountains when we met—the striped lion of the Colorado.

## THE HYMENOPTERA WHICH PRODUCE GALLS.

GALL FLIES (*Cynipsidæ*).

THE *Hymenoptera* which produce galls, or excrescences upon plants, form a group by themselves. They are small insects, very distinguishable, and they stimulate a great number of different kinds of plants to develop those unusual growths of their tissues which are called gall-nuts, galls, oak-apples, etc. Everybody has seen these curious and odd-looking excrescences, but very few have noticed the beings that have grown within them—and which, when they have attained their perfect form, escape and fly. A winged insect, not much more than a tenth or a twelfth of an inch long, is not readily observed, especially when amongst the host of little flies that continually move around us.

The small *Hymenoptera* belong to one family—that of the *Cynipsidæ*—which contains the genus *Cynips*, and others very much like it. The *Cynipsidæ* have an oblong and very convex body, the abdomen of which is attached to the thorax by a very thin pedicle. The saw ovipositor is very curiously made; it is very long and slender, and is twisted up in a spiral form within the abdomen of the female when it is not required. But when the insect has made up its mind to lay an egg, having chosen the proper spot, the muscles of the abdomen suddenly unfold this spiral, and the ovipositor is straightened, and thrust instantaneously into the plant.

The *Cynipsidæ* are found everywhere in Spring and Summer. When about to lay, the females take great trouble to seek a good place on a proper plant; they make a puncture with their long ovipositors in a twig or leaf, and deposit either one or a considerable number of eggs. When the puncture is made, the insect spreads a secretion over the wound which is of a very irritating character, and it is believed to excite the nutrition of the vegetable tissue to develop irregular masses of its cellular structures.

There are multitudes of plants attacked, and generally the shape of the gall differs in each, and is produced by a different insect. Hartig, Westwood, Giraud and others, have described some very unusual forms. The oak trees afford a refuge for, and nourish, many kinds of gall-flies, which do not spare the trunks, the leaves, the twigs or the roots. Oak-apples, or the rounded masses attached to oaks in the Summer, some small and others large, readily attract the attention; they are galls that have been produced by a *Cynips*. They might be taken to be the fruit of the oak, and they are, to the eye, miniature apples—oak apples. The largest are always at the base of the leaves, and within them there is a cavity tenanted by one larva; it remains there in a dull and stupid condition during the Winter, and is transformed into a pupa in the Spring. The adult insect is developed within the cellule, and is obliged to cut its way out into the world with its mandibles. This *Cynips* is of a bright-brown color, and is called *Cynips quercûs baccarum*.

The small oak-apples that usually are found in plenty on the lower surface of the leaves are formed by another species—*Cynips quercûs folii*.

The branches of the oak in the Spring time are often covered with nodules, some of which are very large and irregular in shape. Their surface is smooth, their color light-green, passing into red in some spots, and there are usually several on a twig, close to each other. They are constructed on a different plan to those of the gall-leaf insects, for they contain twelve or fifteen cellules, or more, each of which contains a larva. These kinds of *Cynips* fly in the middle of the Summer, and there are probably two generations in each year. They are called *Cynips terminalis*, on account of the peculiar ornamentation of the female. The sexes differ much in their shape and color; the male has large, transparent wings, and its body is of a uniform bright fawn color, whilst the female has no wings whatever, and is brownish, the end of the abdomen being of a shiny black tint.

The large engraving shows the galls of the insect. They are cellular, and are aggregated in masses upon the twigs.

A very common species of *Cynips*—*Cynips aptera*—produces great galls upon the roots of the oak, and it is a most remarkable thing that neither the males nor the females should have wings.

The gall-nuts of commerce, which are used as dyes, and to make ink and tinctures, and whence gallic acid is derived, are produced by the punctures of *Cynips gallæ tinctoriæ*. These insects affect an Eastern species of oak, *Quercus infectoria*, and their galls are remarkably hard, round and tuberculated. They only contain one larva. The cellule is moderately capacious, but the walls are very thick; nevertheless, the little *Cynips* perforates them without much difficulty, in order to come to the light of day.

# THE ALPINE CLIMBING.

## Its Pains and Perils.

I have done the Alps. True, I have not ascended Mont Blanc, or risked my crane-like neck on the Jungfrau, but I went up as high as the Grand Mulets, with Jules Balmot as my leading guide, and slept, no, i' faith, shivered, all night in that dismal refrigerator up in the clouds. My head, not my heart, failed me on the following morning, and it was as much as I could do to "sliddher" down to Chamouni later in the day. I have done the Rigi, and have beheld the sun rise, wrapped up in a blanket, and have won twenty francs in a race back to bed, beating an English Q. C. and a French chef d'Escadron. I have done all the passes and valleys of the Bernese Oberland; I have climbed the accessible glaciers of Aletsch, Chamouni and Zermatt; I have footed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splügen, Bernardino, Albula and Bernino Passes. I have also "muled" the Col de la Seigne, Tête Noire and Col de Balme, leading to Chamouni; the Grimsol and Gries, branching off at the head of the valley of the Rhone; the great Scheideck and Wengern Alp, in the Bernese Oberland, the Gemmi, at the Monte Moro. I have also traversed the Strablek from the Grimsol, Tschongil from Lauterbrunnen, St. Théodule from Zermatt,

THE GOATHERD OF THE ALPS.

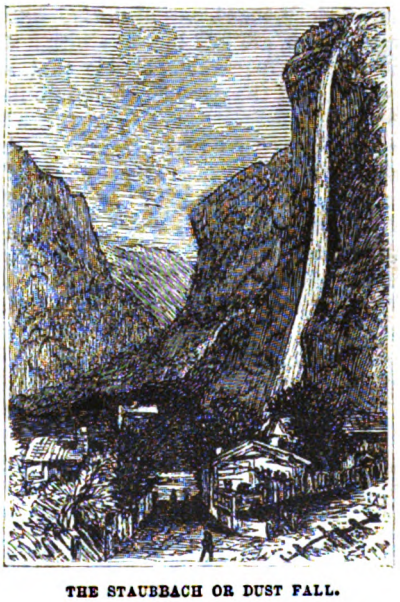
Col de Collon from Sion to Aosta, and Col du Géant over the shoulder of Mont Blanc. I have been swindled by innkeepers, guides, muleteers, shepherds, shepherdesses and merry Swiss boys. I have sung a Ranz de Vache, and bawled myself hoarse on mountain-tops. I have received bad money, and passed it with a grin. I have flirted with pretty maidens under the drooping eaves of châlets, and consumed beer with their brothers and lovers up in the clouds. I have lain on my back beneath the belly of a goat—*vide* our illustration—and swilled milk, after the fashion of an Alpine goatherd. I have tried the "*curs*," from sulphur to grapes. I have, in a word, done the Alps thoroughly; and, although not a member of the Alpine Club, have passed many a Summer night in lovely Swiss valleys, listening to the hairbreadth escapes of its members over glacier and crevasse. It was a lovely morning in June, and my heart was as light as a schoolboy's during the first week of the holidays, as I took my through ticket to Bâle at Charing Cross Railway Station for my first Swiss tour—London to Mayence, by Dover, Ostend and Rhine Railway, 25½ hours; Mayence to Bâle by rail, 9 hours. My luggage consisted of the needful only—namely, a knapsack, containing two silk-flannel shirts, with flannel collars to button on; two pairs of thick and soft woolen socks, Irish handmade real Balbriggan; three pocket-handkerchiefs; a pair of slippers (patent leather) for *table d'hôte*, and a "swell" pair of socks for ditto; brushes, scissors, button-hook, buttons, soap; a hand-book; neutral-tint spectacles, with side glasses, for glacier-passes; gaiters, for snow; a pocket-compass; a small bottle of glycerine; a leather drinking-cup, and knife; a tin box of shoemaker's white grease; a pair of shooting-boots, with low, broad heels, projecting welt, and hob-nails clinched.

A PORTER AND HIS CHARGE.

My clothes were of woolen tweed of medium thickness, with the pockets buttoning up. I must not forget a rope for high ascents, and last, though not least, an alpenstock. What an indispensable companion was this stout ash staff! I bought mine in London; and as many people are possibly unaware of the valuable aid an alpenstock renders to mountain-climbers, I shall briefly say that it is a stout pole, 5½ or 6 feet long—it should be your own height, reaching to the top of the head—with an iron spike at the end. The pedestrian who knows how to use it appreciates its value as a staff and a leaping-pole, but chiefly as a support in *descending* the mountains; it then becomes, as it were, a third leg. It enables one to transfer a part of the weight of the body from the legs to the arms, which is a great relief in descending long and steep hills. By the aid of it,

THE MATTERHORN, OR MONTE CERVINO.

REICHENBACH FALLS.



THE STAUBBACH OR DUST FALL.

travelers in the high Alps are enabled to slide down steep slopes of snow with great ease, after some practice; checking the velocity of their course, when it becomes too great, by leaning back and driving the point deeper. In crossing glaciers, either an ice-ax or an alpenstock is indispensable, to feel the strength of the ice and ascertain whether it be free from crevasses and able to bear the weight. The alpenstock is usually of fir, but the *trustworthy* ones are of ash, and sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a man seated on the middle, while the ends rest on two supports. Beware of chamois-horn tips—they are mockeries, delusions and snares, as I found to my cost; as, one day, when leaping a crevasse, the horn gave way, and down I went, head over heels, into—luckily for me—a bed of the softest and dryest snow.

The real dangers of the high Alps may, under ordinary circumstances, be reduced to four, namely: 1st, the yielding of snow-bridges that cover crevasses; 2nd, the risk of slipping upon slopes of ice; 3rd, the fall of ice or rocks from above; and 4th, the slipping beneath the feet of a traveler of a steep snow-field, which may bury him, or carry him over a precipice. Madame de Stael has said: "Le motion du danger plait à l'homme." I believe it thoroughly; and nowhere will one behold so many men rushing into danger for the sake of its excitement as in the Alps.

The rope is a very important factor in Alpine traveling; in fact, it is *the* safety-valve. In the higher region of the glaciers, crevasses, even of considerable width, are often completely bridged over by a covering of snow, so that no indication of their existence is seen on the surface. The bridges often yield under the weight of a man's footsteps; in such a case an active man, whose attention is on the alert, may sometimes extricate himself at once, but it more commonly happens that he falls into the chasm, in which case, if alone, his chance of life is faint indeed. But if several travelers are tied together with a stout rope, as it is in the highest degree impossible that a majority of them should fall at the same moment into the same crevasse, no appreciable danger from this cause need be incurred. Even two travelers tied together may, with proper attention, avoid risk, but greater security is attained when they are three or more in number. It is mainly because he could be protected from the danger, that a man who goes alone over the *névé* of a glacier incurs a risk which must be called unjustifiable.

The rope, to be of service, must be kept tight, and its proper management requires teaching soon learned; when slack, it is easily snapped. Its proper use is to check and prevent a fall, rather than to pull a man out of a crevasse. When a party consists of four, however, or more, the interval should be 12 feet between every two; when of three, 18 or 20 feet; when of two alone, 30 or 40 feet. The reason of this is obvious; it is easier to pull a man twelve feet than forty, and the long interval gives the person pulled a better chance of stopping himself. Ice-axes, for cutting steps, are used, as also the *piolet*, or pick.

In spite of every precaution, a man may slip on an ice-slope where, if unchecked, a fall would lead to certain destruction. Against this danger, the rope is usually an effectual preservative. Cases, however, occur where the footing is so precarious that a party cannot be tied together, as, if one were to slip, he would inevitably drag all his companions along with him to destruction. It is for those concerned to consider whether, in such circumstances, the object in view is such as to justify the inevitable peril of the ascent.

The danger arising from ice and fragments of rock falling across the track may, to a great extent, be avoided by a judicious choice of route. Experienced mountaineers learn to recognize the positions where ice detached from a higher level descends over a precipice or steep slope of rock. They either avoid such spots altogether, or are careful to pass them early in the morning, before the sun has loosened the impending masses, or late in the day, after his rays have been withdrawn.

The ordinary risks of Alpine adventurers are seemingly increased during bad weather, and new dangers may then lie in wait for the bold mountaineers. Masses of rock are detached from their previously firm resting-places, and come thundering down across the track. Falling snow obscures the view and effaces the footprints, so that it soon becomes equally difficult to advance and to retreat. Worst of all, when snow accompanied by violent gusts of wind, the *tourmente*, or snow whirlwind, as penetrating, by-the-way, as the Mexican dust, bewilders the traveler, half-blinded by the fine, dust-like snow, and benumbs his limbs by its biting breath.

A reasonable man will avoid bad weather in the high Alps whenever it can be foreseen, or resort to an immediate retreat when unexpectedly attacked by it. Few Summer travelers have an idea of the possible terrors of the Alps.

For persons of ordinary activity and nerve, a guide apiece is quite sufficient; but perfectly unpracticed travelers, wishing to attempt a difficult excursion, should take two guides for each traveler. They should trust to their advice about the weather, be careful to see before starting that they are supplied with a sufficiency of good, sound rope, and, when the time comes for using it, *insist* that it shall be fastened round the waist of each member of the party, so that both his arms shall be free for use in case of an emergency. It was neglecting this precaution that cost three Englishmen their lives on the Col du Géant in 1860.

With respect to mountain climbing, there are those who consider this delightful and invigorating recreation scarcely justifiable, on the ground that it is dangerous. The danger is doubtless real, but by care is reduced to a minimum, while the advantages are certain and lasting. Some few occasionally cry *cui bono*, and still ask what is the use of going up a mountain? What more do you see at top than you would at the bottom?

Putting out of question the glorious exercise and excitement of climbing a mountain, it would be well worth any trouble to see such views as those which can be seen on the highest peaks. The vast, cloudy panorama stretched below your feet from an Alpine summit, makes an impression on your mind which can be described neither on canvas nor in writing. It gives an exhilarating sense of unrivaled sublimity which could no more be given in a painting than one of the scenes in "Paradise Lost." It is the constant presence before your eyes of such impressive though indescribable scenery, which gives to Alpine exercise such absorbing interest.

A man can no more feel the true mountain spirit without having been into the very heart, and up to the very tops of the mountains, than he can know what the sea is like by standing on the shore. It is just as easy to evoke the idea of a mountain top out of the depths of your moral consciousness as that of a camel. The small patch of glistening white, which, you are told, is a snow slope, looks very pretty out of the valley to any one; but it will look very different to a man who has only studied it through an opera-glass, and to one who has had to cut his way up it, step by step, for hours together. The little knob, which your guide-book says is the top of some unpronounceable 'Horn,' will gain wonderfully in majesty when you have once stood upon it, and felt as if you were alone in the midst of the heavens, with its kingdoms of

earth at your feet; and if you meditate till doomsday on the beautiful lights and shades, the graceful sweeps of the mountain ridges, you will not be a bit nearer to the sensation of standing on a knife-like ridge, with the toe of your boot on Italy, and the heel over Switzerland.

The advice given to me by a friend, a member of the Alpine Club, ere I set forth on my climb, was nearly in the following words:

"If you are not already in training, be content to make very short journeys at first; and *never* allow your feet to blister.

"Immediately on your arrival, after a day's walk, wash extensively with soap and hot water, and change your linen. If you are at all fatigued, lie down after washing and dressing, and try to sleep a few minutes before dinner.

"After a moderate walk, ordinary diet with wine will do you no harm; but if fatigued by unusual excitement, go on tea—and I'll promise you a sounder sleep than if you dined and wined. A good 'pick-me-up,' or restorative, is egg-flip; and a tumbler of lemonade, hand-made, if sipped, not gulped, will always allay feverishness.

"If your feet are tender, use glycerine, and for a frost-bite, snow. If snow is not to be had, bathe the part afflicted with hot water, then cover it with cotton wool. Use aromatic vinegar for languor and drowsiness."

Switzerland owes the sublimity and diversified beauty of its scenery to the presence of the Alps—the loftiest mountains in Europe, the dorsal ridge or backbone, as it were, of the Continent. These run through the land, and occupy, with their main trunk and minor spans and offsets, nearly its whole surface. They attain the greatest height along the south and east frontier line of Switzerland; and, as they extend north, subsiding and gradually opening out to allow a passage to the Rhine and Rhone and their tributaries, they are met by the minor chain of the Jura, which forms the northwest boundary of Switzerland.

It is from the apex of this advanced ground of the Alps, or from one of the intermediate outlying hills, that the traveler, on entering the country, obtains his first view of the great central chain. From the brow of the hill, and the further extremity of a landscape, composed of undulating country, woods, hills, villages, lakes, and silvery winding rivers; and, sufficient of itself to rivet the attention—he will discern what, if he has not before enjoyed the glorious spectacle of a snowy mountain, he will probably take for a border of fleecy cloud floating along the horizon. The eye, unaccustomed to objects of such magnitude, fails at first to carry to the mind the notion that these clearly defined white masses are mountains sixty or seventy miles off. Distance and the intervening atmosphere have little effect in diminishing the intense white of the snow—it glitters pure and silvery, as if it had just fallen close at hand.

I shall never forget my first impressions as the semi-circular "array of Alpine peaks" presented themselves all at once to my eye, extending for more than 120 miles, and comprising between 200 and 300 distinct summits covered with snow, or bristling, bare rocks, their interstices filled with glaciers. I could not refrain from quoting Byron:

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around the summits, as to show
How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

In the course of one day's journey the Alpine traveler passes from the climate of Summer to Winter, through Spring. The alternation in productions keeps pace with that of the temperature. I left behind me stubble-fields from whence the corn had been removed and bound, and ascended to find fields yellow and waving in the ear; a few miles further, the crop was green; yet higher, and the corn refused to grow. Before quitting the region of corn I entered into a dark, apparently interminable forest of pine and larch, clothing the mountain-sides in sober vestment. Above this the haymakers were collecting the short grass, the only produce which the ground will yield. Yet it must not be supposed that all was barrenness, even at this elevation. It seemed as though Nature were determined to make one last effort on the very confines of the region of vegetation. From beneath the snow-bed, and on the very verge of the glacier, the profusion of flowers, their great variety and surpassing beauty, surprised and enchanted me. Never, save in the *tierra templada* of Mexico, did I behold such floral color-glory. Gentians, violets, anemones and blue-bells, intermixed with bushes of the red rhododendron, the loveliest production of the Alps, scattered in profusion over a dazzling verdure, presented all the appearance of a Persian carpet laid out to the sun. The insect world was not less abundant and varied. Thousands of winged creatures hovered over the flowers, enjoying their brief existence—for the Summer, at these elevations, lasts but three or four weeks, and a premature Winter too soon cuts off this all too brief season of animal and vegetable activity.

Above the region of Spring, with its gush of waters, its tender herbage and vivid greensward, its hum of insects, and its natural flower-beds glittering with rain-drops, I encountered the Winter of Lapland or Siberia.

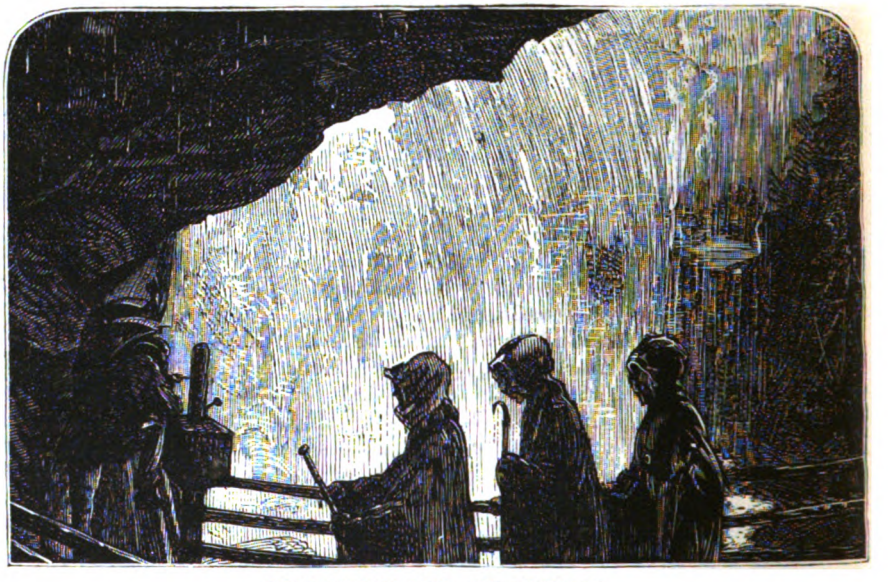
Vines disappear at 2,000 feet; oak-trees and wheat at 3,000 feet; birches and barley at 4,000 feet; pines and firs at 6,000 feet. Above 9,000 feet flowering plants are very rare, but up to 11,000 feet they are found in sunny crevices. Above 11,000 feet a few blackened lichens alone preserve the semblance of vegetable life. At the summit of a high pass, and amongst the glaciers, the rarefied air is icy cold, and exercise and quick motion are necessary to keep up the circulation of the blood. The agreeable murmur of falling water, which has hitherto occupied one incessantly, here ceases; all is solitude and silence, interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, or the hoarse cawing of an ill-omened raven. The ptarmigan starts up from among the broken rocks on the verge of the snow-field, and the lammergeir, the condor of the Alps, disturbed in his repast on the carcase of a sheep or a cow, may sometimes be seen soaring upward in a succession of corkscrew sweeps till he gains the ridge of the Alps, and then disappears.

Such are the remarkable gradations which I encountered in the course of a few hours on a single pass in the Alps; but the most striking change of all was that from the region of snow and ice on the top of the mountain to the sunny clime and gorgeous vegetation of Italy, that awaited me at the southern foot of the Alps.

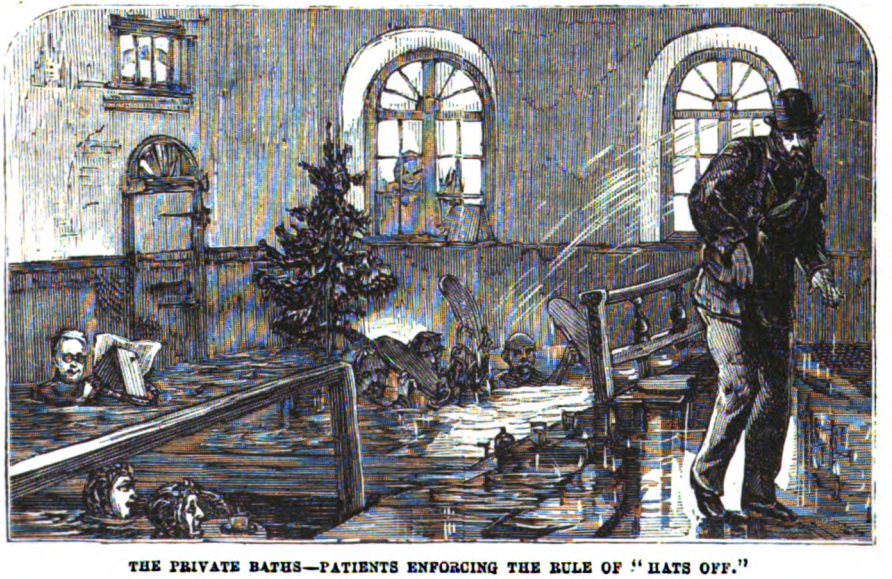
The great highways passable for carriages in the Alps are surprising monuments of human skill and enterprise, surmounting what would appear at first sight to be intended by Nature as insurmountable. These proud temples of art thread the valleys, cross the *débris* of rivers on long causeways, skirt the edge of the precipice with walls of rock tottering over them, and torrents thundering below. Where the steep and hard surface of the cliff has not left an inch of space for a goat to climb along, they are conducted upon high terraces of solid masonry, or through a notch blasted in the wall of the rock. Tunnels pierce

A VERY POOR PATHWAY.

solid frowning barriers, and galleries run by steep and dizzy precipices. Often the road reaches a spot down which the Winter avalanches take their habitual course, sweeping everything before them, and which, even in Summer, drips with the lingering fragments of snow. To meet the onslaught of the avalanche, subterranean galleries are driven through the rocks, or the road is sheltered by massive arcades of masonry, sometimes nearly a mile in length; over these the avalanche glides harmlessly, and is buried in the depths below. Every opportunity is seized of gaining, by easy ascents, a higher level for the road; and at length comes the main ascent, the central ridge, to be surmounted only by hard climbing. This is overcome by a succession of zigzag terraces called *tourniquets*, or *giravolti*, connected together by wide curves, to allow carriages to turn easily and rapidly. So skillful is the construction, with such easy bends and so gradual a slope, that in many Alpine roads the drivers, with horses accustomed to the roads, trot down at a rapid pace. Sometimes as many as fifty of these zigzags succeed one another without interruption; and the traveler, as he passes backward and forward, hovering over the valley, is as though suspended to a pendulum, and swinging to and fro. The road itself presents a most singular appearance, twisted about like an uncoiled rope, or a ribbon unwound.



WATER-NYMPHS UNDER THE GIESSBACH.



THE PRIVATE BATHS—PATIENTS ENFORCING THE RULE OF "HATS OFF."

The traveling-carriage descends, sometimes rapidly and without interruption, for hours. A drag of tempered iron is quickly worn down in that time to the thickness of the blade of a knife, so great is the friction, and it is usual to substitute for the iron drag a wooden sabot, formed of the section of a fir-tree, with a groove cut in the centre to admit the wheel.

The Winter snow usually falls upon the Alpine passes more than 5,000 feet high, about the second week in October, and continues till the second week in June. Along the lines of the great carriage roads, strong houses are erected at intervals,

GENERAL VIEW OF INTERLACHEN.

called *Maisons de Refuge, Casi de Ricorero,* occupied by persons called *Cantonniers,* who are employed in mending the road and keeping it from snow, and who are also paid to assist travelers in danger during snow-storms.

As near as possible to the summit of the pass, a *hospice* is generally erected, usually occupied by a band of hospitable monks, as in the case of the Great and Little St. Bernard, the Simplon, Mont Cenis, etc. The direction of the road across the ridge is marked by a line of tall poles, which project above the snow, and, from being painted black, are easily recognized. Bells are rung in tempestuous weather, when the *tourmente* is raging, and the mist and falling snow hide the landmarks. The morning after a fall of snow, laborers and peasants are assembled from all sides to shovel it off the road; when it is not very deep it is cleared away by a snow-plow drawn by six or eight oxen.

The glaciers are amongst the most remarkable objects in nature, and to them Alpine scenery owes much of its strangeness and sublimity. A glacier may be described as a stream of ice descending into the valleys of high mountain chains, fed by the snow which occupies their tops and fills the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges. What it loses by melting at its lower ends is supplied by the descent of new masses from the upper regions. The snow which falls upon the summits and plateaux of the high Alps, is at first a dry and loose powder. The action of the sun gradually cements this into a granular mass, and the minute particles are aggregated together in irregular, roundish grains. In this state, the entire mass appears white and opaque, but the separate grains are transparent. In the course of successive years, as one layer accumulates on another, pressure begins to act on the lower portions of the mass. The separate grains being brought into contact, adhere together, until the whole becomes a seemingly solid mass of ice.

The accumulation of snow partly transformed into ice, in the upper regions, may be many hundreds of feet in thickness, and the pressure on the undermost part is therefore immensely great. The glacier ice yields to this pressure, and is gradually forced downward on the slopes of the mountain into the upper valleys which afford the easiest channels for its descent. The upper granular and unconsolidated part is called, in German, *firu,* in French, *névé,* the term *glacier* being applied to the lower levels of more solid ice, which stretch down into the valleys. The *firu,* or *névé,* is a region of complete desolation; no animal intrudes upon it save the chamois, and only the scantiest lichens appear on the rocks around it.

The number of glaciers among the Swiss Alps is estimated at 600, and the extent of surface occupied by them at 1,000 square miles. They vary from a few square acres to miles in extent, covering, in some instances, whole districts. It is such offsets of the glacier as these that are presented to the view of the traveler from the villages of Chamounix, Zermatt and Grindenwald. These are, however, but the skirts and fringes of that vast, everlasting display of ice which clothes all the upper regions of the Alps. These fields or tracts of uncompleted glaciers have been called "seas of ice," *mers de glace.* And there are three such among the Swiss and Savoyard Alps which merit special attention: that around Mont Blanc, that around Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, and that of the Bernese Oberland and the Finsteraarhorn.

The greatest thickness of the glaciers has been commonly estimated at 800 feet. Agassiz states that there are holes in the Aar glacier 780 feet deep. Notwithstanding their great extent and solidity, the glaciers are undergoing a perpetual process of destruction and renovation.

The *crevasses* are fissures which traverse the upper portion of the glacier before it becomes entirely fractured and disruptured. These rents and fissures are the chief source of danger to those who cross the glaciers. Their number and similarity of shape utterly bewilder. In the upper region they are concealed by a treacherous covering of snow, and many a bold chamois-hunter has found his last resting-place in their depths. A shepherd, in driving his flock to a high pasturage in the air, fell into one of them. He fell in the vicinity of a current which flowed under the glacier, and, by following up its bed under the ice, succeeded in regaining the surface, with but a broken arm.

A singular circumstance occurs when a large, single mass of rock falls upon the glacier. The shade and protection from the sun's rays afforded by the stone prevent the ice on which it rests from melting; and while the surface around is gradually lowered, it remains supported on a pedestal or table, like a mushroon on a stalk, often attaining a height of several feet.

The occurrence of red snow is common among the Alps, and is produced by minute insects and their eggs, or by a species of plant called *Palmella nivalis,* which imparts a pale carmine tint to the snow.

There are two kinds of avalanches—the *Staublawnem,* or dust avalanche, and the *Grundlawnem,* which is the result of a rapid thaw. The former are made up of loose or dust snow, heaped up by the wind in early Winter. Such a mass, when it reaches the edge of a cliff, or declivity, tumbles from point to point, increasing in quality as well as in proportions every moment, and travels with fearful rapidity, often rushing ten miles down the doomed valley. Slide avalanches (*Schlipfe*) slip from inclined surfaces.

Travelers visiting the Alps between June and October are little exposed to danger from avalanches except immediately after a snow-storm; and, when compelled to start at such times, they should pay implicit obedience to the advice of the guide.

Avalanches present a mournful history of catastrophes. In 1720 an avalanche killed in Obergelsten 84 men and 400 head of cattle, and destroyed 120 houses. The same year 40 perished at Brieg, and 23 in the great St. Denis. In 1749 the Valley of Ruiras was carried away. One hundred men were overwhelmed, only forty of whom were dug out alive. In 1827 the village of Biel was utterly crushed by a tremendous avalanche—also that of Randa.

The *goitre* is horribly prevalent in the valleys of the Alps. I have seen women obliged to crawl on all-fours from the weight of this terrible neck-swelling. Scarcely a woman in the Valais is free from it, and it is said that those who have no swelling are laughed at, and called "goose-necked." At Domo d'Ossola I remarked it was more prevalent among the men.

Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet high, the Jungfrau, 13,671, the Rigi, 5,905.

In the mountains everything is carried on the backs of men and women; even children are seen with a little wooden frame on their shoulders; as they grow older the size of the frame increases; and the weights which men carry are surprising—70 or 80 pounds for four or five hours in the mountains. A man will carry 45 pounds from Meirigen to Guttana—3 hours up a mountain path—for 3 francs; or up the Rigi, for 4½ francs.

Those unable to ride or walk, as was the case with a lady of our party, may be carried over the mountains in *chaises-a-porteurs*—nothing more than an arm-chair borne upon poles. Each bearer expects six francs a day, and from what Mrs. —— said to me, this mode of travel is anything but agreeable.

The dwellers 'neath the Alps are very fond of the min-

eral bath, of which many of well-acquired reputation exist. The arrangements are generally very rough; and there is an empiric course, or *cur*, prescribed for each, from which benefit is supposed to be derived. To behold representatives of all nationalities up to their chins in the sulphur-smelling water, is a strange sight. The utmost good-humor and jollity prevail, and the brightest and merriest practical joke played, is when a bather splashes a non-bather who may be looking on—then the roof rings again with *hochs! vivas! bravos!*

There are other *curs* in which faith is placed. In Canton Oppen Zell the patient is put on a diet of the milk after cheese has been made. This is called *cure au petit lait.* Near Vevay the grape *cur* is popular. The white sorts are only used, and of these from six to seven pounds are not infrequently consumed by the invalid in one day. The grapes are eaten in the morning and forenoon, the other diet being chiefly animal; neither vegetables, milk, coffee, nor wine are allowed. The grapes are supposed to improve the quality of the blood, and to act on the liver and mucous membranes.

It might be imagined that the appetite would be palled by so large a quantity of fruit; but, on the contrary, it is said to be keenly excited. The *cur* is followed for two or three weeks, under medical surveillance.

Interlachen, of which an illustration is given, is the head-quarters of dillettante tourists who go abroad because other people do so, and because London and Paris are dull in the Autumn. Here the cockney is in his glory, and 'Arry may be seen in full bloom. It is the chosen resort of those strangers who desire to carry with them into the sanctuary of Nature, as much as possible, the habits of fashionable watering-place society. Incapable of deriving deep and continuous enjoyment from the sublime objects around them, a large portion of the visitors of the gentler sex find constant occupation in the display of city finery; while the less fortunate male idlers are too often reduced to a condition of utter vacuity.

Interlachen takes its name from lying between the two lakes of Brientz and Thun. If it lacks the solemn grandeur of the Lake of Lucerne, or the exquisite beauty of that of Como, it yet possesses a combination of the two, which, in the judgment of many tourists, makes it not unworthy to rank with them. The banks are dotted with thriving villages and picturesque châlets; the great masses of the Niesen and Stockhorn occupy the foreground, and noble views are obtained of the snow-covered summits of the Monch and Eigher in the distance. Legends innumerable linger about the shores of the lake. Tradition connects the Castle of Spietz, on a projecting tongue of land at the foot of the Niesen, with the terrible Attila and his Huns. St. Beatus, the first missionary in this district, is reported to have dispensed with the services of boat and boatmen, by simply spreading his cloak on the lake when he desired a sail. A huge dragon, which had devastated the country for some years, and which no one dared to attack, occupied a cave on the mountain-side, overhanging the lake. St. Beatus desired to relieve the neighborhood of this pest, and at the same time coveted the dragon's den for himself. By simply giving the monster notice to quit, he achieved both objects. The dragon took his departure when bidden, and the saint entered upon the vacant cave.

Few if any plains in Switzerland are more picturesque or delightfully situated than Interlachen. The views extend across the blue waters of the lake, across the narrow strip of orchard and garden on its shores, up to the oak forests, up to the pine forests, up the bare mountain sides, up to the belt of snow, and to the glistening peaks in mid-air, up to the deep azure above.

The Giessbach Falls are much visited, and amply repay the excursion from Interlachen. A carriage road skirts the north shore, between Interlachen and Brientz. It takes twenty-five minutes to run from Brientz to the outlet of the Giessbach, where tourists begin to ascend the very steep though excellent road that leads, in twenty minutes, to the Falls. They are quite a series, leaping step by step from the top of the mountain; and though inferior in height to the Reichenbach, surpass it in beauty as they brush their way through a rich forest of fir.

The Giessbach is one of the prettiest of waterfalls; there is nothing wild about it, and the immediate contact of green, turfy knolls and trees has the effect of a park scene. You can easily pass behind the third Fall by a gallery constructed beneath the shelving rock; and the effect of the landscape, seen through this curtain of water, is singular. The illustration represents a party of ladies timidly performing this, to them, most daring feat.

The Alps are the happy hunting-grounds of the strong-limbed, the deep-chested, the men who *are* men. These mountains fill them with that awe which is mental reverence, while they inspire none of that fear which is mere physical dread. With how many images of nobleness and loveliness are they associated in the memory of the man who loves to climb them. How well he knows snow-slopes, with snow hard or soft—hard in the coldness of early morning, soft in the branding heat of the afternoon sun. Well also does he know the glacier, with its seracs, with its crevasses, open or concealed; with its humps and hollows; with its murmur of sub-latent runnels of impetuous water. Well does he know the perilous hatchet-edge of the long, sharp *arête;* and best of all does he know the supreme summit, always rising above awful precipices, and never reached without a strange thrill of triumph.

He remembers the delicate witchery of many a line of light and shade; the thick, pale air, opaquely blanched by the wild storm-whirl of madly dancing snow-flakes; the silvery mist, creeping like a thin vail of subtlest film over the brown hue and bulk of the massive rocks. He knows the Alps in sunshine and in tempest; he knows them intimately in all their phases of vastness, of terror, of grandeur, and of awe. A thousand memories of the secret, sacred, silent solitudes of the giant hills, of days on which strong labor overcame difficulties, and clear will surmounted dangers, until he stood in glory and in joy upon the loftiest crest of the proudest peak, are stirred in the mountaineer when he comes into any contact with the Alps.

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# A SPY IN THE CAMP.

By Karl Drury.

When Viola Adair's father died, his will contained one clause which many people considered extremely singular.

He desired his daughter, then eleven years old, to become, on completing her twenty-first year, the wife of Elbert Duane, then aged fourteen.

Various conflicting reasons were given for this curious stipulation. Some persons affirmed that in early life old Mr. Adair had been a hopeless adorer of Elbert Duane's mother. Others stated, with roundest positiveness of assertion, that this was completely untrue, and that the clause in the will sprang entirely from a strong friendship once existing between the dead fathers of Elbert and Viola. With the other gossipy reports we will not concern ourselves.

Viola Adair lived in a great country homestead that had been in the family a huge number of years, and principally occupied herself, at the age of twenty, in speculating upon

what a fine time she would have in the future.

Elbert Duane was always the subject of such dreamings. She had never seen him, he having lived since babyhood among foreign English relatives, and consequently the possibility that he might be the most charming of young demi-gods was changed by Viola into the decided probability that he *was* thus divinely favored. Viola's great-aunt, Mrs. Marksley, lived also at the homestead, but being eighty, if a day, and so deaf that it would not have disturbed her repose a particle had she slept over one of our most popular New York shooting-galleries, this estimable lady, as may readily be imagined, did not contribute any special diversion to her niece's daily life.

THE ALPINE CLIMBING.—CUTTING OFF A FEARFUL CORNER.—SEE PAGE 352.

Viola's only real companion was a certain Miss Butterby, a lady now about forty years old, who had been engaged as Miss Adair's governess surely twelve years ago, and who still retained her position, though it was every day growing more and more of a sinecure.

It would be hard to imagine a more charming elderly spinster than Miss Butterby. She was literally "fat, fair and forty." Her plump face seemed never tired of dim-

FEMALE COSTUMES OF THE CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

pling itself with the heartiest and happiest mirthfulness. Viola adored her, and repeatedly declared that existence would be a blank without her "dear old Butterby."

One day, about three months or so before the completion of Viola's twenty-first year, Miss Butterby came running into the room where she was seated, with an expression of fright and anxiety by no means natural to the governess's usually merry face.

"Oh, my dear Viola!" exclaimed Miss Butterby, "such a dreadful thing has just happened down at the gate! A gentleman has been thrown from his horse and half killed!"

Viola's sapphire-colored eyes opened to their widest as she jumped up from her seat, almost shouting:

"*Was* he beautiful?" inquired Viola, more interested than ever.

"Oh, splendid! But just wait till you see him. He's in the sitting-room now. I got James and John to help him in, and then I sent James immediately on horseback after Dr. Fitch."

"And is he much hurt, Butterby?"

"I don't know. It's his leg, you see, and he groans a good deal, and rubs it now and then, and all that. I—I didn't ask any perilous questions, Viola, dear. He might have asked me, you know, in the fine carelessness of suffering, to roll up his pantaloons and make surgical investigations."

"Who is with him now?"

A SPY IN THE CAMP.—"THE DOOR WAS PARTIALLY AJAR, AND THE PARLOR HAD TWO INMATES, NEITHER OF WHOM HAD OBSERVED HER SOFT APPROACH, ALTHOUGH ANY MOMENT MIGHT REVEAL TO THEM HER PRESENCE."

"Good heavens, Butterby, dear, do you mean it? What have you done? I hope you called James and John right off. Did you *see* him thrown?"

"No; but just as I got to the gate, I heard a groan, and there he was, lying on his side with his eyes nearly closed, and the fiend of a horse that had thrown him was grazing several yards off as quietly as a lamb."

"Well?" questioned Viola, deeply interested. "Go on. What else happened?"

"I at once rushed up to the poor creature, and asked if he were much hurt and what had hurt him. He pointed toward the horse, and murmured, 'Thrown.' I felt like firing the largest-sized stone conceivable at the beast, Viola, for daring to treat such a beautiful young gentleman in such an infamous way."

"Mary Anne watched him, whilst I ran up to tell you. By-the-by, his eyes were shut when I left him, but he didn't appear to be in a swoon at all."

It took Viola nearly ten minutes before she considered herself "presentable" enough to go down-stairs. Of course, if her services had been in the least needed, no coquetry would have deterred her from at once appearing at the sufferer's side; but she well knew Miss Butterby's thorough efficiency.

She entered the sitting-room at last, looking a perfect picture, with an apple-colored ribbon at her throat, and her reddish-auburn hair curling over her forehead and temples in the most artistically *négligée* fashion; for some country girls would be miserable unless they could consult the latest modes, and I am sorry to say that our Viola possessed this

somewhat frivolous trait. The sufferer was still lying on the lounge, with closed eyes, but he opened them the moment that Miss Butterby said:

"Ah, here you are, Viola!"

And then our susceptible young heroine felt the voice of her inward spirit immediately murmur, "Butterby was right. He is a seraph—an Adonis—a prodigy of good looks!"

He was nothing of the sort. He had brown eyes, of much brilliancy, and a brown, silky mustache, and an extremely creditable complexion. But to the eyes of Miss Butterby and her pupil his general physical suggestion of gentlemanliness, polish and grace, made up for all minor facial deficiencies.

Viola now spoke, rather embarrassedly.

"I am so sorry it—happened, sir," she began; and just then James entered the room, saying:

"Dr. Fitch is here."

Dr. Fitch was a young man (not older, perhaps, than the sufferer himself), who had recently completed a course of European travel, and had settled as practitioner in an adjacent town. Mrs. Marksley, Viola's great-aunt, had taken him up not long ago, and declared that he had done her rheumatism more good in a week than old Dr. Cobweb had done it in five years.

Dr. Fitch took the patient's hand in a very kindly way, and, after holding it for a few moments, politely requested the ladies to retire, being evidently desirous of closely examining the injured limb.

Viola and her ex-governess waited with no little anxiety for the decision. It came in about ten minutes. There was a severe contusion of a certain bone with name unpronounceable, which would prevent Mr. Delmayne (such was the gentleman's name) from walking at all for at least a fortnight. After the doctor had gone, Viola sat down by Mr. Delmayne.

"I hope you'll make yourself quite at home here," she began. "You've got to be here a week, you know."

"Thanks," he said, with what Viola thought a very sweet smile.

And then he told her that he'd no friends nor relations in this part of the country, but was making a horseback journey from L—— (a distance of many miles off) into New York, being passionately fond of horseback.

And then Viola told him a great deal about herself—a great deal more than he told her on a similar topic, and a great deal more than there was any necessity for telling.

James and John carried him up-stairs that evening, and he groaned considerably while they were doing so. Poor Viola found herself crying great tears whilst she listened to this unstoic proceeding on Mr. Delmayne's part, and Miss Butterby stood near her pupil, the picture of plump distress.

On the following morning, the ladies sent word by James (who acted as their guest's valet at present) that they would be delighted to see him as soon as he was ready to receive their visit.

Delmayne was presently quite prepared for them, and the ladies entered his apartment.

"Viola and I are *so* sorry that we must leave you alone to-day," Miss Butterby announced; "but the fact is, to-day takes place our grand church fair over in D——, and we've each got a table, you know——"

"Why, of course—I understand, perfectly," said Mr. Delmayne, as Miss Butterby paused a moment. But he spoke with a certain mournful politeness that was by no means lost upon Viola.

When they got to the fair that morning, after quite a long drive in the hot July sun, Viola decisively expressed to Miss Butterby the sentiment that she wished she hadn't come.

"Just think of that poor sufferer home there all alone!" she added, with much pathos of tone. "I've a good mind——"

But she did not finish her sentence. Miss Butterby, however, mentally finished it for her, and about an hour afterward she whispered to Viola:

"Cornelia Briggs is dying to take this table of yours. Why don't you let her, and——"

"And what?" asked Viola, looking very meaningly at the speaker.

"Go home to the poor sufferer," finished the sympathetic Butterby. "He will be so pleasantly surprised! He doesn't expect us till five o'clock. If you don't think it's proper to sit alone by the poor fellow, why, you can persuade your aunt to leave her bedroom, which she so rarely leaves, and keep you company. As for me, I can go home in the Briggses wagon."

Of course Viola accepted this proposition, and surrendered her table to the beatified Cornelia Briggs. The ride back to the homestead was several degrees hotter than the ride therefrom had been. But Viola didn't mind the heat much, though she had complained considerably whilst being driven to D——. Circumstances so materially alter cases sometimes.

On reaching the homestead, she found its lower hall quite as quiet as she had anticipated. Something caused her to enter the large, seldom-used parlor before going upstairs to the "poor sufferer." Or, rather, it would be best to say that something caused her to have such a desire only, for, when she reached the threshold, Viola paused.

The door was partially ajar, and the parlor had two inmates, neither of whom had observed her soft approach, although any moment might reveal to them her presence.

Viola lifted her hand to her eyes, and, for a brief space, actually rubbed them, to persuade herself that she was not dreaming.

Right in front of the mantel, with his hands underneath his coat-tails, and his legs well-stretched apart, and a lighted cigar in his mouth, stood Mr. Delmayne!

The "poor sufferer" had been suddenly and miraculously freed from his torments. Viola felt as if pure astonishment were gradually ossifying her, whilst she stood and watched him.

"James," he now remarked to the other occupant of the room, who was standing near, and who had again and again been enjoined by Viola and Miss Butterby "never to lose sight" of the invalid during their absence—"James, my man, I think I'll go up-stairs. It's sort of—of dangerous down here, don't you know? Any of the servants might pop in here at any moment. I'm glad I've let you into my secret, James, because if I hadn't somebody near me who knew the whole thing I shouldn't be able to carry it through."

At this moment Viola dashed into the parlor.

"You abominable fraud!" she began, in the most successfully melodramatic of screams. "How dare you enter a respectable family in this shameful way? Who are you? *What* are you? To think that I've actually been wasting *pity* on you, and came home from the fair in this broiling sun to—to *nurse* you! Oh, it's enough to turn a lady's mind with rage! Please leave the house directly! I don't believe your name is Delmayne at all! I dare say it's Smith or Jones! Ugh! you wretch, you!"

The pseudo-invalid was standing very penitently now before his fair annihilator, having more or less recovered from his first shock of amazement at Viola's unexpected *entrée*.

"My name isn't Delmayne," he said, with meekness, "nor yet Smith, nor yet Jones. It is—but perhaps you'd rather not know?"

"I don't care one way or the other!" cried Viola. "Why should I care? Go away from this house! You're a vile impostor!"

"I'm so sorry you think so," was the gentle response; "because I'm—I'm Elbert Duane!"

Those simple words were to poor Viola like the bursting of a bombshell, whilst she stood before this man in a condition of astonishment even greater than that which had resulted from the first discovery of his imposture.

He hurried up to her side, and began speaking rapid words:

"Forgive me; but, after all, is there so *very* much to forgive? Whilst Dr. Fitch was abroad last year, I met him, and, as he thought of settling so near you, we arranged this little plan together. It wasn't mere vulgar curiosity that led me to do it, I assure you. It was because I wanted to see a little of my future wife before she became mine, and, provided I loved her, try to win her reciprocal love without any thought of prudence and policy directing the attachment. I may have been quite wrong in deliberately deceiving you; but—Viola, don't you understand what I meant?"

"No, I do *not*!" exclaimed Viola, suddenly bursting into tears. "I still think you a—a wretch, and I—I intend breaking poor pa's will; you just see if I don't!"

But she did no such thing. She forgave Elbert, married him in the following year, and is to-day one of the happiest little wives living.

## INGENUITY OF FRAUD.

We find the following story in Francis's "History of the Bank of England":

In 1870, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world was grieved by the contents of a letter which he received from a correspondent at Hamburg, the post-mark of which it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of £3,000. The letter continued to say information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch walk.

The object of the writer was to induce his correspondent to invite the party to dinner, and by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money; adding, that if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and £500, as he was a near relative of the writer. As the gentleman whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch walk, and was at last successful in meeting and being introduced to the cheat.

The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host, having previously given notice to his family to quit the table, soon after dinner acquainted his visitor with the knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous with emotion, begged that his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the £3,000 was returned. The visitor sighed deeply; but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who, after dilating on the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing him a check for £500 as a proof of his beneficence.

The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the check, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburg correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery, and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the Continent and some in England.

## BRAVERY OF PEPIN LE BREF.

Courage may be defined "that impatient ardor of disposition which contemns danger and its consequences." It is a virile virtue, less commendable and methodical than bravery, but more impetuous, and more eager in the pursuit of peril. There is generally more courage evinced in supporting the ills of life than in courting self-destruction.

This axiom is confirmed by the reply of an individual, which has lately been cited by an Italian writer. The person alluded to, after having given a particular friend the most minute account of numerous misfortunes which he had experienced, concluded by demanding:

"And now, my friend, what would you have done, had you been in my place, on such and such occasions?"

"I!" replied the friend. "I would indubitably have put an end to my existence."

"I did more," coolly returned the narrator; "I endured the heavy burden of life."

Pepin, King of France, was so diminutive in stature that he obtained the surname of "*Le Bref*," or the Short, and several of the courtiers made him in consequence the subject of very illiberal jests. Pepin was informed of this, and resolved to establish his claims to respect by some memorable incident. It was not long before an opportunity offered. He presented the public with an entertainment, in the course of which a bull of prodigious size encountered a still more formidable lion. The latter had already overthrown his adversary, when Pepin, turning to his courtiers, thus addressed them:

"Which of you has courage sufficient either to separate or to kill those furious animals?"

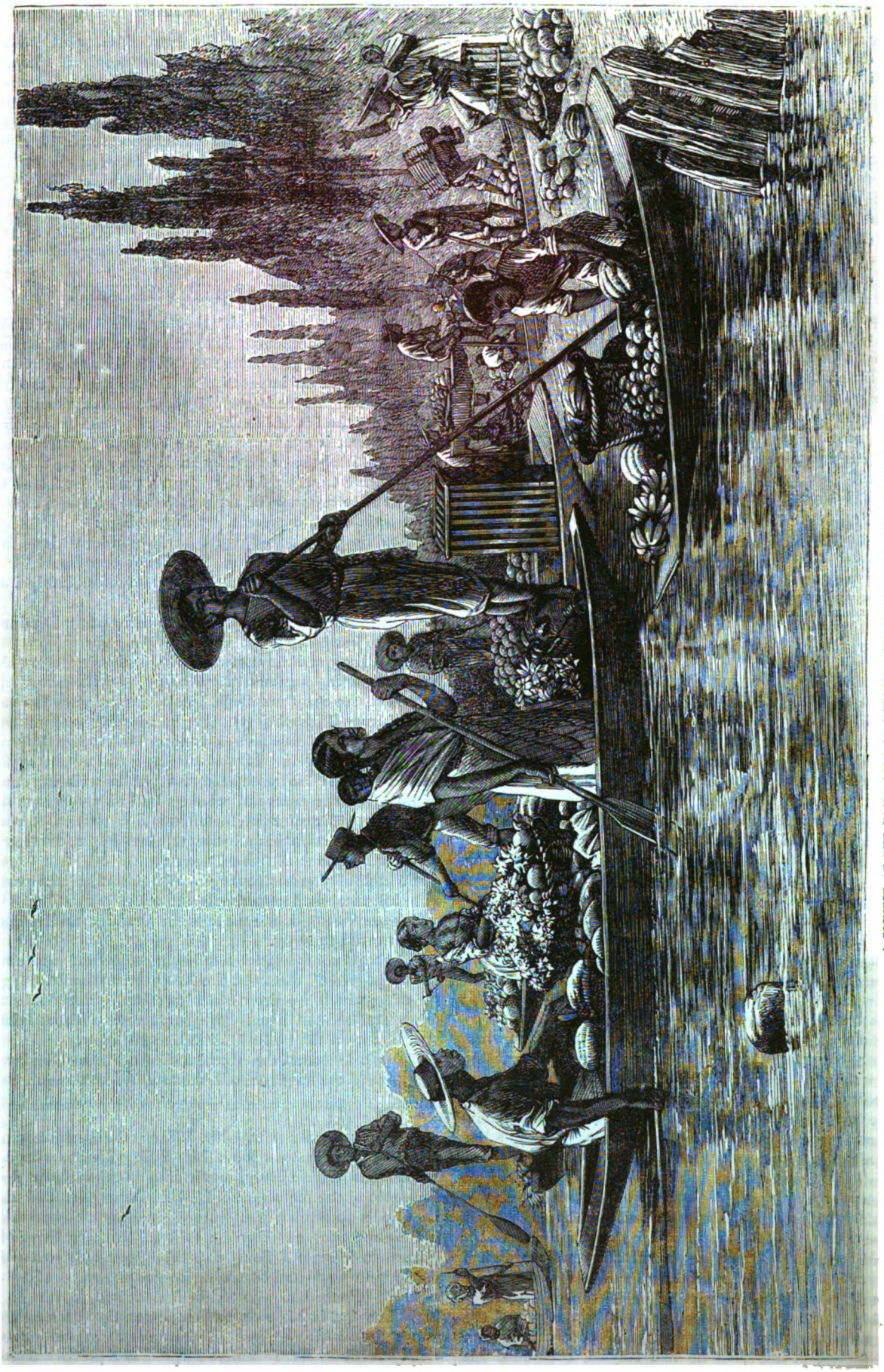
The proposition alone made them shudder, and no person ventured to reply.

"Perhaps so diminutive a being as myself can effect what I propose," observed the King, sarcastically.

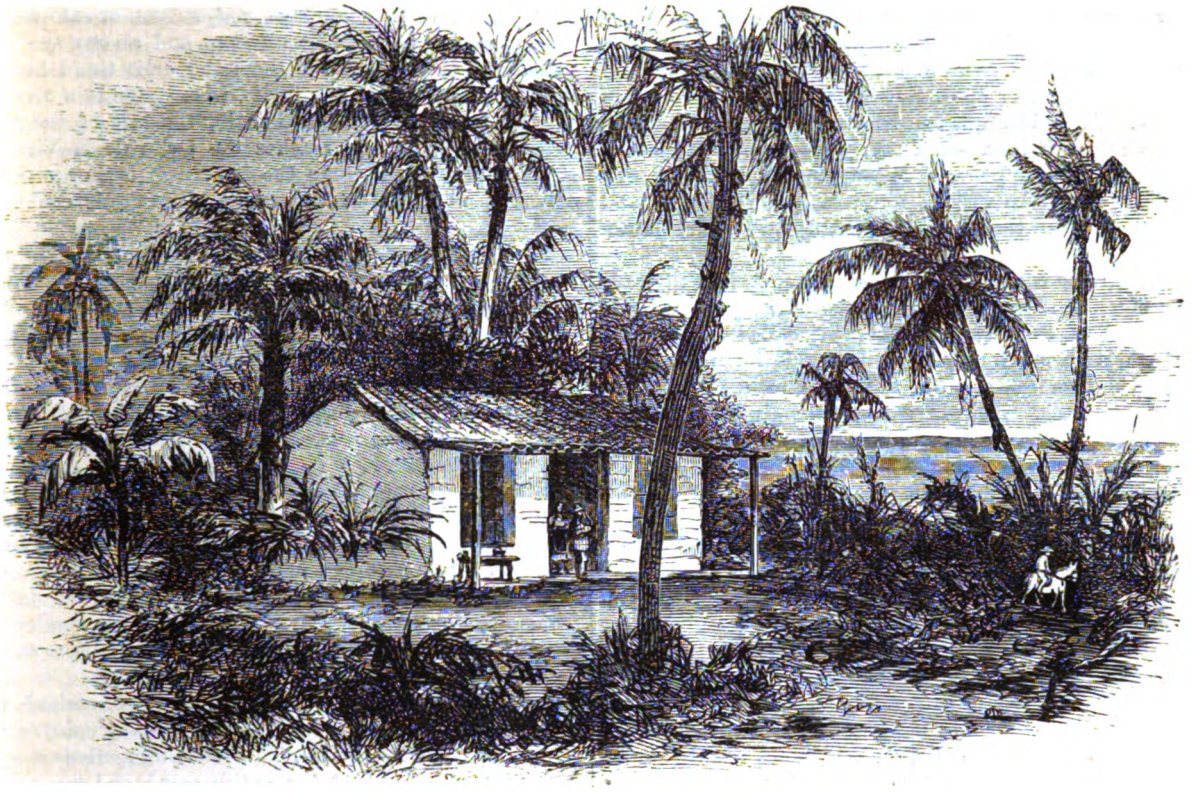
Saying which, he drew forth his sabre, jumped into the arena, stabbed the lion to the heart, and, without taking breath, cut off the bull's head at a single blow.

The whole court was thunderstruck at the display of such prodigious strength and unexampled boldness.

A Tender Conscience.—Mr. Wilson, the Scottish vocalist, was taking lessons from Mr. Finlay Dunn, who had just returned from Italy, much impressed with the deep sentiment of the Italian school. Mr. Dunn regretted that his pupil's fine voice was marred by want of expression and feeling; so, one day, he said to him: "Now, Mr. Wilson, just try and fancy that I'm your lady-love—the idol of your soul, and then sing to me as you would sing to her." Poor Mr. Wilson hesitated and blushed, in doubt how far, in his case, such a personification was altogether justifiable; at last he hesitatingly remonstrated with: "Ay, but, Mr. Dunn, ye forget I'm a married man!"



A GLIMPSE AT THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO.—FRUIT-BOATS ON THE CHALCO CANAL.



A HACIENDA IN MEXICO.

# A GLIMPSE AT THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO.

THE *tortilla* is a description of corn pancake universally used in Mexico, and by the poorer classes as a substitute for bread. It meets you at every turn—in cellars, in palaces, at corners of streets, in fortresses, among the *maguey* fields, at the craters of extinct volcanoes. It means meat, drink and clothing. Give a Mexican a *tortilla*, and he is safe for twenty-four hours, if not longer. He—as the Irish say of the potato—"humors it"; rolling it up with the delicacy that a member of the "Mouton" Club in Paris rolls a cigarette. He "cuddles" it, takes short, sharp bites at it, or allows himself the sybaritic luxury of gazing at it ere he devours it. A *tortilla*, washed down by a quart or two of *pulque*, and your peasant Mexican enjoys that bland and beatific condition which the *gourmet* sighs for after his carefully studied repast. "After me the deluge," the *tortilla* might safely parody.

The manufacture of the *tortilla* reaches the dignity of a science; and many a time have I stopped at the entrance to a Mexican dwelling in the shabbier districts, to gaze at the operation, usually carried on by a coffee-brown old hag, very scantily attired in the purest of white, her blue-black hair contrasting with her snowy drapery, *nuda genu*, and her amber-beaded necklace. The apartment is low-ceilinged, the walls of a brick-red, the floor earthen. Bright red baked-clay pitchers, of shapes such as would set Cesnola a-thinking, hang round the place. There is seemingly no furniture but the apparatus for the making of the *tortilla*, and the coke fire.

A WATER-CARRIER.

This is how they make the *tortilla:* The corn, ripe and dry, is boiled in a large pot, into which lime and salt have been previously cast, the proportion being regulated by the quantity of corn, the lime being equal to one-half of the salt. After having been boiled to a soft and spongy condition, the corn is taken out of the pot and carefully washed in cold water, the outer skin or husk being scrupulously removed; and in this condition the corn is called *nistamal*. It is then placed, say four or five handfuls at a time, upon the *metate*, a piece of porous (generally volcanic) stone, made or cut into a tripod shape, having the upper surface quite smooth.

The woman (because this household drudgery is cast upon women, be they servants or, as is the case in the very poor classes, the wife, sister or mother) takes the *mano del metate*, a kind of cylindrical stone, made of the same material as the *metate*, and in a kneeling position begins to grind the *nistamal*, or boiled corn, until it is reduced to a soft, doughy state.

This kind of dough, or paste, is called *masa*, and it is made up in small portions or balls which, by pressure between both hands, acquire a round shape, flattened at the poles and quite thin. This is placed upon the *comal*, a piece of flat earthenware, which is deposited on a fire, and then two or three turns cook the tortilla.

I have eaten it at the Hacienda San Antonio, using it as an edible spoon in sopping up *frijoles*, the brown beans

in which the Mexicans take so much delight; and after an experience of good things for, I will not say how many years, I recommend it to Delmonico, of Gotham, or Philippe, of Paris, as a gastronomic sensation.

The *aguadores*, or water carriers, are a special feature of Mexico. Their business consists in carrying water after a very primitive fashion—scoff not, ye lucky ones, with Croton laid on at high pressure to your roof-tops, and in any quantity—from the various fountains scattered here and there throughout the city, to the thirsty and thrifty householders.

The *aguador* is cased in a leather garment, like the vestment of a Catholic clergyman, or the tabard of a medieval herald. Each carries a huge water-jar, called *chochocol*, on his back, suspended by a strap from his forehead, and a smaller jar, *cantara*, hanging in front, attached to a string round his neck. He wears loose, flapping white linen drawers, and *guaraches*, or sandals. He plods on patiently under his burden, crying in a shrill, plaintive voice, "*Agua!*" (water), and he will ascend to the topmost stairways of the highest houses to dispose of a cent's worth.

The Plaza Santo Domingo, in the City of Mexico, is the favorite haunt of the *aguadores*, and I have counted as many as twenty of these itinerant water-venders round the fountain at one time; their red earthen vessels glistening in the sheen and dazzle of the vertical sunlight.

The Chalco Canal is one of the most picturesque waterways in the wide world, and yields anchorage to the celebrated *Chinampas*, or floating-gardens, from whence the gorgeous flowers and delicious vegetables are borne in quaintly shaped boats to the City of Mexico. Leaving the city by the Puenta del Molino, you enter the Paseo de la Viga—the chief promenade before the Paseo de la Buscarili became *de rigueur*. It is a slatternly road, with a rim of old trees, and now used as a garden for the people. Parallel with it runs the ancient canal cut by the Aztecs long before the Conquest, and which, by intersecting a corner of the city, connects Lake Tescoco with Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco.

This part of the surroundings of Mexico is perhaps that which has changed least since the days of Montezuma; and, at a short distance from the town, the visitor finds himself utterly bewildered by the absolute change, and transported into the midst of sights and sounds which have nothing in common with the half-European life of the capital; but which, in their open simplicity and strangeness, resuscitate with the breath of reality the "dry bones" of pre-Spanish history.

The canal swarms with multifarious craft, all propelled by poles, by Indians scantily attired in white, who stand at the bows. The frail pinnaces, often weighted with two or three sitters, seem fated to capsize any minute; but, with a "wobble," they again dart along, being steered as skillfully as was ever a Venetian *gondola* 'neath the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs.

Portly señoras and slim señoritas, some of them attired in the charming *mantilla*, but, alas! the majority in imitation of a fashion that reigned in the Bois de Boulogne when Napoleon was Cæsar—garish in color, but defective in make-up. The Mexican dandy—all high hat, high heels, high shirt-collar, short coat, and dangling watch-chain—hands the ladies into the flat-bottomed boat; and, while the *caballeros* illumine fresh cigarrettes (when does a Mexican cease smoking?) and while the ladies laugh and chatter and fan themselves, the Indian thrusts his pole into the mud-bank, and, "swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow," the canoe darts along.

On the right are the purple-misted mountains of the jusco; on the left, the snow-capped Popocatapetl and Ixtacihuatl, cut clear as steel against the keen, full-blue sky. Past villas, and their gardens, *pulquerrias*, or saloons, beneath bridges so low that *caballero* and *senora* are compelled to double up, while the latter emit timid but delighted shrieks; past the *paseo*, where stands a recently erected monument to Guatimozin, the last of the Aztec sovereigns—the canoe reaches the Grita de la Viga, or city boundary line, where the toll-house tax, or *octroi*, is collected on all in-coming article of domestic consumption.

The collection of the customs naturally impedes the traffic, and the canal, which is only about twenty feet wide its entire length, is here literally choked with punts and canoes and rafts, laden with mounds of glowing and exquisitely perfumed flowers heaped on the bare floor of the boat to a height of three feet—or, with vegetables, from the golden carrot to the tender, green lettuce; from the *bajata*, with its curious globes, to the *tlatal*, fairy woven as a piece of Honiton lace.

Indians with baggy white drawers rolled up to the knee, *zarapes* round their shoulders, and straw *sombreros* on their heads, await their turn, paying the dues amid a lively interchange of conversation; and whenever one of their comrades appears upon the scene, they salute in the formal manner of the Spanish Court when Columbus spoiled the egg, by doffing their *sombreros*, and lowering them almost to their feet.

After poling through the crowd of eager, excited, jabbering supporters of the lazy Custom House employés, the *chinampas* come into sight. These floating gardens use the embankment of almost the entire canal, and are owned and cultivated by the Indian population, some of the proprietors being accounted enormously rich. The garden is about thirty yards long, five feet wide, and rises about two feet out of the water. Formerly they floated, but now, although anything but *terra firma*, they seem, as O'Connell said of the Irish peasant, "rooted to the soil." They are separated by minor canals, about three feet in width, in which the owners and their assistants paddle the livelong day, either engaged in gathering the products of the garden, or in watering it. The whole is done after a very primitive fashion, to wit: by scooping up the water with a wooden hand-scoop, and splashing it all over the *chinampa*.

These *chinampas* are spread far and wide on both sides of the canal, and in various other places near Mexico where the locality is favorable. The space in which they are situated is so evenly divided between water and land, that, without a knowledge of their history, it would be difficult to say whether the gardens had been hung on the water, or the canals and ditches burrowed out of the land. The produce is easily brought to town by the punts moored alongside of the gardens—especially as the canal threads many of the streets in the easternmost quarter with almost a Venetian regularity. In one of them, called del Puente de Roldan, near the point where the canal turns off toward the Grita de San Lorenzo, the boats come to a standstill, for here is the real port of the canal, and the most interesting of all the curious markets of Mexico.

In the morning, the buyers congregate on the quay that borders the water, and a most lively and noisy scene ensues between venders and purchasers—clamorous bargaining alternates with chaff and complaint, and all the bustle and stir attendant on unloading the boats and transferring the produce—vegetables, flowers, and poultry—to the pack-mules and to the backs of men and women.

Standing on the broken bridge, a sight meets the eye that, for quaintness, color and wondrous effect of light and shade, surpasses the "best bit" of the City of the Doges.

Above, a keen, full blue sky and a vertical sunlight; on the left the black walls of stone that dip into the canal, turbid with garbage and "a rank compound of villainous smells"; the water carpeted over with flowers fit to form a couch for Titania, while in the boats, in their picturesque blues and whites and scarlets, the coffee-colored, blue-black haired Indians pose in attitudes of indolent and unaffected grace. Out in front is the market-place, approached by steps, a blaze of dayshine, and occupied by umbrellas of varied hues, by mules and donkeys, and venders of *dulces*, with their strangely-shaped baskets; by fruit-dealers, displaying wares kaleidoscopic in manifold tints; by sellers of glazed earthenware, by *tortilla* and *pam-baso* makers, and by hundreds of hawkers, each offering something strange and uncommon to the foreign visitor's eye.

It is at the little village of San Anita, on the Chalco Canal, or on the flat boats moored to its banks, that one sees the Mexican native dances executed to perfection—the *fandango* taking the first rank. The native dances do not seem to have altered even by so much as a single step since the Conquest—not even from the remotest times of the Aztecs. Wherever I met with dancing—whether on the *pirouges* of La Viga, or in the churches and convents of Chalma, or, again, in the *fondas* of the *tierra caliente*, the movement has retained its dreary, monotonous step, although it assumes different characters, according to the place of performance.

On the Chalco Canal the Mexicans celebrate the closing of the Lenten time, and, again, crown themselves with roses in honor of the "Month of Mary." During those festivals, in churches and convents, the dances are of a religious kind; but the dances which take place twice a year at the end of each harvest, sometimes result in quarrels that subsequently prove fatal.

I witnessed a *fandango* danced on the Chalco Canal. The music was composed of a single instrument—an old, jingling guitar, played by a still older Indian, who never played any other tune since his youth, and, if we give credit to the Mexican proverb:

> "Cuando el Indio encanece,
> Jamas el Español no parece,"

"When Indians have grown old, Spaniards have quitted the world,"

no man could determine this Indian's age—he seemed as if the King of Terrors had forgotten his existence. He sat at the end of the boat perched like a raven, his skinny legs and dust-stained feet hanging over the water. He had scarcely commenced to thrum his antiquated instrument, than a tall, handsome young fellow started up, and, advancing to a very beautiful girl, with blue-black hair, into which she had coquettishly fastened a rich red rose, with eyes dark as night, and with lashes that swept down her cheeks—he bowed low, took her by the hand, and, with the stately grandeur of one about to "tread a minuet," led her to the stern of the boat, to a small space cleared for the dance.

Thrum, thrum! went the guitar, the *caballero* beating time with his foot, and moving lazily from one foot to the other, in a see-saw sort of manner. The girl ever and anon changed her attitude—now provoking, then voluptuous; now entirely hidden under the folds of her *rebozo;* then, on the contrary, bare-necked, and displaying her comb (*chiliuzalco*), inlaid with pearls and other precious stones, her diamond ear-rings and sparkling necklace—her dancer watching her movements with eyes of fire. The dance lasted for about fifteen minutes, and whilst the man did little but stamp in the dust, the girl went through a series of movements lithe, graceful, and expressive to the last degree.

A good dancer will follow the music for half an hour with a glassful of water on her head without spilling a single drop, or tie into a knot a waistband with her feet, and then untie it after the same method. Suddenly, also, the siren will seize her partner's *sombrero*, or that of a bystander, and from beneath its shade cast a glance full of provocation upon the lookers-on. She will even grasp the *machete* (knife) of an on-looker, and dexterously plant it in her luxuriant hair, flinging defiance to her betrothed the while. If the green-eyed monster stings the heart of the latter, the *caballero* must instantly regain his knife and place it at his mistress's feet. It is then his duty to spring into the dancing circle, and see it out with the *caballero* with whom the señorita has been tripping it up to this. If there be no animosity between the two men the dance passes off into boisterous fun; but if they be excited by passion, or *pulque*, the *machete* alone will settle the account. In a few seconds the dancing-board is converted into an arena; the spectators form a circle around it, and the musician ceases his monotonous notes. All is silent as the grave.

The two champions sternly confront each other. They have thrown off their *sombreros* and *chaquitas;* then *zarapes* are rolled tightly round their left arms, thus forming shields, whilst the knife partly disappears in their shirt-sleeves. Not a word is uttered. Everybody awaits the result with an anxiety that causes the heart almost to cease its beating.

After glaring at each other for a moment, the men spring forward, and the two bodies are interlocked. Blows are given and parried—ah! and one of them has received a stab that sends the blood spurting in great gouts all over his opponent. The wounded man falls, and the victor coolly wipes his *machete* in his *zarape*, while his victim is being borne away by his friends. Upon the following day another *fandango* takes place on the same spot, with perhaps a similar outcome. *Sic itur ad astra.*

The villages of Santa Anita and Ixtacalco are both situated on the Chalco Canal, and will well repay a visit. The former was *en fête* on the occasion of my visit. The Indians were decked with flowers; garlands of flowers were extended from house to house; small boys were up in the belfry of the church, tolling the cracked bell with an energy only begotten of amusement; crackers were being fired, and a rusty old cannon, that might have been used by Cortez in his triumphant march upon the halls of the Montezumas, was being discharged at stated intervals, to the intense delight of groups of Indians—who, however, stood from this venerable piece of ordnance at a very respectful distance, and they were wise in their generation.

This is a typical Indian village. The huts are constructed of reeds, and roofed with a mossy substance called *heno*. The gardens are inclosed by high reeds dried in the sun, and bound together by pieces of bark. The interior of a Mexican hut presents rather a picturesque appearance. Hammocks are slung from the cross-beams; the floor is earthen; and the walls are invariably decorated with a colored representation of the Virgin of Guadalupe, as she miraculously appeared to Juan Diego, an Indian, on the 12th of December, 1531, stamping her likeness upon his *ayate de pita*, or apron of tissue of aloe-thread; the apron being still extant, and under glass in the cathedral built in honor of the apparition on the Hill of Guadalupe, about two miles and a half from the city. A number of red earthen pitchers, of designs that would astonish even Di Cesnola, are spread in profusion about the hut, and in one corner stands the inevitable apparatus for the making of the dearly prized *tortilla*.

The huts in the *tierra caliente* (hot country) are built of

*adobe*, a sort of grayish clay that resists the heat, and is admirably adapted to house-building; while in the *tierra templada* (temperate country) the huts are very open, depending very much for walls on the spreading branches of the banana or the cocoa-palm. The Indians bask in the sunshine; their children, all attired in the garment of white, frisking like little lambs in front of the parental home. In the hot country the junior members of the family dispense with wearing apparel altogether, while the ladies go about *décolletté* as a London society beauty.

The ox-carts in Mexico are of the same pattern as those used on the plains of Asia two thousand years ago. The patient animals that bear the yoke are singularly well trained, for at a word from their driver, a picturesque-looking fellow enough, they move to the right or left, stop or go forward; but should they prove refractory, a goad, composed of a long willow switch, pointed with a steel pin of about half an inch in length, is used to "stir them up," while their guide utters two words, "Oi da." He would seem to have no others for his team, and the movements of the oxen depend upon the key in which he utters them. What a simple, yet expressive language!

You will recognize the existence of an ox-team for a distance of ten or twelve miles across the *maguey*-dotted plains, by the cloud of sand-dust raised *en passant*, while a team of mules raises a greater dust still. Mules travel in long strings, and I have counted twenty, one after the other, "like recruits at a funeral." The ox is well cared-for in Mexico, living on the veritable fat of the land.

A MEXICAN OX-CART.

CASTILE SOAP.—The reason that Castile soap is so extensively advised by physicians, is because of its purity and freedom from alkali. In the manufacture of Castile soap, vegetable oil is used instead of animal fat, and great care is taken to avoid an excess of the soda; only enough being used to take up or neutralize the oil. This soap, therefore, is mild and gentle, and can be used on irritated surfaces or wounds, where common soap would give pain, perhaps occasion injury. The mottled sorts of Castile soap are made by the addition of a small quantity of sulphate of iron—copperas. This copperas in solution is stirred into the soap while in a fluid state. At first the color is bluish—on exposure to the air it changes to a red. This soap was called "Castile," for the reason that it was largely made in the province in Spain so called. The largest amount, however, comes from the South of France; and in Europe this variety of soap is more generally known by the name of Marseilles than Castile.

# THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.

"FEEL a little stiff, eh, Jim?" asked Farmer Wilbor of his brother, as at evening they sat in the porch of the old homestead.

"Yes; but I shall sleep as I have not for months," said the young professor from C—— College. "I have abused my brains lately; but I hope much from a few weeks of outdoor life."

"I see you have muscle yet, and that is the main thing; but you'll find it dull staying here—no society for you."

"No, thank Heaven!" said the professor, perfuming the air with a choice cigar.

THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.—"'I WAS DETERMINED I'D HAVE HIM!' SHE CRIED, WITH A GLANCE AT PROFESSOR JIM'S SHIRT-SLEEVES. 'SUCH A SPLENDID FELLOW! I CHASED HIM OVER THREE STONE WALLS AND AROUND THE WOODS.'"

"There is the young lady from Boston," quoth Mrs. Wilbor, coming to the door.

"The *what?*" asked "Professor Jim," as she called him for politeness's sake.

"Oh, we have taken a Summer boarder—a Miss Emerson, from Boston."

"The deuce you have!" was what the gentleman wanted to say. He swallowed it down with the quick thought that, in hard times, a paying visitor might be better than a privileged one, and he, being the last, must not stand in the way of the first.

"Don't you like Boston ladies?" asked his sister-in-law, unrolling her dress-sleeves.

"Oh, I like everything wonderful in art and nature; but just *now*, as the organ-grinder put it, 'I know the walue o' peace and quietness.'"

"She won't hurt you—will she?"

"She will talk to me—she can't help it, 'for it's her nature to.' She will start discussions on the Over-soul and pre-Raphaelitism. I want to talk about prize pigs, and dig potatoes, get an appetite like a savage, and wear out my old shirts. How can I do it all in the atmosphere of a young lady from Boston?"

"Easy as not," grunted the farmer.

"No; I am foiled. I know the race. I had hoped to be at rest—to flee to some spot where—where" (with a salaam to the farmer) "only man is vile."

"Don't let her know," suggested Mrs. Wilbor, "that you have an *idee* on them heathenish subjects. We can pass you off as a farm-hand, hired for the busy season."

"Sarah Wilbor, I am proud to be, by marriage, related to you! You have made the telling speech of the evening," said the professor.

"You ain't got much beauty to spoil, anyway," added the farmer; "and you're black enough to be sun-burned; anyway; let your hair run wild and keep your mouth shut, and maybe she won't know the 'schoolmaster is abroad.'"

"Agreed," cried the professor, and went to bed in serenity.

He was not averse to being entertained, if no social demands were made upon him. He was even now pleased

at seeing the young lady from Boston; but in the morning he had forgotten her existence.

About one week later the professor was at work in a cornfield; at one side was a creek, in whose clear water the cows ruminated under willows that overhung the bank. Beyond were flats, overgrown with the greenest flags, and then wheat-fields, with rolling hills in the distance.

Near him, as he stood at the further end of the lot, was a patch of woods, into whose long shadows the professor was gazing. He could not be said to be a steady hand at farming. He had more than once dropped work and plunged in there among the flickering lights and falling acorns, and showed far more enthusiasm over some tiny bit of vegetation than over the pigs which he professed to admire.

That day he was planning a similar slight upon the corn-hills he was hoeing, when—out from a wing of the wood darted a figure, which fled by him on the wind and left him with two conflicting ideas—Was it an escaped lunatic?—was it the farmer's scarecrow, who of a sudden felt its life in every limb? For, beyond him when he turned was the flutter of flying garments streaming from the Atalanta-like figure which fled first here, then there; now toward the creek, as if for a raid upon the cows, now back and off again at a tangent; while ever stretched out before it, and wildly brandished in the air, was a slender wand, ending in a hoop, and a net distended like a balloon.

Ere the astonished professor could draw his breath, the ground was smitten with the wand, the balloon flitted over a distant corn-hill, capping it like a bee-hive, and the lunatic sank on her knees before it.

"Professor Jim" strode before it in unmeasured amazement, his whole being one animated interrogation-point. He reached the spot, and at the first near glance would fain have retreated; but it was too late. It was the young lady from Boston. She had seen him, and she had marked him for her own.

What she was doing was a mystery; but she herself, on closer proximity, was not at all like a scarecrow, whatever might be said on the lunatic question. The puffs and flounces and sashes of her buff morning-dress had been all afloat on the breeze, but now settled about her like a canary-bird's ruffled plumage. Her scarlet hooded cape hung from her neck, into which had tumbled her light-brown hair, and what could be seen of her face from under a sun-hat the size of a Chinese pagoda was not at all ugly. Cheeks, lips, and clear, gray eyes were all aglow with eagerness.

"I was determined I'd have him!" she cried, with a glance at Professor Jim's shirt-sleeves. "Such a splendid fellow! I chased him over three stone-walls, and around and around the woods. Now I want your help in putting ether to his nose."

A wild fancy shot through the professor's head—that he had so overworked his brain that dreadful hallucinations were coming upon him. He gasped, faintly:

"Whose nose?"

The young girl's laugh was like the quick clang of silver bells; then she daintily peeped into the balloon, whispering:

"My beautiful blue butterfly's, of course. Now you stay here one moment. Farmer Wilbor won't scold. I'll tell him I hindered you. Hold this ether-bottle and bit of cotton, while I take the poor fellow carefully out. Please put your other hand on the stick—steady now! Here he comes! Oh, you beauty, don't flutter so—you break my heart with pity! There, now; won't you just hold that cotton quickly to his nose, and it will be over in a second."

By that time she had the butterfly between her pretty thumb and forefinger, while the professor was applying the ether, very deftly, indeed, for a farm-hand.

"You are not a bit clumsy!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! Why don't he die—he struggles so! I thought they rather liked it. My teacher said they just squirmed once and gave up the ghost. Oh, soak the cotton, or I shall let him go!"

"Keep cool," said Professor Jim. He had started to say in official tones, "Be calm," etc.; but remembering his *rôle*, he added, "He'll kick the bucket in a second."

"He is kicking me, and I know he suffers. I wish I had never caught him! Take that cotton off his nose!" she added, peremptorily, as if Jim had been torturing the little wretch quite on his own account. "I can't hurt him so!" and suddenly uplifting her hand, she gently released the prisoner, who had not been at all overcome by the odor, and who now floated off like a fog let loose from a lily-bell.

"If that is what I must do for a collection, I shall never have one. I am much obliged to you."

As he turned to go—giving her back the bottle—she caught sight of the cloudless blue over her, of the sleepy cattle in the low, plashing water of the green flats shimmering in the sunshine.

"Is it not all *perfect?*" she added, looking directly into his face, with her clear eyes full of admiration.

Had the veriest clodhopper been in his place, that appeal for innocent sympathy would have touched him into sense of kinship with—nature and the young girl. Her gentle dismissal a moment later pleased him also; and he went back, thinking as he trod the plowed ground: "So this is the young lady from Boston—yes, a lady, and I like her just as well that she could not finish the 'poor little divil of a bug,' as Pat would call it." Then he laughed. "How she turned on me, too, when he struggled, quite as if I had done the pinching—that is the woman of it! Butterfly 'collections' hobby first, and that is the Boston of it. Well, I shall have amusement, mayhap."

"Mrs. Wilbor, that dark-complexioned young farmer of yours has an intelligent face."

It was Miss Emerson who spoke, and who sat one evening alone with the farmer's wife. On this occasion her hair was exquisitely smooth, her attire faultless, and her manner repose itself.

"Yes; Jim isn't wooden-headed. He always had a hankering after learning."

"Can he read and write?"

"Mercy! yes, child! Every New England fellow can do more than that!"

"Of course. Well—is he much of a reader?"

"Pretty considerable—newspapers and what he picks up. He never will be satisfied that he knows enough."

"I like that," said the young lady, with ardor; "it is very commendable in such a person."

"To be sure," giggled Mrs. Wilbor over a wash-towel she was hemming, "his handwriting might be better—I can scarcely make it out."

"Doubtless he came of a good stock," said Miss Emerson, who, in a mild little way, used to deal out Oliver Wendell Holmes's theories. "He has a good accent; he talks of very common things, but his ideas are clear cut."

"Yes," said wicked Mrs. Wilbor, "if you could draw him out, you would do him good."

"Then I will certainly try," returned the young lady from Boston, her soul filled with philanthropical sentiments.

Meanwhile the professor of Greek, Latin, and *belles-lettres* washed his unblushing face in the tin basin behind the kitchen-door, and "smiled and smiled," and was just as determined to be, to a limited extent, "a villain" still. A little later he came out and sat down on the lowest step of the piazza, considerably below Miss Emerson. After a while Mrs. Wilbor was called away, and the two were left together.

The last flush of daylight was fading off the tops of the oak-trees, the crickets and tree-toads were chirping noisily; while from afar came the faint bleat of a lamb, or, nearer, the twitter of some restless bird among the branches.

"I suppose you are very weary after the day's work, James?" said Miss Emerson, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," meekly returned Professor Jim.

He had spent most of this day on his back in the woods, evolving ideas for an article in the Fall *Quarterly*.

"And so you have little time for reading—of which Mrs. Wilbor tells me you are fond?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What kind of books do you like best, James?"

"Them as has the most in 'em," said the professor, with an atrocious attempt to fall into a dialect.

"Ah, very true! Did you ever read Froissart's 'Chronicles'?"

"James" knew that to be in character he had best say No; but he remembered the father of his country, and compromised on the lie by saying:

"I've heard it spoke of."

This surprised Miss Emerson; she grew enthusiastic to develop this young man, who seemed to have such an attentive and retentive mind. She went on "drawing him out," and finally offered to send home for some books, which she was sure would interest him. Averse to making her needless trouble, and yet not knowing how to deter her, the professor took from his pocket a pencil and paper, and had the wit to say he could put down their names and get them from an excellent free library in the near town.

"Let me see the list, please?" she asked. "Have you them all rightly named?" She scanned his writing, wondering how he had spelled all so exactly. "You write like a minister, James—or an editor," she added, with a smile that could not hurt his feelings; "but such men are seldom *plain* writers. I could suggest a few changes for the better in your letters—your *t's* and *l's* are alike; your *m's* and *n's* are flat and run out to nothing."

James received these hints with graceful meekness, while Miss Emerson, upon further conversation, was sure he must have had a very good "common education."

She wondered, suddenly, if he did not eagerly desire to study Latin. Why he *should*, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell; but the young lady from Boston failed to understand how a man could know much and not have this same hunger and thirst, and so she, then and there, proposed to teach him the rudiments.

When Professor Jim went to bed that night, he felt that he deserved to be hanged; but he was "bound" that hanged he would be before he would confess to this sweet-tempered, benevolent girl that he was an impostor. Why, he had actually agreed to take his first (!) Latin lesson to-morrow night.

For three evenings he avoided Miss Emerson, and she thought him occupied with work. On the third, she caught him at leisure, and brought forth an old Latin grammar she had found in the garret. He blindly repeated after her everything she said, and left her in doubt whether he had the memory of a prodigy or only the tongue of a parrot—he did not "go at" the thing like a beginner.

Jim endured it three nights, and could no more. What with playing his part, keeping watch of himself, and seeing her bright eyes bent upon him—her white hands fluttering with her dainty handkerchief or clasped in playful and encouraging applause at some forgetful and *so* remarkably fine effort of his, it was too much.

He engaged Farmer Wilbor to send him into town every night, until Miss Emerson saw that he was not over eager to learn Latin. It was a little damper on her efforts in behalf of a young man who, as she told Mrs. Wilbor, had "intelligent eyes and an entire absence of coarseness."

She did not talk much to him after that, but amused herself all day long rioting like a happy child among the bees and flowers, following the willow-bordered creek, bringing wonderful rustic treasures from the woods, and, in short, getting the full benefit of an out-door life.

One exquisitely beautiful evening, after a day almost as perfect, she returned from a long walk and approached the house at a different angle from usual, through the flats, stopping to pluck the crisp green mint, across the wooden bridge full of gaps under which the water swirled and gurgled, then into a sheep-pasture, threading her way among the flock, until she reached a gate that led her, after passing through a clover-field, into the farm-yard. Coming to that gate, she stood drinking in, with delight, the beauty of the night and of the scene.

The full moon had rode up into a cloudless sky, and poured sheets of light over the sparkling water. The red-clover-field was a mass of blossoms, whose color came out even in the moon's light, and whose odor filled the air with honeyed sweets. The wandering sheep gave an Arcadian aspect to the landscape, which the dark woods hemmed in as with a frame.

The young girl leaned on the rustic gate, with her head uncovered and the dew falling softly on her garments, making, had any seen it, the fairest picture possible of a shepherd maiden.

What fancies filled her mind she only knew; perhaps they were no more unfolded than were the bunch of blush-roses she held in her hand; but be that as it may, she lingered until the farmer's wife called her to come in out of the heavy dews.

All at once she heard, in the absolute quiet of the night, a *patter, patter*—a kind of palpitating *beat, beat*, like the soft tramping of fairy horsemen. The sound came from the clover-field, and, thinking of its rosy bloom out there in the silvery light, of its intoxicating perfume, she glided to the window, hoping to surprise a troupe of sprites on a nocturnal revel.

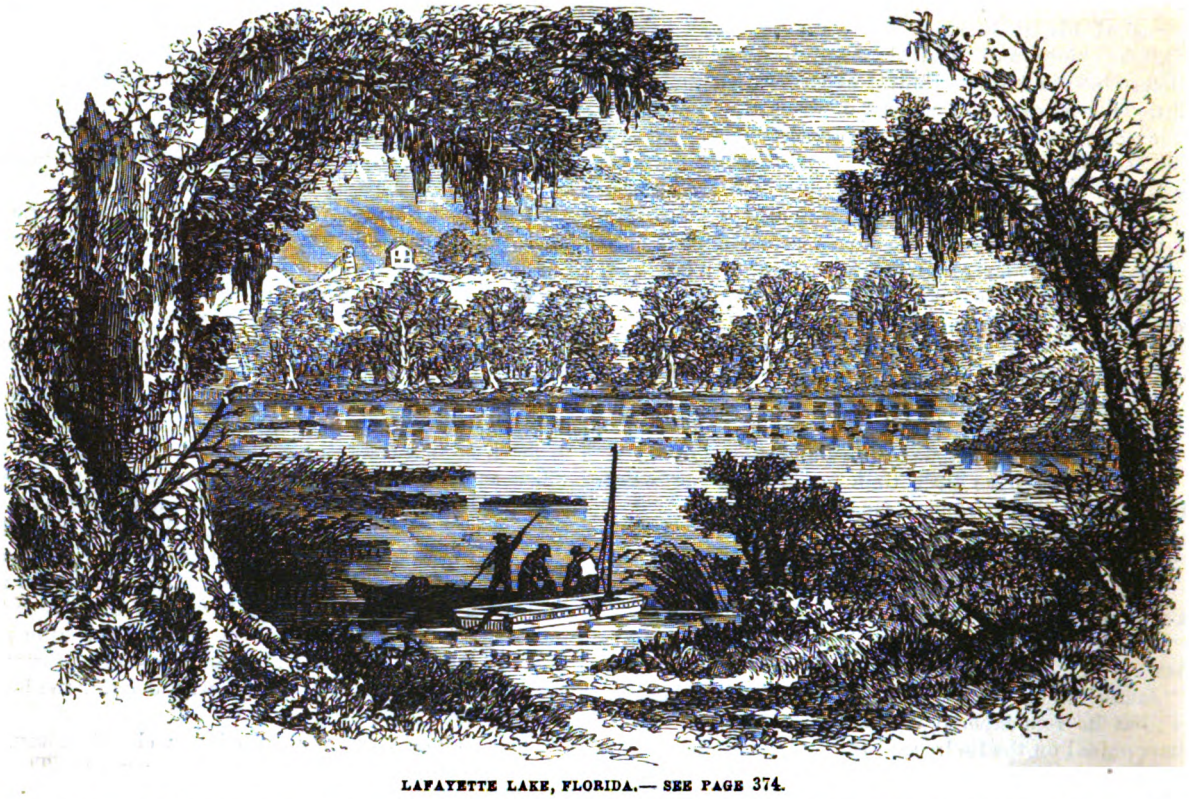
Prosaic truth! She had left the gate open, the sheep had escaped from their pasture, and were roaming amid the clover at their own sweet will.

She fled noislessly out of the house and across the wet grass, eager to turn them out, when, at the first gate, she met James. He, too, had been making lunar observations, and had heard the trampling feet.

It was not the professor's clover, nor his sheep, and he did not know about the amount of harm done; but he *did* know that Miss Emerson, with her light-flowing drapery and loose-floating hair, was as lovely as a poem. He had watched her before to-night, and she reminded him of the quaint pastoral of "Doris"; so, utterly forgetful of *stage proprieties*, he broke forth:

> "We linger: we must not stay.
> My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
> Behold them yonder, how far they stray."

She looked at him in astonishment, and he stammered



LAFAYETTE LAKE, FLORIDA.— SEE PAGE 374.

"I—I learned that once out of the back of the spelling-book. You keep the gate open, and I will turn them out."

He did it, after they had made the circuit of the field sundry times, and then the twain went houseward—the professor in love with "Doris," and "Doris" very much puzzled by "James."

This bright, beautiful evening was the prelude to a week or more of intensely hot weather. During these days the farmer and his men arose and went to work about four o'clock in the morning, and rested for several hours in the middle of the day.

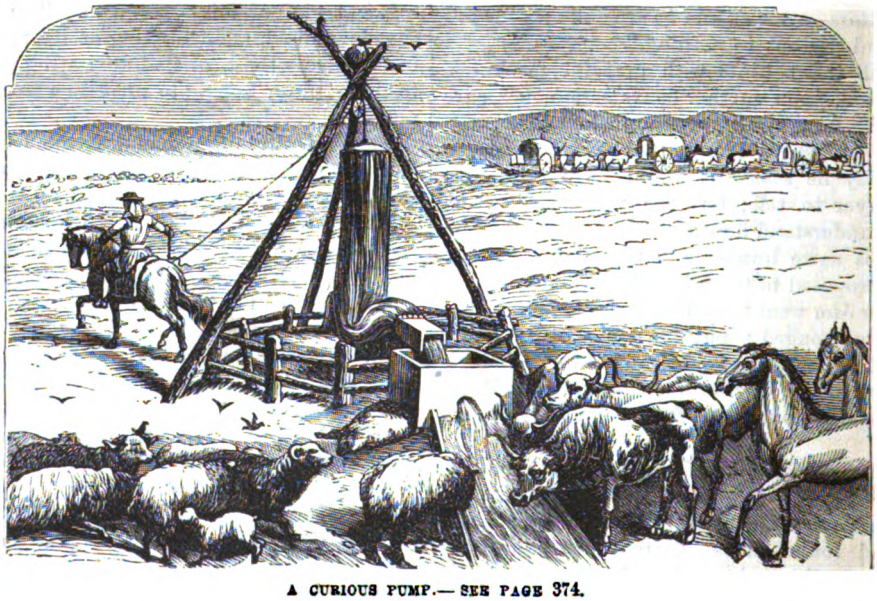
Miss Emerson used to recline on an old-fashioned sofa, just inside of the cool sitting-room, and hold sleepy conversations with Mrs. Wilbor.

Often James used to sit near by in the piazza and smoke very good-smelling cigars. She surprised him one day reading "Ivanhoe," which she had dropped there; and, again intent on his mental culture, she encouraged him to read aloud. It was pleasant for her and good for him—so, day after day, he read Scott. Each time, when he had ended, and gone away, she had wondered that he had read so simply well—she had forgotten the reader; only sometimes, looking up, she had caught him *looking at her* so—well, so strangely; it was intensely respectful, but peculiar.

When, one day, in reading a love-scene, his voice fell and trembled, she said to herself, "He must have a very sensitive nature."

She mused a while, and firmly resolved to cease her efforts in behalf of this young man. She might be making trouble for him. One caught human butterflies, sometimes, whom one had never thought of chasing. Then, they suffered if you held them tightly, and it was not a legal method of getting rid of them to hold ether under their noses until they died.

After this resolution, Professor Jim did not see the young lady for a week. She took her meals at quite irregular hours, and sat no more on the piazza. He was, therefore, off his guard; and one day being in the kitchen while Mrs. Wilbor



A CURIOUS PUMP.— SEE PAGE 374.

fried potatoes, he fell into the deepest of reveries, which she interrupted by calling out:

"What are you planning, professor? You have not taken your eyes off the copper tea-kettle for ten minutes."

"My dear sister, I was recalling to mind a line of Virgil: 'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'"

I know all about it now," said Sarah, who was not a Bostonian, and so did not understand Latin.

Professor Jim laughed gleefully, and went out. Miss Emerson, who had overheard the quotation, came in.

"Mrs. Wilbor, *who is that man?*"

It is needless to say that Mrs. Wilbor had to tell; and, if ever two eyes gleamed with wrath, the two gray orbs pertaining to the Boston lady were the very ones. She grew, every instant, more and more irate.

"Think of it! *I* teaching a college professor easy Latin out of a primer, and *he* submitting, rather than to have to make my acquaintance. He shall never have that annoyance or fear—never! never again!"

Poor Jim! he was wretched thereafter. He made every attempt, consistent with any sort of dignity, to effect a reconciliation; but she disdained even to answer Mrs. Wilbor, whom he implored to act as a mediator.

The time set for her return to Boston came on apace, and the professor began to pass sleepless nights; but, inexorable to the last, Miss Emerson refused even to see him. She chose a day when he had gone away, and, in spite of a threatened storm, insisted on going home in the evening train.

She had been gone about half an hour when he returned, and nothing had so depressed him for years as the fact of her absence. With a look that had more than once told for him in the class-room, the professor mentally vowed she had not done with him yet.

Then, as if Fortune succumbed to a love so determined, the boy who had driven to the depot with her, came back with the information that he "guessed she'd have to sit on the track all night." He had loitered about the place after the cars left, and ere long a telegram came from the next station. There had been an accident, several persons were slightly injured—none killed; but the baggage-cars were demolished, and others overturned and off the track.

Now, the scene of this accident was not quite nine miles distant, and in almost as many minutes the professor was well on the road, with the farmer's fleetest horse and carriage. He reached the place without delay, and, surveying the whole, shivered at the wonderful escape from death.

He passed through group after group of bewildered men and women, some stunned or fainting, some rushing hither and thither. Big drops of rain were falling, and the night coming on fast.

The women and children were crowding into the upright cars, and babies were screaming lustily.

He found Miss Emerson, pale and trembling, standing, with her hands still clasped, apart from all the rest. He forgot everything but her escape and her helplessness, and cried out:

"My poor child! how you have been frightened! You are not hurt! Come and let me take you right home!"

THE BRAVE KENTUCKY WOMEN OF 1782.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She blushed rose-red through her late pallor, or flushed with anger, and said, coolly:

"I shall do very well here."

"Where?"

"Why, *here*—until the cars are ready."

"They may not be ready for hours."

"I can wait."

At that, a blast of wind nearly tore her shawl from her, and made her stagger to keep her equilibrium.

"But there is a storm coming—you must not. I have a carriage here."

This well-bred young lady was actually guilty of saying:

"Go home in it, then!"

"I will, when I have persuaded you to go also."

Once more she refused, while he urged and finally entreated. The rain increased, the cars were already filled, and yet her slender form swayed in the wind, and her spirit was as unyielding as ever.

The professor hesitated only a second longer; then gently, but firmly, as if she had been a little girl, he lifted her in his arms, hastened to the carriage, and, springing in beside her, covered her well from the rain, and started for home.

Not one word did she speak; but he did. In college life Professor Jim had always been noted for his logical arguments, and now he pleaded his own case well, as they drove through the lonesome woods.

Silence herself could not have remained more mute than that Boston lady. When they were on the last mile, he thought he ought to have melted a stone, and opened the lips of the Sphinx herself.

As he helped her from the carriage he grew desperate, and whispered:

"Will you not tell me, by just one word, if I am forgiven?"

The heart of that young lady, who could not kill the butterfly, relented, and she said:

"Yes."

"Jim" was tenderly kissing the little right hand that had held the insect when Mrs. Wilbor enlightened the scene with a tallow candle, which blew out in the wind.

The next day, however, he did, as Dickens's fat boy said, "worser nor that"; for Mrs. Wilbor saw him, through a crack in the sitting-room door, end a two-hour interview by a kiss, as she told her own spouse, "square on Miss Emerson's lips! Think of that, now!"

"I have thought!" said her phlegmatic lord. "That's nothin'. I saw from the first it would be a go!"

## LAFAYETTE LAKE, FLORIDA.

FLORIDA abounds in beautiful lakes, which have no apparent outlet, though the constant shifting of this level shows that they must be connected by subterranean channels with the outside world of waters. These lakes are generally well stocked with fish, and during the Winter season innumerable flocks of wild ducks, geese, and other aquatic fowl frequent their quiet bosoms.

Lafayette Lake, of which our artist furnishes a sketch, is located in Leon County, about six miles from Tallahassee, of Revolutionary fame, to whom the United States Government made a grant of a township of land, in which the lake is situated. The lake is a spot much frequented by the French and English tourists who visit the South, on account of the beauty, as well as the magnificence, of the scenery which surrounds it—all agreeing that the preconceived idea of its claims fails to come up to the reality.

## A CURIOUS PUMP.

A VERY curious field-pump is used at the present day in the interior of Buenos Ayres. In ordinary seasons, in some districts at least, abundance of water is obtained from streams and *lagunas* all the year round for the various domestic animals; but during such droughts as that which occurred in 1865–66, it is necessary to raise the water to the surface. This is done by simple but ingenious machines, peculiar to that country.

The principal one is the *manga*, or sleeve—a long canvas bag, like a windsail, one end of which is kept open by an iron ring, and connected with a rope which passes over a pulley above, while the other terminates in a wooden pipe, as shown in the engraving. By slackening the rope, the upper end of the bag is let down into the well, and, as the horse then draws it up, the water is easily lifted, and is discharged through the wooden pipe at the other end of the bag into a trough, whence the thirsty flocks are watered.

Other devices are used as in other countries, such as the common bucket and windlass, and a contrivance by which the bucket empties itself into the trough on reaching the top of the well.

## THE BRAVE KENTUCKY WOMEN OF 1782.

THE annals of the West from the days of our Revolutionary struggle abound in heroic incidents connected with the fierce Indian tribes. As the red men were gradually forced back, these scenes moved westward; but within a century Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, were the theatre of stirring incidents.

In the Summer of 1782, the Wyandot, Miami and Shawnee tribes of Ohio resolved to make a grand effort to drive the whites from Kentucky. An army of 600 men, under the command of the renegade whites, Simon Girty and McKee, was collected at Chillicothe, and early in August they commenced their march.

With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indications of their approach; and on the night of the 14th of August they appeared before Bryant's Station as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth, and, surrounding it on all sides, calmly awaited the approach of daylight, holding themselves in readiness to rush in upon the inhabitants the moment that the gates were opened in the morning. The supreme influence of fortune in war was never more strikingly displayed.

The garrison had determined to march at daylight on the following morning to the assistance of Hoy's Station, from which a messenger had arrived the evening before with the intelligence of the defeat of a party on which they relied for protection.

Had the Indians arrived only a few hours later, they would have found the fort occupied only by old men, women and children, who could not have resisted their attack for a moment. As it was, they found the garrison assembled and under arms, most of them busily engaged throughout the whole night in preparing for an early march on the following morning.

The Indians could distinctly hear the bustle of preparation, and see lights glancing from block-houses and cabins during the night, which must have led them to suspect that their approach had been discovered. All continued tranquil during the night, and Girty silently concerted the plan of attack.

The fort, consisting of about forty cabins placed in par-

allel lines, stands upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort on its northwestern side—a great error common to most of the stations—which, in a close and continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for want of water.

The great body of Indians placed themselves in ambush within half rifle-shot of the spring, while 100 select men were placed near the spot where the road now runs after passing the creek, with orders to open a brisk fire and show themselves to the garrison on that side, for the purpose of driving them out, while the main body held themselves in readiness to rush upon the opposite gate of the fort, hew it down with their tomahawks, and force their way into the midst of the cabins.

At dawn of day the garrison paraded under arms, and were preparing to open their gates and march off as already mentioned, when they were alarmed by a furious discharge of rifles, accompanied by yells and screams, which struck terror to the hearts of the women and children, and startled even the men.

All ran hastily to the picketing, and beheld a small party of Indians, exposed to open view, firing, yelling and making the most furious gestures. The appearance was so singular, and so different from their usual manner of fighting, that some of the more wary and experienced of the garrison instantly pronounced it a decoy party, and restrained the young men from sallying out and attacking them, as some of them were strongly disposed to do.

The opposite side of the fort was instantly manned, and several breaches in the picketing rapidly repaired. Their greatest distress arose from the prospect of sufferin for water. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambuscade near the spring, but at the same time they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded.

Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and, explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each to bring up a bucketful of water.

Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves, observing that they were not bulletproof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps.

To this it was answered that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if men should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring.

The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point-blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors. Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians.

Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and, when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.

The various attacks upon the fort proving unsuccessful, the Indian army at length retreated. Unfortunately, the whites followed them, with insufficient forces and reckless hardihood. The disastrous battle of the Blue Licks ensued. The whites were completely defeated, and the Indians returned home with a large number of scalps.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh, or Ralegh, as he himself spells it, was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, in 1552. From his earliest years he was distinguished for his precocious ability and his love of adventure. While still a boy, he fought for the Protestants in France; and a few years later began his career of maritime adventure by joining in an expedition to Newfoundland. On his return, unable to rest in peace, he procured employment in the war against the Irish, and it was in connection with this war that he was first introduced to the Queen.

The story, familiar to every child, of his ready gallantry in spreading his cloak over a miry part of the way, that the Queen might not soil her feet, is eminently characteristic of the happy tact and captivating courtesy which formed striking features of Raleigh's life. His energy in the suppression of the Irish rebellion was rewarded by a liberal grant of the forfeited estates; but when the difficulty and danger were at an end, Raleigh was already planning fresh adventures.

America was naturally the cynosure of the adventurous spirits of the age; it was but imperfectly explored, and tales of the inexhaustible wealth of its mines of gold and silver excited the fervid imaginations of the enterprising youth of Europe.

It was in the bright hope of discovering some El Dorado in the West, that Raleigh fitted out an expedition in 1584, with the sanction of Elizabeth, who granted him a patent from the Crown. His golden dreams were not realized, yet the expedition has left its mark on the history of the world. The name Virginia remains as a record of Raleigh's voyage, and an abiding tribute of respect to his royal mistress; and the introduction into Europe of the potato and tobacco, which dates from this expedition, is almost important enough to be reckoned among the great events of history.

The threatened Spanish conquest of England, the various preparations for meeting the invaders, and the exciting conflicts with the Armada, furnished Raleigh with new occupation at home, and afforded him fresh opportunities for displaying his attachment to his Sovereign and the versatility of his genius. Once, indeed, Raleigh forfeited Elizabeth's esteem: he married one of her maids of honor, and this was an unpardonable crime in her eyes, for it was a proclamation that she was not the supreme object of his regard. The offense was followed by a short confinement in the Tower, as an appropriate punishment for his imprudence.

After this brief imprisonment, he paid a visit to his Irish

THE HONEYMOON—FULL MOON.

estates; and it was at this period he formed his intimacy with Spenser, who had also received a grant of forfeited land in Raleigh's neighborhood. Both men had so much in common that they cordially loved and esteemed each other; and many a sweet discourse of wit and poesy must have charmed the hours of their Irish seclusion. Raleigh introduced his friend to Elizabeth, and Spenser, in return for his kindness, has added his tribute of poetic compliment to the genius of the "Summer's Nightingale."

Incapable of rusting in peace and inaction, Raleigh set sail, in 1595, for Guiana, where he convinced himself the true El Dorado was to be found, of which he had so long been in search. His voyage was fruitless, and his well-equipped force, after landing in Trinidad, found no golden realms to vanquish. The expedition served merely to whet, not to satisfy, his imagination; but the Spanish war furnished him with occupation, and kept his spirits from flagging; and his courage and success in many a daring feat of naval warfare made him more than ever the favorite of his Sovereign and the idol of the nation.

The accession of James converted all Raleigh's sunshine into gloom. Burghley, the Prime Minister, disliked him, and had poisoned the Sovereign's mind against him. He was implicated in one of the many plots that marked the commencement of James's reign—that mysterious project for placing on the throne the Lady Arabella Stewart, whom many Englishmen looked upon as the rightful heir of the crown, from the circumstances of her birth. It is true, the evidence against Raleigh was exceedingly slight, resting on the sole testimony of Lord Cobham, and he defended himself with great eloquence and force; but all was in vain, he was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to death.

THE HONEYMOON.— THIRD QUARTER.

But James did not allow the sentence to be put into execution, ashamed, let it be hoped, of the weakness of the evidences of guilt, and of the vulgar abuse which the attorney-general had heaped upon the head of the gallant prisoner. Raleigh was recommitted to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner for twelve years. No imprisonment, however, could lull to sleep the activity of his mind. Secluded from a life of action, he occupied his leisure in the composition of his well-known "History of the World," a work which the unanimous voice of literary critics has praised in the highest terms, not for its learning merely (which, indeed, Raleigh in a great measure owed to others), but for its wise political reflections, its sweet, sad eloquence, its grave and stately philosophy.

THE HONEYMOON.— SECOND QUARTER.

At length the prison doors were opened. Raleigh had worked upon one of the ruling passions of James—his avarice—by his wonderful stories of the wealth of Guiana, where gold and precious stones abounded to reward the courage of any one who was adventurous enough to gather them. Without, therefore, being formally pardoned, he was intrusted with the command of an expedition which was intended to colonize Guiana, and replenish with its untold wealth the exhausted coffers of the needy monarch. The Spaniards, however, who were nominally lords of all those American territories, looked upon Raleigh as merely a formidable pirate, and resolved to crush him. They worked upon James's other great ruling passion, timidity; they isolated Raleigh from royal protection, they deprived him of necessary help, and rendered his expedition a disastrous failure.

Raleigh returned, unsuccessful, to England; he was immediately arrested, and after some delay was executed on the

THE HONEYMOON.— NO MOON.

old sentence of treason. His execution was so great a blunder as almost to be a crime, and contributed largely to alienate the people from James.

Raleigh's proceedings in Guiana were, it is true, of a very equivocal character, not readily distinguishable from a modern filibustering expedition, and might easily have furnished his Sovereign with reasons for punishing him; but it was obvious to every one that the great adventurer had simply been sacrificed in order to propitiate the King of Spain, as the Spanish marriage was then the great goal of James's ambition. "If," says Macaulay, who was no admirer of James, "the execution had been done in a proper manner, it might have been defensible, but, under all the circumstances, it must be considered as a dastardly murder."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AT TRINIDAD.

The executioner kneeled to him, asking forgiveness.

Raleigh gave him the assurance that he forgave him with all his heart. Taking the ax in his hand, and feeling its edge, he kissed the blade, and said, "This gives me no fear. It is a sharp but a sound medicine, to cure me of all diseases."

Once again he earnestly asked the prayers of the bystanders, and laid his head upon the block. The headsman requested him to alter the position of his head. "So the heart be right," replied the undaunted victim, "it is no matter which way the head lies."

When the signal was given, the executioner feared to lift his hand against the life of the most heroic of living Englishmen, and forbore to strike. "Why dost thou fear?" exclaimed Raleigh. "Strike, man, strike!" The ax fell, and the head rolled upon the scaffold.

His many accomplishments would alone have sufficed to obscure his faults beneath a blaze of glory; and his tragic death added the sole element that was wanted to fill up the full measure of his fame, and to make him, what he has ever since been, one of the darlings of the British people, one of that select band of heroes the bare mention of whose names makes the hearts of Englishmen beat with pride that they can call such men their countrymen.

The poet has not failed to bring his tribute of melodious song to adorn the memory of Raleigh:

"Who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! Whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot and the hero burned;
Nor sunk his vigor, when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at last resigned
To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
Then active still and unrestrained, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enriched the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquered, and in which he bled."

## CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

There is a beautiful and suggestive thought of Leibnitz, that there are three modes of life on this earth: the sleeping life of plants, the dreaming life of animals, and the waking life of man. Any one who has passed through the heart of a great city at earliest dawn in Summer, and who has stood in the heart of a great forest at noon, will feel at once the beauty of the analogy; will have traced in himself the impulse to tread softly and speak low in the deep woodland quiet, with its continuous hum of insect life, as if he alone were awake in the midst of a sleeping and dreaming world.

But it is in this dim, sleeping world of plants,

"Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,
And weep but the sweet-watered Summer showers,
World of white joys, cool dews and peace unspoken,"

that we are beginning to realize, not only the wonderful functions that plants perform, but the strange activities that are at work to enable them to perform those functions. Accustomed as we are to look upon the life of plants as lower and less developed than that of animals, we have still to remember that it is by their humble agency that that great miracle is wrought which as yet baffles our scientific gaze, the mysterious passing of the inorganic into the organic, of what we are accustomed to call "dead matter" into living tissue, with "organs of reproduction that take hold upon eternity."

Animals have no power of assimilating inorganic matter as food. The higher organism can only feed on the lower. It is by the frail instrumentality of the plant that the stupendous energies of the inorganic world are yoked to the car of life.

Some recent discoveries have been made in vegetable physiology in connection with carnivorous plants, and the strange contrivances by which they are enabled to perform their functions. The existence of this curious order of plants was first suggested by the American botanists, Messrs. Curtis and Canby, in 1834 and 1868, confirmed by Asa Grey, and adopted in England by Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Darwin.

A plant supplies itself with carbon from the air, decomposing the carbonic acid by means of the sunlight acting in some way on the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter of the leaf; whilst it obtains water and nitrogen from the soil by means of its roots. But in these plants the roots are either altogether wanting, or very poorly developed. The necessary nitrogen is accordingly obtained by absorbing animal matter, either by a process of digestion, or by simple absorption.

There is a little marsh-plant called Sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) common in upland bogs and very poor soil, with small round leaves fringed with crimson hairs, each headed with a tiny drop of cool, sparkling dew through all the burning heats of Summer, whence its poetical name of Sun-dew. The minute drops of harmless dew which adorn every hair, or tentacle, is in reality a drop of very viscid secretion surrounding an extremely sensitive gland. Attracted either by the glitter, or possibly by some honeyed odor, insects alight on the leaf. If the delicate feet of the smallest gnat do but touch one of the drops of dew at the end of a single filament, its doom is sealed. Caught by the tenacious secretion, in vain it endeavors to escape.

Slowly the filament begins to bend at its base, transmitting at the same time an impulse to the filaments next it, that in their turn begin to converge on the luckless victim, which is carried to the next inner row of tentacles, and so on to the next, with a curious sort of rolling movement, till it reaches the centre of the disc, the glands at the same time pouring out an acid secretion. By degrees, all the tentacles become closely inflected on the prey, which is bathed on all sides in the secreted acid, while the disk of the leaf often becomes strongly incurved, forming a sort of impromptu stomach; the whole movement taking place in a period varying from four to ten hours.

When the insect alights on the centre of the leaf, the short central filaments are not inflected, but the glands transmit, not only motor power to the external filaments, but also some influence which, before they are brought into contact with the prey, causes them to secrete more actively, and the secretion to become acid. According to Dr. Nitschke, insects are generally suffocated in about a quarter of an hour.

The number of insects which thus meet their death must be prodigious. On one leaf alone Mr. Darwin found the remains of thirteen flies, and as a single plant has some six or seven leaves, and the plant itself is very abundant, the tale of the slain must be enormous. The commonest victims are small flies, but on one occasion was observed a large dragon-fly with his body firmly held by two leaves.

The length of time for which a leaf remains inflected varies with the nature of the matter embraced. If it is a particle of inorganic matter, cinder, paper, quill, moss, or any object not yielding nitrogen, the inflection of the filaments is languid, and the leaf quickly re-expands; while flies or other objects capable of supplying the plant with

the necessary nitrogen remain closely embraced for periods varying from five to ten days. When the leaves re-expand, the glands become dry, the remains of the poor digested fly, bleached and dry, being thus exposed to be carried away by the wind so as to disencumber the leaf. After the expansion is complete, the glands again begin to secrete, and as soon as the full-sized drops are formed, the leaf is ready for renewed action.

The extreme sensitiveness of the glands and the curious specialities of that sensitiveness is one of the most remarkable facts about the plant. One or two touches, or even sharp taps, with a solid object, produce no inflection; and as in high winds the plant must be often brushed by blades of grass and other leaves, this insensibility is of great importance to the plant to prevent its being brought into useless action. But the slightest repeated strokes with a camel's hair brush, or the lightest continued pressure, produce inflection. A particle of the thin end of a woman's hair, weighing less than the seventy-ninth thousandth of a grain, is sufficient to produce decided inflection. On the other hand, the repeated strokes of a heavy shower of rain, or the continued pressure of drops of water, produce no inflection whatever.

Moderate heat increases the excitability of the plant. A temperature of 120° to 125° Fahrenheit excites the tentacles to quick movement; but a momentary immersion in water of 130° temporarily paralyzes them.

These remarkable external movements of Drosera are accompanied by remarkable molecular changes. No sooner is a gland brought into action, than the purple fluid which fills the cells of the gland and pedicel becomes aggregated into variously shaped masses of purple matter suspended in an almost colorless fluid. These little masses of protoplasm incessantly change their shape and position, being never at rest; and are now spherical, now oval, now quite irregular, with necklace-like or club-formed projections. After the purple fluid has become aggregated, the layer of white granular protoplasm which flows round the walls of the cells can be much more clearly seen, till the granules coalesce with the central masses. The current flows at an irregular rate up one wall and down the opposite, round and round. Sometimes it ceases, and the movement is in little waves, whose crests toss across the whole width of the cell, and then sink down again. As the tentacles re-expand, the aggregated masses dissolve again into the ordinary purple fluid.

That Drosera has not only the power of absorbing matter already in solution, but also of rendering it soluble, in other words of digestion, is another fact. Digestion of albuminous substances is effected by means of pepsin, together with a weak hydrochloric acid. The same holds good in all points of the digestive powers of the Sun-dew. Not only does the secretion of the glands become acid on mechanical irritation, but this acid alone is incapable of effecting digestion, the proper ferment being only found when nitrogenous matter is present, just as with animals, mechanical irritation excites the glands of the stomach to secrete an acid, but not pepsin. On the other hand, the neutralization of the acid by an alkali immediately arrests the digestive action of the plant.

The plants experimented upon were put on the most curiously varied diet—white of egg, raw and cooked meat, areolar tissue from the visceral cavity of a toad, fragments of a cat's ear, slices of a dog's tooth, boiled cabbage, cheese, pollen, bits of human nails, balls of hair, etc. Out of this bill of fare, the plant always selected the substances containing nitrogen. The most marked in the phenomena they presented were the minute cubes of white of egg and of raw meat. The former after two days were often completely dissolved, and most of the liquefied matter absorbed; the latter exhibited the same phenomena as when submitted to the action of gastric juice.

The substances rejected by the plant were all substances not attacked by the gastric juice of animals. As it digests seeds, and pollen, and boiled vegetables, it must be looked upon as is in some measure a vegetable feeder as well as carnivorous.

The extraordinary sensitiveness of its organization is shown by the fact that the absorption by a gland of less than the one-twenty-millionth of a grain of phosphate of ammonia is sufficient to cause the tentacle bearing this gland to bend to the centre of the leaf.

The moot point which some objectors have raised, whether after all the plant is benefited by the capture of flies—whether the process is not a purely pathological one, has been set at rest by a series of experiments recently conducted. A number of plants in soup-plates divided into two compartments, and carefully covered over with muslin so that no extraneous flies could get at them, were placed in a greenhouse. The plants in one compartment were left to gain their nourishment through their roots and leaves, in the way that other plants do; in the other compartment the plants were regularly fed at frequent intervals with roast meat of about one-fifteenth of a grain in weight.

The experiment was virtually begun on the 5th of July, and by the end of August the plants had flowered, and nearly all the seed capsules were ripe. They were then gathered, the plants from three of the plates dried, and the two sets compared in respect to their number, weight and size, the number of capsules produced, and the weight of the contained seeds. The results obtained are conclusive. The number of the fed plants, compared to the unfed, was in the proportion of 149 to 100, though at first the latter were slightly in excess. But it was in the structures relating to reproduction that the difference between the two sets was the most marked, the number of the seeds being as 100 to 241.5, and their weight as 100 to 379.7—in other words, the fed plants were able to produce nearly two and a half times as many seeds, and nearly four times as great a weight of seeds as the unfed. Similar researches have been recently carried out in Germany by MM. Reiss, Kellerman and Von Raumer.

To conclude, however anomalous the conception may seem, a plant of Drosera, with the edges of its leaves turned inward so as to form a temporary stomach, with the glands of the closely inflected tentacles pouring forth their acid secretion which dissolves animal matter afterward to be absorbed, may be said to feed like an animal. But, unlike an animal, it drinks by means of its roots; and it must drink largely so as to retain sometimes as many as 260 drops of viscid fluid on one leaf, exposed during the whole day to the heat of a glaring sun.

Let us pass on now to a yet more remarkable plant, the *Dionœa muscipula*, or Venus's Fly-trap, found only in the eastern part of North Carolina, growing like the sun-dew in marshy places. Linnæus denominated it *miraculum naturæ*. The leaves, springing direct from the root with their foliaceous pedicels, spread in a rosette on the ground, and are bilobed, the two lobes standing at an angle of rather less than a right angle, like a butterfly with its wings only partially expanded. Each leaf is bordered with a row of sharp spikes, which, when the leaf-lobes are closed, interlock like the teeth of a rat-trap. Three minute filaments placed triangularly, so as necessarily to intercept the path of any insect alighting on the leaf, project from the upper surface of each lobe. Let an insect's tender wing, or delicate feet, just brush one of these filaments, and

instantly, as by some secret spring, the valves of the leaf approach one another and the spikes intercross. If it is too small a fly to afford nourishment to the plant, it can squeeze itself through the narrowing bars of its prison-house and escape, when the leaf expands again, after some eight-and-thirty hours, for a more desirable prey. But if the captive is fat and nourishing, the old haunting story of the prisoner who finds the walls of his cell gradually closing in upon him comes true, not in gloomy human dungeons, but down among the starry moss, and windy lights, and lovely glancing things, and all the wide peacefulness of upland nature. Slowly the walls of his leafy prison approach, the intercrossing spikes interlock like the teeth of two combs, the lobes themselves become slightly concave, and the prisoner is gradually but irresistibly crushed to death.

Occasionally an active beetle, with his wits about him, rapidly gnaws his way through the walls of his living grave and escapes, as other prisoners have done. But generally his lifeless corpse can be traced, bulging out between the two partitions, so closely pressed together that, if separated by force, they reclose with quite a loud snap.

The curious adaptation of the plant to its wants is shown in the specialized character of the sensitiveness of the filaments.

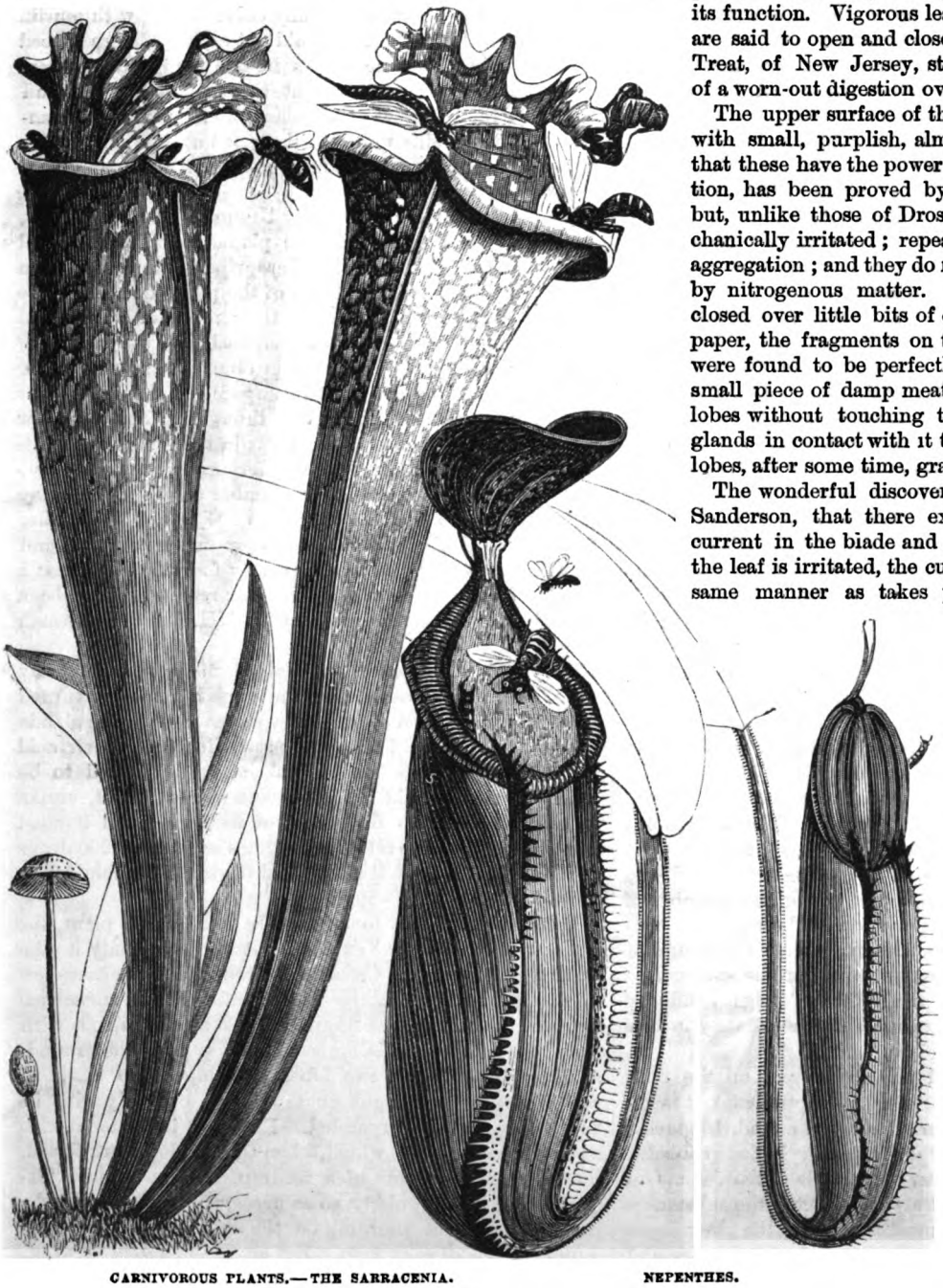
But, though quicker in its first movements than Drosera, it seems far more sluggish in its after operations. Thirty-eight hours elapse before the leaf completely opens again, even when it has caught nothing. But even over a small fly a leaf generally remains closed some ten days, so that the full use of the marginal spikes becomes at once apparent, securing the leaf only closing, as a rule, over prey sufficient for its purpose Often a leaf does not again expand, but withers, having apparently performed its function. Vigorous leaves, in their native soil, are said to open and close three times; but Mrs. Treat, of New Jersey, states that they often die of a worn-out digestion over their third fly.

The upper surface of the leaf is thickly studded with small, purplish, almost sessile glands; and that these have the power of digestion and absorption, has been proved by repeated experiments; but, unlike those of Drosera, they cannot be mechanically irritated; repeated touches produce no aggregation; and they do not secrete unless excited by nitrogenous matter. Even when the leaves closed over little bits of cork, wood, stone, moss, paper, the fragments on the expansion of the leaf were found to be perfectly dry. But a fly or a small piece of damp meat deposited on one of the lobes without touching the filaments, causes the glands in contact with it to secrete freely, and the lobes, after some time, gradually to close.

The wonderful discovery made by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, that there exists a normal electrical current in the blade and footstalk, and that when the leaf is irritated, the current is disturbed in the same manner as takes place during the contraction of the muscles of an animal, may ultimately lead to further light as to the leaf's mode of movement.

The curious little plant called *Aldrovanda vesiculosa* may be looked upon as a miniature aquatic Dionæa. Altogether destitute of roots, it floats about in stagnant water, with its little whorl of bilobed leaves, which, at a sufficiently high temperature, stand open about as much as the valves of a living mussel-shell, and when touched, suddenly close.

The geographical distribution of the plant is remarkable, both for its wide ex-



CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.—THE SARRACENIA. NEPENTHES.

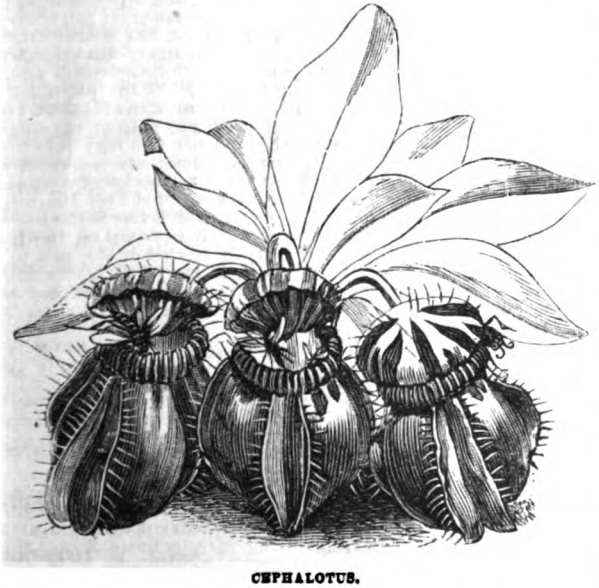
tension and narrow circumscription, the plant being found in India and Australia and Europe, but at the same time limited to a few spots. In France it is found only in two places, Raphèle, near Arles, and in a pond not far from Bordeaux. It is pre-eminently, therefore, a botanical rarity. As far as present observations go, it is probably related in its functions both to the Droseraceæ, that dissolve by an acid secretion a living prey, or any nitrogenous matter, and to plants like the Utriculariæ that simply absorb decaying and putrid matter.

Having taken the sun-dew, Venus's fly-trap and aldrovanda as representatives of the curious family, we will pass on to the unallied order of *Lentabulariaceæ* (Butterworts), which also present the double characteristic of a vegetable trap and carnivorous habits.

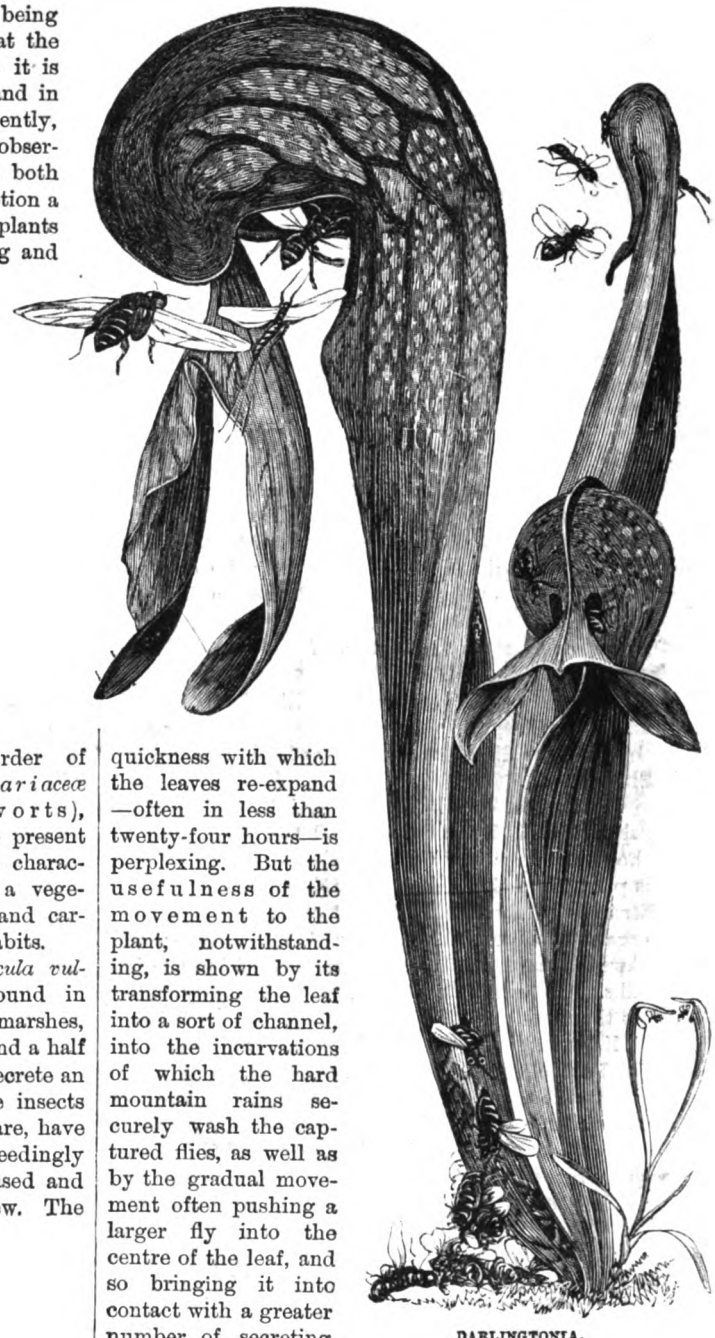
VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

THE SUN-DEW.

*Pinguicula vulgaris* is found in mountain marshes, its rather thick, oblong, light-green leaves—one and a half inches long—being set with glandular hairs that secrete an extremely viscid fluid, to which a number of little insects adhere. The edges of the leaves, thick as they are, have the power of closing in on their prey with an exceedingly slow movement, the secretion being greatly increased and rendered acid by nitrogen matter, as in the sun-dew. The quickness with which the leaves re-expand—often in less than twenty-four hours—is perplexing. But the usefulness of the movement to the plant, notwithstanding, is shown by its transforming the leaf into a sort of channel, into the incurvations of which the hard mountain rains securely wash the captured flies, as well as by the gradual movement often pushing a larger fly into the centre of the leaf, and so bringing it into contact with a greater number of secreting glands.



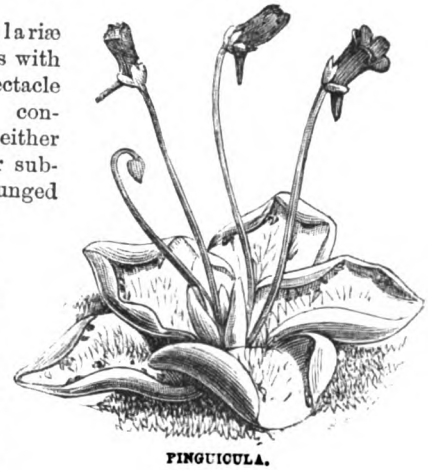
CEPHALOTUS.



DARLINGTONIA.

The Utriculariæ again present us with the curious spectacle of elaborately constructed traps, either above ground or subterranean, or plunged beneath the surface of stagnant ponds and peculiarly foul ditches.

The aquatic species, destitute of roots, with their fantastically



PINGUICULA.

shaped yellow flowers, are provided with minute translucent bladders attached to their pinnatified leaves, at first thought to be air-floats, till closer observation found they were full of water, and were, in fact, engines for capturing the entomonstracan crustaceous larvæ and other minute animals that swarm on stagnant water. Their delicate, transparent little trap-door, opening from without, is hermetically sealed from within; the approach to it protected by large bristles which ward off any creature of dangerous dimensions that might be tempted to force an entrance.

It seems that mischievous curiosity, an unreasoning propensity to poke one's nose into holes and corners where it has no business, is a passion that pervades the universe, and runs animalcules into mischief as well as men. To give the little trap-door a furtive poke, and see what is behind it, seems quite irresistible; and once touched, it springs open, and claps to again behind the unfortunate prisoner, who, after vainly swimming round and round the walls of his watery dungeon, at length dies.

In the South American *Utricularia montana*, the bladders form little subterranean cisterns for the capture of minute terrestrial creatures; in the Brazilian *Utricularia nathmbifolia*, an aquatic plant, but only growing in the water which collects at the bottom of the leaves of a large Tillandsia.

The Nepenthes, and Sarraceniaceæ, like the Utriculariæ, are differentiated by the absorption of putrid matter rather than by the true digestive processes of Drosera, Dionæa, and Pinguicula.

The Nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, inhabitants of the tropical parts of India, Australia, and the Seychelles, partake, however, apparently of both characters. The leaves of this plant form themselves into the most graceful urns and Etruscan pitchers, which are at once traps, reservoirs, and organs of digestion. Some rest upon the ground, others are balanced in the air at the end of long, twisted footstalks. To complete the likeness this leafy pottery bears to the work of men's hands, they possess a delicate hinged lid, sometimes closing the orifice, sometimes half open, and sometimes thrown back as if merely to attract attention to the opening. In the latter case, not having to serve as a bait, the lid has no nectar-secreting glands; but in the other cases the interior surface of the lid and throat is covered with glands that secrete a sweet fluid to attract the prey to the mouth of the pit of destruction. Below are two distinct zones, the upper one smooth, slippery, and glandless, and the lower aqueous zone, where multitudes of minute glands exude a limpid liquid, into which the insect ultimately slips.

Inorganic matter produces no effect on the glands, but the presence of organic matter causes the glands to secrete more rapidly; and the action of the fluid on white of egg or meat being the same in character as the secretion of Drosera, though far feebler, would seem to indicate digestive functions.

This function disappears in the Sarraceniaceæ, which, it has been suggested, might be designated putrivorous plants in contradistinction to the strictly carnivorous plants with the digestive apparatus, since the former only absorb putrid matter. The representative type of this Order, the Sarracenia of Linnæus, is a marsh-plant like Dionæa, with no apparent stem, the leaves forming curious trumpet-like shapes, tapering toward the base, the posterior lip of the wide orifice running up into a tongue-like vertical process.

The careful researches of Dr. Mellichamp, an American botanist, conducted especially on the *Sarracenia variolaris* —in which the orifice of the trumpet is always closed by a lid-like process, and guided by the suspicious circumstance of the accumulation of putrid and decaying animal matter always found in their leafy formations—have proved not only that the liquid of the reservoir is not rain-water, but a vital secretion from the plant itself; but also that it acts as a strong anæsthetic on living flies, and after death produces rapid putrefaction. After half-a-minute's immersion in this terrible bath they appear to be dead, but if rescued recover in from half-an-hour's to an hour's time. From the rapid putrefaction of their remains, Dr. Mellichamp concludes that the fluid is not digestive, an opinion in which Sir Joseph Hooker coincides, while confessing the utter ignorance of science as to the way in which the plant absorbs the quantity of decaying nitrogenous matter with which it elaborately manures itself, and which must pass into its system through the tissues of the leaf instead of by its roots.

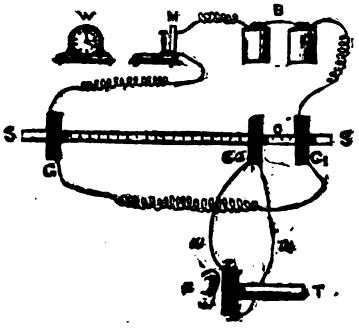
But whatever obscurity still rests on this point, one point is at least clear—that Linnæus's benevolent drinking fountains are in reality perfidious traps. Nectar-secreting glands stud not only the orifice of the trumpet, but both sides of a winged membrane which runs along the whole face of it, so that the unsuspecting insect is conducted by a double "primrose path of dalliance" to the mouth of the pit. Within, conical-shaped hairs pointing downward form a velvet carpet for the descending feet, but turn into a wall of bristling spears the moment the insect attempts to retrace his steps. Below this again the slippery surface forms a glissade, and lastly in the gulf itself, into which the victim is precipitated, long, stiff, downward-pointing hairs converge and intercross, like pitiless arms outstretched on all sides to sink the drowning creature deeper and deeper in the deathful waters.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Faber's Talking Machine.—Several years ago, Herr Faber exhibited in the United States a veritable talking machine. It was on an entirely different principle from the phonograph, as it actually talked by means of cords and strings, which imitated the complicated machinery of the larynx and mouth. It was a wonderful mechanical invention, but has been superseded by Edison's invention. Faber's instrument has been purchased for the museum of the School of Medicine in Paris, and will be used in the lectures on the organs of speech in the courses of that institution. It was exhibited to the public for the last time February 24th, 1879, in the presence of a large number of scientific men.

A New Electric Marvel.—A new electrical apparatus, termed the Induction Balance, has just been invented by Prof. Hughes, the well-known perfecter of the microphone, and it promises to be of great and far-reaching importance to science. Prof. Stokes, indeed, the distinguished Cambridge physicist, has characterized it as the most remarkable instrument of our time. Its value will lie not so much, perhaps, in its practical as in its scientific application; for it is likely to become, in the hands of the physicist, a means of throwing light on the molecular structure of bodies, and enabling him to probe the secrets of matter by help of the subtle electric current. There is no branch of science that may not profit by it, whether it be light, heat, magnetism, electricity, acoustics or chemistry; and it may be the mainspring of a series of new discoveries. The induction balance is another result of Prof. Hughes's microphonic and telephonic researches, and it involves the use of both the microphone and the telephone. It is based on the fact that whenever a current of electricity is started or stopped in a wire, there will be another current set up in any wire which should happen to be near; the latter current, which is called an *induced* or "secondary" current, flowing in the reverse direction to the motive or "primary" current in the first wire. In his induction balance, Prof. Hughes causes a current to pass along *two* wires, having a third wire placed between; and he so opposes the two wires in which the primary current is flowing, that they tend to *induce* opposite currents in the mid-wire or secondary circuit. Therefore, by shifting the position of the mid-wire with respect to the others, he can arrive at a point where the opposed induction currents in it exactly neutralize or "balance" each other, and the induction is zero. This will become clearer by a reference to the figure, which shows one form of the induction balance in its experimental state, a finished instrument not having yet been made. The two opposed wires are represented by two coils of fine, silk-covered copper wire, C and $C_1$, the mid-wire by the coil $C_2$. This being the secondary or induced circuit, a telephone, T, is connected into it, so that an ear, E, listening at the mouth of the tele-

phone will hear the induced currents circulating in it. The current which is passed through the primary coils is obtained from a galvanic battery, B, and a carbon microphone, M, is inserted in circuit. The little watch, or "reveille" clock, W, ticks alongside, and acting on the telephone, transforms the current into a vibratory one corresponding to the ticking. This vibratory current traverses first one of the coils, C $C_1$, and then the other, inducing sympathetic currents in the independent circuit, $C_2$, so that the ticking of the clock can be heard in the telephone. It can be heard, however, only when the balance is disturbed. The extreme coils, C and $C_1$, are so wound that they oppose each other in their inductive action on the mid-coil, $C_2$, and there is a point between them at which there is absolutely no induction on $C_2$, so that when the mid-coil is placed there the telephone is silent. This point is the zero of the graduated scale, S S, on which the mid-coil slides, and it is marked O on the figure. In order to give a long range of observation, the zero is, for convenience, made near one end of the scale. When the mid-coil is slid to one or other side of this zero point, the ticking of the clock can be heard in the telephone with a degree of intensity which can be measured by the graduations of the scale, for the scale indicates the amount by which the balance is disturbed. An important application of the induction balance consists in the delicate, rapid and simple manner in which it tells a good coin from a base one, or the proportion of alloy in similar coins. For this purpose, the balance as represented above is somewhat modified. Another secondary coil is added, so that there are four coils in all. These are arranged in two pairs, one pair consisting of a primary, $C_1$, with its secondary, $C_2$, and the other pair of the primary, C, with its secondary, $C_3$ (not shown in the figure). The microphone current, as before, flows through both primaries, and in this case both secondaries are connected together and to the telephone. Now these secondaries are so adjusted with respect to each other, that the induced currents in them balance each other as they before did in the single secondary coil, so that no ticking is heard in the telephone. When silence is thus obtained the balance is perfect, and the coils do not require to be moved with respect to each other. The two pairs of coils, or two separate induction "pans" of the balance, as we may call them, should be kept about a yard apart, so as not to influence each other by induction. If now even a grain of metal be interposed between the primary and secondary coil (say) $C_1$ $C_2$, on one side of this electric balance, the induction equilibrium will be upset, and ticking will be heard in the telephone; and to restore the balance a similar grain of the same metal will require to be interposed between the other pair of coils, C $C_3$. If a coin be thus interposed, the balance will only be made perfect again by means of a similar coin; and so sensitive is the instrument, that if the compensating coin be worn, or of a different alloy or temperature to the disturbing one, the balance will not quite recover itself. Tables of the proportion of alloy in gold and silver coins can by this means be made far more correctly than by any known chemical method; and a considerable saving to the mint will very likely attend the introduction of the balance. Electric clairvoyance, or second-sight, can also be performed to a certain extent by the balance. For example, let us suppose that the "pan" of the balance, $C_1$ $C_2$, is in a distant place—say Edinburgh—and the other pan, C $C_3$ ($C^3$ being the extra secondary coil not shown) in London; the scale being dispensed with altogether in this case. Let the telephone-wires, W W, be long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London, so that a person listening in the telephone at London can hear the state of the Edinburgh balance; and let the battery-wires be so long as to convey the same microphonic current through both primary coils, $C_1$ and C, at Edinburgh and London. Now, it is clear that if the observer at London listens in the telephone, he will hear the disturbance caused by inserting something in the pan of the balance at Edinburgh, and will be able to allay it by operating on the pan beside him. Indeed, the apparatus can be so adjusted that if a sovereign, or a shilling, or a threepenny piece, or a farthing, etc., be made to disturb the balance at Edinburgh, the observer at London will be able to tell what it is, since only a like coin interposed in his balance in London will produce the same disturbance on the latter.




A War Stratagem of Claude Bernard.—In order to introduce cattle into Paris during the siege, it was necessary to silence their cries to prevent detection. Claude Bernard proposed to cut the nerve which enables the animal to emit the usual cry. The operation is so easy that it could be executed in a few seconds by an ordinary butcher, and the animal does not appear to suffer in any way by the mutilation which has made it mute. But the Germans were too vigilant, and the stratagem failed.

The little town of Hohenstein, in the Erzgebirge, will celebrate the centenary of one of its most celebrated sons on April 26th, 1880. The eminent naturalist and philosopher, Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert was born at Hohenstein, in 1780, and died at Munich on July 1st, 1860. It is intended to erect a monument to his memory, and to establish a school under the name of Schubert Institution.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

There isn't a light-house on the coast that weighs less than a ton.

When your wife falls asleep by the fire, take the tongs and poker.

When did measles first break out, and what was the cause of the riot?

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

Is it certain that dogs delight to bark and bite, and is it their nature to?

Archie: "See how I am hunted after; all these are invitations." *Friend:* "Good gracious!—all invitations! Invitations to what?" *Archie:* "To call and settle their accounts!"

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

A priest said to a peasant, whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Should think I was," replied the clodhopper; "as I feeds myself, and you teaches me!"

"Your judges have sentenced you to death," said a friend to Socrates. "And has not nature passed the same sentence on them?" quietly responded the sage old philosopher.

"Mary," said a mother to a little girl, "if I were a little girl like you, I should pick up all these chips." "Well, mamma," answered Mary, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

A man being taken before a justice of the peace, on a charge of stealing eggs, the magistrate asked where the eggs were. "They're in custody, if your honor please," answered the constable.

Sixty-seven thousand acres were devoted to the cultivation of castor oil in Madras last year. Those who have had any fear of a scarcity of this exhilarating beverage may now take comfort.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said an old bachelor; "it is more like climbing up to it!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lilton to her husband, "why do they so often put 'Appraiser' after an auctioneer's name?" "Because, madame, an auctioneer is always a praiser of the goods he sells."

Crusty says that falling in the street is bad enough, without having the first idiot that passes try to thrust the additional misfortune of his acquaintance upon you by asking, "Did you hurt yourself?"

"What," asked a ladies' paper—"what won't a young man do for the woman he devoutly loves?" Well, he won't go out to the corner shop for a pint of milk in daylight, if there are people sitting on the next doorstep.

Pedestrian (who has dropped half a crown in front of "the blind"): "Why, you wretched humbug, you're not blind!" *Beggar:* "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"

Sworn Off.—A contemporary tells of a young man who swore off smoking, and was worth ten thousand pounds in five years. That's a mistake. We know a young man who has sworn off fifteen times in five years, and isn't worth a farthing.

At a wedding breakfast, a clumsy waiter contrived to upset a tureen full of rich soup over the satin dress of a lady, who took it to heart terribly, and threatened hysterics. "Don't worry, ma'am," said the waiter, kindly; "there's lots more soup in the kitchen!"

"I say, Sambo, were you ever intoxicated?" "No, Julius, neber; was you?" "Well, I was, Sambo." "Didn't it make you feel good, Julius?" "Yah. But, golly, next morning I thought my head wasa woodshed, and all de niggers in Christendom was splitting wood in it!"

An attorney, not celebrated for his probity, was robbed one night on his way from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, meeting Baron O'Grady the next day, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, indeed," replied the baron, with a good deal of surprise. "Pray, whom did he rob?"

M. Delaunay one night left the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, Paris, with the manuscript of a play called *Vercingetorix* under his arm. At the corner of the street he was attacked by a footpad. "Rascal!" exclaimed the actor, "if you are not off, I will break my *Vercingetorix* over your head!" The thief incontinently fled.

Before and After.—"Women, before marriage, want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything else," said an old bachelor. "How different it is with men," said his laughing niece. "When a man gets a wife, he just settles right down contented, feeling that he has secured the best blessing that Heaven could bestow!"

While one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State of California was recently staying in Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and, among the rest, "Where do you live?" "In California." "Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?" "I am a Judge of the Supreme Court." "Oh, ah," returned the Frenchman—"then I need not ask your name—it is Lynch, eh?"

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.— FROM THE PAINTING BY M. T. DAVIDSON.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

SOMETIMES, on the lawn of a gentleman's country-seat there may still be found one of the old-fashioned sundials; but for the ordinary purposes of indicating the hour, the flight of time has indeed bânished the sundial to the antiquarian's cabinet.

The scene depicted in the above engraving belongs neither to this age nor country. It is a scene in *la belle France*, and the old gardener is pointing out to his mistress just what the hour is, in order that she may set her watch, which, like so many other ladies' watches, is certain to be wrong. Alas! it will not be right after it is set, for the sun himself is not a reliable guide.

See page 485.

THE DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR: After the Painting by Gérome.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

# THE MODERN PHARAOH.

BY EDWIN DE LEON, AUTHOR OF "THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT."

THE land of Egypt! How many memories does that name recall?—memories of those wondrous Scriptural stories, first learned at pious mothers' knees; memories of a history which was older than tradition when the Father of History, Herodotus, related the marvelous tales told him by Egyptian priests; and whose gigantic monuments have outlived the names of the proud Pharaohs who erected them to perpetuate the record of their dynasty. Coming down a little later, the mind recurs to that too-human story of the Egyptian Queen, whose face is carved in stone on the temple walls of Denderah, and of her Roman lover, who thought "the world well lost" for one smile of hers; and later still, of that new city, risen on the ruins of the old, in which Greek, Roman, Goth, and Barbarian struggled for mastery with the early Christians, in the time of their great Bishop Cyril, so graphically told in Kingsley's "Hypatia."

But recollections cluster so thickly around this strange land, that although a pile of volumes, rivaling one of her pyramids, has already been devoted to her story, the theme is not yet exhausted; and a new page in that eventful history has been inscribed by Mehemet Ali and his successors, who have created a new Egypt out of the wrecks of the old, which, though widely dissimilar in most of its features, yet preserves much of the antique stamp, and makes Modern Egypt unlike any other country on the face of the earth.

ISMAIL PASHA, KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT, 1863 TO 1879.

Among the most interesting pages of that new history of this ancient land, whenever it shall be fully and faithfully recorded, must be those which chronicle the reign of the Khédive Ismaïl, now deposed and

banished from the throne and city in which he sought to play the part of Haroun-el-Raschid; and who in sixteen years wrought more good and more evil to his country than any ruler, except the two Napoleons—the latest of whom he adopted as his model.

It is yet, perhaps, too early to do full justice to the man and his works, for we stand too near both; and, at this moment, too many partialities and prejudices sway those who had the privilege of knowing intimately and closely watching Egypt during all those years. Yet, as far as may be possible, the present writer, who has enjoyed exceptional facilities in this regard, will attempt impartially to sketch the man, the monarch, and the chief results of his reign.

Every one knows that, through the united pressure of all the foreign Powers at Constantinople, instigated by England and France, and enforced by the iron hand of Bismarck (who, at the most critical moment, like Brennus of old, threw the sword of Germany into the wavering scale), the Sultan deposed Ismaïl, and placed his son Mehemet Tewfik in his seat—the Powers guaranteeing an annual pension to the dethroned Prince, of a quarter of a million of dollars, for the term of his life.

The refusal of his petition to be allowed even to reside in an Egyptian village hereafter, proves the determination rigorously to exclude him henceforth from any influence over Egyptian affairs; and he and his reign may both be treated now as things of the past; concerning which we may sit in judgment, as posterity ever assumes to do.

Innumerable pictures and photographs have made the face and figure of Ismaïl Pasha familiar to the public. Every one recognizes the round, full face, with its fringe of short, brown beard, and stubbly mustache; the regular and heavy features, cast in a Turkish mold; the heavy-lidded, half-closed eyes; the broad forehead, half-concealed by the red *tarbouche*, or fez cap; the full, sensual mouth, and iron jaw; the broad, squat figure, of barrel conformation—tightly buttoned up in the straight-collared, Stamboul frock-coat, with decorations pendent at the breast—a costume all European except the fez.

His late troubles have aged him somewhat, both in face and figure; but that marvelous stoicism, which is the birthright and in the blood of a Turk, masks, or has really blunted, the severity of a stroke, which has been death to Western rulers—and the face of the ex-Khédive has little outward show of inward suffering, either for his losses or his imputed crimes.

For, as a certain prehistorical character has charitably been declared "not quite so black as he is painted," so may it be justly said of the ex-Khédive; though that Charity certainly needs an ample mantle to conceal or palliate his "multitude of sins," both of omission and commission. In judging him, however, it would be unjust to weigh his actions or his life by an European standard; for neither his training, nor his environments or necessities, rendered it possible for him to think, feel or act as an European or Christian monarch is, in conscience and duty, bound to do.

Ismaïl was the second son of the famous warrior, Ibrahim Pasha, who reigned but seventy days after succeeding his still-surviving father, Mehemet Ali, to the Egyptian throne—Mehemet's last years having been darkened by madness, ending in imbecility. The elder brother, Achmet, perished in a railway accident in crossing the Nile, the train having been precipitated through an open drawbridge into the river with its living freight, twenty of whom perished. Halim, his uncle, also on board, leaped into the Nile and swam ashore. He still lives, and has put in a protest against Tewfik's succession.

Ismaïl was born at Cairo in 1830. His mother was one of his father's many wives, a Circassian slave, all of his brothers being the offspring of different women—on the Oriental plan. He was sent at an early age to Paris, and there carefully educated by French tutors. His father dying in 1849, he returned home the succeeding year, and became an open and determined opponent of Abbas Pasha, his cousin, who then reigned, and was kept as a State prisoner at large by that jealous despot—not being allowed to leave Cairo without special permission, and for a limited time.

So critical was his position that (to the certain knowledge of the present writer) he secretly sent his physician to one consul-general, asking his intervention in case of an emergency—which was promised him, and which he did not afterward forget when attaining power.

The death of Abbas, who was strangled by his own slaves while taking his *siesta*, relieved him of this apprehension; but he never reciprocated the confidence and kindness of his successor, his uncle Saïd, who strove in vain to obtain the support, if not the affection, of his family, all of whom, except Halim, sullenly and suspiciously held aloof from him.

During Saïd's reign, which lasted little more than eight years, Ismaïl devoted himself chiefly to the management of his estates, then consisting of 50,000 acres of sugar and cotton lands, and was considered a successful and skillful manager; keeping aloof as much as possible from public affairs, and only taking a part under Saïd's special orders. The generous, open nature of the then Viceroy never was sympathetic with the secretive and suspicious character of Ismaïl, who in youth possessed the caution of age.

In private, however, the young prince was a most agreeable and winning person, of pleasing appearance and elegant manners, very affable, with a ready flow of conversation, and the air of a polished Frenchman. He spoke French with perfect accuracy, lived in a very fine palace, furnished in European style, and entertained very handsomely the few foreigners with whom he was intimate; reserving his Turkish side for his hareem and his Egyptian associates.

The general impression entertained of the young prince by the foreign consuls-general—who were then small kings themselves—was that he was an agreeable, polished man of the world, without much energy or force of character, and more of a voluptuary, on the Parisian model, than a man of thought or action.

No one then suspected that, like Brutus of old, he was playing his part. No one intimate with him at that early day ever dreamed that he would ever develop the good or the bad qualities, and the strength of will and intellect which he has since so signally evinced, and which, for good and evil, have stamped him as the Modern Pharaoh.

He ascended the throne comparatively young—for, after a sixteen years' reign, he is but fifty years old now—succeeding his uncle, Saïd Pacha, a son of Mehemet Ali, in 1863. He had been previously intrusted by that generous and open-hearted relative with several high public positions, among them the Regency, during Saïd's occasional absences abroad. He cherished, however, neither love nor gratitude for his predecessor, for his nature was ever a suspicious and distrustful one; and, as a general rule in the East, "a man's greatest enemies are those of his own household," and his own children have ever entertained for him more fear than affection. He desired to be respected and feared, never to be loved, by his elder sons: as a younger one, Ibrahim, was his favorite: and succeeded thoroughly in establishing his domestic relations on that footing. He was reported to be as despotic in his household as in his government; but the vail of his hareem con-

cealed his conjugal relations, in which he observed the Mussulman law in taking his full complement of four legal wives—the only part of the Mussulman law to which he was strict in his adhesion; seldom, if ever, going to mosque, except on public occasions of religious *fêtes;* openly drinking wine; and disregarding observances held sacred by all strict Mohammedans. Like many of the semi-civilized Turks and Arabs, his foreign training, while it had not inspired him with belief in or respect for foreign usages and faith, had given him a contempt for his own, as well as disbelief in the most vital tenets. Hence they are not only men of "little," but of no, faith; without any moral compass or rudder to steer by, or any higher guide than caprice or interest.

The only man the late Khédive ever was supposed to have confided in absolutely was his foster-brother, the Mouffetich Ismaïl-Sadyk, the son of a Fellah woman, who he made his Finance Minister and chief adviser, enriched, ennobled, treated as an intimate, yet finally had done to death, confiscating his vast possessions as those of "a traitor," which he was adjudged to be in secret session by an obsequious privy council. No man to-day in Egypt knows how or where he died, or where his grave is; and probably the secret will perish with the Khédive, since most of that privy council suddenly and suspiciously died, shortly after the Mouffetich tragedy.

A lurid light has been thrown on the Khédive's character by late revelations, some of which will be found related in "The Khédive's Egypt," and in "Egypt under Ismaïl Pasha," two recent works. How much of truth there may be in all these stories it were difficult to say, perhaps impossible to prove; for the peculiar system of Oriental life is such as to shroud in secrecy and for ever the darkest deeds, perpetrated either behind the hareem curtains, or in the almost equally secluded *selamlik*, or men's apartment; privacy and mystery being the two great elements of Eastern, as publicity and gossip are of Western, life.

But passing from the private life and character of the ex-Khédive, let us turn to his public acts, concerning which, although the element of secrecy has largely entered —to the confusion of his accounts and his creditors—the greater portion has been open to the public eye; and certainly there is much to show for the ninety millions of public and private debt, he has contrived to accumulate on the country and himself, during the sixteen years of his reign.

Upon his accession, he found Egypt in a transition period. The civilization and the reforms introduced by his famous grandfather, Mehemet Ali, had been retarded rather than advanced by his immediate successor and grandson, Abbas—a thorough Turk, who neither spoke the language, followed the customs, nor loved the laws or the ways of "the Infidels": and who, to the extent of his power, sought to retain Oriental usages and customs in the country. When he perished by a violent death at the hands of slaves (sent him as a present from Constantinople by his aunt, Nezlé Khanum), his uncle, Saïd Pasha, a younger son of Mehemet Ali, mounted the throne, and immediately reversed the policy and habits of Abbas.

Saïd invited and liberally patronized Europeans to settle in Egypt, and introduced all European arts and improvements for the decoration and sanitary welfare of Alexandria and Cairo. It was under his reign that gas, and waterworks, and extensive railway and telegraph lines were introduced into Egypt; as well as factories revived, which had been disused and neglected since his grandfather's time.

He turned his attention more to useful than ornamental improvements, and was made the victim of many plausible foreign swindlers, with their grand schemes. But he did many useful things, too, in the way of public improvements; and the Suez Canal—the Mediterranean mouth of which bears his name—was the joint offspring of his, as well as of Dr. Lesseps's public spirit. The work had progressed very far before his death, in January, 1863, and Ismaïl was compelled, by the pressure of Napoleon III., to continue, and allow the completion of the works.

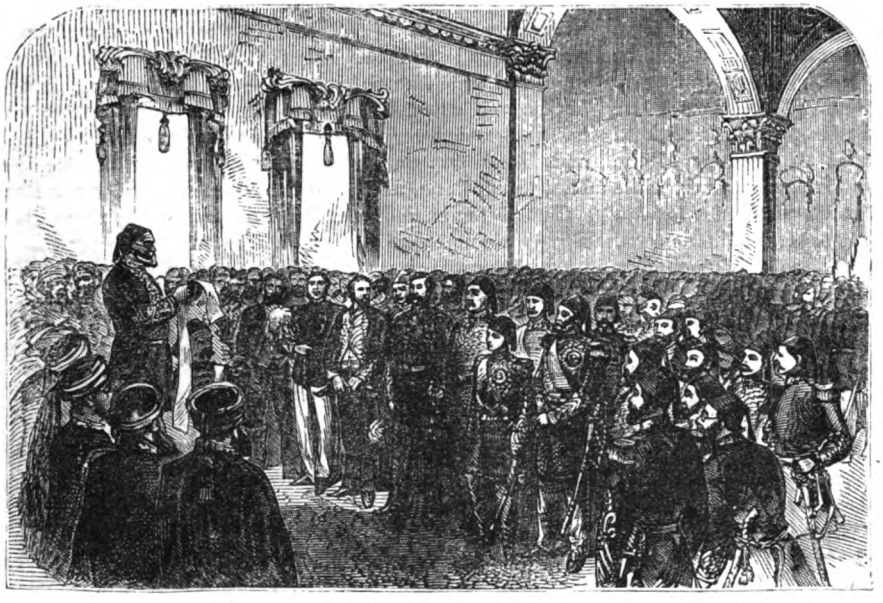
But if the initiation of all the public improvements in Egypt was not due to Ismaïl, it is but just to say that he pushed them far beyond a point ever dreamed of by Saïd: and revolutionized the external appearance, at least, of the great cities of Alexandria and Cairo: until the former has become almost completely de-Orientalized, and the latter partially so—in externals.

But "Old Cairo" is still a thoroughly Eastern city in more than three-fourths of its area, into which the Khédive's "improvements" never penetrated, and wherein the scenes of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"(so familiar to all childhood) may still be daily and nightly seen; with apparently the identical "One-eyed calendars," water-carriers, vailed women, black eunuchs, camels and donkeys—whose wonderful adventures used so much to fascinate us in the days when there were children, and not "young ladies and gentlemen," educated out of imagination by common schools.

The period of Ismaïl's accession was also the era of Louis Napoleon's flood-tide of glory and power, when, with the aid of Baron Haussman, he was reconstructing Paris; and his Egyptian imitator sought, regardless of expense, to do the same by Egypt and her capital city of Cairo, that Napoleon was doing by France and her modern Babylon. Alexandria, which was Saïd Pasha's favorite city, Ismaïl shunned and never cared for; although her wealthy and enterprising foreign merchant-princes, of all European nationalities, caught the impulse from the Khédive: and have made it a solid and handsome European city, on the Italian model.

But at Cairo, Ismaïl took full scope and swing, on the Haussman plan; opening wide boulevards through the ancient, crooked and narrow streets, leading from the Ezbekieh, or central open square, in the heart of the city, to the citadel, on the verge of the Desert at its other extremity: tearing down houses and portions of houses in blocks, cutting down the giant sycamores planted by Mehemet Ali in the Ezbekieh Gardens, and rearing up huge piles of buildings with arcades like the Rue de Rivoli at Paris, on the site once occupied by those famous gardens, the pride and boast of Cairo, and nightly the resort of the native and foreign population for story-telling, pipe-smoking, coffee-drinking, and other harmless Oriental dissipations peculiar to the place and time. In his rage for improvement, the Khédive offered European and rich native residents valuable building-lots near the European quarter, then under cultivation, free of cost, on condition of erecting thereon each a house of not less value than $10,000, for occupation. The consequence of this was that in three years' time a new town, European in character of building, though Oriental in gardens, sprang up, as though by magic, in these suburbs, inhabited by Europeans and Europeanized natives; constituting at present one of the prettiest quarters of the city, and covering quite an extensive space, with a large population of several thousands.

In the course of an hour, the resident at Shepherd's Hotel, facing what once was the Ezbekieh Gardens—a fragment of which is now walled in as a French garden of fifty acres, perhaps—can pass through a Western and an Eastern town in quick succession, as utterly different in



READING THE SULTAN'S FIRMAN IN 1868 GRANTING THE RANK OF VIZIER TO TEWFIK PASHA.

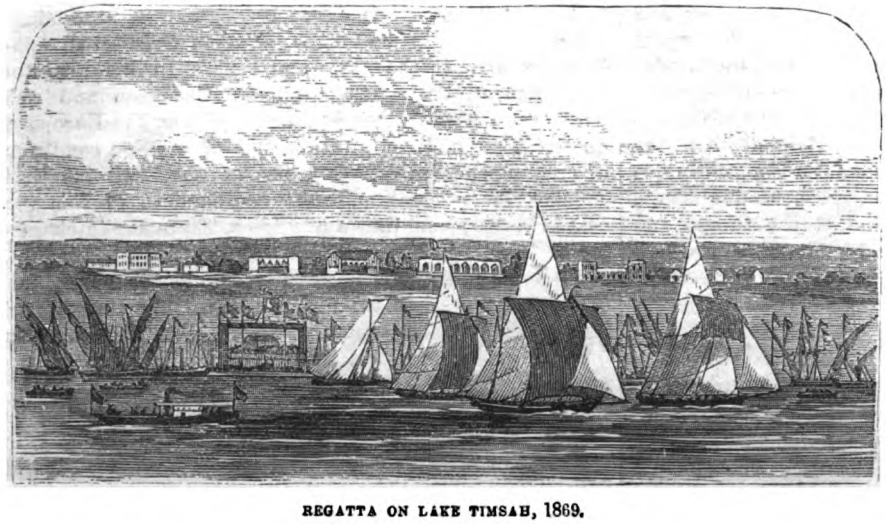
architecture and surroundings, as well as in the character and race of residents, as Europe is from Africa, or the West from the East.

The lighting of the city with gas, and supplying it with water-works; the making of excellent streets and roads inside and outside of Cairo, even to the Pyramids, formerly accessible only on horse- and donkey-back—these were labors of love with Ismaïl, and will remain his best memorials.

As to the palaces he built, in bad taste and at vast expense, for himself, his sons and daughters, they too will remain, but only as monuments of foolish waste and useless extravagance; for of abandoned palaces of former princes in Egypt going to decay, and uninhabited save by bats and owls, there was, when he built these, no end; the same mania for building having been evidently a family trait for three generations, which it is to be hoped will die out with the present.

The first ten years of Ismaïl's reign constituted a period of great apparent prosperity. The Civil War in America had greatly benefited and enriched Egypt, which had profited by the cotton blockade of the Southern ports, to increase the production of cotton, until the crop reached 600,000 bales of superior quality, commanding very high prices, as did also all Egyptian produce for the same reason; and the effects lasted for several years after the cessation of that war. As the greatest of merchant-princes, Ismaïl Pasha profited largely, and became more grasping with his increase of wealth; annexing unscrupulously his people's real estate, until he and his family became the owners of one-fifth of the best land in Egypt under cultivation (amounting to 1,000,000 of acres, held in his own name, or those of his family) which have but recently been surrendered up to the State, under the new *régime*: the new Khédive setting the example.

FETES OF THE VICEROY IN 1869—A DROMEDARY RACE.

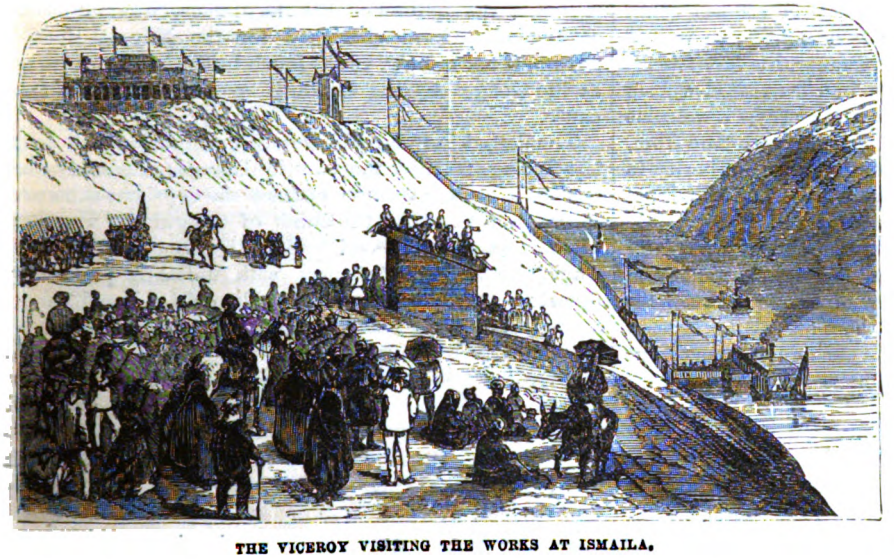


REGATTA ON LAKE TIMSAH, 1869.

In 1869, the inauguration of the Suez Canal (one of the grandest public ceremonies of

the century) took place, and all the great Powers of Europe sent their heads, or representatives of royal houses, to be the Khédive's guests. They were received and treated right royally. The world had witnessed nothing to equal that reception, since the days of "The Field of Cloth of Gold," and that was a poor pageant in comparison. At the head of the brilliant cortége was that then royal lady—now a bereaved and crownless widow, mourning like Rachel, that "her child is not" —the Empress Eugenie; and the *fêtes* in her honor, and that of the Prince of Wales, and other royal guests, were fabulous in cost and splendor. The accompanying illustrations feebly shadow forth a few of

THE KHÉDIVE RECEIVING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1869.

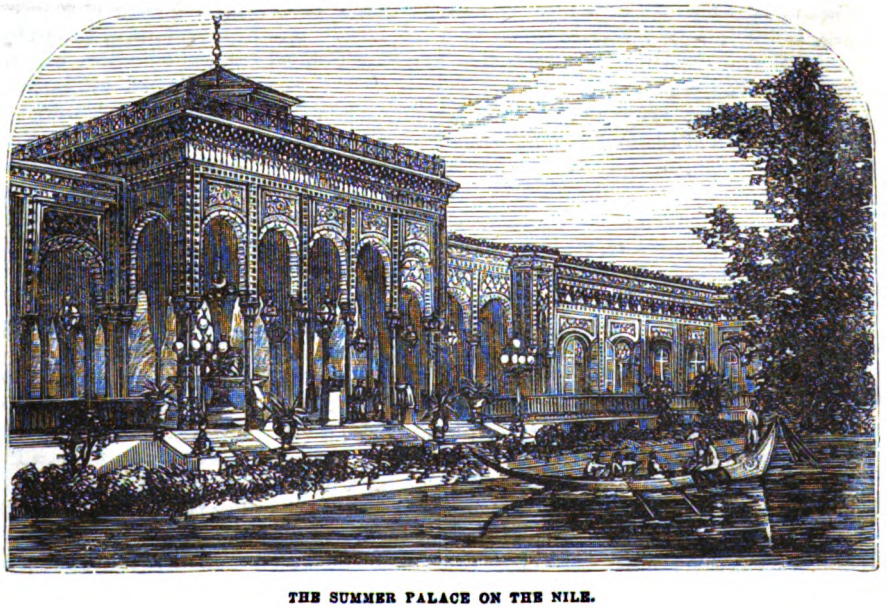


THE VICEROY VISITING THE WORKS AT ISMAILA.

the entertainments offered by Ismaïl to his guests: who treated him as one of themselves thenceforth.

The character of these *fêtes* was partly European, partly Oriental; while the Khédive entertained his guests in splendid palaces fitted up with the elegancies and comforts of Western civilization — the Empress and Princes might have imagined themselves at home in their own palaces—he gave them also entertainments which recalled those of the "Thousand and One Nights" in Haroun-el-Raschid's time. Dromedary races, Djereed playing by mounted Bedouins in their picturesque ragged costumes; regattas on Lake Timsah (Crocodile Lake) through which the Suez Canal was cut; excursions up the Nile to Thebes in splendidly decorated *dahabiehs*, or Nile boats, towed by steamers; and finally the gorgeous representation of Verdi's new opera, "Aïda," composed expressly for the Khédive and the occasion.

Distinguished strangers from all quarters of the world flocked by invitation, or inspired by curiosity, to this carnival of nationalities, wherein almost every specimen and class of the human race, civilized or savage, found its representatives; for the East was as largely represented as the West, Egypt numbering, with her own borders, and under the Khédive's



THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE NILE.

jurisdiction, no less than sixteen different races. Hence, in the way of languages, a reproduction of the colloquies at the Tower of Babel was offered on this occasion, as well as such a study of varieties in costume, as might have suggested novel and grand conceptions to such artists as Worth of Paris, or Poole of London.

Literature was represented, among others, by M. Edmond About, whose romance, "The Fellah," in which there is far less fact than fiction, was the fruit of this visit.

Egypt and its ruler were admitted with loud acclaim into the confraternity of civilized states and monarchs, and held up as examples of progress, in consequence of this manifestation. Orders and decorations were freely showered on the Khédive, and his sons, from all the foreign Powers, who proclaimed that since Haroun-el-Raschid there had been no such Eastern ruler. The Emperor of Austria conferred on the Khédive the Order of St. Stephen, one of the highest and most exclusive of Christian badges, and other monarchs did the same.

Before this period he had bribed the Sultan with an enormous sum (said to be £1,000,000), to change the order of succession to the Egyptian throne to his eldest son; setting aside the heir in regular succession, Prince Halim Pasha, the sole surviving son of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the house. At this time Fortune never seemed weary of showering down on Ismaïl her richest gifts; as well as on the heads of the royal pair of France, his fast friends and powerful protectors, whom he in turn visited during the great French Exposition; receiving so royal a welcome as to excite the jealousy of, and call down a reprimand from, his then nominal master, the Sultan, whose authority in Egypt had become a shadow, of which the annual tribute was the only substance.

The liberal spirit of the Khédive was shown especially in two of the measures of his reign. First, in the adoption of the Mixed Tribunals for the trial of causes between his subjects and foreigners (of whom there are about 100,000 in Egypt), for which he had to provide and pay for about thirty foreign judges, four of whom are Americans, with about a dozen American residents. Second, in the selection of American officers as chiefs and assistants on the staff of his army, to the number of forty or fifty—but three of whom now remain, under the retrenchment policy insisted on by the Anglo-French Commission, viz., General Stone, and Colonels Purdy and Mason.

Several of these American officers distinguished themselves as African explorers also—notably, Colonels C. C. Long, Colston, Purdy and Mason. General Loring was connected with the Abyssinian campaign, as well as Colonel Dye and several others.

The storm which swept away our military representatives has, as yet, spared the four judges, who are paid out of the depleted Egyptian treasury $21,000 per annum.

Profiting by his credit the Khédive, as he was then created, a title higher than that of viceroy, or governor-general, borne by his predecessors, made great and repeated loans on usurious terms for vast amounts, and launched out, not only into wild personal extravagances, but into gigantic public works, more fit for vast empires like Russia, or boundless territory and resources like those of the United States, than for the limited area, and yet more restricted resources, of poor little Egypt. Of these public works, some were actually completed, but mortgaged to the foreign constructors; others commenced, but not completed: and yet more planned, but never executed. The harbors, docks, lighthouses, canals and railways, and telegraphs come in the first category, and are Ismaïl's most durable legacy to the country. The thousand and one other projects commenced only, or existing merely in engineers' plans and salaries, immensely outnumber these practical performances. For the £90,000,000 indebtedness incurred, which has crushed the Khédive, and weighs like a dead weight on the country and its people, these public works are all there is to show; and few of them pay any dividends—the enormous interest on the public debt being wrung out of the sweat and blood of the overtasked Fellahs, the peasant proprietors of the soil, 10,000 of whom perished last year from over-work and famine in Upper Egypt. And this leads to the consideration of the Fellahs, or peasant laboring population of Egypt, who constitute its most peculiar feature, as well as contribute to the support of the country, and its expensive Court, about eight-tenths of all that is produced; out of which they receive barely enough to keep body and soul together, from a truly patriarchal and paternal Government. Last year, even that scanty pittance was not accorded them: for the foreign creditor tightened the screw on Khédive Ismaïl, who in turn, screwed down tighter the vice in which he held the lives and labor of his people. So the Fellahs were fearfully decimated and disheartened by famine on the Upper Nile, where the pressure was the heaviest, and the crops the most scanty, owing to a low Nile, the supply of water from the river regulating the crops.

Hence the reverence the Egyptians, even from the earliest time, have cherished for the Nile—to them a stream, if not as holy, yet as much beloved and reverenced, as the Ganges by the Hindoos—possibly from the same cause.

The despairing wail which went up from the Nile banks last Spring, reached the ears in Europe, previously deafened to the remonstrances of these slaves (whose skins were brown, not black) by the chink of the guineas wrung out of their sweat and blood by Khédive Ismaïl, through his Anglo-French commissioners, with unfailing punctuality (quarterly), as interest on the public debt. Ismaïl's deposition has been the result of this and non-payment.

Whether Europe, under the new *régime*, after making a scapegoat of Ismaïl, will still as rigorously exact "the letter of the bond," and her "pound of flesh," as stipulated therein, through the new Khédive, Mehemet Tewfik (a young man of twenty seven, entirely in their hands, with the Sultan's eager clutch on his purse besides), events will very soon show.

But no change can make the poor Fellah's condition much worse than it has lately been, in spite of the gilding and the veneer which has been spread over the recent revival of Egypt by the deposed Khédive, and his loud-voiced eulogists, who proclaimed him not only a great and enlightened reformer, but an equally large-hearted philanthropist. To do him justice, in the early part of his reign, and at the period of his great prosperity, when the spell of Aladdin seemed his, Ismaïl did attempt to extend the advantages of education to his people: and, had prosperity continued, might have even ameliorated their condition, and improved their sordid and almost bestial lot and modes of living—an attempt spasmodically made by his large-hearted predecessor, Said Pasha, but soon abandoned in vexatious despair by that generous, but reckless and thoughtless, ruler. He left the Fellah as he found him, and if he did not elevate and improve his condition or his intelligence, did not further brutalize him by oppression and starvation.

Under the Modern Pharaoh—as under the old—the condition of the Fellah, or of the laborer and peasant (of whom he may or may not have been the direct descendant), the life, labors and condition of this class seem to have been substantially the same; with very slight changes indeed, throughout all the intervening ages. Nothing seems sus-

ceptible of change in Egypt, for even Time respects there those things he never spares elsewhere—as the frowning Pyramids, the eternal Sphinx, even the exhaustless granary of the fields, irrigated as of old by the eternal river among whose rushes the infant Moses slept and smiled—still survive to attest.

A record traced on papyrus has come down to us from those distant ages, when the Pharaohs were building Memphis and Thebes—possibly the Pyramids—which modern skill and patience have deciphered, and there we read a description of the Egyptian peasant's lot, which applies equally to the cultivators of the soil to-day, in all the terrible truth of its revelations of

"Man's inhumanity to man"

in past ages, as in the present—whether men worship the Sacred Bull or the "Golden Calf."

The papyrus referred to is one of the treasures of the British Museum. It contains a correspondence, in hieroglyphics, between Ameneman, the librarian of Rameses the Great, and Pentatour, the poet of his reign (some thousands of years ago), whose poem, recording the achievements of that Egyptian monarch, engraved in hieroglyphic characters on the wall of the Temple of Karnak at Luxor, still remains for the admiration of posterity, or at least such of them as can read hieroglyphics! Ameneman thus writes to his friend, the poet:

"Have you ever represented to yourself in imagination the estate of the rustic who tills the ground? Before he has put the sickle to his crop, the locusts have blasted part thereof. Then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him; his horse dies of weariness, as it drags the wain. The *tax-collector* arrives; his agents are armed with clubs; he has negroes with him, who carry whips of palm-branches. They all say, 'Give us your grain!' And he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next the wretch is caught, bound and sent off to work, without wages, at the canals; his wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

This was not written in the reign of Ismaïl Khédive, any time within the last five years, as it might have been with truth: but in the reign of Rameses, called the Great.

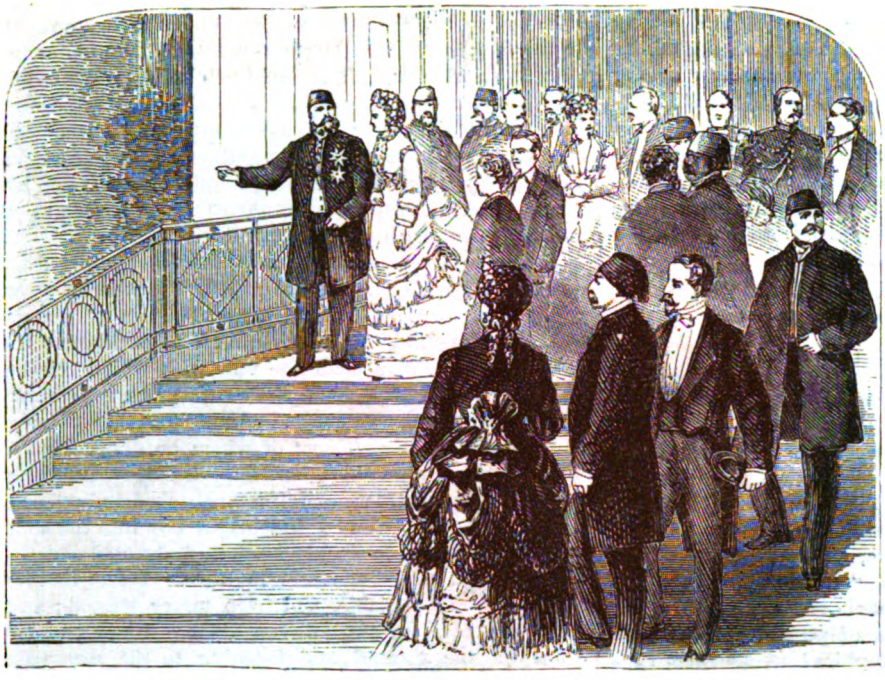
The Fellah, or peasant proprietor and rural laborer of this year of our Lord, under the new dispensation of the reforming Khédive Ismaïl, with his wife and children, is wretchedly lodged in a mud hut, more resembling an African ant-hill than the habitation of a human being. He knows nothing either of comfort or cleanliness, nor do his family. He and his wife are insufficiently clad, each in a coarse blue cotton shirt—insufficient in her case for the preservation of decency to a foreign eye, her face only being entirely concealed from view. The children dispense even with a covering of rags, up to a mature age: and run about much as our "noble savage" did when "wild in woods," according to the poet. The women work as hard and as constantly as the men in the fields, in addition to their domestic duties; and the hard life of the Indian squaw is luxurious and lazy contrasted with theirs. The children are set to work almost as soon as they can toddle about, and are kept at it, until death or disease disables them. From the cradle to the grave the Fellah man and woman are underfed, overworked, overtaxed, and treated like beasts of burden more than like human beings, in the vast majority of instances, with some exceptions, of course; and this class numbers three millions and a half, out of a native population of five millions. And yet, strange to say, they are not wholly brutalized, nor stupefied intellectually, by such a life and surroundings, and such treatment at the hands of their native—or, rather, Turkish—taskmasters. For the ruling race—a mere handful, comparatively—is not Arab, or even Egyptian: but is, or claims to be, Turkish by birth, blood or descent. So do the Khédive and his family; Mehemet Ali coming from Cavalla, in Albania, and the mothers being imported Circassian women, purchased for the harems, and brought from Constantinople. Yet the Mouffetich, one of their most terrible and relentless persecutors and scourgers, was a Fellah by birth and training; and many of the Khédive's most unscrupulous employés for "squeezing the Fellah," were recruited from native ranks.

The Arab race does not seem to have been created for a race of drudges, for nature has gifted it with a ready wit, a quickness of apprehension, a retentiveness of memory, which, in the children, surprises all who understand their native tongue, or witness the ease with which the half-naked little donkey-boy of the cities picks up scraps of foreign languages, and masters and humors the weaknesses of the traveling *howadji*, out of whom he earns his daily bread. As he grows older, hardship, drudgery, insufficient and unwholesome food, and the unchecked indulgence of his animal nature, convert the bright boy into the sullen, slouching man, prematurely aged, and devoted chiefly to his pipe and coffee, his sole luxuries. Yet is he ever a good-tempered, amiable, and even merry animal; and a social one also, whose amusements consist in squatting down on the ground and listening to the professional story-teller or musician, who always collects crowds in the streets; or witnessing the writhings and contortions of the lower class of dancing women, on whom the Fellah's spare *paras* (most valueless of coins) are freely bestowed. And yet, most of this apparently pauper class are real estate owners and taxpayers; the land of Egypt being chiefly subdivided into small holdings—very small, indeed, as may be judged from the character and means of the proprietors, as above described. The lands which the royal family took forcible possession of, and the large properties of a few pashas connected with or favored by royalty, constitute the sole exceptions; and these amount to little more than a fifth of the whole.

The marvel with every traveler in Egypt is, justly, how out of so small a country, with so sparse a population, such enormous sums can be raised annually as £8,000,000 or £9,000,000 sterling, equivalent to $45,000,000; and the wonder grows when the voyager sees the class from which that money is extracted. For all the wealth of Egypt comes out of the land; she is agricultural, and nothing else. The tax-gatherer is everywhere, the tax on everything—a tax on all trades and professions, even down to the donkey-boy, and not a solitary date-tree in Egypt is free of it. In addition to all this, the *corvée*, or compulsory and unpaid labor for canals or public works, or on the Khédive's and family's estates, has also been cruelly and constantly enforced, in spite of the poor wretches having left starving families at home.

But it would require a volume, not a chapter, to tell the Fellah's wrongs, in comparison with which the lot of slaves elsewhere, out of Africa, is rose-colored and enviable. And yet the Fellah is called a free man, and actually is a landholder and taxpayer. Let us hope that among the earliest of the sweepings of the new broom in Egypt, may be the removal of the filth, which has accumulated in the mud huts of the Fellahs.

With the defeat and removal of Napoleon III. from the throne of France, the prestige and power of his Egyptian *protégé* began also to decline. French influence, which had been all-powerful in Europe as in Egypt, disappeared everywhere, and the great French banking institution, "The Credit Foncier," a large portion of whose capital was invested in Egyptian securities, comprising



THE KHÉDIVE AT VERSAILLES.

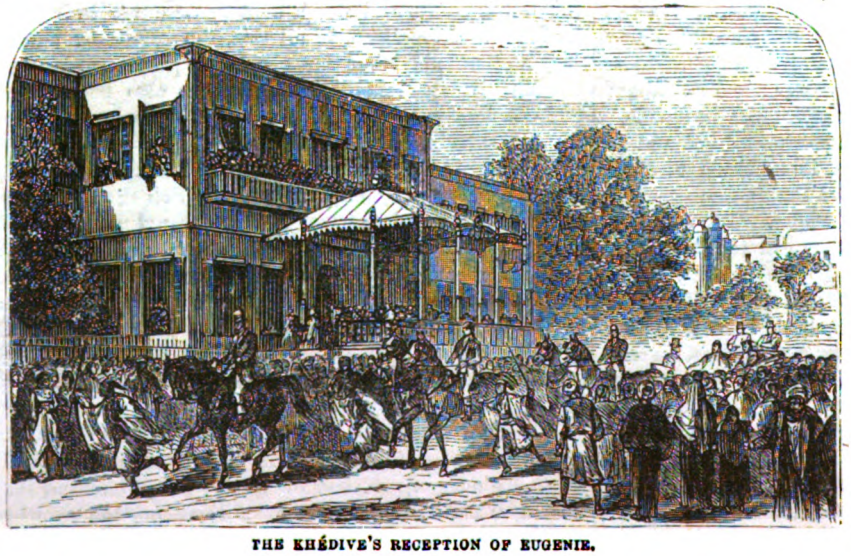
the successive loans made by the Khédive—became uneasy; and English creditors also interested in the same stock joined in putting pressure on their royal debtor, who had made Egypt his farm: and doubts as to the Khédive's solvency, or desire to meet his engagements, passed from whispers to the public prints.

Attempting to make further loans, the Khédive found the English and French public no longer confiding, and money impossible to raise, except on absolutely ruinous terms. So with his usual boldness, he determined to revive the shaken confidence of his foreign creditors, by taking them into his councils, trusting to his own astuteness to manage them. Accordingly, in November, 1875, he applied directly to the British Government to send out some high official, who might examine into and report on the condition and prospects of the Egyptian public debt.

The British Ministry sent out Mr. Stephen Cave, a member of Parliament, and high public official, by far the ablest and most sagacious financier who ever meddled with the great Egyptian muddle. His report was favorable to the chances of redemption of the debt, but he recommended a reduction in the rate of interest—which did not meet the views of the bondholders, ever, like Oliver, "asking for more."

Then Mr. Romaine, with a small army of highly paid English subordinates (paid in pounds what they got in shillings at home), was sent out the succeeding year, to take charge of all the receipts and expenditures of the country, and control all the departments. The Khédive, while nominally permitting this, took care privately to manage matters his own way. Then France, having recovered her spirits and energy, insisted upon sharing with England in their Egyptian spoils and offices; and Frenchmen were largely imported, and provided for in the public offices. Finally, getting more confident, France insisted on a joint commission to examine into Egyptian finance;

LABORERS PREPARING THE ROAD TO DENDERAH.



THE KHÉDIVE'S RECEPTION OF EUGENIE.

and M. Joubert, a French financier, representing the French bondholding interests, and Mr. Goschen, English ex-Cabinet Minister, representing the English bondholders, were named by their respective Governments for that duty—and the entangling alliance, which has made England and France copartners for the relief of the bondholders, was instituted and still continues.

For the result of that Goschen-Joubert Commission was the establishment of a joint financial agency, composed of Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignieres, who undertook to control the whole financial administration of Egypt, finally insulting and snubbing the Khédive, who dismissed them—on which they appealed to their Governments, who, with the assistance of the other Powers and the Sultan, deposed Ismaïl, putting his son in his stead. The first act of the son has been to protest against having

A FELLAH PIGEON-GIRL NEAR CAIRO.

the Wilson-de Blignieres administration saddled on Egypt, like the "Old Man of the Sea" on the back of Sinbad the Sailor. And so matters stand to-day.

Such is an outline of the causes which really led to Khédive Ismaïl's downfall. The afterthought, as to his having been deposed in consequence of his misgovernment, deceives no one familiar with the facts; for so long as he paid his interest and dividends, England and France were conveniently deaf and blind to the sufferings and wrongs of the population, the bulk of whom curse the foreigner as the real cause of their misfortunes and terrible condition—and not without just cause. For behind the reckless and ruthless Khédive, and his equally ruthless native instruments, who extracted the peasants' *paras* under the bastinado—like daughters of the horse-leech ever sat the bondholders; represented by the English and French commissioners, insisting on payment at any sacrifice to the taxpayers.

Driven to desperation by his creditors, native and foreign, and the pressure of the foreign Governments, the whole nature of Ismaïl seemed to have changed during the last three years of his reign; and, from the reformer and educator of his people, he became their scourge and tyrant.

The one man he trusted—the Mouffetich—devised a scheme to shake off the foreign leeches, that were irritating his master almost to madness. He contrived a plot by which, through the influence and exhortations of the *Ulemas*, or high priests (an immense power in the East), a kind of religious crusade should be instituted, to sustain the Khédive against "the Infidel," and drive out the intruding strangers, leaving Egypt to the Egyptians. It is believed that the Khédive favored this plot, but it did not succeed. The *Ulemas* had little faith in either the Khédive or the Mouffetich, and would not move: and then the farce was converted into a tragedy. The favorite Minister took a drive with his master one morning, was taken to the palace of Ghesireh on the Nile, and his splendid palace and multitudinous wives beheld him no more; for he passed for ever from Egyptian politics and plots, and from the sight of man. A few days later, it was officially announced that the Mouffetich had been tried and adjudged a traitor by the Grand Council, and sent to the Upper Nile. A few weeks later his death was announced, and his estates confiscated to the State; which estates were valued at several millions of pounds, including the jewelry of his women.

With the failure of this plot, and the death of that bold, bad man, the Khédive for a time lost heart, and offered no further opposition to the Wilson-de Blignieres combination; until a few months since, when he caused a riot to be got up by disbanded officers of the army, declared the country to be in danger of a religious massacre, and dismissed the Foreign Ministry, in which Nubar Pasha held a conspicuous place—than whom Egypt never has had an abler, more honest and patriotic minister—Armenian Christian by birth and faith, but identified with Egypt in interest, affection and patriotic feeling. And then Ismaïl at last stood at bay, declaring his purpose of appealing to his people: who responded by furnishing him a million of dollars to carry on a native Government, which he cheerfully pocketed, reorganized his army, and intimated his purpose of resisting force by force. So grimly did he stand at bay that England and France were alarmed, for neither could afford a war with Egypt for such a cause, or under such circumstances. So they invoked the long-disused authority of the Sultan to coerce his rebellious vassal. Ismaïl met this by sending a prodigious bribe of many hundred thousand pounds to Constantinople, and received assurances of support. The feeble shadow of the old Sultans saw his opportunity in this quarrel of getting liberal *backseesch* (bribes) and of restoring his lost authority in Egypt, and was false to both parties.

He finally determined on declaring that Ismaïl should be deposed, but that his uncle Halim (then at Constantinople), not his son, should succeed him. Then Ismaïl defied the Sultan, as he had defied the foreigners: and showed so formidable a front, that a compromise was finally arrived at by all the high contracting Powers, to the effect that Ismaïl should abdicate, on condition of receiving an annual pension of a quarter of a million of dollars, and that his eldest son, Prince Mehemet Tewfik, should succeed him as Khédive.

On this basis a settlement was finally arrived at, Ismaïl taking with him an immense amount of property and plunder, variously estimated at several millions of pounds. Accompanied by his wives and retinue, numbering more than a hundred persons, he left for Naples in a splendid steam-yacht of great value—the *Mahroussa*—and passed out of Egyptian politics and finance, like a bad dream.

But then another difficulty arose. The perfidious Sultan issued his *Irade*, announcing that, in consequence of Ismaïl's misconduct, he had withdrawn from the new Ruler of Egypt the concessions of 1866 and 1873, which had made him virtually independent of Constantinople, except in the matter of annual tribute, amounting to more than three and a half millions of dollars. Against this, England and France protested; but so stubborn was the Porte that the *Irade* conferring the throne and its former powers on the new Khédive was not sent until the 15th of August, although Ismaïl was deposed, and his son actually invested with his authority, nearly two months previous.

It is yet too early to form any clear idea as to what the next move on the Egyptian chessboard may be, or how the game will terminate; but at this moment the two foreign Powers which have sought to establish a joint protectorate over Egypt and Khédive Tewfik are held in check by the passive resistance of the young monarch, who has declared that he cannot answer for public tranquillity should Messrs. Wilson and De Blignieres again be forced upon him and the country—a consummation as unexpected as it is embarrassing to England and France; no other foreign Power caring much about the matter.

Like the Third Napoleon, Ismaïl manifested, in his fall, the dignity and impassive stoicism of an Oriental. Up to the hour of his departure he comported himself like one accustomed to be obeyed, even by the son who succeeded him, who, to the last, kept up the semblance of respect due to a parent and a sovereign, as, leaning on his son's arm, the old Khédive passed out of his palace, and accompanied by his son to the railway carriages, there gave him his parting benediction.

The parting scene is thus described in the French journal published at Cairo, *La Reforme*, of June 30th:

"His Highness, Ismaïl Pasha, departed from Cairo at eleven o'clock in the morning. Until that hour he had received the farewell visits of his former ministers and pashas. At 10:30 A.M. His Highness, the Khédive Tewfik Pasha, came to make his adieux to his father, and at eleven o'clock Ismaïl, leaning on the arm of his son, was assisted into the carriage of the latter, who seated himself at his left hand. They were escorted to the railway station by the troops, and the military band played the "Khédive's Hymn" as the old Khédive departed.

"The parting scenes were touching—many wept, and the young Khédive could not restrain his tears. May the sad but salutary reflections which this scene must naturally have inspired guard the young Khédive against the evil advice of perfidious counselors!

"A special train followed, with three of the wives of Ismaïl Pasha; the fourth, the mother of Tewfik, will not go with his father, but will remain at Cairo with her son.

"On leaving the Palace of Abdine, an indescribable scene took

place between the departing women and those left behind. Cries and sobs were heard from the carriages, the slaves beating their breasts, and giving all the signs of despair at being exiled from their country. The cortége from the palace was composed of sixty State carriages.

"Arrived at Alexandria, the ex-Khédive and his suite embarked on the steam yacht *Mahroussa* for Naples, amid the thundering Khédivial salute from all foreign war-vessels in port, by order of the Consuls-general."

This departure took place less than two months since, yet already the banished Khédive is straining at his tether like a chained bloodhound, and longing to get loose again on his old trail.

In his written submission to the Sultan's decree, he made the request that he might be permitted to present his homage personally at Constantinople. This request not having been acceded to, he then obtained (probably through the usual means—bribery) a request from the Sultan to the new Khédive that Ismaïl be allowed to reside in Egypt—a proposal which met the emphatic veto of his guardians, the English and French Governments.

Baffled in these two efforts, but turning his eyes still homeward, toward the east, the banished Khédive asked to be allowed to repair to Algeria, with similar result. Finally he has proposed sojourning at Constantinople, near his dearly beloved and well-paid suzerain, the "Sublime Porte"; and the response given, with ludicrous haste, is a still more emphatic negative. In fact, Ismaïl does not seem ardently desired as a resident anywhere that he might be mischievous. But, "if he lives he will betray more men!" as poor Othello falsely said of Desdemona. So, at Naples we leave the ex-Khédive—for the present.

## THE CONSCRIPT'S LOVE.

IN France, conscription embraces the whole bud and flower of youth and early manhood. Between twenty and thirty, no young man is entitled to exemption, except those fortunate enough, as students, to have carried away large prizes from the universities or from some national institute, or those unfortunate enough to be excused on the score of disease or infirmity; or again, those who have widowed mothers, or fathers of seventy years of age, or are the oldest brothers of orphan children. All else are subjected to the ordeal of being drawn; and there are times when these cases embody the most intense suffering, and the sundering of the strongest ties of affection.

In a small country town, not far from the capital of France, a group of anxious watchers were awaiting the decision which should take from them the light of their eyes, or restore them to safety in their own homes, until another of these fiery trials should occur.

On one side of the large town hall, the mayor and prefects were sitting in solemn conclave—lords of the destinies of the young and brave assembled on the other side. There were quick, hurried words—tears raining from loving eyes, and "smiles that might as well be tears, so sad, so faint their beaming."

There was a sea of troubled faces turned toward the assembled dignitaries, as if fate could be read in those stony eyes, so full of heartless indifference. Not a trace of human feeling was visible there.

What mattered it to their cold hearts that there were mothers whose very souls seemed dying out of their bodies—fathers whose only pride was about to be snatched away; young maidens who were to wear cypress wreaths instead of orange blossoms; and sisters who were to grieve for the absent and well-beloved brother?

How custom hardens the heart! These men were once human, but their stern, cold duties had turned them into stone, and they looked on the suffering of those around them with adamantine eyes.

Even one little group that seemed to attract the sympathies of all others in the hall, failed to excite any interest in the stolid-looking beings who sat with gold-headed canes pressed tightly to chin or nose, and white waistcoats worn over portly, well-fed stomachs.

The group alluded to consisted of a pale, venerable-looking man, considerably past sixty; a gentle-looking old lady about the same age; a young girl, with soft, tender eyes, and two youths, scarcely distinguishable from each other, in looks or age.

That they were brothers, no one could doubt; and affectionate ones, too, for hand grasped hand in a caressing way that would have become two gentle schoolgirls, and one had his arm around the neck of the other, who leaned lovingly on his shoulder.

It was the family of Jean St. Pierre, formerly a silk-weaver at Lyons, but now a shopkeeper near Paris, with his two sons as assistants. They, with the wife and the young orphan girl (the betrothed of Clement, the younger brother), composed the whole family.

Eugene, the elder brother, was a rare specimen of the middling class of young Frenchmen. His nature was tender as a woman's, yet brave and daring.

Though bred as a shopman, he had not sunk to the level of lower minds, but exhibited a superiority of intellect and a fondness for high culture that would have done honor to one bred in a grander sphere.

For years Eugene had loved the orphan girl whom his father had adopted. From a mere boy, he had learned the lesson which, sooner or later, comes to all—the puzzling lesson of human love—that perplexes and stirs all hearts with various degrees of strength and intensity.

He had never troubled the calm sea of her life until lately; and when at length he brought himself to disclose his feelings to her, how was his noble heart pained and startled to find that another image had been reflected in her pure soul already—and that other was Clement's!

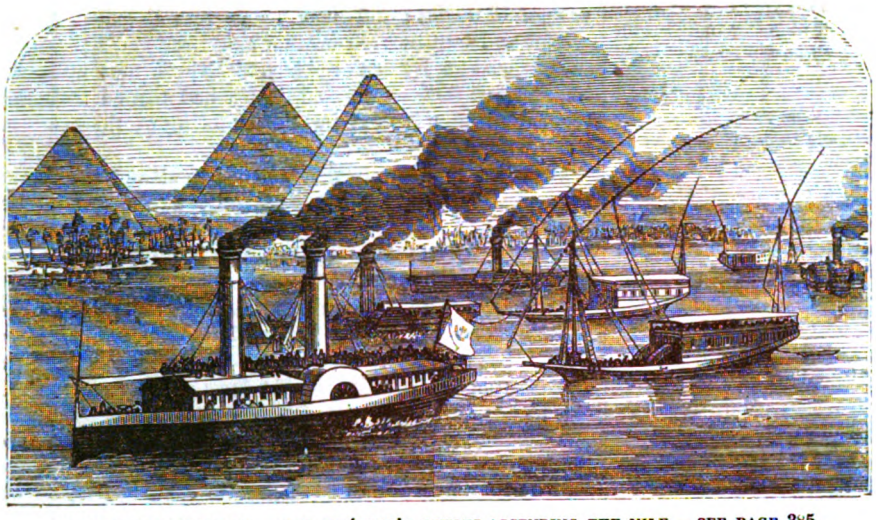
He loved his brother too well to think for a moment of supplanting him; and thenceforth he buried his first and last passion, dropping only a "few natural tears" over its grave; nay, more, he had come this day, hoping from the depths of his heart that he should be drawn instead of his brother, and determining, if Clement's name was announced as a conscript, that he would take his place and leave him at liberty to marry the beloved Rose.

It was no mere romantic impulse that impelled him to make this sacrifice, but a firm, heroic determination to put his brother's happiness before his own, and to secure that of the orphan girl who had been once so dear to him.

Clement, who was really brave, had no thought of Eugene's intentions; but it must be owned that he thought his own sacrifice would be the greatest, since his brother had no betrothed to leave—not imagining the terrible struggle which had nearly overwhelmed Eugene's heart.

Rose had some conception of what was passing in Eugene's mind. She dreaded to part with Clement, yet she felt as if it would be wrong to accept selfishly the sacrifice which she was almost convinced would be made, should her lover be drawn.

It was a touching sight to see the frail little being, scarcely larger than a child, with her beautiful eyes looking sadly from one to the other of the brothers, and then



THE MODERN PHARAOH.—THE KHÉDIVE'S GUESTS ASCENDING THE NILE.—SEE PAGE 385.

glancing into the hard faces of the dignitaries on the opposite side of the hall.

Hark! the names are beginning to be called. The father pulled his hat over his eyes; the mother drew involuntarily nearer her sons, as if to shield them from that bitter fate; while the pale orphan buried her face in the folds of her little gray mantle, and wept bitterly.

One, two, three!—neighbors and friends whose names were as household words; and then another name, at which sound the mother cried out, and the young girl fell into the arms of him whose name it was—Clement St. Pierre!

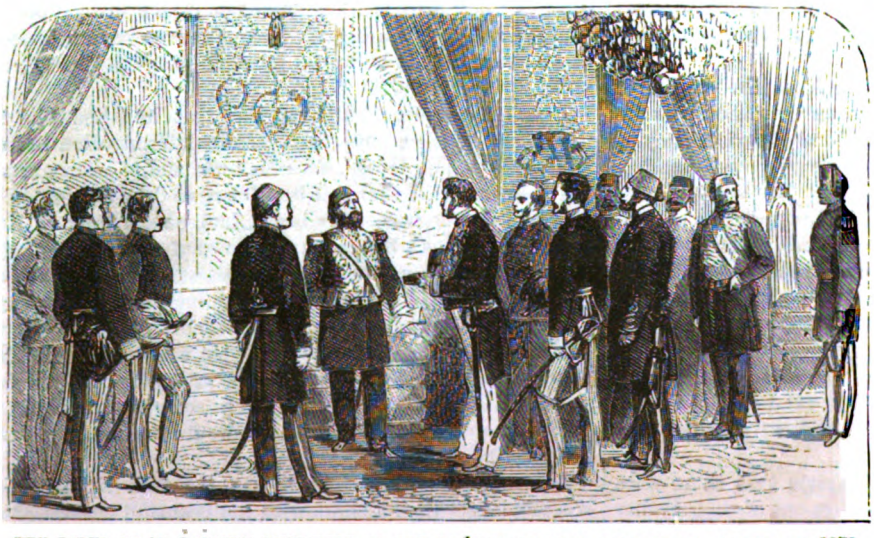
He trembled so much that he could not hold her weight, and Eugene felt her sway toward him. He took her in his arms and carried her to a little side room, where two or three clerks were waiting. One of them procured some water, and by this time Clement and the old people joined them.

Clement was pale and agitated. Eugene whispered him that he should take his place, and then the pale face flushed to a rich crimson.

"We will not talk of such a thing, brother," he said; "I should despise myself, if I allowed you to go; and you, in your heart, would despise me too."

And Eugene pleaded, and the tender eyes of Rose seconded the appeal, selfish as she knew herself to be; but in vain.

THE NIGHT PATROL IN CAIRO.



THE ORDER OF ST. STEPHEN CONFERRED ON THE KHÉDIVE BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, IN 1870.

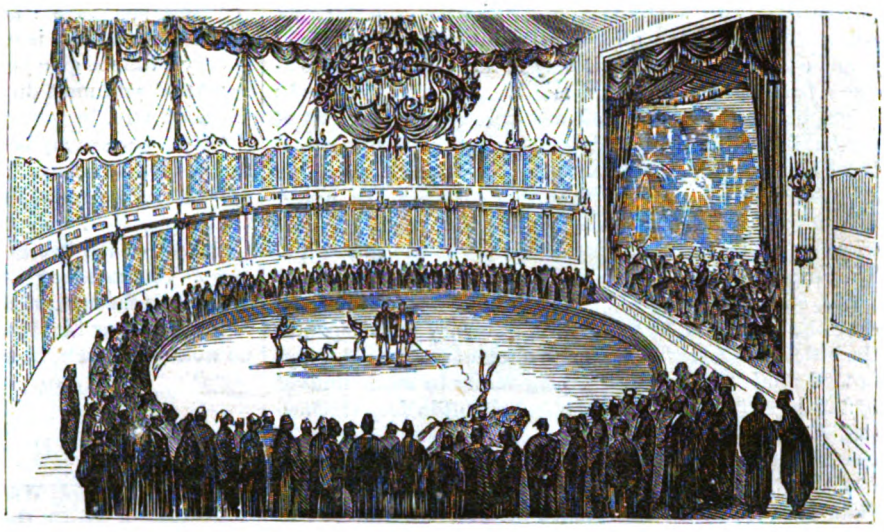
Clement was not to be outdone in nobleness, and he joined the regiment into which he had been drafted, without a tear at the hardness of his lot.

Once under the sway of him who was worshiped as the hero of France, he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause, and won for himself the reputation of a brave soldier. Rose, he knew, was safe under the care of that noble brother. He knew nothing of that melancholy episode of Eugene's disappointed affection, and he deemed that the innocent child whom he confided to his care would be cherished as a dear sister.

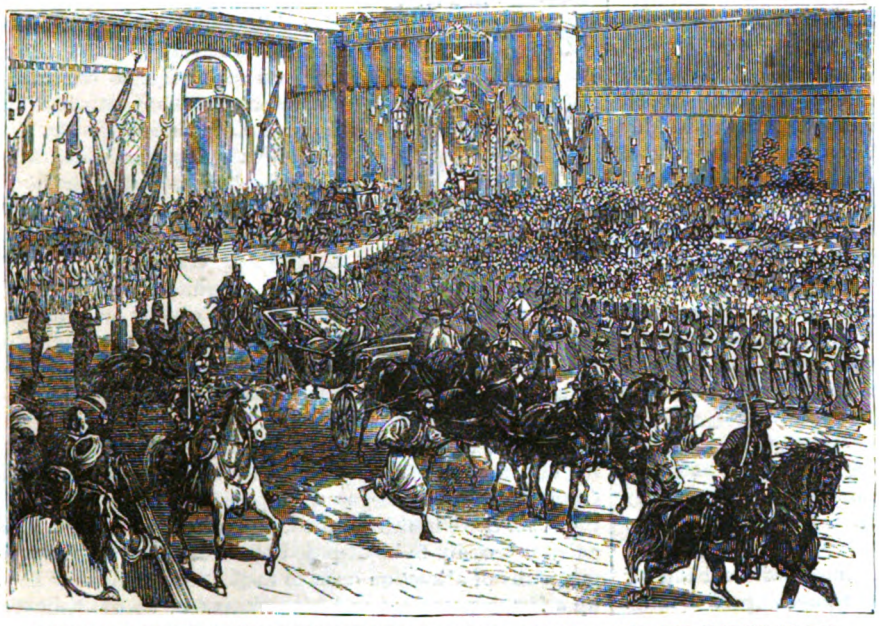
And so she was. Had she

been married to Clement before his departure, Eugene could not have been more tenderly respectful — more brotherlike. And the long time in which Napoleon was earning that terrible fame that had but the bare rock of Elba as its guerdon, Eugene guarded his sacred trust until, to his dismay, he found that Clement's memory had yielded to his own presence, and that the heart of Rose was so interwoven with his idea that it had become treacherous to its first love.

Meantime, the mother had been pining for her absent boy —pining with that resistless yearning which a mother's heart alone feels. She drooped and faded under the intensity of her anxiety for her youngest darling, and she dropped away suddenly on the anniversary of his departure.



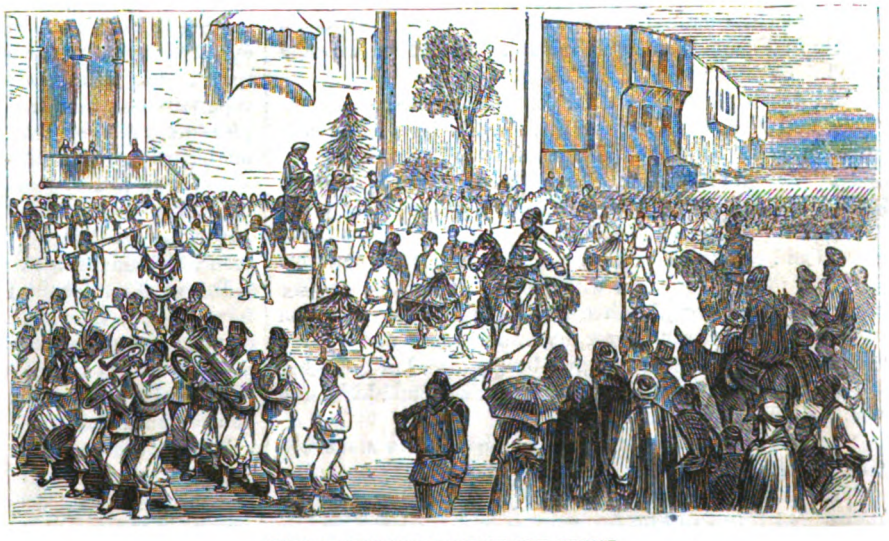
A PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE WOMEN OF THE HAREM AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE KHÉDIVE'S DAUGHTER.



DEPARTURE OF THE KHÉDIVE FROM HIS PALACE OF EL MIHICH, AFTER THE SIGNING OF HIS SON'S MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Her husband, to whom she had been all that a wife could be, fell into a gloomy state from the day of her burial. He grew "older than years in sorrow"; and soon Eugene and Rose had to tend his weakness as they would that of a little child. They sat around when the shadows came over his face, and he murmured wild, unmeaning words. Rose would steal her little hand into Eugene's, with a loving clasp around the fingers scarce larger than her own; and when the memory of Clement made him withdraw from that clasp, her dark, mournful eyes would turn to him with such a reproachful appeal that he could not but renew the pressure.

It was a melancholy vigil that they held over that old man's couch, night after night; unstringing their nerves, and weakening their judgment, perhaps. When the wintry winds howled around the dwellings, and the only sight that met their eyes was that wild, haggard face—the only sound in their ears the ceaseless moan from the pale lips—was it wonderful that the Spring found them looking forward to a future in which they should share somewhat of joy together, as they had shared sorrow? At all events, there had been irrevocable vows spoken that made them both shudder as they uttered them,



FETE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE.

yet uttered with a strange delight, by the dim firelight whose dull, red flame glowed upon the lovers' faces like a single eye peering into their very souls. The absent soldier's fate faded from their minds. He might be dead; might be lingering, wounded and sick, in some far-distant prison, ill-used or neglected, and pining for the sight of those eyes that saw naught but the faces nearest them; or he might be nearer than they thought—perhaps nearer than they wished. They tried not to think at all, but only to go on with this fierce, passionate joy to the end of life. They dared not even dream of meeting Clement in heaven.

One chill March morning, when the rain splashed down over the icy roads, freezing as it fell, they went down to the little church erected by the Protestants. The old, gray-headed minister was there, trying vainly to warm himself by the feeble fire, and the altar stood almost in deep shadow, so dim was the light that entered. Here were spoken the words that bound them together. As they went out, the weather changed to a warm temperature, and the lightning flashed over their wet garments, turning them almost to liquid gold. The clouds had darkened to blackness, and the thunder rolled frightfully. The horse which had brought them down lay dead beside the church door, and they were obliged to walk back.

How still and dark was the house that received them from that strange bridal! No sound was heard, and they groped up the dim stairway to the sick-chamber. On the bed lay the form they had left there; but the eyes could never again unclose upon them, and the hand could never be stretched out to welcome them home.

Beside the bed sat a stranger—a thin, pale, weary-looking man, whose matted beard and long, untrimmed hair hid half the dreary-looking face.

Oh, why was this pale phantom alone there to greet their coming? And why did they start and shrink away from it even more than from the lifeless frame of Jean St. Pierre? Too truly did conscience whisper who was the ghost that had scared away the first bridal kiss upon their lips.

Shivering in every limb, they approached the bed. Clement met them half-way, weeping at the sight extended before them, yet full of all noble and generous brotherly love—of all glad, unstained affection for her whom he deemed was still his own.

"Brother! dear Rose!" he exclaimed, with a hand for each; but in a moment he knew that something was wrong. He went up to Rose, and laid his hand upon her arm. "Love, you are pale and ill. Nay, don't turn away from me. It was not my fault, dear, that I did not come sooner. Cheer up, brother! I will not have my little Rose scared by her first acquaintance with death. Look! she cannot stand. Give her some wine."

And mechanically the elder brother poured out some wine, and held it to the poor bride's pale lips. Eugene's touch brought back the faded crimson to her cheeks.

"Don't speak to her, Clement, for heaven's sake—at least, not in that way," gasped Eugene. "She is not yours now. Pray leave us together for a moment, until she recovers and is able to see you."

"Not mine! leave her with you until she is able to see me! Before heaven, brother, if there is treachery here you shall rue it. I swear it over my father's dead body."

He shook his brother roughly by the arm, but the deep, unfathomable distress in Eugene's face softened his rising temper. He turned to Rose.

"Dear, *you* will tell me true—has he dared to make love to you since I went away?"

"He is not to blame, Clement. I was dying for your return, and I flew to him for comfort in my grief. He was kind to me, and——" She hesitated.

"And you have learned to love him better than me? Say it, Rose! If it is really so, I will forget all he has said—only I cannot give you up."

"Alas! you must do so. You will be a brother to me, Clement, still."

"No; you are my betrothed wife, and he must and shall resign this new claim."

"Clement, cease. *I am Eugene's wife.*"

Clement staid only to bury his father. Stung by the treachery of the two he had loved best, he returned to the army. He lived long enough to see the hero he worshiped chained to the rock of Elba, and died, welcoming the angel of death to bear him into a world where there is no change, no wounded hearts, no sad memories of buried love.

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# A SUMMER OUTING IN JAPAN.

AWAY from the glare and noise and the dust of Yokohama during this brilliant, beautiful weather; away to some sequestered village amongst the great, goblin-haunted hills, or to the health resorts nestling by the side of hot mineral springs, or to one of the pleasant spots on the coast where the air is pure and fresh, and the sky blue and cloudless. Anywhere away from the clatter of brokers' traps, the howling of the coolies, the harsh chatter of mercenary Chinamen, collars, etiquette and Mrs. Grundy.

So say and sigh, during the month of July, many of our countrymen exiled in the fair, romantic land of Japan; and the result of this very universal saying and sighing is a general exodus from the settlement on the shores of Yedo Bay.

Resolved to go, the pleasurable difficulty arises of picking and choosing from the *embarras de richesses* presented. Granted that one can go unhampered by social or business ties, that one's health is good, and it will be found a difficulty not easily to be disposed of, so dazzling are the various paths of attraction open to inspection. One may pack up a few necessaries in a knapsack, put on an old Knickerbocker suit, fill one's pockets with a sketch-book, smoking implements and paper money, and start forth to explore; wander away from the beaten tourist tracks, along byways leading to quaint old-world towns and villages, as yet unoperated upon by the great wave of modern civilization; roam amongst the mountains, famous for their legends and superstitions; take the railway to the capital, and spend a pleasant week or two amongst the monuments of the mighty past which still crowd it; or hire a junk and coast away down to Kobe and on to Nagasaki through the peerless Inland Sea. These and a hundred other baits are held out to the jaded seeker for tranquillity, change of air and scene, and amusement.

But we do not want to make a toil of a pleasure by performing long journeys and roughing it extensively; so we decide to spend a week at the solitary Isle of Inoshima, but a few miles from Yokohama, yet one of the most beautiful, healthy and romantic spots in this beautiful, healthy and romantic land.

We need order but a few essential stores to be put up and sent forward by coolies; for Inoshima is well furnished, and the frequent European visitors there have created a supply of the common articles of European food equal to the demand. A *jinrickisha* takes us away from the objec-

tionable suburbs of Yokohama, and lands us in front of a huge temple fane, where the country, real and unadulterated, may be said to begin.

The road, as befitting the country, and in keeping with the poetry with which we wish to invest everything, is rough and uneven. Brawling torrents rush along on each side, spanned now and then by quaking wooden bridges. Right up to the clear blue sky on either side rise hills whose sides are clothed with the wild luxuriance of vegetation so charming in Japan; thickets of delicate bamboo, intermingled with the deep red of the azalea, the more delicate hues of the cryptomeria, the occasional sparkle of the camellia, and the deep, sad green of the hardy pine, most weird and poetical of Japanese trees.

Away over the narrow stretch of paddy-fields in front, rising over distant billows of brown, green and red, standing grand and solitary against the sky, appears the cone of Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain. As one gazes on the scene, one stops involuntarily, and drinks in the first draught of the pure holiday air.

And then we stride on, past scattered cottages, wherein the hardy, ever-industrious women are spinning coarse garments or making rush baskets; where the bronzed urchins are rolling in the sun, and the poor, naked laborer is resting awhile from his toil in the paddy mud for a drop of tea and a whiff of tobacco; past rude rustic temples, approached by winding paths, indicated by great arches of wood or stone, curiously carved; now mounting, now descending, always with the same magnificent, glorious view of earth and sky spread around, until we strike the Tocaido, the great main road, at the long, straggling village of Totsuka.

There is but little to detain us here. Hordes of Sunday visitors of the worst quality, from the European settlement, have long since robbed Totsuka of whatever was once there romantic and original. The children, as we pass, shriek, "*Tojin baka!*" ("Beast of an invader!") and run away at full speed; the very dogs growl and bark as we approach. The inhabitants have grown so accustomed to foreigners that they scarcely deign to raise their heads and give us the ordinary civil salutation of "Good-morning."

So we hurry through Totsuka along the great main road, once the scene of many a stirring event and glorious pageant in the old feudal days, now an ordinary commonplace—although in certain districts beautiful—road, stretching from the eastern capital to the western.

Four miles further on, and we reach the extensive village of Fujisawa—in the old days, as the great tea-houses on either side of the road still attest, an important halting-place for the retinues of the great lords on their journeys through the country. Now it is dull enough. A somewhat picturesquely-situated temple at the entrance to the village arrests the attention for a minute; but the inhabitants are as morose and uncivil as those of Totsuka; so we willingly turn off the road, and, passing under a huge stone porch, follow the well-beaten track which leads to the beautiful island of Inoshima.

As we advance, evidences that we are approaching the coast grow more and more distinct. Trees are few and far between; the rough boulders, which have been playing havoc with our feet for so many hours, are superseded by thick, deep sand. Wayside shrines and hill temples become numerous; for we are nearing one of the sacred spots of Japan, and for hundreds of years the weary feet of pilgrims from every part of the country have plodded along the route we are now following.

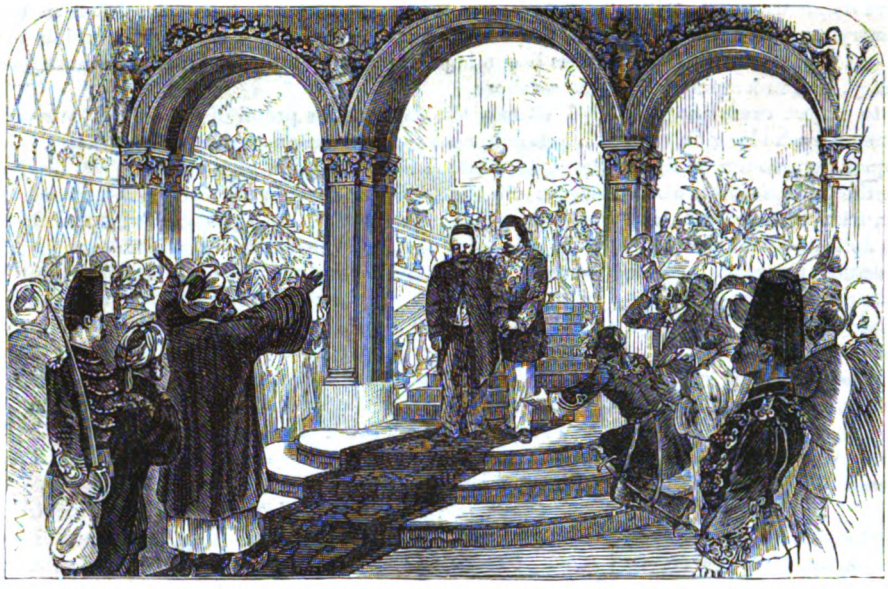
We purposely skirt the seaside village of Katasi, for it reeks with evil smells, and the inhabitants are familiar with the language and manners of the worst types of English and American tourists; and we find ourselves, just as the sun's rays are beginning to lose their strength, and as the air is becoming tempered by the cool breeze of evening, on the seashore.

Well may the Japanese be proud of this bit of scenery, and class it among the seven great views of their land. In front, standing out of the sea, just as Mont St. Michel stands off the Norman coast, rises the densely wooded, many-templed island of Inoshima; behind which, and on each side of which, stretches the deep-blue expanse of ocean. To our right, over a purple range of hills, rises the beautiful cone of Fujiyama; and to the left wanders a bold coast outline, with a shining belt of sand, upon which the waves incessantly beat. If we are fortunate enough to escape tourists and hordes of dirty pilgrims, at first sight it seems the *beau-idéal* of a holiday resting-place; so we give our knapsacks a hitch up, and cross the narrow spit of sand—covered at high tide—which connects the island with the mainland.

Once in the quaint little tea-house, standing aside from the rough beaten village street, hidden in its own little grove of trees, and we feel that our holiday has actually begun. How sweet and fresh the air seems! How quiet and sequestered the spot! How "dimly religious" the fading light! as, after a hearty meal, we stretch our willing limbs on the soft white mats and puff at our pipes, we watch the fishermen and women returning from their toil on the sands below, we listen to the gentle tinkle of temple bells summoning folk to vespers, ever and anon a snatch of wild song or the mournful notes of the national guitar reach our ears, and it is hard to think that rowdyism and European snobbery can ever penetrate here, as it often does during the fine Summer and Autumn months, although confined to the hours of daylight and to Sundays, and rarely extending to evenings or week-days. One by one the sounds cease and the lights fade from the windows, night steals on, and not unwillingly we turn into our soft, clean quilts and are soon asleep.

Then the exquisite delight of awakening the next morning with the enchantment of the new scene spread around like a picture of Arcadia. Long before the earliest Yokohama servant has dreamt of leaving his bed, we have thrown open our shutters to let in the glorious flood of morning sunshine and the faint, fresh smell of the sea—have slipped on a few clothes, and are off to the shining sands and smooth shelves of rock for a plunge. Red jelly-fish and floating garbage need not be apprehended here, as in Yokohama Bay. We tumble in head first, and disport ourselves in the clear, cold, blue water with the genuine delight of boys let loose from school. Then for a run on the sand, and breakfast; after which we have a long, bright day before us. This we may pass in a dozen different ways.

We are in duty bound to explore the Holy Island itself first; so we start in the lightest of flannels for the dark, romantic cavern, within whose depths sits enshrined Benzaiten, the Japanese goddess of the sea. Hither, during the pilgrimage season, resort hundreds of all sorts and conditions of men from the remotest parts of Japan; and here, under the very nose of the goddess, dwell a tribe of small, amphibious boys, who, at the sound of a foreigner's voice, rush forth, and, unimpregnated with the odor of sanctity, offer to dive or swim any distance for a small coin. Or we may climb about the many tortuous, pine-hidden paths, leading away to countless shrines and temples, some pretentious with gilding and ornament, others mere shanties of red-painted wood; but all very sacred, and all tenanted by filthy old priests who clamor for alms. Or, weary of almsgiving and tramping over sharp-edged



THE MODERN PHARAOH.—THE EX-KHÉDIVE LEAVING THE ABDINE PALACE.—SEE PAGE 385.

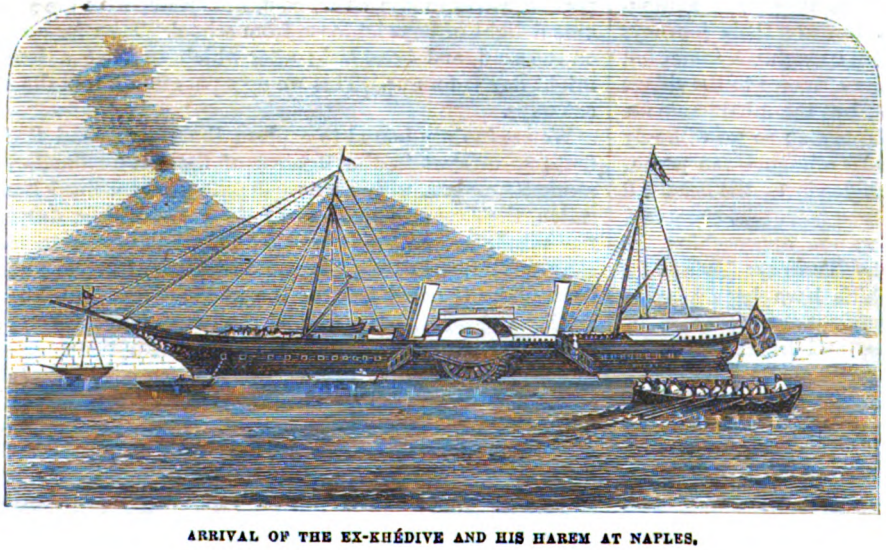
boulders, we may seek some sheltered ledge of rock away from the path, from which we may lazily watch the ever-industrious fisher-folk toiling far beneath us in the bright, sparkling water for their daily bread; or feast our eyes on a view of sea, hill and dale unequaled in Japan, and perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

Let the traveler behave properly, and he will be treated with all civility by these rude, simple dwellers by the sea. The best room in the humble inn, the best and simplest of cooking, the most willing and attentive service, may be obtained at the smallest of prices, and with it all the brightest of smiles and the utmost readiness to do all that is required; so that this aimless roaming forms one of the pleasantest features of the brief holiday.

And far away inland, amongst the many-colored hills, through the great woods of sweet-scented pine or graceful bamboo, along the rocky margins of brawling torrents, by pleasant valleys of waving green, the same air of peace and solitude remains supreme. Life jogs on just as it has for hundreds of years, undisturbed by innovations or by the effects of the bad side of civilization, so-called, and the pervading atmosphere is that of dreamland. In the little, heavy-thatched temples, hidden amidst dense groves of trees, one may always be sure of a night's accommodation and simple rural fare. The priests, more intelligent than the ordinary run of rustics, are invaluable as cicerones and repositories of quaint old-world lore; and although their inquisitiveness about matters European may be at times a little tiring, one overlooks it in the very simplicity of their questions and answers.

So one may linger dreamily or actively, as one chooses, through the short span of holiday. The result is always the same: renewed health and vigor for work in the bustling, Mrs. Grundy-ruled settlement, and a sighing that so pleasant and instructive a time has so quickly flown by.

DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE FROM CAIRO.



ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE AND HIS HAREM AT NAPLES.

WOMAN'S WILL. —"HE DREW HER ROUND TO HIM, AND DOWN UPON HIS KNEE, BUT SHE WOULD NOT SUFFER HIM TO SEE HER FACE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

# WOMAN'S WILL.

IT was drawing to the close of a showery April day.

Madeline Guise stood under the portico of Tavistock Place, brushing the raindrops from her riding-habit.

In England, April is richer in flowers than with us, and at Miss Guise's feet lay a little heap of floral treasures, gathered from thickets and banksides, tempting to her Londonbred eyes.

"Walter is in his study, waiting to speak with you," said a clear, grave voice at her elbow.

She started and flushed, still busily brushing away the glittering raindrops.

"Is he *very* angry, dear Miss Erfut?" Miss Guise asked at length of her gentle hostess, and beginning to gather up her flowers.

"Madeline, dear child, why did you ever begin a flirtation with this Major Sinclair? And, more than all, why have you gone galloping over the Downs with him this afternoon, when Walter particularly said he would return from court at four, and take you out himself?"

Gentle Miss Erfut removed her bright-bowed spectacles—a habit of hers when perplexed—and gazed long and anxiously at the sweet, fair face of her nephew Walter's betrothed.

"Walter should not have said that I *must not* go riding this afternoon with Major Sinclair; for you see, dear Miss Erfut, I just *would* go after the interdiction from his royal highness."

Miss Guise looked bewitchingly lovely and saucy as she said this.

"Is it generous, Madeline, to feel so sure of Walter's passionate love, that you can afford to put a slight upon it?"

Miss Guise's fair face overclouded in an instant; the white lids drooped over her beautiful blue eyes until the long lashes shyly swept her crimsoning cheek; some of the flowers fell from her relaxed hold.

"Walter will consider this last ride something more than a mere slight put upon himself," she answered, in a low voice. "Dear Miss Erfut," the lovely girl continued, a moment after, while her blushes deepened, and over her face was blended scorn of herself and hot defiance toward Mr. Walter Erfut, "Walter said my choice must be final between Major Sinclair and himself this afternoon, and"—with an irrepressible twinkle from her blue eyes—"you know I went off riding with the major!"

As Miss Guise expected, Miss Erfut was shocked at any such totally unexpected and independent action in Walter's betrothed.

"Go at once to him, dear, and make your peace with him this time, if it is possible," Miss Erfut said, with a sigh, offered up in remembrance of her young guest's willful ways toward her adored nephew.

"But I won't go, dear Miss Erfut, Miss Guise said, in simple astonishment. "Walter must come to me!" and the petted London belle swept up to her room to exchange her riding-habit for an evening dress.

When Miss Guise descended the stairs again, she was looking and feeling a little more subdued. Her really warm heart yearned to make its peace with her lover.

She had been a little spoiled by two London seasons, but her native nobility of heart had remained untouched; the seeming contradictions of character were only on the surface.

"Walter, may I come in?" she asked, going resolutely to his study-door. "He does not hear me," she said; and softly turning the handle, with a little shiver of trepidation, entered, and closed the door behind her.

The heavy Wilton carpet rendered her light footfalls inaudible.

"Why does he not turn his head and see me?" she thought, growing a little petulant. "Why is he in such a brown study? He used to be aware when I entered a room in which he was." A vivid scarlet flamed up in her cheeks, the angry color setting off her blonde beauty in a wonderful way; a haughty defiance shone in her eyes, and, advancing a few steps, her patience gave out utterly. "What shall I do to make him hear?" and she overturned an ottoman.

Mr. Erfut laid down his book, and gravely turning toward Madeline, placed a chair for her, righted the maltreated ottoman, and quietly resumed his seat.

"I am fairly in the enemy's camp now; what shall I do next?" Madeline asked herself, striving not to feel discomfited by this silent reception. "That was not a bad move with the ottoman, although it failed to evoke flattering notice. How grave and stern Walter appears!" she thought, still communing with herself. "He means to be master of the situation, but that won't come about through my eating humble-pie," casting a glance under her long lashes. "I do not feel one bit sorry if he is going to be cross about it. What if I should order my maid to pack my trunks, and go back to London without even a good-by?—it would serve him right."

In direct contradiction to this, a shower of tears fell. As she hastily brushed the tears away, a bit of spurge-laurel, and a few sweet-breathing violets, gathered for her by Major Sinclair during their ride that afternoon, fell from among the soft folds of lace at her throat into her lap. In a repentant mood she flung them upon the floor.

"I should think there was no cause for Walter's being so obtuse. Can't he see that I have come to make up?"

This time a wistful glance went from under the long lashes, the sweet red mouth quivered uncontrollably. She longed to throw herself on that broad, kind breast, and whisper that one little word—Forgive.

"It really was very naughty to do as I did," and here a little sniff greeted the silent room. The sound dismayed her, but the figure in the study-chair betrayed no signs of discomposure. Mr. Walter Erfut seemed given to brown studies that afternoon.

"If I only could command my voice, but I know that instead I shall be foolish and cry. Walter!"

"Yes, Madeline." But Mr. Erfut did not turn his head toward her.

Madeline's cheeks, which had grown quite white with nervous agitation, now flushed up again.

"If he is so very cool, I refuse to say another word!" she said to herself, and the sweet, quivering lips tried to close firmly.

Presently she glanced again toward him. She fancied he looked sad as well as stern.

"Tired, too," she thought; "shut up in that close court to-day from ten o'clock until four, and a brisk canter with me over the Downs would refresh him. I wonder why I am so insensible as not to stop now and then to consider what *he* would like. I, who love him so dearly—dearly, too!"

Here a large tear rolled slowly down her fair, sweet cheek. She rose impulsively and went to the back of his chair.

"Walter, I am so sorry!"

"Yes, dear."

"And—and—it was very wrong—and—won't you forgive me, Walter?"

He drew her round to him, and down upon his knee, but she would not suffer him to see her face. Over it the crimson blushes sped like billows, and warm tears fell fast and long; they proved a most refreshing shower. By-and-by she suffered him to raise her head from his shoulder, and to look into her sweet, shy eyes.

"How many times have we 'made up,' Miss Guise, since your marvelously short visit to my aunt?" he asked, with mock gravity.

"I *was* frightened—you need not laugh, sir! I was sorry enough to be frightened this time; but, Walter, it was your fault!"

"Ah, indeed! Be so good as to give me the clue."

"You know you said I *mustn't*, and so I just *would!*"

"Let me read you a story from the German of Langbein, to show you to what lengths these 'mustn'ts' and 'woulds' lead sometimes, and then we will forgive each other, and be 'wiser ever after.'"

Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year (read Walter from a book he took down from the well-filled shelves) unmolested by any passion save one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love-passages, his delight was in tournaments, whence he always returned victorious. At length he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter *Love!* He saw Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his gray hairs, and, unmindful of the incongruity of an union between May and December, led her to the nuptial altar.

Fortunately, Angelica was modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and therefore was she dear and precious to him as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode out to pay a visit to a neighboring brother-in-arms, his honest squire, Conrad, trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way, when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried:

"Come here, Conrad; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me! This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence; so gallop back, and desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest."

Conrad paused, and shook his head as if in doubt, and replied:

"Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the Lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish."

"Curse on your *perhaps!*" exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving the order."

"Do you think so?" replied the squire. "Now I, in my simplicity, believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful servant, for once in your life. Let things take their course, and give no orders upon so delicate a point."

"A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, angrily. "What absurd fancies have you got in your head to-day? Do you think an hour's ride back a task so very tedious?"

"Oh, if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Conrad, "I have no more to say."

He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the castle.

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried, in terror, from the window:

"What has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?"

"None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrad; "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by any chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan."

"I ride—ride the large grayhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe you are drunk or mad! It is impossible that your master can have sent me so ridiculous a message."

"Ay, but he did, though," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said at the same time that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of; and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way."

Having said this, he again mounted his horse and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant? Now I see that to be too submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him; the worm that crawls the dust is trampled upon. But no, sir knight, it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as but for your message such a thing would never have entered my head."

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived, and was in the antechamber.

"I cannot receive his visit to-day," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend father, and beg him to return to-morrow. With all due respect to Father Nicholas," continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here! He must have an easy gait, and his teeth—I do not fear; he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh, how I shall delight in this twofold pleasure—of showing the surly old fellow that I care neither for him nor his orders, and of trying a pastime that is, at least, a novel one!"

Through every corner of the house now resounded her cry of "Sultan! here, boy!—Sultan, Sultan!"

The immense but docile animal sprang from a bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant.

Caressing him till she got him into a room, the door of which she shut, "Now, friend Sultan!" cried his fair mistress, "no growl, no bite, and all is safe!"

With her snow-white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some minutes, and then, in the hope that, if only through gratitude, he would comply with her fancy, she mounted her new steed.

He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all this meant, but she soothed him again into good-humor and patient endurance of the novel burden; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot.

Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she therefore gently goaded him with her foot; but to no trot would Sultan condescend.

He remained motionless as before, while something very like a growl escaped from his immense and fear-inspiring jaws.

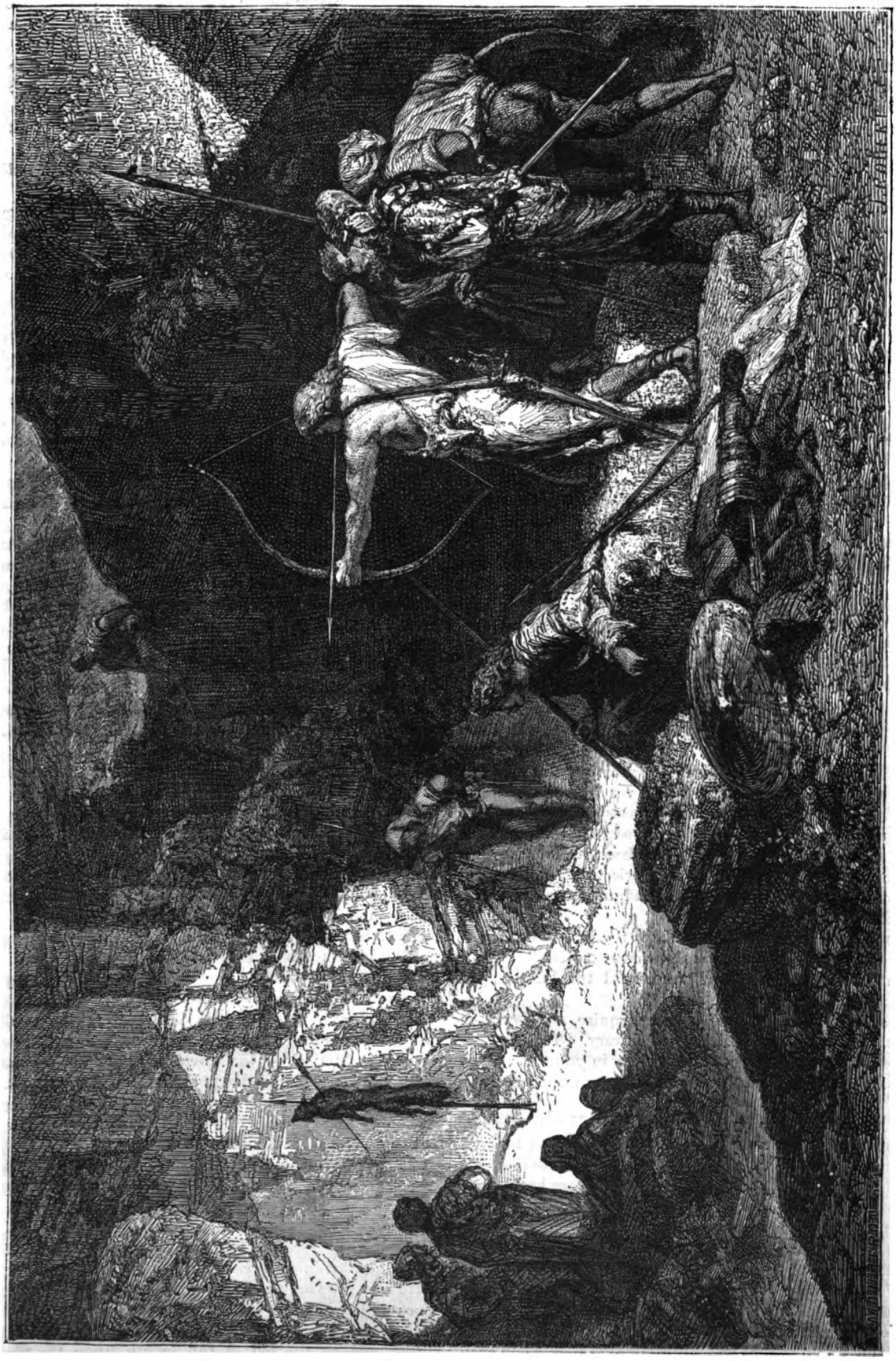
Out of all patience, she now exclaimed:

"You shall feel the spur, then, you lazy brute!" and drove her heel into his side.

He now growled audibly, but stirred not an inch. She repeated her blow.

This was too much for canine patience. He made a spring, and as she fell at full length upon the floor, he turned and bit her hand.

The dismounted rider bedewed the floor with a few tears



ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.—BRIGANDS OF THE ABRUZZI SHOOTING AT A MARK.—SEE PAGE 406.

and then sprang up, to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood play.

Toward evening Sir Hugo returned, and inquired, with suspicious haste, whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh, yes, he was here," answered Angelica; "but I ventured to refuse him admittance."

The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him:

"Now, Old Wisdom, do you see the use of my orders?"

Conrad, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the alteration he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders, with a smile, unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and now first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand. He immediately inquired the cause.

"Sultan bit me," said Angelica; "and it is all your fault, Sir Hugo," added she, sobbing.

"My fault!" cried the knight.

"Yes, your fault, and nobody but yours!" retorted his spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrad not to ride the nasty, mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never have entered my head."

LADIES AT ARCHERY PRACTICE IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

In mute astonishment the knight hurried out to seek an explanation from his squire, who had slipped away when Angelica began her complaint.

"What message did you bring your lady?" demanded he.

Conrad now confessed the truth.

"Were these the orders I gave, you scoundrel?" said the enraged Sir Hugo.

"Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given your order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel; but still she is a daughter of Eve, who seems to have bequeathed to all her lineal descendants her own spirit of perverseness. And we have only to remember the Lady Angelica's pleasant ride upon Sultan, to be convinced that it has lost none of its vigor in the *descent*."

"I possess at last, Miss Erfut, a talismanic word, by means of which I shall be enabled in the future to reduce your nephew, when occasion offers, to the most perfect docility of deportment," Madeline said, gayly, as they joined Walter's aunt at dinner.

"Reduce *Walter* to proper behavior?" quaint Miss Erfut asked, removing her glasses in the old, perplexed way—in fact, since Miss Guise's visit, Miss Erfut had become quite expert in this habit with her glasses.

"I will explain," Madeline volunteered. "*You*, dear Miss Erfut, have almost completely spoiled Walter. The counteracting influence that I shall bring forward to bear upon him will be very simple in process, but wonderful in result. I have only in the future to pronounce the word *Sultan* to him, and the magic stands confessed."

"Is not the boot on the other leg, dear?" Mr. Erfut asked, with a mild, innocent air.

"I am glad you are so happy and merry again, my dear, I am sure," Miss Erfut said, looking kindly toward Madeline, in whom she had blindly expected to behold lasting

signs of contrition. While carving, Walter told the story of the Lady Angelica to his aunt, and in conclusion he said, slyly:

"I always believed that story to be pure fiction until—lately!"

"Woman's will," simple Miss Erfut made answer, "seems to be an established thing. I only wish more was thought of God's will."

While Madeline's maid unbound her young mistress's beautiful hair that night, Miss Erfut's step was heard passing the door on her way to her own room.

Madeline hastily dismissed her maid, and begged Walter's aunt to spare her five minutes.

"Certainly, dear, as many minutes as you would like," Miss Erfut said, setting down her bed-candle on Madeline's dressing-table, and stroking the fair, bright hair which enveloped the young girl's slight form like a vail; but instead of commencing a conversation, Madeline began to cry; then she looked up brightly, and put her arms around Miss Erfut's shoulder.

"I do mean to be good, and make Walter happy," she whispered.

Miss Erfut, for answer, held her in a long, close embrace. Not another word was spoken; but they both slept the sleep of the just that night. And when Madeline, on the point of departure for London, clung to Walter's aunt, the old lady pressed her to name an early day for the wedding.

"I had grave fears about Walter's taking a London beauty for his wife; but, my dear, it is all right now."

And Miss Erfut took off her glasses, not in the old, perplexed way, but in order to wipe the moisture off of them.

## ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.

By W. Holberton.

The bow is undoubtedly one of the oldest weapons of man, and the origin of stringed instruments; and, until gunpowder came into use, the most effectual. Even for some time afterward the bow held its own against its noisy and powerful rival. When the Spaniards invaded America, they found it a weapon more to be feared than their own clumsy arquebuse, and they were exceedingly astonished to find that the Indians could pierce their best armor at a distance of 150 yards.

At the present time, among civilized nations, this weapon is only used for sport; and there is no question but that long-bow shooting is one of the most fascinating and healthy of all outdoor games.

An archer feels that whatever success he meets with is entirely due to his own skill and exertions; there is no short road to accurate shooting—nothing but long and patient practice will make an archer. In rifle-shooting, any person with nerve and good eyesight can often, in a few days' practice, make a very decent score; but here there is no barrel to glance along, no peep-sight, wind-gauge or spirit-level, or exact charge of powder; the archer's eyes, muscles and experience are his only aids, and on these alone can he rely for good shooting.

Notice an expert bowman shooting at 100 yards on a windy day. Standing erect, with his eyes fixed on the target, he raises his bow, drawing back his string as he does so, until his thumb touches his ear, and the arrowhead is resting on his bow-hand, and launches the arrow in the air. It describes a graceful curve, and at first looks as if it would go wide of the target, but the wind sweeps it over so that, by the time it has traveled 100 yards, it drops with a loud, and, to the archer, delightful thud into the gold.

One reason that we become so interested in archery, is on account of its being so very difficult. Rifle-shooting soon becomes monotonous, from the fact that one soon reaches one's limit, while in archery there is a steady improvement, and perfect, or nearly perfect, scores are unheard of.

There is a great deal of romance connected with the long-bow; it has a mysterious charm for young and old alike. We never tire of reading about Bold Robin Hood and his merry men; how they split willow wands at 100 yards, and always defeated their opponents at the butts. Many of their feats with the bow seem now incredible, but we have abundant testimony to prove that the accurate shooting in olden times was something wonderful, and can only be accounted for by the fact that they were accustomed to the daily use of the bow from early childhood.

We give below a few examples of wonderful shooting, selected from reliable English authorities, to show to what a pitch of perfection they had arrived.

Julius Africanus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Servius, is one of the oldest writers on archery of whom we have any record. He relates that one day while hunting, in company of a certain king, they were attacked by an enormous boar; while they all sought safety in flight, the king remained, and shot out one eye after another so accurately that the animal was completely blinded and easily killed.

He also tells of another archer who could sketch an outline of a human face, by the dents made with his arrows against a shield. Again, another would allow any one to shoot at him, he saving himself by stopping the arrow midway with his own.

Coming down to more modern times, we hear of the Indians of Demerara hitting coins, barely visible, at 100 yards nearly every shot; also of the Tartars practicing at geese-eggs, at fifty yards, and hitting them nearly every time.

A traveler named Cockburn says he saw the most astonishing feats performed among the South American Indians; one of the most common was to pin a bird to the ground, by shooting upward, the arrow, as it returned, striking the bird through the back; and this at long distances.

Henry VIII., at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," surprised the French with his skill with the long-bow. At a distance of 240 yards he struck the bull's-eye repeatedly. Such shooting would compare favorably with off-hand rifle-shooting. At that time the targets were generally placed at a distance of 200 to 240 yards.

October 1st, 1870, a match was shot between Miss Littledale and two gentlemen; Miss Littledale won the match, which lasted three hours, putting the last three arrows into the gold. The distance shot was 100 yards.

Mr. Waring, founder of the famous "Royal Toxophilites," has been seen to put twenty successive arrows into a four-foot target at 100 yards; and there are now many very excellent archers in Great Britain. Here in this country we have not as yet made much progress in accurate shooting; but still there are some expert shots, and many coming to the front with very respectable scores.

We are not able nowadays to use bows of sufficient strength to carry arrows ten and twelve-score yards, as of old, for the reason that we have not been used to the bow from childhood, and therefore not had the constant practice necessary. Fifty-two pounds' pull is all that is needed, however, to send an arrow five or six-score yards, and that weight most people can soon get used to.

The pull or weight of a bow is their measure of strength, and is found in this way: Suspend the bow by its centre, then attach weights sufficient to pull the string down

twenty-eight inches for a man's bow and twenty-five inches for a lady's. The number of pounds required to do this is called the "weight" or "pull" of the bow, and is stamped on its back near the handle. The arrows are weighed by English coin, and are stamped three-and-sixpence, four shillings, or four-and-sixpence, as the case may be

One of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, society of archers, and yet flourishing, is the Royal Edinburgh Archers, organized about the year 1600. Among the most prominent are the Woodmen of Arden and the Royal Toxophilites. Some of these English societies possess handsome grounds and club-houses, and their meetings are conducted on a large and magnificent scale. White tents and glittering flags and targets scattered over the dark-green turf, the handsome uniforms of the members and dresses of the ladies, altogether make a scene not soon forgotten. These meetings are usually followed by a dinner and a ball.

Among the oldest and most prominent American clubs are the following: the Wabash Merry Bowmen, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Staten Island Association for Ladies' Outdoor Sports; Kokomo Archers, Kokomo, Ind.; Chicago Archery Association; Highland Park Archery Club, Highland Park, Ill.; the Buffalo Toxophilites; Oritani Archers, Hackensack, N. J., etc.

There are now hundreds of organized clubs in America, but, unfortunately, many will soon tire of the game, and their numbers will be reduced. Still, it is to be hoped that the majority will keep up their organization from year to year, and show more stability than such clubs generally do in this country.

The National Association organized January 23d, 1879, in Crawfordsville, Ind., Hon. Maurice Thompson, president. This society will do a great deal toward keeping this royal sport popular. Many clubs have joined the Association, and many more would, were their dues not so high. They hold a meeting this August in Chicago, for the purpose of shooting for prizes, and it is to be hoped they will be successful. Unfortunately, only members of the society can enter, so that the majority of archers are barred out.

As it is desirable that all clubs should adopt uniform rules and regulations, we append those laid down by this Association, viz.:

"The targets shall be four feet in diameter, and when placed on the stands, the centre of the 'gold' shall be four feet from the ground.

"The 'gold' shall be 9 6-10 inches in diameter, and each ring shall be 4 8-10 inches in width.

"The value of the colors shall be: gold, 9; red, 7; blue, 5; black, 3; white, 1.

"In case an arrow cuts two colors, it shall count as having hit the inner one.

"All disputes shall be referred for decision to the Captain of the Target where they arise.

"Every Society belonging to this Association shall adopt a 'Society Color,' and provide for its members a uniform badge, of a size not less than two inches in diameter, from which shall depend a ribbon of the color adopted; and no archer shall be permitted to shoot at any grand annual meeting unless he wear such badge upon his left breast.

"Every archer shall shoot with arrows bearing his distinctive mark, and every arrow leaving the bow shall be deemed as having been shot, unless the archer can reach it with its bow while standing inside the line from which he is shooting.

"All arrows must remain in the target until the value of the 'hit' is recorded; otherwise it shall not be counted.

"Matches shall not be shot under the rules of the 'National Archery Association,' unless they be shot at one of the following 'rounds,' each archer shooting three arrows at an 'end.'

"The 'York Round,' consisting of 144 arrows, as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Seventy-two arrows at | 100 | yards. |
| Forty-eight " " | 80 | " |
| Twenty-four " " | 60 | " |

"The 'American Round,' of 90 arrows, as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thirty arrows at | 60 | yards. |
| Thirty " " | 50 | " |
| Thirty " " | 40 | " |

"The 'Columbia Round' (for ladies), of 72 arrows—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Twenty-four arrows at | 50 | |
| Twenty-four " " | 40 | " |
| Twenty-four " " | 30 | " |

These comprise the principal rules, so far as they relate to shooting, the balance being for the management of the Association and annual meetings.

The favorite woods used for bows are as follows: yew, lancewood, snakewood, beefwood, greenheart, hickory, locust, Osage orange, and bamboo. Bows made from the latter are equal to yew, and less apt to break. The bamboo is split into strips, the soft part planed out, and then they are glued together again, and wrapped with silk. This process is patented by a gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y. Yew, when perfect, makes a fine bow, but is very expensive, the bows being worth from fifty to two hundred dollars. Spanish yew is the most valuable, Italian next, and then English. Snakewood makes a very beautiful and a very powerful bow, but this wood is short-grained, and apt to break. Backed bows, when properly taken care of, are better than self bows. By the word "self" is meant bows of one piece of wood.

Arrows for hunting are made from hickory or some other hard wood, and tipped with sharp steel for large game, and with lead for small birds. Target-arrows are made from well-seasoned pine, pointed with steel and nicked with horn, to prevent the strings from splitting them. The finest and best are footed with hard wood and painted between the feathers for the purpose of keeping the feathers from coming off.

From Hansard's "Archery we quote the following weights for arrows to be used in shooting-matches—but of course much depends on the strength of the bow:

| | |
|---|---|
| 30 yards, the arrow should weigh | 5s. 6d. |
| 60 " " " " | 4s. 6d. |
| 90 " " " " | 3s 6d. |
| 120 " " " " | 3s. 6d. |

The best strings were formerly made in Germany, but now they are made here. In fact, all the archery implements are made here, equal to the finest foreign goods, with the exception of yew bows.

In selecting a bow, get one suited to your strength. This is very important, for if too light or too heavy, it will spoil your shooting. Let it be of as good a quality as you can afford. As a rule a man can begin with a 38 or 40 pound 6-foot bow; and a lady, a bow of 5 or 5 feet 6 inches, and a pull of 25 to 28 pounds. The second season you will probably need one several pounds heavier. As we mentioned before in this article, a 50 or 52 pound pull will do all the work nowadays required of a bow.

The arrows are even of more importance than the bow. They should be well-balanced, straight, and well-feathered. Half the arrows sold fly poorly, and their owners wonder why they make poor scores. If you find an arrow missing often, mark it, and if, after a fair trial, it proves uncertain, discard it at once. Fine arrows are expensive, but it is impossible to pay attention to all the little details necessary to make one without charging for it.

Having the bow and arrows, it is now necessary to have a target, which should be of the regulation size, and a stand five to six feet high.

A tassel of green worsted to wipe the dirt off of the arrows; an arm-guard, of stiff leather, to protect the wrist from the recoil of the string, and knuckles, or finger-tips,

A LADIES' ARCHERY MEETING IN ENGLAND.

to protect the fingers that pull the string, are also necessary. It is almost impossible to shoot with comfort without a quiver, and we would advise every archer to use one, as well as a little box of grease, composed of tallow and beeswax, to touch the string and finger-tips. This latter little article is quite important, as often the friction between the string and knuckle-tip becomes so great as to destroy the flight of the arrow, and cause it to waver and fall short.

The colored score-cards are the handiest things to keep a record of one's shooting on. The shots are pricked into their respective colors at the end of each "end," and when the round is finished, their total value is marked in its proper place.

To string the bow, grasp with the right hand the handle of the bow, place the lower tip against the inside hollow of the right foot, but not on the ground; rest the left hand on the upper end, holding the string between the forefinger and thumb; bend the bow, *flat side out*, by pressing down and from you with the left hand, and pulling toward the body with the right, at the same time slipping the left hand up until the string is firmly in the nock.

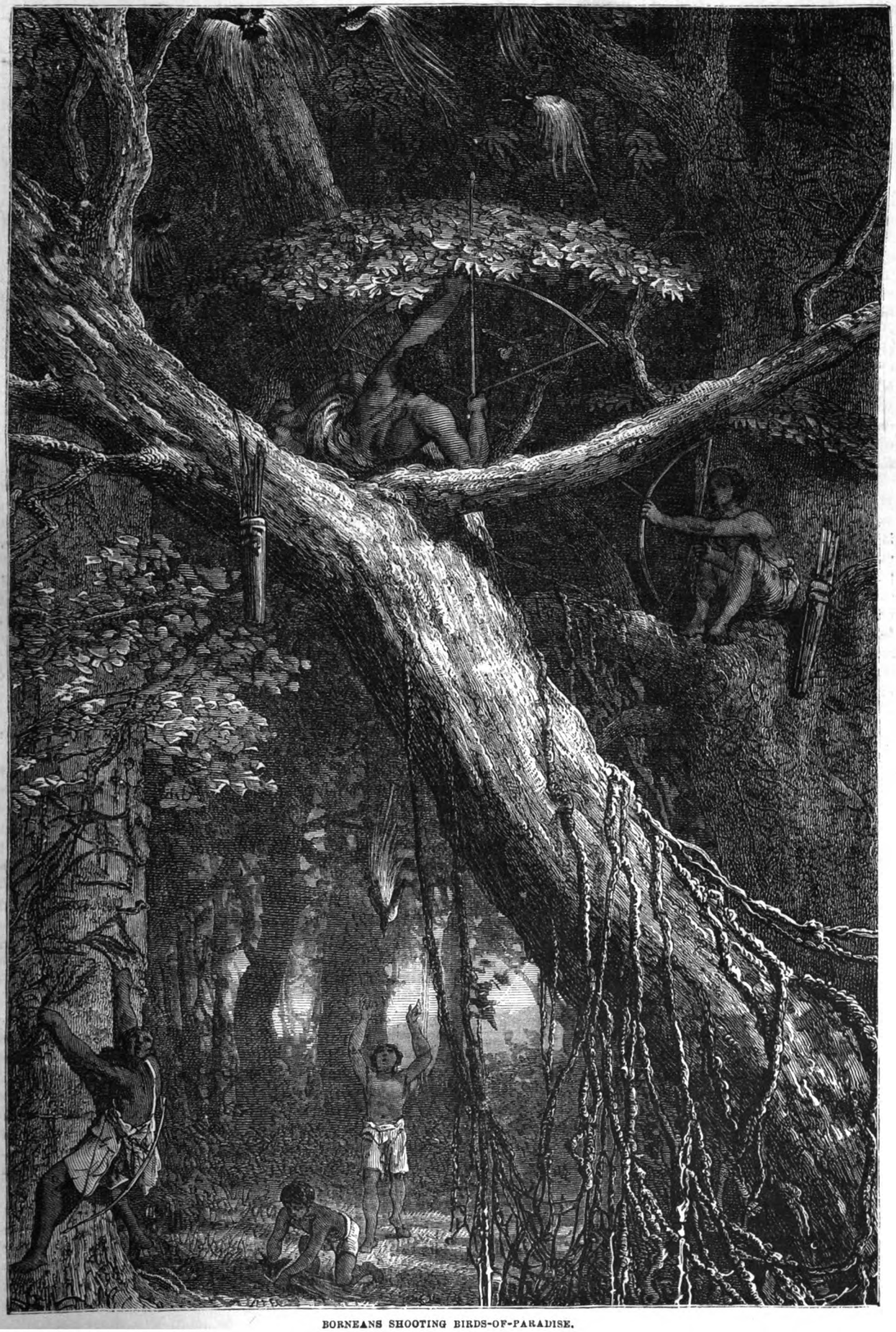
Now take an arrow by the nock, taking care not to injure the feathers, and place it carefully on the string where whipped, with the cock feather uppermost, and the shaft resting at right angles with the string and just above the handle of the bow, which should be held firmly with the left hand. Now take an easy but erect position before the target, the left side toward it; gaze steadfastly at the gold over your left shoulder, while raising the bow to a perpendicular position. When opposite the face, draw back until the thumb touches the right ear, and loose promptly, but without jerking, or moving either hand.

To loose the arrow properly is a very difficult thing, and much of the force and straight flight of the arrow depends on this being well done. Note carefully the direction of your shot, and try to correct any error you make the next time. Do not be discouraged if you shoot badly at first, as it takes constant and steady practice to make even a small score. In England it is considered wonderful for any one to win a prize with less than four or five years of practice.

Twenty yards is far enough away to place the target at first, but as soon as you have mastered the first principles of "holding" and "loosing," and can clap in four out of six arrows, move back ten yards. We advise those who wish to become expert shots to practice regularly, even if but for an hour at a time, and to vary the distance of the target, shooting at longer ranges in preference to shorter ones.

A number of the clubs in the Eastern States have organized an association like the National, with very much the same rules and regulations. They will hold a meeting in Boston during the latter part of September, but will only shoot the Double American and Columbian Round. All clubs in the Eastern and Middle States should join this association, and take part in the contest. Initiation fee, covering all dues, five dollars. This will give younger archers an opportunity, as there are very few yet who have had the chance to practice at the York Round.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn, N. Y., has a fine range, and almost every afternoon there are many practicing at the



BORNEANS SHOOTING BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

butts. It is a pity that the authorities in charge of Central Park will not show the same liberal spirit, and devote a space to archery clubs.

In olden times there were public ranges outside of every town in England, and on holidays the butts were crowded with archers. It is to this fondness for manly games that England owes much of her strength; and wherever this spirit is shown, you will be sure to find healthy men and women, and a nation hard to subdue.

It is therefore to be hoped that our people will encourage all these out-of-door sports that require nerve, muscle, and endurance, and not, as they are too apt to, laugh at and treat such things with contempt. Surely it is far better to spend one's time out of doors, gaining health and strength, than to be lounging at the club over billiards, strolling up and down the avenue, or drinking and smoking in some fashionable bar-room.

The following are considered fair average scores at present here; after we have practiced a year or two more, we shall probably consider them small: At 40 yards, 145; at 50 yards, 100; at 60 yards, 75; at 80 yards, 50; at 100 yards, 25. Of course this refers to ten ends (20 arrows), and the regulation target. At the "York Round," a total of 200 points is a good score, and 250 would probably win most matches.

Do not be frightened from attending a match, even if your scores are small. All archers shoot poorer in public as a rule, and the only way to obtain nerve and confidence is to shoot in public as often as possible. Many who make big scores at home will find to their astonishment that they are "nowhere" in a crowd; so that many are disappointed who expect much, and many agreeably surprised to find how much better their scores stand than they had reason to hope. No one will win a match the first time they shoot before a strange crowd—so do not stay away, but go, if only for the practice.

## TWILIGHT.

A SONNET.

By William Wordsworth.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night!
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power, brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods—the stars; a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

## ONE MOMENT'S WORK.

By Jane G. Austin.

Most of the old residents of Boston will remember the time when the steeple of Park Street Church was under repair, and the workmen, as they neared the top, some two hundred feet above the ground, concluded to save themselves the trouble and delay of carrying up a scaffolding, by simply nailing cleats—that is to say, short strips of wood—across the needle-like spire; and, clinging to these with hands and feet, continued their labors, to their own manifest peril, and the terror of the worthy citizens who watched the operation. But not the most acute of these observers suspected then, or afterward, the actual tragedy connected with this apparent danger; the deadly peril in which not alone a man's body, but his soul, was placed during these few days; and the struggle for life and death that was carried on upon that airy battle-ground. Like most of the serious crises in the history of men, it lay beneath the surface, and the few concerned in it wished nothing so much as to keep it from becoming public; so that it is only now, after the lapse of many years, and the death of the parties principally concerned, one of whom is my authority, that I feel at liberty to relate this too true history of a man's temptation and fall and bitter expiation.

John Clifford was a carpenter by trade, and a fine-looking, active man by nature, well-to-do according to his needs, and an object of desire to most of the young women of his acquaintance. Why, then, disregarding this amiable majority, should he have eyes only for Mamie Bridge, teacher in one of the primary schools of the city, and daughter of Mrs. Bridge, the harassed and debt-ridden, and consequently most unamiable, head of a dingy boarding-house in Franklin Street? Clifford had met Mamie at the house of one of her pupils, and fallen immediately in love with her soft blue eyes and pretty brown curls; but, in spite of all his efforts, could gain but little notice from the young lady, who, indeed, seemed to feel herself rather out of place in the boisterous, noisy games which were the order of the evening, and slipped away at the moment when John, in the character of the "blind man," was groping and peeping about the room in search of her.

A few days later the young carpenter applied for board at Mrs. Bridge's house, but was tartly informed by that lady that she did not take mechanics—though, goodness knows, she might as well; for gentlefolks could run away without paying their bills, as well as working folks.

So John went away discomfited, but found board at a house opposite to Mrs. Bridge's, and, securing a front room, devoted nearly all his leisure to watching Mamie's in-goings and out-comings, especially on Sundays. It was not long before the vague and restless jealousy he scarcely acknowledged to himself found an object in the shape of a handsome, if somewhat reckless-looking, young man boarding in Mrs. Bridge's house, and a frequent attendant upon her daughter. A few shrewd questions in the right quarter soon brought the carpenter to the knowledge that this favored gallant was called Richard Stapleton, that he was a student in the Medical School, possessed a somewhat dubious reputation for morality, and was supposed to be engaged, or nearly so, to Mamie Bridge—who, as the informant added, "was a world too good for him, in spite of his fine airs and feelings."

After this conversation, John Clifford's watch upon the opposite house grew closer and more serious than ever—sterner, too; for he had as yet been able to see or hear nothing to make him believe that Stapleton was likely to prove a more honest or honorable lover, to say nothing of husband, to the girl they both loved than he himself would have done; and, indeed, a black suspicion day by day was growing up in his heart, fed by certain words dropped from time to time by Jones Burton, another of Mrs. Bridge's lodgers, with whom the carpenter had contrived to scrape acquaintance at the hardware establishment where Burton was cashier.

"There'll be a row before long in that quarter, if Ma'am Bridge don't look out," said Burton. "She's so keen to get Mamie married to a gentleman, that she shoves her into his arms; and she's such a Tartar that the girl never speaks to her when she can help it; and what's a little, innocent thing like that to know of such a fellow as

Stapleton? There'll be the ugliest sort of a row over there some day, you see if there ain't."

John Clifford paid for the saw he had just bought, and went out of the shop without a word; but that night, as he watched from his own dark little bedroom the pretty little courting-scene enacted in a room of the opposite house, he clinched his sinewy fist and muttered a few strong words, which we will hope the Recording Angel did not too literally set down upon the debit side of his account.

Taking advantage of Jones Burton's good nature, the young carpenter by-and-by gained admittance to the Bridge mansion and the presence of Mamie, who, girl-like, soon detected the passion she had inspired in the heart of the silent, dark-looking stranger, and, being the sweetest-tempered and kindliest little beauty in the world, could not find it in her nature to treat him otherwise than kindly and attentively. This did very well, so far as these two alone were concerned; but when, one evening, it chanced that Richard Stapleton remained in the public sitting-room, instead of taking Mamie out with him or going to his own chamber as was his wont, he too began to look and listen to John Clifford's low and hesitating speeches addressed to Mamie Bridge; and listening, an evil scowl crossed his sullen face, and his tone assumed an ominous sneer that his betrothed, if such she was, had long since learned to dread and avoid. The visit did not last long, and ended without any actual disagreement between the young men; but from that day they knew each other for enemies and rivals, and John Clifford's watch upon the movements of the other grew feverishly vigilant and suspicious.

It was at this time that the repairs upon Park Street Church commenced, and John Clifford was one of the carpenters employed by the master-workman who took the contract. He had only been at work one day before he made a disagreeable discovery—in fact, two of them: first, that Richard Stapleton passed the church several times a day in going to and from his lectures at the Medical College; and secondly, that Mamie Bridge's daily walks led in the same direction at the same hours, and that the two were always to be seen together. This fact once discovered, John Clifford could not help torturing himself by the use of it, and never missed an opportunity of watching the lovers from their first appearance upon Tremont Street until they passed out of sight up Park Street, too busy with each other to spare a glance toward the haggard face and burning eyes glowing down at them, now from a window, now from the roof, anon from some chink or cranny of the stagings, and always with a growing hatred in the looks cast upon Stapleton, and a desperate passion in those that dwelt upon his beautiful companion.

The repairs went on, and reached the steeple, where was only room for two men to work together. These, selected for their daring no less than for their skill, were Clifford and a companion named Morris; and these two were the venturesome originators of the cleat-ladder mode of ascending to the spire—a piece of daring which attracted the attention and excited the fears of at least half the population of Boston.

It was the second day that this had been in operation, and John Clifford, from his airy perch, looked down at the usual hour to torment himself with the sight of his happy rival walking beside the object of his hopeless love. In due course of time Stapleton appeared, but his companion was Jones Burton, instead of Mamie Bridge, she having been obliged to go in another direction. The carpenter heaved a great sigh of relief, and turned back to his work, but was presently interrupted by Morris, who had been down for some nails, and now, in passing him, said:

"Look out for an accident, Clifford. There's two fellows down there, and one has bet the other a new hat that he daresn't climb up these cleats and hang his old hat on the weather-vane, and he, like a fool, has took up the bet. The boss tried to stop 'em, but they wouldn't listen to a word, and finally he got mad, and told 'em to go to the Old Boy their own way, for anything he cared, and I left 'em getting ready. Here they come!"

And, looking down to the opening in the roof giving access to the steeple, Clifford beheld his rival just emerging, while Jones Burton's face appeared behind, looking pale and scared. Stapleton's, on the contrary, looked flushed and reckless, and it was evident that, early as was the hour, he had already been drinking.

"There, Burton!" cried he, stepping upon the staging around the lower part of the steeple. "You stay here to see fair play, and be counting out ten dollars for that hat, for I sha'n't be gone a minute. Now, then!"

And he rapidly ran up the first ladder to the scaffold where Clifford and Morris stood, the former walking away before the climber had time to recognize him, while Morris said:

"I'm going up myself, sir, and you'd better follow as close as you can—you won't be so likely to be dizzy. There's a place close to the vane where you can pass, if you want to. There's cleats both sides there, and I can get out of your way. But you'd better think again before——"

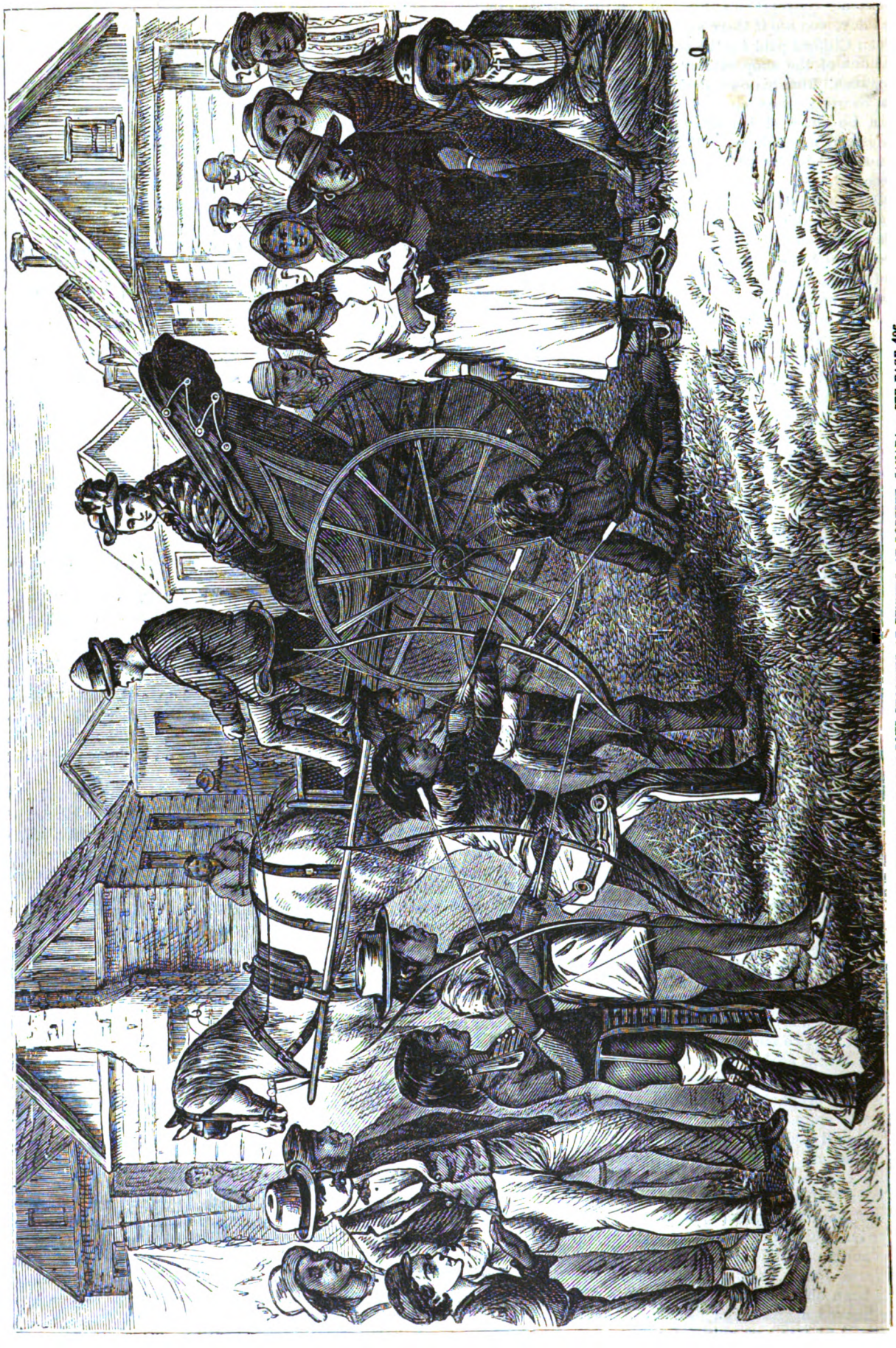
"Go along up, my man, and don't talk so much," interrupted Stapleton, boisterously. "I'll leave the old hat on the vane for you, if you like. It isn't far to the hatter's, and I'm to pick out the best in the shop, and Burton is to pay for it."

The voices of the two men passed up, and Clifford began slowly to follow them, but upon the other side of the steeple, and therefore out of Burton's sight; for he did not at that moment feel as if he could exchange words of careless courtesy with anybody.

Arrived at the point where the scaffolds terminated and were replaced by the cleats, he was obliged to come round the steeple, but was still so far removed from Burton's line of vision as not easily to be recognized, or his movements very distinct. As for his motive in ascending with such caution, or, indeed, in ascending at all, since he knew that he must descend before Stapleton or Morris, and since nothing could be more disagreeable to him than a meeting with Stapleton, the young man would have been at a loss to describe it himself, and, in fact, moved rather by instinct than reason in what he did. But suddenly he paused in his upward journey, and, clinging convulsively with both hands to the frail support he grasped, gazed with horror upon the cleat he had just been about to seize. Originally fastened with two nails, one of these had broken off, and the other, pressed downward and outward by the ascending feet of the two men who had just passed over it, was ready to give way at the first impulse.

"The first man who trusts himself on that cleat is a dead man!"

So shaped themselves the sickening throbs of John Clifford's heart, as, clinging there to the slender spire, with the roar of the great city at his feet, almost swaying him from his hold, he faced the tempter who has always loved the high places of the earth, and listened to his suggestions. He needed to do nothing but to go quietly down again as he had come up. No one could know that he had seen it; no one could hold him responsible for the misstep of the giddy fool whom all had urged not to ascend



ARCHERY, PAST AND PRESENT.—INDIAN BOYS SHOOTING AT PENNIES, AT LORETTE, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 406.

the steeple. And then, as if to smooth the path for him, came the voice of his companion Morris, hailing him from above:

"Clifford, go down, will you, and leave room for the gent. He's turned a little dizzy, and I'm a-helping him down."

John Clifford's white lips shaped an answer, but no sound issued from them, as, without an upward glance, he began swiftly to descend; and still the cheery voice of Robert Morris followed him, although now the words were not addressed to himself, but to Stapleton.

"There, hang on close, and don't you look down, nor yet up, but straight at the old steeple. Stop, now; rest a minute, and I'll get past you, and then I can set your feet, if you miss the cleats. That's it! Now, come along, mister."

"Go past him!" echoed John Clifford, to himself.

And then, by a great effort, he raised his eyes and saw his hated rival, his whole frame collapsed and shrunken with terror and the hair perceptibly raised from his clammy brow, clinging convulsively to the cleats near the top of the steeple; while Robert Morris, the blithe, bright-tempered, generous young Scotchman, whom Clifford had known and liked so well, had managed to pass below his charge, and, with his eyes and his whole attention fixed upon the trembling limbs he sought to guide, mechanically moved his own feet from cleat to cleat, until now only two separated him from that treacherous one, to rest upon which, even for an instant, was death, certain death, not only to him, but to the quivering charge, whose feeble hold would no doubt be loosened at the same instant.

ONE MOMENT'S WORK.—"SCARCELY KNOWING WHAT HE DID, HE HURLED THE HATCHET FROM HIS HAND, AND LEANING FROM HIS PERILOUS STANDING-POINT, HE FOLLOWED THE GLITTERING LINE OF THE BRIGHT STEEL IN ITS DESCENT."—SEE PAGE 410.

This conviction darted through the mind of Clifford like a flash of lightning, and with something of the same stinging pain awoke him from the sort of trance in which he had moved for the last few minutes. Without an instant's pause, he sprang once more up the cleats; and, while Morris tried in vain to coax his charge to move, Clifford reached the dangerous spot, and quietly said:

"Stop; there's a cleat not quite secure. Hold on till I put another nail in."

"No need of it, John; and the jar will, maybe, scare him into letting go!" said Morris, impatiently; but without reply, Clifford drew a couple of nails and a hammer from the pocket of his workman's overalls, and in a moment had made all secure. Then he slowly descended, followed step by step by Morris and the nearly senseless Stapleton, who no sooner reached a place of safety than he swooned altogether, and was taken down to a carriage in the arms of Morris and Burton.

That night, through the unshuttered window of Richard Stapleton's chamber, Clifford saw him lying upon a sofa, while beside him knelt Mamie, smoothing his brow, tenderly caressing his hair, his cheeks, his lips—in fact, bestowing all those proofs of devotion and interest which any loving girl would feel herself free to exhibit toward the man she loved and hoped to marry, especially at the moment when he had escaped a great peril, and been, as it were, given back to her from the very grasp of death.

"Curse him! curse him doubly!" muttered John Clifford, as from his own dark room he watched these endearments. "If it had not been for Morris in the way, he would not be there now. Oh, give me another chance!"

And the Enemy of Souls caught up the wild prayer, and was permitted to answer it.

The next morning Clifford was ordered to knock off the cleats from the now completed steeple, and, with his sharp shingling hatchet in his hand, mounted to the top of the

spire, and commenced his work. It was about half-completed when his strained and eager watch upon the corner of School Street discovered the two figures he so dreaded, and yet was so impatient to behold—his rival and his hopeless love.

They were walking very slowly, arm-in-arm, and he was evidently relating, probably for the hundredth time, the story of his danger, for both faces were directed upward, and Stapleton was gesticulating with his free hand, while Mamie, clinging to the other arm, gazed up in his face with that absorbed and admiring fondness women, ever since the days of Desdemona, have shown for the handsome hero who tells of "the dangers he has known."

John Clifford watched those expressive gestures and that loving, upturned face until they were close at hand, and then, grinding a cruel oath between his teeth, he turned back to his work, trying to shut out the sights and sounds that maddened him; for he fancied that, amid the roar of the great city that ascended to his eyrie, he could distinguish the hated voice of Richard Stapleton, and even the sweet tones of Mamie's exclamations and questions.

For a few moments he wrought furiously at his task, and then, unable to bear the uncertainty longer, he turned abruptly and looked down. There they stood, almost directly beneath him, both looking up, and Stapleton, the better to direct the girl's attention to some object he was pointing out, had passed one arm about the girl's shoulders, and tilted her chin up with the other hand, while he laughingly insisted upon her raising her eyes to the very top of the steeple.

It was but for an instant that they held the caressing attitude, but that instant was sufficient to fill the measure of John Clifford's jealousy to well-nigh frenzy, and scarcely knowing what he did, he hurled the hatchet in his hand, at the handsome, mocking, hated face of the man who thus before his very eyes—before the eyes of all men, boasted of his familiarity, his mastership over this girl, who had never vouchsafed more than the slightest touch of her cool fingers to him who loved her so madly, so passionately.

The hatchet left his hand almost before he knew it, and yet, no sooner was the act irretrievable, than a deadly calmness replaced the fury of the moment, and, leaning from his perilous standing-point, he followed the glittering line of the bright steel in its descent; and, had he seen it bury itself in the brain of his rival, he would have felt neither remorse nor horror, and from that instant the soul of John Clifford would have become the unresisting slave of the fiend who had so skillfully tempted it. But this was not to be; the mercy of Providence is untiring, and the narrow and stormy path of penitence is always open to the sinner who will seek it; through this steep and painful path John Clifford was yet to climb to the purer and better day, albeit it was at cost both to him and another of much that makes life worth the having.

Richard Stapleton's upturned eyes caught the glittering danger swooping down upon him, and, although he did not suspect the motive—in fact, had failed to recognize the workman, whom he had seen but seldom, and in obscurity, an instinct swifter than even that glancing death told him that its aim was his life, and another instinct made him shrink suddenly back; but no third impulse prompted him to secure the safety of the woman who would have gladly—nay, blithely, faced the most painful death to save him from harm; and the very movement of his own retreat, still clasping her shoulders as he did, brought her into the danger he escaped; and, before the cries of horror and dismay formed on the lips of the by-standers could shape themselves upon the air, the axe had fallen, and, with one wild scream, Mamie Bridge sank to the pavement, while her lover started aside, and would have rushed from the spot had not a bluff workman in the little crowd already gathering seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Hold on! Nothing's going to hurt you now; and you'd better look after your girl."

And Clifford! With the lightning perception which such cases replaces thought, he had seen the coward movement of Richard Stapleton; he had seen the danger averted from the man he hated to the woman he loved; he had felt the sharp anguish of defeat, and the consciousness that he had periled his own soul for vengeance, and that the blow had recoiled on himself with tenfold bitterness. It was too much for a brain already frenzied with rage and jealousy, and a body enfeebled by vigils and fasting. As Mamie Bridge sank smitten to the pavement, John Clifford, with one wild gasp of agony, lost his hold upon the frail support he held, and fell from the steeple; but, as God's grace would have it, reached the upper scaffolding in safety, and was presently found there, a crumpled, unconscious heap, by his fellow-workmen. They removed him to his lodgings tenderly enough, saying to each other that he had seemed ill and unlike himself for days, and that he must have suddenly swooned upon that giddy height, and dropped the hatchet as he fell.

A whole week passed before consciousness returned to the miserable man, and then the first question that he whispered was:

"Is Mamie Bridge dead?"

"No—nor like to be," replied the kind-hearted, overworked landlady, who had so patiently cared for her friendless lodger, even to the neglect of other duties. "But I dare say she'd rather be than to live as she must live, for they say she's an object that her own mother can't bear to look at, and will never have the use of her right arm again. The hatchet took off part of the nose, part of the lips, and part of the chin, and then struck on the shoulder and cut some of the cords, so that at first the doctor thought he'd have to take the arm off, but he's concluded now that he can save it, though it's dead as much as if it was off—but, then, ain't I a fool, and you so weak? Lord, he's off in a fainting fit, and all my fault!"

Another week, and John Clifford was able to crawl out into the sunshine, the ghost of his former self. His first independent act was to send and ask Richard Stapleton to come to him, and in a few hours the student, with an air of rather supercilious astonishment, entered the room where he lay, gathering strength for the interview. It was not a long one.

In a few stern phrases the criminal confessed his crime, and offered to the other such reparation or such vengeance as the law would give him if he chose to take it, or such private compensation as money might afford; for Clifford was not poor for his years and station, and had already a good balance at the bank.

Stapleton listened attentively and silently; went to the window, looked across the street for several moments, and then returning to the side of the couch, said, coldly:

"I don't know that I care about taking the law of you, although, of course I might; but, after all, you did not hurt me, and may have done me a service in breaking off an affair that I was getting confoundedly bored with."

"You are going to desert Mamie?" burst out Clifford, springing to his feet, all ablaze with indignation.

"Desert?" repeated the other, haughtily. "I see no occasion for using hard words, my young friend, but, of course, I do not intend to marry her. She was a very pretty girl, and, as she was also a very prudish one, I

should have married her rather than not have her; but now—— Well, your hatchet has saved me from a piece of folly scarcely to be excused by all the beauty that is gone for ever now from Mamie Bridge's face. I have already left her mother's house, and never shall see one of its inmates again, if I can help it. I give you my good wishes, and good-by."

"It's a pity you swerved when the hatchet fell," replied the young carpenter, slowly; and with an airy grimace, and "Thank you!" Stapleton left the room and passed out of John Clifford and Mamie Bridge's lives, never to return.

Months later, John made his confession to the poor girl who, like the sacrificial lamb, had borne the penalty of another's sin and wickedness. When he finished, she simply said:

"Yes, I forgive you with all my heart, but the loss of my good looks and of my right arm is not the heaviest loss you brought upon me, John."

"No!" replied he, hotly. "But, Mamie, if your good looks are gone, here are two eyes that never care to look upon any other woman's face than yours; and here is a strong right arm that asks no better than to spend all its strength and all its cunning for you; and, for the rest, Mamie, perhaps the love you have lost was not, after all, truer, or more lasting, than that which has long been yours."

"I know that, John," replied the poor child, bitterly enough. "I have felt that for a long time, but the heart is not to be forced, and mine cannot turn even now to another love. I may be your true friend—your sister, but nothing more."

"Then let me be your friend—your brother, dear," pleaded the carpenter. "You need some one to stand between you and the world, now that you are disabled by my act from helping yourself; and who so fit as I to fill the place? Your mother is not well off, and she feels the expense and care of your illness. You won't be hurt at my speaking out, Mamie?"

"It is too true! I cannot deny it. Poor mother!" groaned the unhappy girl, hiding her poor, marred face in the light shawl laid over her upon the couch she seldom quitted.

"Well, then, Mamie darling, let the marriage words be said over us, and then I shall have the right to take this dear, dear charge off your mother's hands, and to care for you and protect, and be a friend, a brother, a lover, a husband to you, as you yourself choose. Only marry me, Mamie—that is all I ask."

And so Mamie Bridge became Mamie Clifford, and the last days of that man were better than the first, and she, poor child! became content at last, and in the end more nearly happy than most of us whose faces remain unscarred, and whose lives have received no such blow, can boast of being.

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THE editor of a prominent New York journal, traveling in India, writes as follows of what the jugglers perform in that country: "I have seen a man throw up into the air a number of balls numbering in succession from one upward. As each went up, and there was no deception about their going up, the ball was seen clearly in the air, getting smaller and smaller till it disappeared altogether out of sight. When they were all up, twenty or more, the operator would politely ask which ball you wanted to see, and then would shout out, 'No. 1,' 'No. 15,' and so on, as instructed by the spectators, when the ball demanded would bound to his feet violently from some remote distance."

# THE DEAD MODEL.

IT glowed upon the canvas and filled the room with light; it spoke through the sight of the soul. It was a poem—an art-poem.

It represented Jesus, the Saviour; Christ, the Son of Mary; the Lamb of the crucifixion; the Beloved One of God. How utterly beautiful! Filling a large canvas, it portrayed a radiant and glorious Being, draped in white, as in a "garment of light"; the flowing, golden beard falling over the throat, yet showing something of the unutterable beauty of the pure and pensive mouth; the darkened eyes holding their grand gloom as the only shadow in the glowing whole; the dome-like brow of purest alabaster revealing the angelic, superhuman nature; the absolute perfection of the features still showing that symmetry of form is not incompatible with intensity of expression.

The drapery was wonderful. Snowy folds enveloped what naught but a vesture of radiance should have defined; the form that the cross had held, but had not made mortal.

On the hands—spread forth in blessing—were the livid marks of the nails, the cruel nails! The naked feet bore similar witnesses. The brow had bled to the piercing thorn. In the glory of the eyes lay remembered anguish. But those blessed hands, extended, seemed to say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But what, above all, was wondrous in this all-wondrous picture was the halo above the brow, the radiance of which filled the entire canvas with a flood of glory. The painter had solved the great art-mystery. He had *painted light!*

And Rovere Ethemere leaned back in his chair and gazed at his work with a kind of awe.

A woman leaned upon the chair behind him; a very beautiful woman; so beautiful that it is difficult to describe her, because of the ethereal character of her loveliness, its peculiar nature.

Describe a flower! describe a song! describe joy! describe love! As well attempt all these as to describe Angela Ethemere.

Yes; she was his wife. Only a wife could gaze thus, first upon his face, then at the picture. She seemed to be lost in the double contemplation of the artist and his work; tracing, perhaps, a resemblance, which certainly existed, between the Christ-face and the human one on which her tender, melting, blue-gray eyes fastened their loving gaze.

Gentle, truthful eyes! What memories they held of hours that throbbed with an excess of joy; of days that sparkled with a wealth of smiles!

What features, too, were those of Angela! Half Greek, but not cold; not wholly symmetrical, yet so delicate that no *positive* defects could be defined; their beauty heightened by a marble pallor, the only red being the impassioned lips, chaste as fond; half brown, half golden hair; a form as fragile as a poet's thought, and grace in every attitude.

The third of the beautiful objects that filled the studio with their poetic presence—the picture, Angela and the artist—was by no means the least powerful to fix the gaze. Genius sat upon Rovere's brow, truth lived in the deep, diamond light of his large eyes, whose concentrated gaze held a world within them. He was a man whom all men liked. Women worshiped him.

He deserved love. He never, throughout that brilliantly successful career that had preceded the moment at which we find him, had injured the happiness of any woman's life, though one hated him.

I loathe her name. To bring her here into my story, to tell you the cruel truth, and to depict a woman like Zenobia Althorst, is not a pleasant task.

But I have promised myself that I would write this recital *in memoriam*. Remember it to me, ye honored and lamented dead, Rovere and Angela! I mean it for a prayer. Perhaps it is little better than idle, useless tears.

They had met in the world, in the gay throngs that crowded New York *salons*. The successful artist had a peculiar beauty, a grandeur, an exceptionality of type, bearing and presence, which had struck the art-nerve of Zenobia's sensuous nature and filled her selfish heart with an unholy glow.

From the first moment she repelled Rovere. He recoiled from her as the noble must ever shrink from the ignoble, the high from the earthy, the star from the sod, light from darkness. And yet that gorgeous being did not seem an object to recoil from. Only the refined, spiritual, though at the same time truly manly nature of the artist, could have felt and shuddered at the innate coarseness, undisguised *to him* by the really exceptional splendor of material beauty.

A queenly head; a wealth of jet-black hair; eyes like great, glowing jewels, like agates with the lustre of the diamond upon their dark, unfathomable depths, shrouded by sweeping lashes; a low, broad brow, along which the black hair curled and waved like the serpent-locks of the Medusa; full, rich lips, haughty, too, in their imperial curve; a form regal in height—that of a Semiramide in fullness; complexion not snowy pale like Angela's, but dark, though clear; a rich glow in the cheek, which, if nature caused it to pale, was renewed by art, for which crime of *lèse-réalité* Rovere would have disliked her, had there been nothing besides in this barbarian nature to jar upon his nerves.

TWILIGHT.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 410.

THE DEAD MODEL.—"'THE DEVIL HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!' HISSED HE IN HER EAR. SHE DREW BACK; ALL RECOILED. THE FASHIONABLE GUESTS STARED AT THE MAD ARTIST, WHO CLUTCHED ZENOBIA'S WRIST."—SEE PAGE 415.

Artists loathe any recourse to art in a woman's toilet. False hair, cotton, crinoline and powder, to all ridiculous, to them are loathly. Painted cheeks, above all things, are the artist's aversion; the sickliest pallor is, to the art-eye, less shocking than the meretricious glare of rouge.

It might be that the presence of an awful aunt, on the occasion of Rovere's first encounter with Zenobia Althorst, had something to do with the jarring memory it left.

Mrs. Barnbridge had "come up out of oil," and on the occasion of her first visit to the artist's studio, not having yet learned how to calm down the horrors of what she would have designated as her "taste in dress," appeared in a "loud" style of attire, justly to be expressed by a shouting red, a shrieking green and a bellowing blue. Insanity, embodied in a bonnet and jewelry so rabid that it inevitably suggested the propriety of incarcerating its possessor for life in a *maison de santé*, completed this striking whole.

Zenobia, always regal, if somewhat Oriental, accompanied this painful woman. Rovere felt, he told Angela, as if his teeth were on edge for a week after, as if he had been eating pickles.

The embodied nightmare in color seated herself and expressed a desire that her niece's portrait should be painted by Mr. Ethemere.

Zenobia, whose lack of vulgarity was to be accounted for by the fact that she had resided with her aunt but one Winter, and that owing to the accession of vast wealth which had come upon her aunt through petroleum, also expressed a wish to possess, in a likeness of herself, "a specimen of Mr. Ethemere's exquisite skill."

Thus they first met and parted, with but a few phrases of the most common-place description, but Zenobia had given, unsought, her heart to the Raphael-like Ethemere, and saw everywhere she turned a pale, statuesque head, with a noble form draped in a velvet artist-tunic and haunting, poet-eyes.

She loved absorbingly, evinced it unblushingly, was repelled courteously, yet firmly, and hated as the base hate.

The day that she heard of his marriage—a clandestine one—with Angela Winthrop, the heiress, she murdered him a thousand times in her cruel thoughts, consigned him to a thousand deaths, each more hideous than the last, and writhed in the consciousness of her own failure and her rival's triumph—the more agonized because she had hoped till then.

They had met, Angela and she—spiritual and material beauty, poetry and prose, the orient and the north, heat and light, love and passion, suggesting to Rovere an angel beside a fiend—both beautiful, the one in her evil glory, the other in her touching loveliness. They had met and repelled each other.

Wealth is power. Zenobia, who had full command of her aunt's purse, vowed to crush the artist by foul means, whom she had failed to win by what she considered fair ones.

Did you ever meet—you whose kind eyes peruse my lines—with one of those *bought critics*, those hirelings of the press, whose cruel motto is—

"Oderint dum metuant"?

Zenobia had one of these banditti of the pen in her pay.

Heaven shield the unfortunate who fell beneath the lash of Shelsbury Lynch. Unsparing, relentlessly cruel, gloating in every pang of his victim, this man in London and Paris had for years lived by this mental murder. He slew not the body, but the heart; he dragged to death, not the material frame, but the lofty aspiration; he killed, not the physical being, but peace.

Possessing great wit, vast powers of criticism, immense experience, he did not hesitate to falsify, abuse and sell his powers at the bidding of a cruel, remorseless woman.

You have seen the artist when his picture was finished. He clasped Angela to his triumphant heart, bounding with the consciousness of having achieved a great picture, of having borne an art-child that would do him honor; and he swore to her that the wealth she had forfeited through her marriage with him should be hers, through his brush, his toil; and this day was their last really happy one.

A great art exhibition took place on the morrow, but through the kindness of some personal friends, the peculiar light desirable for the "Christ" of Ethemere was obtained by its private exhibition in a room hung with curtains arranged with consummate art.

Its exhibition, so far as the effect upon the gazers went, was a great success. One lady fainted as the glory of the picture burst suddenly upon her, and, as she revived, murmured:

"I thought—I had gone—to heaven!"

But the next day the bloodhound was let loose upon the devoted victim, and Shelsbury Lynch began his vile game. He hoped for more than money, and allowed himself to dwell upon the idea of winning Zenobia Althorst.

Why not? He was thirty-five, talented, if not wealthy, of good family, and if a "Bohemian," not of the low kind. His position as a *littérateur* was, on the contrary, very clearly defined, and, in spite of his unsparing pen, to deny his talent was what no one thought of. Besides this, his person was rather handsome than otherwise, his manner good, his social relations unobjectionable. Abroad, he had been a lion.

The criticism of the "Christ" of Ethemere was a cruel deed. Sarcasm did its worst, and falsehood cast its foul smoke from the evil fire of hate upon the glowing and lovely canvas. Hate is the Calvary of genius; malice, the spear in its side.

The wonders of the picture were all denied. Its lovely lights were called intolerably glaring; its beautiful drapery was qualified as coarse; all expression was denied to the face. The hair, the beard, the eyes, the hands, the feet—all met with equal disapprobation; all as undeservedly. A picture that, in its glorious beauty, could not be gazed on long without a tear; a touching poem, rendered by a poetic brush, was mercilessly mocked at, and with an irreverence which its subject alone should have made impossible to the most savage art-critics. And, in his inmost heart, while he wrote, Shelsbury Lynch acknowledged that he had never seen anything more touchingly beautiful; or in America, as well as in many foreign cities, any picture better painted. But he had been hired to jeer and to lie, and he jeered and lied.

Keats died of these things—Ethemere wept.

Other publications besides that in which Shelsbury Lynch caused his criticism to be published followed his evil lead. The ignorant, bowing down to what they believed his superior art-knowledge—a knowledge which had, it is true, been proved again and again in criticisms of a candid nature—followed in the footsteps which had trodden on the honest, kind, bleeding heart of the poet-painter.

The criticism, headed "The False and Meretricious School of Art," and which was elaborate and long, reappeared. The would-be connoisseurs had each their little sneer, and the "Christ" of Ethemere remained unsold.

There it stood, with its slighted beauty, against the walls of Rovere's studio, its occult color unappreciated, its poem unread.

One such criticism would not, cruel as it was, have suf-

ficed to kill the artist, as an artist; but means were beginning to fail for the pursuance of his profession.

Angela had been disinherited in favor of a nephew of Mr. Winthrop, and Ethemere's foreign studies had cost him a large sum.

It would be painful and idle to follow the gradual loss of the artist's powers, the gradual breaking of his heart. Suffice it to say that Zenobia's vengeance had so well progressed that, eighteen months after she had taken a mental oath to ruin Rovere, Ethemere the artist and his wife lived in a couple of rooms that were garrets, and were glad when the sale of some pretty picture, or the fulfilling of some trifling order, enabled them to add meat to their fare. Genius, though immortal, is soon "starved out."

A word to women. Why do not women make it their work to encourage art? Who sees women, except in rare instances, buying pictures? Jewels, ribbons, silks, are daily purchased by our fair countrywomen, whose delicate beauty can well dispense with extravagant toilet accessories, at the cost of hundreds, nay, thousands, while gems in landscape, lovely statuettes, and beautiful pastels, the contemplation of which every day, in their apartments, would elevate the minds of these girls and matrons, are passed neglected by. A jewel pleases but a little while; ribbons, silks, and laces soon lose their attraction, as well for the purchaser as for the eyes to which they are lavishly displayed; but a beautiful production of art *lives*, and grows lovelier and grander by contemplation.

Want is a cruel goad. Angela began to droop. Her frail frame needed the luxuries of life. Even fare of a wholesome if not a dainty nature was coarse to her delicate organization. She had been bred in luxury—away from it she perished. Consumption, induced by privation as well as by mental pain, had set its remorseless seal upon her fair young life. The wife of two years died an agonizing death on the very day of her marriage anniversary.

Rovere looked at the dead form before him and then looked around him. Angela had died with words of love on her lips, had told him how happy she had been in spite of all, had said they should meet in heaven, had striven, even in dying, to impart hope, but in vain. When she died, although in the body he still lived, the man who worshiped her died also.

A strange, terrible smile broke over his face as he gazed at his dead wife, and, after a minute of contemplation, he arose.

Then he began to paint, as if under the inspiration of some fresh incentive. He painted the lovely dead. The marble form, motionless and emaciated, the sweeping lashes upon the hollow cheek, the rigid beauty of the perfect lips, the lovely, terribly beautiful face, the death-locked hands, the unbound, still lustrous hair.

He painted as he had never painted before. All prior productions sank into insignificance as he proceeded. The angel of death seemed to guide his hand.

"I must buy a coffin!" he muttered to himself, "and flowers for the grave. Then I must leave money to be buried beside her. I must not rest!"

And thus he painted on, without food, only pausing to remove the moisture from his brow, to light candles, or to mix colors.

I think Zenobia would have shuddered at this downfall of a great intellect. It was horrible to watch his livid and emaciated face, to note the gradual dying out of the light of hope, the dawning of an unimaginable horror.

From time to time, fever would rise, and then he would wave his hand toward the "Christ," and smile, as if to say, "Patience, I am coming!"

There was a fancy ball at Zenobia's house on the night when Angela died, and the woman who had killed her glittered with jewels in the fantastic garb of a Moorish sorceress.

A large, jeweled serpent with eyes of ruby flamed above her brow, the most fitting ornament she had ever chosen to heighten her subtle and evil beauty. A robe of black velvet, marked with cabalistic characters, wrought in thread of gold, draped her form. Hers was a sinister presence in this weird attire. The dark beauty of her face, framed against the falling luxuriance of her jetty, snake-like hair, gleamed out in all its power as Shelsbury Lynch approached her.

"Have you any news for me? Have you fulfilled your task?" asked Zenobia.

"Almost," replied Shelsbury.

"But nothing except his utter failure as an artist will satisfy me."

"It is complete, and I have come to claim my reward."

"Complete! Is he——"

"No—not absolutely 'starved out' yet. Why, woman, will nothing less than his death satisfy you?"

Had she answered the truth, Zenobia would have replied: "Nothing less, and that a death of torture!" but she feigned to shrink and turn pale.

"You jest!" replied she.

A scrutinizing look was fastened upon her face, and a tantalizing laugh met her ear.

"Do you know, fair enchantress, that to hate this man as you do—and I believe you would be happier at the sight of his corpse than you have been for years—to hate him so, *you must have loved him!*"

"Loved him!"

"Yes."

But her feigned indignation was in vain. Shelsbury Lynch had read her secret, and that knowledge made her his own.

"It matters not; as my wife you will forget him."

"Your wife!"

"My wife! It must be so. The story I could tell would not read well. I love you. I love your demon-beauty!"

"I hate you!"

"That may be; but you will marry me."

"I cannot!"

"You will! Did I ever tell you that Ethemere knows whom he has to thank for his decline and fall?"

"You have betrayed me?"

"No."

"How then?"

"I know not. Intuition, perhaps; but know it he does."

A shudder ran over Zenobia's frame. She had heard that the worm, if trodden upon, will turn. The base are always cowardly.

At this moment there was a stir in the crowded rooms. The groups scattered and fell away as a man advanced in their midst.

This man was pale—a more livid face was never worn, except by the dead. A shabby velvet tunic, of the shape of that worn by Titian, and now so much affected by artists, hung from his emaciated shoulders. His beard, long and neglected, fell on his breast, and his eyes shone with a wild, appalling look.

He walked directly toward Zenobia.

"The devil has a message for you!" hissed he in her ear. She drew back—all recoiled. The fashionable guests stared at the mad artist, who clutched Zenobia's wrist.

"Come!" said he.

She did not attempt to struggle. She saw that reason had partly, if not wholly, deserted its throne. Following his impulsion, therefore, she passed through the crowd, which stood aghast.

It was a strange walk, a singular sight—a woman in fancy dress of the most gorgeous description, led on at a rapid pace by a man wearing no covering on his head, and ever urging the woman faster and faster forward.

They reached the studio. The dead body of Angela lay there.

Its representation glared upon the canvas in the same ghastly and terribly truthful portrayal of the bondage of death.

"Sit down," said Rovere. She sank into a seat.

Then he began to paint. Over the dead form in the death-picture he placed a dreadful figure: that of Zenobia—not in her regal beauty, as she glittered before him, jeweled and superb, but as an evil spirit. Every line was faithful in the face portrayed—the hair, the evil eyes—but undisguised. The expression was that of the lost, of those who are in hell, triumphant—of those who among devils have found their place, and live by evil.

THE MAGPIE.—SEE PAGE 431.

Over the shoulders of this weird creature were dusky wings. In its pallid hand it held a dagger, and from the poniard dropped the blood of the innocent victim, dead beneath its stroke—the blood of Angela.

"I have brought you to justice," said the artist; "and now begone!"

And he thrust her from the door, as he finished, into the street.

On the morrow, the father of Angela awakened at last, when it was too late, to the recollection of his daughter, and endeavoring to find her, came upon the only friend who had discovered the hopeless condition of Ethemere.

Ethemere home. Lynch purchased the picture, paying Ethemere a price that would have saved his wife from starvation and given her a comfortable home had it been in her husband's possession a few months before. The artist clutched the thick roll of bank-notes.

The next hour found the grave of Angela buried in the most costly flowers.

When the morning broke, Elster, anxious at the condition of his friend, of whom he had for so many years lost sight, went to the little garret-studio.

Ethemere was dead. He lay, with his face to the light, at the foot of the "Christ."

HARVEST.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 423.

Passing along Broadway, this man, Francis Elster, met with the death-picture, around which a crowd was gathered at the window of one of the largest and most frequented picture-dealers in the city.

That night the city rang with the story; that night Angela's father buried his dead; that night Zenobia's friends knew her as she was; for when, with taunts and reproaches, the frenzied woman dismissed Shelsbury Lynch, he was the first to proclaim the fact that she, by her cruel persecution and remorseless jealousy, had ruined Ethemere.

It was a cold, cheerless night. Elster had followed

He had not eaten food since his wife had died.

Lynch has written many a retraction of his criticisms. Connoisseurs are ready now to cover "a real Ethemere" with gold on every inch of its canvas.

Zenobia, now the wife of Shelsbury Lynch, expiates in every hour of a life that is death.

The artist whom she had ruined sleeps the last sleep. Elster laid him on the couch where his wife had died. The "Christ" kept watch till friends were summoned to the dead, and extended its hands in voiceless benediction.

Rovere had labored and been heavy laden, and he was given rest.

## LITERATURE AND FREEDOM.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, and during nearly the whole of the eighteenth, the literature of Rome exercised an imperial sway over European taste. A rhetorical form, a satirical spirit, and an appeal to common sense as supreme judge, stamp most of the writers of Western Europe as so far pupils of Horace, Cicero and Tacitus. At present the tide has turned. We are living in a period of strong reaction. The nineteenth century not only differs from the eighteenth, but, in all fundamental questions, is opposed to it. Its products have been strikingly original. In art, poetry, science, the spread of culture, and the investigation of the basis of truth, it yields to no other epoch of equal length in the history of modern times. If we go to either of the nations of antiquity to seek for an animating impulse, it will not be Rome, but Greece, that will immediately suggest itself to us. Greek ideas of æsthetic beauty, and Greek freedom of abstract thought, are being disseminated in the world with unexampled rapidity. Rome, and her soberer, less original and less stimulating literature, find no place for influence.

The readiness with which the leading nations drink from the well of Greek genius points to a special adaptation between the two. Epochs of upheaval, when thought is rife, progress rapid, and tradition, political or religious, boldly examined, turn, as if by necessity, to ancient Greece for inspiration. The Church of the second and third centuries, when Christian thought claimed and won its place among the intellectual revolutions of the world, did not disdain the analogies of Greek philosophy. The Renaissance owed its rise, and the Reformation much of its fertility, to the study of Greek; and the sea of intellectual activity which now surges round us moves ceaselessly about questions which society has not asked itself since Greece started them more than twenty centuries ago. On the other hand, periods of order, when government is strong and progress restrained, recognize their prototypes in the civilization of Rome, and their exponents in her literature. Such was the time of the Church's greatest power; such was also that of the fully developed monarchy in France, and of aristocratic ascendency in England. Thus the two literatures wield alternate influence: the one on the side of liberty, the other on the side of government; the one a surging restless movement toward the ideal, the other as counseling steady acceptance of the real.

## THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The flying squirrels are well known by their power of making enormous sweeps through the air. They are enabled to make these leaps by a fold of skin at each side, which, when spread by the extended paws, forms a kind of parachute that supports them in their passage through the air. When they wish to pass from one tree to another, they spring downward from a lofty branch, stretch out all their legs, and sweep to their mark with an upward curve. The species of flying squirrel here represented is a native of the Rocky Mountains in America, where it lives among the dense pine forests that abound there. Its color is yellowish brown, and its length about a foot. Webber gives a very happy account of the domestic life of these creatures.

"Then, when I went out by myself into the deep wood, I sat down on the moss at the root of an old tree to watch for the squirrel. When everything was still again, I would see him after a while poking his head out of the hole, snuff! snuff! Then out his head would pop to rest his chin upon his fore paws, and he would look all around, above and below, very cunningly, to see if all was right. Then out, like a thought, he would glide, and I could see his lovely brush quickly curled and spread so grandly above his head, as he sat upon a limb, still for the moment. Lo! there is another snuffing nose, and then great shining eyes filling the round, black knot-hole, and out another pops, and another, and another. Such whisking of tails, darting along limbs, and bounding from swinging twig to rustling tree-tops, until they all meet!

"Now the frolic begins in earnest, and they dart round and round the trunks, rattling the bark down as they chase each other. Their tails are spread now as wide as they can, as if they were scared; and that lady-squirrel he makes love to, you may be sure, for now he has chased her out to the very end of a great, high limb; and, hard pushed, here she comes, right off into the air! down, almost into my face—the white of her arms underneath spread wide, like her stiffened tail—into the leaves head-foremost, and then up and away—patter, patter, patter! Here he comes too, sailing down after her, plump! and rattles off along the old logs and swinging vines in hot chase.

"So they all would frolic, chasing one another, and one of them would see me, and stop and stamp his tiny feet and bark at me, jerking his tail in comic wrath."

## PREHISTORIC FISH-HOOKS.

At the last meeting of the American Fishculturists' Association, one of the members exhibited a fish-hook such as was used by the ancient inhabitants of this continent, at the same time remarking that it was peculiarly strange that so few fish-hooks, supposed to be used by that people, had been found.

A writer, who has opened numerous mounds and kitchen-refuse heaps of these prehistoric people, says he has found but a single fish-hook. This was unearthed from one of the many kitchen-heaps that are found in the caves which border the banks of the Black River, in Ohio. This hook is of bone, beautifully fashioned, without barb, and about the size (though more bulky) of the ordinary black bass hook.

As late as 1845 the fish-hook here described, and the way of baiting it, was used by the Indians of the Lake Superior region. It is simply a bit of hard wood, from two to four inches long, as may be required, sharpened at each end. The line is fastened in the middle, and on this stick the bait is spitted, according to the size of the fish the fisherman is working for.

The hook is baited as follows One end of it is inserted into the back of the fish, and passed forward until the other end enters the opening, when it is forced backward toward the tail, and left with the line coming out of the original opening.

Now, you can imagine what a fast hook a twenty-pound trout swallows, when he has taken into his gullet an eight-ounce herring with this double-pointed stick in the inside. One pull on the line after he has gorged the bait, and he is fixed. No bone, iron or steel hook ever invented could hold him more securely.

Believing that this wooden hook (which would readily decay) was the popular one used by the Indians, and that the bone was an exception—a sort of luxury—it is easy to be explained why we do not find more fish-hooks in the mounds of the country.

## HARVEST.

By Helen W. Pierson.

Amid the glory of the golden grain
The reapers sing a harvest song to-day;
Nature has kept her promise, made so plain,
When all the meadows in Spring sunshine lay.

They sing with gladness as the work goes on;
They bind the treasure into golden sheaves.
Alas! my Spring is past, my Summer done,
And I have nothing—nothing but dead leaves!

What has life brought, of all she promised fair,
When Spring's sweet hand strewed flowers in my path?
Where is the golden grain, to hold in store
When my life's Winter comes in storm and wrath?

My God! who gave these weak hands work to do,
Wilt Thou be angry that it is not done?
Ah, Thou dost know the burden of the day,
And why I am alone at set of sun!—

And why I see the harvest glories shine—
Dimmed by a mist of tears—and why the song
Takes vague, funereal echoes—why I pine,
And faintly cry, "How long, dear Lord, how long?"

## SAVED BY A KISS.

### Chapter I.

NOT far from the fortress and bridge of Tolstoi, behind the spires and cupolas of the little Church of the Trinity, in a remote corner of old Petersburgh, and facing the summer-garden which lies beyond the Neva, stands a small wooden house, or rather hut, rudely constructed, but carefully preserved. It is surrounded by a narrow strip of garden, full of foliage and flowers. A soldier, decorated with Russian crosses and medals, is the only inhabitant of this dwelling. It is he who shows to travelers the wooden chair where sat Peter the Great, the rude stool on which he used to kneel in his hours of devotion, the boat which he made with his own hands, or the sacred image which he carried to Pultowa.

This modest-looking abode, in truth, contrasts vividly with the great recollections associated with it. The stranger who surveys it cannot but feel some emotion at the thought that this obscure place was the asylum of Peter Alexowitz while he caused to rise from the marshes of Ingria a city—a civilization, an empire.

One day, in August of 1710, Peter was in this hut, with two of his officers—one of them a young man, the other much advanced in years. The right hand of the Czar rested familiarly on the shoulder of the young man, whom he called by the name of Wladimir. The elder officer, Stepaus—who had risen by slow and laborious steps to the rank of captain—greatly envied Wladimir, and could not forgive him for being, at twenty-five, major of the regiment of Preobajinski.

After some lively conversation, the Czar relapsed into reverie, and, approaching a narrow window that admitted only a dim and dubious light, drew from the breast-pocket of his uniform a locket containining the miniature of a lady. On this he gazed long, with an expression of rapture.

It would be impossible for the imagination to conceive a face more exquisitely beautiful than that represented in this picture. The long, light curls of blonde hair, shading the delicate cheek, and falling on a neck more white and graceful than a swan's; the large, blue eyes, soft and dreamy; the sweetly chiseled, rosy mouth, that seemed formed only to utter words of tenderness—these were the beauties in that lovely portrait, which few among the fifteen thousand inhabitants of the infant city of Petersburgh would have failed to recognize as that of Ludmilla—the orphan daughter of a rich merchant—whom no woman of that day could rival in grace, wit, and fascination.

Peter the Great had become enamored of the fair girl at first sight; but, anxious to obtain her favor by his personal merits, he had not obtruded his rank in his visits to her; had conversed with her as a soldier and a poet; had disguised his imperious temper, and had carefully avoided mentioning her name.

On this occasion he forgot his reserve. Suddenly going up to Wladimir, and reaching the miniature toward him, he asked:

"What think you of this face, my young friend?"

At the sight of it, the young man started back, involuntarily, and his face was overspread by a deadly paleness. Mastering his agitation, however, by a powerful effort, he replied, with trembling lips:

"It is charming!"

The Czar did not observe his evident emotion, but Stepaus fixed his eyes upon him, with an expression of malignant joy. He remained silent, however, till, in a few moments, the young officer quitted the hut. Then, approaching Peter, the captain made a low bow.

"Sire," said he, "I have a secret to reveal to you."

"Speak."

"Did you notice the major's countenance while he examined the miniature?"

"No," replied the Czar, raising his head, with a look of surprise and curiosity.

"Sire," resumed Stepaus, "the original of that picture is the beloved of Wladimir. Last evening, a few moments after you left the house of Ludmilla, the major entered it; and the moon had risen before he departed from the Fontanha."

"Are you sure this is true?" demanded Peter, speaking slowly, and in a calm voice.

"Quite sure."

"It is well."

The Czar said not a word more, but, lifting up the wooden chair before him, he dashed it on the floor with such violence, that its legs were broken in pieces. Then, fastening the buckle of his belt, he wrapped himself in his *caftan*, and went out.

The sight of Ludmilla's picture in the hands of the emperor was a terrible revelation to Wladimir. The young girl was his betrothed, whom he was soon to call his wedded wife. He now remembered several little incidents that tended to convince him of her unworthiness. The apparent causeless anxiety she had shown during some of his last visits, her embarrassed manner, her sudden paleness, her melancholy—which she never would explain—all were now but too clear before his eyes.

His heart was crushed by incurable misery. Was the idol he had worshiped, then, a creature undeserving his affection as an honorable man?

Filled with these agonizing thoughts, he crossed the bridge of Tolstoi, leaving to the right the solitary and muddy ground where, in later days, the Cathedral of Isaac rose as proudly as that of St. Paul's, in London; passed

SAVED BY A KISS.—"SUDDENLY THROWING OPEN THE DOOR, THE CZAR STEPPED INTO THE ROOM. AT THE SIGHT OF HIM THE YOUNG GIRL SPRANG UP, UTTERED A CRY OF TERROR, AND SANK, MECHANICALLY, UPON HER KNEES."—SEE PAGE 423.

along the marshes and the spot of woods where the hand of art has built the beautiful Promenade de la Perspective and stopped not till he had arrived at the Fontanha.

Among the country-houses scattered over the desolate looking soil, stood a small one, built in Tartar style, and conspicuous by the elegance of its exterior. Before this, Wladimir gave a low whistle, and presently a female slave, in the red tunic and coif worn by the servants of the Russian merchants, opened the door.

The young officer was at once admitted into the presence of Ludmilla. His features were so altered by emotion, his looks expressed such despair, that the young girl, who had risen to receive her lover, stood speechless with surprise, her cheeks blanched to a deadly paleness, as she gazed upon him.

At length, recovering his composure, Wladimir took a seat. Ludmilla placed herself beside him, and laid her soft, white hands upon his own; but he pushed them back, and said, in a voice faltering, and full of bitterness:

"Tell me, Ludmilla, was there ever love more profound, more passionate, than that which binds me to you?"

"Never?" answered the young girl, raising her large eyes, filled with tears, to those of her lover; "but why ask me such a question, Wladimir?"

"My life—my fortune—my name—I have laid them all at your feet. And what have I received in return? Deceitful caresses—treachery—infidelity!"

Ludmilla started, and looked almost indignant for an instant; then her pallor was succeeded by a flood of crimson, suffusing brow and neck, and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively. For some moments the paroxysm of emotion continued, while Wladimir regarded her in gloomy silence.

At last she raised her head, shook back the ringlets that had fallen over her flushed face, wiped the tears from her eyes, and fixed them on her lover, with an expression of noble sincerity.

"Listen, Wladimir," she said, "before you condemn me—before you crush me with your reproaches and contempt. You are right—I have deceived you!"

"And you gave the Czar your picture?" exclaimed the officer, with a burst of grief.

"Listen to me!" said the young girl, in a commanding tone. "The Czar heard of me, and wished to know me. He saw me one day on the road. Alas! I knew but too well, from his first look, that I had made an impression upon him. Ere long, I found it impossible to leave this house without meeting the emperor; still, he never addressed a word to me. It is some weeks since he came hither for the first time. He entered the room where I was sitting, without being announced, and, giving me no time to recover from my astonishment, came close to me, and abruptly declared his love. I felt the blood leave my cheeks. I fell at his feet; I implored him to transfer to some one else the regard of which I felt myself unworthy, having nothing but obedience to give in return. 'You love another, then!' the Czar exclaimed, in a terrible voice, and with flashing eyes, in which I read a sentence of death.

"How did you reply?" asked Wladimir, breathlessly.

"One thought filled my mind—it was that the emperor's anger would fall on the head of him I loved should I

disclose his name. I trembled—I hesitated—I dissembled. Thinking but of you, I suffered the Czar to believe that, in time, I would receive his homage. Yes, I gave him that picture. I deceived you, Wladimir; but I have been faithful—I have been true to you! Will you condemn me now?"

The officer had listened, his eyes fixed on the ground. When Ludmilla had ended, and he felt her snowy arms clasped round his neck, her cheek, wet with tears, pressed against his own; when he heard from her lips the broken, passionate expressions love alone can prompt; when he thought how deep must have been the feeling for him that could lead her to practice such deception—he forgave her, and sealed the pardon on her lips.

The young girl smiled again, and blamed herself for cowardice, while she protested that she would never have stooped to dissimulation to save her own life.

During the conversation of the lovers, another man had silently entered the dwelling of the lovely orphan. The old servant advanced to stop the intruder. He threw off his hat and *caftan*, and she recognized Peter Alexowitz.

The Czar placed his finger on his lips, with a menacing look. He then passed quietly toward the apartment he had entered, an evening or two before, radiant with the hope and joy of a lover. Suddenly throwing open the door, he stepped into the room. There sat the officer and his betrothed, the head of Ludmilla resting on the shoulder of Wladimir. At sight of the emperor, the young girl sprang up, uttered a cry of terror, and sank, mechanically, upon her knees.

SAVED BY A KISS.—"ADVANCING ALONE TO THE YOUNG GIRL, THE CZAR PLACED HIS HANDS ON BOTH SIDES OF HER HEAD, DREW HER TOWARD HIM, AND IMPRESSED A KISS UPON HER FOREHEAD."

The first movement of the young man had been to grasp his sword and draw it partly from the sheath; but recollecting himself, he let go the weapon, and stood with his head bent before his superior officer and sovereign.

Peter had drawn his sword, and stood upright, his flashing and angry eyes glancing from one to the other. At length he muttered:

"Wladimir! Ludmilla! A double treachery!"

"Pardon!" implored the young girl, her eyes fixed eagerly on the monarch's face; and she dragged herself nearer to him, her hands clasped in the vehement energy of supplication.

"Pardon for such a crime? Never!" thundered the Czar.

There was a brief pause, during which he seemed to struggle with violent emotion, as might have been seen by the nervous distortion of the muscles of his countenance. Controlling himself by a strong effort, he became suddenly calm and cold, as if disdaining to show to mortal eyes how deep the wound that rankled in his bosom.

"Major!" said he, turning to Wladimir, "report yourself a prisoner at the fortress!"

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## Chapter II.

A fortnight later there was an immense crowd on the banks of the Moïka canal. The regiment of Preobajinski, drawn up in two lines, extended from the Place Isaac to the bridge near the present Opera House. It was the spot appointed for executions.

The executioner, with his aid, might be seen on the spot, each armed with the long, plaited leather strap, called the knout. This cruel instrument, wielded by a vigorous hand, had even been known to produce death after a few blows.

The officers were in full dress, and just without the line, at the head of his regiment, was Major Wladimir, his eyes hollow, his face pale and haggard. The anger of the Czar had spared him. Remembering that this young man was one of the bravest and best of his officers, the sovereign had restored him to liberty. But as a lover, Peter still showed himself inexorable. He had given orders that the major should preside at the public punishment of Ludmilla, condemned by the senate to receive twenty blows with the knout, at the Place de la Moïka, for having — so ran the sentence—betrayed to the agents of Sweden certain political secrets of which she had become possessed through her friendly acquaintance with the Czar.

This was certainly a false accusation, but one which Peter did not hesitate to prefer. The powerful monarch, whose nod could pronounce a death-warrant, who personified the law in his own person, preserved that external respect for justice sometimes maintained by those who most frequently violate its sacred obligations.

When the sentence of the senate, and the order that he should repair to Moïka, were communicated to Wladimir, he uttered not a word of surprise, of anger, or of determination to resist the cruel mandate. He knelt long in prayer in the chapel of the fortress, then went to the cemetery of Smolenk to kneel by the newly closed grave of his father. He had adopted a terrible resolution. He determined to meet his affianced bride at the place of punishment, and to plunge his dagger in her bosom to save her from the shame and torture prepared for her. Then his weapon was to be turned against his own breast. The two lovers, united in their death, would rejoin each other in the world where love is immortal.

The Emperor had passed the preceding night in successive paroxysms of almost delirious agony. Twenty times,

a prey to fierce passion, he had sprung from his bed and traversed his chamber, foaming like a chafed lion, beating his breast, and dashing to pieces all the furniture in his way.

The return of day brought no relief to his torture. Calling his attendants, he assumed his uniform as colonel of Preobajinski, and threw over his shoulders the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew. Then, crossing the Galerna, he entered a house belonging to Menzikoff, overlooking the Moïka canal.

Here was a window from which he could observe all that passed, without being himself seen. But here he was seized with the wildest excess of emotion; for the scene that was to be enacted came irresistibly to his mind. He seemed to see this young creature, so timid, so beautiful, dragged as a spectacle before the curious, eager, insulting crowd, her bare feet bleeding from the roughness of the way, her white shoulders torn by the hateful lash of the executioner!

Unable to remain quiet in one place, and in the hope of subduing, by incessant motion, the agitation he looked upon as a foolish weakness, he descended, wrapped in his mantle; and, throwing himself into a boat, reached the opposite shore of the canal, without crossing the bridge over which the unfortunate girl was to pass. There, mingled with the crowd, he stood, with head raised, eyes fixed, and ear attentive.

Meanwhile, the fatal procession advanced.

Ludmilla seemed to have borrowed a fictitious strength from the very shame of her situation and the excess of her terror. She walked with a step that might have been called firm, leaning on the arm of a sergeant of the regiment. Her large blue eyes, convulsively opened, wandered wildly over the crowd surrounding her; and now and then her white lips moved with inarticulate words—words without meaning, the mere vague echo of the anguish of her spirit.

The Czar looked upon her, and shuddered. He saw her absorbed in a terror too deep for expression by words or tears. Her long, light hair floated over her neck of alabaster whiteness, and the sight of such beauty and youth exposed to public insult and degradation—of a life thus blighted in its first bloom—was enough to move the hardest heart. Recollections of her grace and loveliness, and the happy hours passed in her society, crowded on the Czar's soul, and changed the desire of vengeance into a generous impulse.

Just at the moment when Ludmilla was about to step from the bridge—at the moment when her lover was about to put his dreadful purpose into execution—the Emperor burst through the crowd into the open space before her, threw off his mantle, and, advancing alone to the young girl, placed his hands on both sides of her head, drew her toward him, and impressed a kiss upon her forehead.

Ludmilla was saved!

It was then, and was long after that day, the privilege of the chevaliers of St. Andrew to save the condemned, by a kiss, from the hands of the executioner.

History does not say whether or not the Czar carried his generosity so far as to consent to the marriage of Ludmilla and Wladimir; but we may hope that a monarch as great in good deeds as he was sometimes in evil ones did not stop half-way in bestowing a benefit.

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THE wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

# THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY L. KELLAR SHAUL.

HE read the notice quietly. It was such a one as she read nearly every day; and she read—to the observer—as calmly as she ever did; yet, beneath the calm exterior, her heart was throbbing and beating, struck with a vital pain.

"Well," she said, aloud, "we have wooed Fame in totally dissimilar ways."

"What's that?" queried her cousin, Edith Wayne, as she raised her head from the sofa-pillow, where she had been lying for the past hour, dreaming the morning hours away.

"What did you say?" she asked again, as Nora Edwards hesitated.

"I do not know, really," Nora replied, at last. "I was just reading an account of Saratoga, of the beauty, wealth and fashion, and I noticed the name of an old flame of mine."

"Yes?" queried Edith, wide awake in a moment; for, if there was one thing more than another that Edith delighted in, it was a love-story. "Tell me about him, do, Nora—there's a dear. 'What's his name? What's his fame? What's his will and what's his nature?' as we used to say in 'auld lang syne.'"

Nora laughed a little.

"His name? Harry Reynolds. His fame? Money. His will? To succeed in whatever he undertakes, be it good or bad. His nature? That of a man who loves fast horses, wine and all the *et ceteras* that constitute the pleasures of a fast man's life. How do you like him?"

"Oh, I think he must be splendid! Is he rich?"

"Immensely."

"Handsome?"

"He would be to some; for me, his eyes are too roguish, his lips too full, and his whole face too deeply imprinted with marks of dissipation."

"Oh, you are prudish. I know *I* would like him. Does he ever come here?"

Nora shook her head, sadly.

"No," she answered, and immediately fell into a musing strain, in which she saw the face she had just now defamed beaming, handsome and bright, as her lover—for he *had* been that—walking up the garden-path to the house. How pretty and happy she was then! She glanced a little unquietly at the mirror opposite. The face there reflected was one to charm the most fastidious—as handsome as it was three years before—handsomer, one might say; for there was an added softness, a refinement, that only sorrow can give, that had gained for her truly the title of the maiden with the angel-face.

She had passed through a fiery furnace, indeed, and come out purified.

Three years before, when Harry Reynolds and Burt Taylor were boarding at the one little hotel in the village, and had, with their artist's sense of the beautiful, strayed over the hills into the valley where Squire Edwards's cottage lay, almost hidden by the grand old trees, before, behind and on both sides, they thought, as they intruded upon the hospitality of the owner, openly for a glass of milk, yet really for a closer view of the place, that they had never seen so fair a face as the one that they saw framed with the wild roses and honeysuckles that clambered about the porch.

"Beautiful as a poet's dream," Reynolds said to Taylor; "but unintelligent and coarse."

He hesitated to speak, fearing she would break the enchantment by opening her lips; and he found he had not judged incorrectly, for, as he made a bow, and apologized for their intrusion by saying he was thirsty and would like a glass of milk, she said:

"Neow, du tell! You look kinder worn eout! Come right in, won't yer? Dad and mam are gone to the village to buy some fixins for Thursday. We are goin' to have a party Thursday. Can't yer come over? We would be amazin' glad to see yer! Sally, bring the milk. Drat that gal! she's never 'round when yer want her. I'll get it myself."

And she hurried away into the kitchen, where she lay down on the floor and buried her face in her hands, to smother the laughter that she could not subdue.

Of course she knew who they were; there was not a farmhouse within a half-dozen miles of the village where the news that two strangers—young men—were boarding at the village hotel had not been fully canvassed, and the blooming country lasses had already "set their caps" for them.

Nora had seen them coming down the hill, and had heard Reynolds's remark, and taken advantage of it.

"If I can only get them to come to the party!" she said, as she poured the milk from the bright tin pan into a cut-glass pitcher, and then wended her way back to the parlor.

The gentlemen had taken advantage of her invitation and entered the parlor, which was filled, very much to their surprise, with choice books, paintings, statuary, and, in one corner, a fine piano.

"A Steinway, as I live!" muttered Taylor, just as Nora entered the door.

"Do you play?" he queried, more abruptly than politely.

"La, yes!" she answered, with a courtesy. "Shall I play for you?" And she advanced to the piano.

Taylor looked at Reynolds with a smile that he could scarcely conceal.

"No affectation there!" laughed Harry, in an undertone.

"What do yer like?" she queried, as she seated herself on the piano-stool.

"Oh, anything that you please," he answered.

"Wall, now, I don't know what to play. There's dad, he likes 'Home, Sweet Home'; but Bill Jones can't bear it. He likes 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Captain Jinks.' Oh, here's a new one! You'll like this, I guess;" and she commenced playing "Shoo Fly!"

The gentlemen did the best they could to keep from laughing, but at the close they thanked her and took their leave.

As they were half-way down the walk, she cried out:

"Now do come to the party Thursday, won't yer?" And Taylor nodded his head affirmatively, being too full of laughter to speak.

Thursday came, and, although Reynolds would not confess it, he had been longing for the day. When he promised Nora, he had no idea of fulfilling the promise; but from that time till he awoke Thursday morning, he scarcely thought of anything else; and he caught himself wondering how long it would take to educate her thoroughly at Madame la Feranie's, where his sister graduated—as if one could obtain a *thorough* education there!

"Are you going to the squeere's doings—as Mrs. Harper, our landlady, calls it—Harry?" queried Taylor.

"Well—yes," he answered, trying to speak nonchalantly. "May as well go—nothing else to do."

"And the squeere's darter urged you, eh?"

"Urged me? No more, my dear sir, than your own unworthy self."

"She had her eye on you all the time, Hal; and a deuced pretty eye it was, too. What a confounded shame to bring up a girl in that way, when the squire is so well fixed, too, with this world's goods! Why, Mrs. Harper told me that the 'Squeere is the richest man in these parts—worth more 'an fifty thousand dollars, owns two farms an' a heap of money,'" he said, in Mrs. Harper's tones. "'An' more 'an that, too; they allers have preserved seats at every doin's that comes along, an' the squeere sets a heap by his darter—never lets her do a day's work in her whole born an' bred life, an' the more's the shame, says I. But, Lor'! you couldn't make the squeere think so.'

"'And where did she get her education, Mrs. Harper?' I queried.

"'Eddication! Lor' bless you, of all the schools that girl's been to, I couldn't begin to tell; a drefful sight—caddammys an' cemeterys, an' the Lor' knows what not. But she ain't stuck up a bit.' Now, I consider that good news for you."

"What good news?" queried Harry, after he had stopped laughing.

"Why, that she isn't stuck up. But to the point—we'll go, will we?"

"Oh, yes, we might as well."

"But, by Jove, we haven't much choice of clothes."

"Oh, anything will do, I suppose; for, despite Mrs. Harper's declaration that it was going to be a 'high old time,' we have seen the hostess."

They started for the party at an early hour, and as they stood inside the parlor-door, and saw Nora in a dress of pearly white—some soft, clinging material that fitted her superb form perfectly, her cheeks the color of June roses, her eyes bright with animation—Reynolds whispered Taylor what a pity it was to have to speak to her, and mar the beauty of form and feature by the defects of her education; but Nora saw them, and nodded her recognition, and they had no resource but to break in upon the dream.

"I have kept my promise," said Taylor, as he bowed low before her.

"Thank you," she answered, simply.

He raised his head at the words instantly, the tone was so much different from the one he expected.

"Shall I introduce you to some of the ladies, or are you acquainted?" she said.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Edwards——"

"Really," laughed Nora, "there is no necessity for so doing." Then, suddenly, "Do you waltz? Yes? Will you waltz with Miss Andrews? Nellie, my dear, Mr. Taylor."

Taylor bowed mechanically, and glided away with pretty Miss Andrews, to whom he soon told how completely sold they had been by the "Squeere's darter."

"It is just like Nora," laughed Miss Andrews. "She is pretty enough to allow of her being a little eccentric."

"I find she is not the only young lady here who has a claim upon eccentricity, if beauty gives the right," said Burt; and as they glided past Reynolds and Nora he said, quickly, "I shall never forgive you!"

Nora smiled, and then turned to Reynolds, who had stepped one side as other guests approached Miss Edwards:

"Will you forgive me?"

He was at her side in a moment.

"How could you be so cruel?"

She understood him, and a blush suffused her fair face

"I must beg pardon now," she said; "but really, I

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.— SEE PAGE 422.

overheard your remark, and I could not resist personifying the veritable country girl. I know it was fearfully rude," she added. "Pray forgive me."

And Harry not only forgave her, but made love to her in such a downright fashion that the wise old Grundys at the party put their heads together, and nodded and blinked in the way Mrs. Grundy has done for years.

The Summer passed away only too soon for both, and

when the Autumn leaves were turning brown, Harry said "Good-by," and that was all he said. All, did I say? Is it not enough? Nay, it is too little or too much. It was but a poor ending to the happy hours, to the whispered words, the hand-pressure, even to kisses; for Nora, pretty, winsome Nora, was unsophisticated in some things, and the whispered nothings were treasures to be stored away, and brought out only at twilight, when waiting for the sound of his footsteps. But when the parting came, and he said "Good-by," she awoke suddenly; yet, in the months that followed, she wooed the slumber to her heart again, the treacherous, deadly sleep of forgetfulness, and dwelt only in remembrance of what he had said, over and again:

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.—"'NORA, SWEETHEART, HOW PRETTY YOU ARE!' AND THEN RECOVERING HIMSELF SAID: 'WHAT IS IT? WHERE IS EDITH?' 'HERE!' CRIED EDITH, AS SHE STOOD BESIDE HIM."—SEE PAGE 426.

"I love you, darling dear, better than any one else in the world."

"Was it so?" she queried, again and again.

Ay, she knew he loved her; but if he did, why did he not ask her to marry him? And then the bitter truth forced itself upon her. Her social position was not among his friends—her father's wealth, not one-fourth part of that to which he was accustomed; and as she realized that if ever he did marry, he would marry for position and wealth, she grew bitter, and hated him, as only a proud, slighted woman can hate.

Then arose a desire to do, or be, something that would cause him to feel proud of her acquaintance; that would bring him to her feet, as she had been brought to his, so that she might spurn him from her.

This was three years before. What had the three years accomplished? To him, as she kept herself informed, it had brought wealth, and, with wealth, friends who were not desirable by his people; habits that wealth and fast friends soon inculcate, and perhaps, for aught she knew to the contrary, a forgetfulness of her and their happy past.

To Nora it brought fame of a different sort; she had worked hard and long for the coquette, nor did she awake one morning famous. No; slowly, though surely, she gained the laurel. Inch by inch, up the hard pathway, she struggled, until she stood upon the eminence; and as she looked back, the time seemed incredibly short for the work she had done. And so it was; for to-day her name was rung through every household near or far, her poetry breathed from lover's lips to lover's ears, and she was no nearer the goal than before.

Harry Reynolds had not written her one word of praise, had made no sign; and though she sang her songs to the whole world, it was as naught to her if *his* ear did not retain their melody.

Upon all this she had been musing, when Edith, impatient at her long silence, roused her from her dream with a cry of: "How can I manage to see him?"

"Whom?" said Nora, startled.

"Why, your hero, Harry Reynolds."

"I do not know," said Nora, quietly. "I have not met him in three years. I know nothing about him."

"But this paper says he is 'a gay young bachelor, not inclined to marry.' Oh, Nora, I would give the world to meet him!"

"The world is not yours to give, my dear. But if you go to Saratoga, as you proposed, I suppose your wish will be granted; for you are pretty enough to have him wish for an introduction."

"Thank you for the only compliment you ever gave me!"

And she jumped up and rushed toward the door.

"What is the matter?" queried Nora, in surprise.

"I am going to-day, instead of to-morrow; and when I come back to you, cousin mine, I shall cry, '*Veni, vidi, vici!*'"

After Edith left her, Nora sat alone, with a new grief. She did not know, she feared she had not read her heart aright; for why should it be filled with such a longing for the sight of his face—such a passionate dread of Edith's going to him—if she hated him as she thought she did?

She cast her work aside for the next three days, and tried to solve her heart—tried to convince herself that she did not love him—and failed signally.

"God help me!" at last she cried. "I love him still, I love him still!"

Thereafter, her work, which had been a pleasure, became a drag, and she cast it aside—the very worst thing for her to do—and dreamed of the happiness that might have been hers.

At last she received a line from Edith:

"*Veni, vidi, vici!* How have the mighty fallen! Thank you for nothing, my naughty dear, but your hero is delightful! I ingratiated myself at once in his good graces by speaking of you—told him you had one love to which you were sworn; that I heard you speak of no one save 'Paul' for months at a time; but I did *not* tell him that 'Paul' was the name of your book. All's fair in love and war, eh? But you know you said you did not like him, and I do hope you see the difference. My dear, I'm afraid I'm growing slangy—'evil communications,' etc. Saratoga is corrupt, and necessarily I may be becoming corrupted; consequently I unpinion my wings, and to-morrow week you will see me with you. Your own loving EDITH.

"P. S.—I may as well add that Harry leaves for New York to-morrow week, and will accompany me as far as the station. I may prevail upon him to take the stage-ride also. Would you have any objections? E."

Would she have any objections? If she had, she would not tell them to Edith; she would simply fold her hands and let Fate control his coming or staying.

Such an interminable week as it seemed to her! yet it passed by, as weeks always do, whether freighted with love, sorrow, longing or despair; and at the end Edith came, and with her, Harry Reynolds.

The meeting, that had been looked forward to so nervously by Nora—and, it must be confessed, a little tinged with the same feeling on Harry's side—was a very ordinary one. Of course, Edith knew not how intimate they had been in the far past, and that relieved them a little.

"Mr. Reynolds, there is no necessity of introducing you to my cousin Nora, as she told me she had met you when the 'bloom was on the rye.'"

"And on my cheek," laughed Nora, and wondered a little that her heart did not beat faster, as she placed her hand in Harry's—wondered, also, if she had changed as much as he.

"Where it lives," he said, softly, bending low over her hand. "You have not grown one day older than you were when I said 'Good-by,' three years ago."

Nora laughed.

"Wait till you know me better; you will see how changed I am."

And he found her changed. There were no sentimental talks; and any attempts at flattery or 'sweet-sounding strains' were nipped in the bud by Nora; while she left him to Edith whenever she could do so politely.

This piqued him. Not that he intended to marry her; as Eli Perkins says in his "Talk," "I told her I loved her—that is as far as I went; that is as far as any young man goes nowadays."

He would like to tell her he loved her, as he had told her in the quiet hours of the Summer, when it was so pleasant to lie beneath the shade of the maple-trees, and, watching the quick, transparent changes in her face and eyes, to say, idly, "How pretty you are, Nora!" and to watch the blood surge in waves over her face; to see her turn her great, brown eyes upon him with the look of a startled fawn, then to say, just as idly, "Tell me you love me, darling!" and then to have her, as she did once, stoop over him and press a kiss upon his forehead, and say, huskily, "Love you! do you want me to *say* I love you?"

Harry Reynolds thought that he understood women pretty well, but he found himself at a loss. According to his theory, a woman who loves once should love for ever, or hate a man desperately; and Nora did neither.

She was as indifferent to him as if he had been the most veritable stranger; and, almost without knowing it, he found himself where he had been that past Summer—for he had loved her then, idly as men love when the object is attained, but as well as he ever could love any one. He had never forgotten her; but—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,"

and he had put her one side. He did not intend to marry her now. His past three years had unfitted him for domestic bliss. And yet, he realized that there would come a day when it would be very pleasant to sit by his own hearthstone, to have his wife on one side of him and his children on the other—a daughter, perhaps; certainly a son.

And then Edith broke in upon him, and he soon forgot his speculations in a brisk canter over the gravelly road.

And was Nora indifferent to him? Yes. She had thought of him only as she had held him in the past; and when she had met him again she cried "How has my idol fallen!" and placed the old dream one side, and patted it and caressed it as she had of yore, but she loved it no longer.

And, as time flew on, Harry had intended to remain only a few days; but the days lengthened into weeks, and he did not leave.

Nora had become accustomed to the thought of his marrying Edith, and seemed reconciled to it; but, remember, he had been her hero; and still it was hard for her to listen quietly at times to the old love-ballads that he sung now, and that he used to sing for her; still harder when he would turn to her, and say:

"Do you remember when I sang that for you, Miss Edwards? You were pleased with it, then."

But Nora had been tried, and a burnt child dreads the fire, says the proverb. So she put away from her all thoughts that might lead to a resurrection of the dead past, and went about her way quietly.

Edith said, after he had been there four weeks:

"This thing is getting monotonous. I'm going to bring it to a close. To-morrow I shall dare my fate."

"What are you going to do, madcap?" queried Nora.

"To-morrow we are going boating, and at Green's Point—you know how shallow it is—I am going to fall out, risk a wet stocking, and receive a proposal that the right of my danger will call forth."

"Do no such foolish thing, Edith. Mr. Reynolds will propose, any way, and, besides, you know just on the

other side of the Point the water is so very deep, and Mr. Reynolds cannot swim, as he has told us."

"Oh, highty-tighty! what's the need of swimming! He will rescue me on the shallow side. Don't fret, my dear!" and she ran out of the room.

Nora did not fret, but when Harry and Edith had started for the sail, she walked toward Green's Point in a mechanical sort of way. She did not know as she should reach the Point before the climax, but if Edith waited until the return she would be in time; and she was at the Point and seated in her favorite nook long before she heard Edith's voice ringing out over the water.

They came on slowly, Harry rowing, his back to Nora; but she could see Edith's face, and, knowing her well, saw the determination with which its lines were set.

They neared the Point; the current was rapid, and the rowing hard against the tide. They passed the dangerous side, and were in shallow water. Edith leaned partly out, and Nora saw her slyly put one foot into the water.

The boat swayed a little, and Edith was lying face downward, not having been as successful as she had premeditated; but in a moment she was up, drenched from head to foot—up to hear a shriek ringing out with startling distinctness; for, as she fell, Harry dropped his oars, and the boat, with wonderful rapidity, darted back around the Point, when Harry leaped out, only to be swallowed up by the black waters.

It was Nora's shriek that Edith heard, and it was Nora that sprang into the water and swam to Harry's side just as he arose for the third time. She seized him with one arm, and with the other drew herself around the jutting point to the side where the water was shallow, and there she held him to her breast, and called him by names her tongue had not known since their last parting.

He opened his eyes dreamily.

"Nora, sweetheart, how pretty you are!" he said; and then recovering himself fully, said: "What is it? Where is Edith?"

"Here!" cried Edith, as she stood beside him.

"What are we to do, and why are you here?" he queried of Nora.

"Never mind now!" said Nora, hysterically. "There is John—call him," and then she began to cry.

"Nora, darling," he said, as he drew her head toward him, "did you save me? Do you care whether I live or die? Tell me, truly—do not deceive me now?"

And for answer she looked up into his eyes, and what he saw deponent sayeth not, but he pressed his lips to hers, and did not seem aware that John, the gardener, had rowed his boat up to them.

"If you are sufficiently out of your seventh heaven of happiness to be alive to your situation, you had better come into the boat," said Edith, bitterly.

"Oh, I had forgotten, dear. Here, let me help you;" and to the wondering comments of John, he said: "Row as fast as you can—the ladies need warm clothing."

On Nora's wedding-day, Edith said to her companion bridesmaid:

"Nora must thank me for Harry's proposal. He never breathed a word of love to her till I brought things to a climax."

"My dear," Nora said, sweetly, for she had won and could afford to be pleasant—"my dear, long before you knew him, he had told his love to the Squire's Daughter."

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THE man who mounts his high horse is invariably the one who gets the le[illegible]ity when he falls.

## THE MAGPIE.

TO DESCRIBE the magpie is scarcely necessary. It belongs to the crow family, a dozen species inhabiting Europe and America. Magpies are seen generally in pairs—to meet a single one being considered by the superstitious as very unlucky. The old lines run:

> "One for anger, two for mirth;
> Three for a wedding, and four for a birth."

The tall tangled hedge-row, the fir grove, or the old, well-wooded inclosure, constitutes the delight of the magpie, as there alone its large and dark nest has any chance of escaping observation. As it generally lays eight or ten eggs, and is a very wary or cunning creature, it might be supposed that they would yearly become more numerous; but it does not seem to be a bird that increases much anywhere. The magpie will frequently feed on the eggs of other birds, but it is particularly careful to guard its own nest from similar injury, by covering it with an impenetrable canopy of thorns; and it is the only bird that uses such a precaution, securing it from all common depredation, though not from the hand of the bird-nesting boy.

From its docility the magpie is an agreeable pet, though it has the propensity common to the crow family of stealing whatever objects, and especially bright ones, may attract its attention. The medieval legend-books are full of stories of larcenies committed by magpies or crows, but attributed to poor people, who, however, generally escape punishment through the opportune discovery of the stolen articles.

In Lady Morgan's "Italy" we find the following: "A noble lady of Florence, who resided in a house which still stands opposite the lofty Doric column which was raised to commemorate the defeat of Pietro Strozzi, and the taking of Sienna, by the tyrannic conqueror of both, Cosmo I., lost a valuable pearl necklace, and one of her waiting-women (a very young girl) was accused of the theft. Having solemnly denied the fact, she was put to the torture, which was then *à plaisir* at Florence. Unable to support its terrible infliction, she acknowledged that she was guilty, and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm; a thunderbolt fell on the figure of Justice, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it fell the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace.

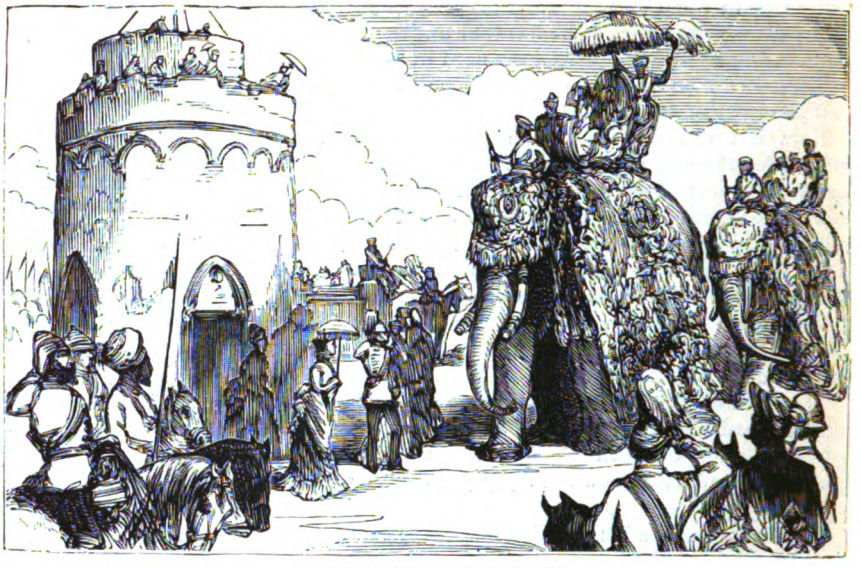
Plutarch tells of a magpie belonging to a barber in Rome which could imitate every word it heard uttered. It happened one day that some trumpets were sounded before the shop-door, and for some days afterward the magpie was quite mute, and appeared pensive and melancholy. This change in its manners surprised all who knew it, and it was supposed that the sound of the trumpets had so completely stunned the bird, that it was deprived of both voice and hearing. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the case, for Plutarch says the bird had been all the while occupied in profound meditation, studying how to imitate the sound of the trumpets, which had made a deep impression on him; and at last, to the astonishment of all, it broke its long silence by a very perfect imitation of the flourish of trumpets it had heard; observing with great accuracy all the repetitions, stops, and changes. But this turned out an unfavorable lesson, for the magpie forgot everything else, and never afterward attempted another imitation but that of the trumpets.

Most readers will remember the old English ballad, "The Maid and the Magpie," which has even, we believe, been converted into a melodrama; while the plot of the well-known opera, "La Gazza Ladra," turns upon the theft of a magpie.

## FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

India is a land of festivals. They are mainly the observances ordered by the religion of the country, and as there are many forms of religion, there are naturally many kinds of festivals. In all parts of the world, and in all ages, the populace is scrupulously careful to follow the directions of its spiritual advisers, when those directions include abstinence from labor and indulgence in recreation. India offers no exception to the rule; and as she is densely populated, and abounds in religious variety, she can in some respects carry away the palm when ceremonies are in question. There is not a day nor an hour, from the beginning to the end of the year, when a festivity of some kind is not in progress, and sometimes a dozen jubilations will be in existence at once. They assemble many thousands of people, and there is no better way of arriving at an idea of the immense population of India than by attending one of her great festivals.



A STATE PROCESSION AT DELHI.

A GRAND PROCESSION OF SEVEN HUNDRED ELEPHANTS.

GRAND STATE PROCESSION ENTERING DELHI.

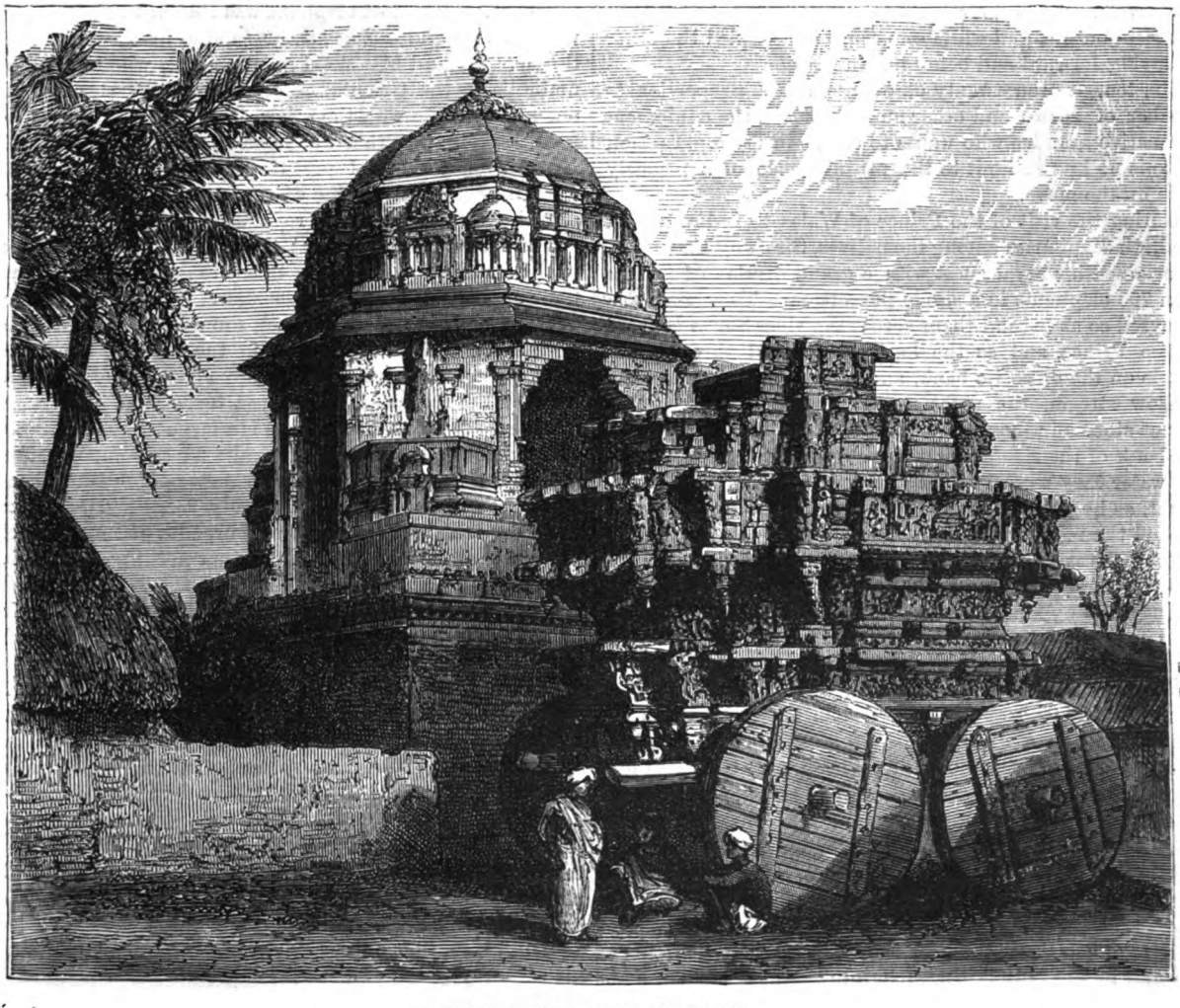
Formerly, the religious observances of the land of the Vedas and the Shastas were attended with a great deal of fatigue, and a devotee was obliged to make a long pilgrimage to reach the spot where he was to enjoy himself. This has been somewhat changed of late years, owing

to the construction of railways and their employment by pilgrims when making the journeys that the priests have ordered them to undertake.

The founders of the Indian religions were not prophetic enough to include the railway in their calculations when they established the rules that should govern the faithful while journeying to a sacred place.

THE PRINCE OF WALES MOUNTING THE ELEPHANT AT THE OLD PALACE OF GWALIOR.

They enjoined that the pious pilgrim should travel as became his condition in life. If he were wealthy, he might go in the state that became his rank; if he were poor, he should set out on the road on foot, and trust to Providence for the means of subsistence. The railway has not materially changed the conditions of the pilgrimages of the wealthy; they proceed in



THE CAR OF KRISHNA AT JUGGERNAUT.

the old way, as time is of no consequence, and, besides, the railway would not afford the facilities for display that are to be found in the ancient custom.

When an Indian nabob sets out on his travels, he goes by what the English call "marching." It is done in this wise: The furniture of several rooms, with a whole retinue of servants and a vast amount of luggage, is packed up and started out in the early morning for a spot previously selected. This spot is a day's march along the road; when the train arrives the tents are pitched, the furniture set up, the servants prepare the evening meal, and everything is made ready for the coming of the master. Midway between the house and the camp, a similar camp has been formed. The master, with his personal retinue, starts from home in the early morning, halts at the midway station during the hot hours of the day, and when the heat has become less oppressive in the afternoon, he moves on to the larger encampment where he is to pass the night. He has all his household comforts around him, and can enjoy himself at his ease. When he is not in a hurry—and he generally is not—he only makes one move in a day, and dispenses with the midday halt. Thus, he travels from early in the morning till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and then halts till the next morning. The progress is slow, but what cares the man to whom time is no object in the world? The English sometimes travel in this way, but only when they are taking a journey for pleasure, or when circumstances compel them to do so.

From fifteen to twenty-five miles a day is the most that can be accomplished by "marching." Sometimes, when the traveler wishes to make an extra display, he has two complete outfits, and while one camp is occupied the other is moving forward and being put in readiness.

Six, ten, or even twenty elephants, and a proportionate number of horses and other animals, make the equipment of a native grandee who wants to travel in style. In fact, there is no known limit to the magnificence of a princely train on the move.

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, one of the high dignitaries among the natives, Sir Jung Bahadoor, entertained his royal guest with a grand display of no less than 700 elephants in a single procession. They were manœuvred so as to send them across the river Sarda in front of the Prince, and as the long line wound through the jungle on the opposite bank, and then turned to wade the shallow stream, the sight was a magnificent one. The Prince stood in a howdah on the back of an elephant, on the bank of the river, and as the huge beasts emerged from the water they moved directly in front of him. Each elephant, as he passed the post of honor, raised his trunk and saluted the royal stranger.

The natives in India were generally opposed to the innovation of the railway, and the most prominent and persistent of its opponents were the priests. Their control of the people was considerably weakened by it, since a man could make by its aid an enormous saving of time, and could greatly diminish the trouble and expense of his pilgrimages. In the olden time, a journey to Benares or Allahabad from a distant part of Hindostan required a year and perhaps more for its execution, and the same for the return. At present, the year may be shortened to a week, and the mind of the pilgrim is relieved from an entire absorption in spiritual things for a protracted period.

This does not suit the religious teachers, and their hostility to the "Lightning Dawk," as they called the railway, is furious in the extreme. At the time of the mutiny their rage was manifested by the complete destruction of all parts of the railway that fell into their possession, and so well did they perform the work, that in some places the surveyors were compelled to lay out the line a second time. When the railway was first opened, the priests issued a declaration that a pilgrimage would not be of any account if performed by rail; but, somehow, the people did not seem to yield so readily to the priestly will as their teachers had expected. The priests had predicted the immediate death of any one who ventured to try the new mode of travel. A few were courageous enough to make the trial; and, when it was found that they lived through it, and came safely back to their homes, nobody hesitated to attempt to ride on the new vehicle.

The elephant has a prominent place in most of the festivals of India. He is admirably adapted to a grand display, both on account of his size and his docility—and he seems to enjoy the prominence that is given him. On festive occasions his trappings are of the most gorgeous character, and he is so covered from head to foot with cloth of gold and other expensive materials, that only a very small portion of his body can be seen. The English make use of the elephant in their ceremonies almost as much as do the natives, as they well understand that a large part of the effect and impressiveness would be wanting if his huge bulk were not introduced.

At the ceremony of the proclamation of the Queen of England as Empress of India, several hundred elephants were assembled, and no opportunity was lost to make an imposing display. The grand festival was held at Delhi, and the Viceroy was present in person. On the day of the proclamation, the elephants were arrayed in their richest trappings, and even their tusks were adorned with golden rings. The foremost elephant was ridden by the Viceroy, who sat in a gilded *howdah*, or saddle, in the shape of a throne. Behind him stood an attendant, who held a huge umbrella of the Oriental pattern, which he steadied with one hand; while with the other, he waved a tuft of ostrich feathers, not altogether unlike an enormous feather duster. As the procession filed past the flagstaff tower, the colors were dipped, and all the officers and soldiers who were standing on duty gave the royal salute.

The festivities at Delhi at the time of the proclamation of the assumption lasted twenty-one days altogether, and their cost was something enormous. There were military parades, and, in order that they should be sufficiently imposing, nearly half the troops in the Bengal Presidency were gathered there. They were about equally divided between the native and European forces, and it is proper to observe that, whenever there is a large native contingent assembled at any one point in India for any purpose, there is always an equally strong contingent of English at hand. The lesson of the mutiny of twenty years ago is yet remembered through the length and breadth of India, and the powers that be are determined that nothing of the kind shall occur again.

When the Prince of Wales visited India, and made his triumphal tour through the country, the finest elephants were everywhere brought forward for his use. The native princes vied with each other to make the affair a magnificent one that he would long remember; and on some occasions the elephants were trained for months beforehand, so that when the Prince approached them they received a secret signal, and knelt before him. In Baroda he was thus welcomed by a double line of elephants, each one of them in a kneeling posture, and holding his trunk high in the air as a token of submission. At Gwalior, the elephant which was brought out for him was one of the oldest and largest in the country, and was equipped with a harness and trappings entirely new. The Prince mounted to his place by means of a short ladder, while the rajah stood by to see that his august visitor was properly cared for.

The huge beast remained perfectly quiet while the Prince ascended the ladder, but he kept his feet in position, ready to rise the moment the signal to do so was given. His gilded trappings shone in the sunlight, and the ornamentation on the lofty saddle made a gorgeous scene.

The festivals of India are more or less of a religious character, as already stated, but to the eye of the outside observer they appear more secular than solemn. One of the most interesting of this mode of worship to come under my observation, was the great annual assemblage at Allahabad. Every year, during the months of January and February, the natives gather there in great numbers, their object being to bathe in the Ganges, at the point where it unites with the Jumna. The sacred writers say there are three rivers here, the third being an invisible one, flowing directly from heaven, and only to be perceived by the faithful. Of course every devotee claims to have seen this river, and to have felt the cooling of its waters; if he should aver otherwise, he would lose his title to the Hindoo heaven, and be condemned to eternal misery. Consequently, he deems it proper to indulge in any amount of falsehood in order that he may win the favor of the gods.

I visited Allahabad in the month of February, when the festival was at its height. The great gathering takes place on a low, sandy plain at the junction of the two rivers; the plain is nearly two miles in length, and comes to an acute point at the meeting of the waters. A German friend and myself went there about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the heat was quite severe, although it was in the month of greatest coolness. We declined to walk over the expanse of sand, and looked around for some sort of conveyance that would not require the exercise of our feet. Carriages were not allowed to circulate in the crowd, for fear of accidents; neither could we go on horseback. But we found an elephant ready for hire, and the promise of a rupee—fifty cents of our money—secured him for our exclusive use. The animal knelt, and the ladder was placed for us to mount to our seats. These consisted of two benches, like settees, placed back to back, and long enough to hold three men to each settee. As we had the two settees to ourselves we had plenty of room, which is not always the case in a country where it is the custom to pack men as closely as sardines in a can.

We found that we had the very best kind of conveyance for our excursion, as the great height of the elephant brought him far above the heads of the crowd, and we could look down upon them as from a second-story window. No small part of the consideration was our relief from the annoyance of the beggars; there were not less than 50,000 people on the plain, and the crowd was very dense, and, as nearly every other man was a mendicant, there were a good many beggars to the square acre. They were of all kinds and descriptions, except that none of them could be described as clean and attractive. Some of them had performed their pilgrimages by rolling on the ground, and as they had come several hundred miles in this way, and had never washed themselves, they were carrying around a good deal of the sacred soil of India. Soil was not all that they carried; we will scratch our heads at this point, and not go too far into particulars.

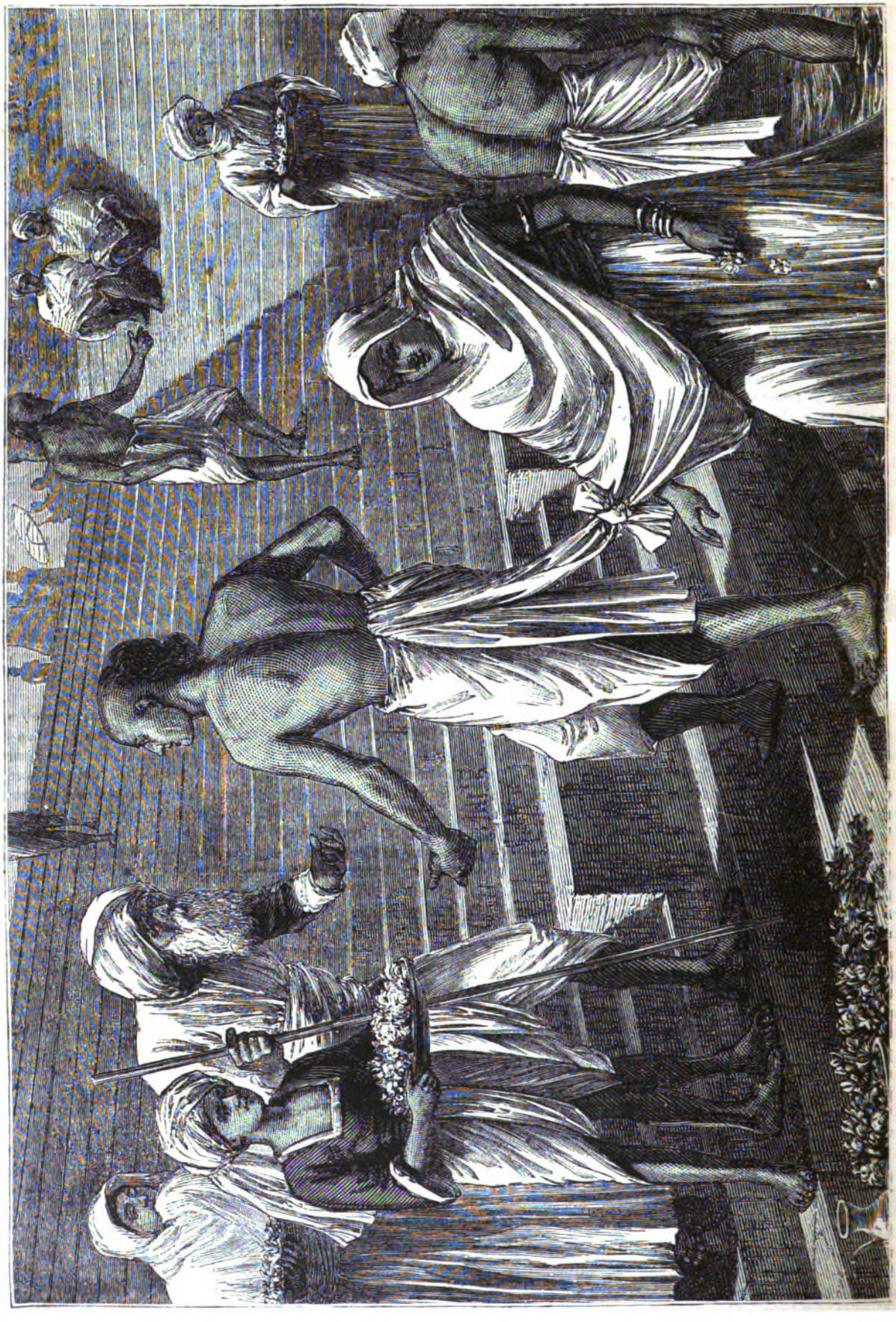
It is wisely ordained by some of the religious sects that the pilgrims shall have their hair cut at this sacred spot; when the tonsorial operation is finished, there is a good deal left behind besides the natural covering of the head.

As we rode along, we passed many *fakeers*, or religious devotees. These fellows devote themselves to a pious existence, and make solemn vows which have a great deal of absurdity in our eyes. One man vows that he will make the pilgrimage on hands and feet, and will prostrate himself at full length at every third step; and another vows that he will hold his right hand high in the air for the rest of his life, no matter how long that life may be. We passed several of this kind of devotees; they had held their arms aloft so long that the muscles were perfectly rigid, and the limb had lost the power of performing its natural functions. The nails had grown to a length of several inches, and were curved inward so that they resembled the claws of birds. In some instances they had bent around so much, and grown so long, that they had pierced the palm of the hand, and actually protruded at the back! Think what a fervor of religious faith must be required to induce a man to endure so much in consequence of a vow! The more absurd and painful the vow, the greater is the merit of performing it. On several occasions the devotees have vowed to live without eating or drinking, but it has been so often demonstrated that this kind of pious pilgrim does not last long, that the practice has been discouraged.

As we approached the bathing-place of the pilgrims the crowd increased in density, and we found quite a village of tents and booths. Many of these tents were occupied by *fakeers*, who were ready, for a consideration, to say prayers for the ordinary pilgrim who was not of sufficient sanctity to have much value to his supplications. I was told that it is the custom of these priests to demand payment in advance for this kind of service, as there is sometimes a difficulty in making collections after the petition is sent up and the applicant has obtained the benefits he desired. I believe the same thing has occurred among people who claim to be far more civilized than the Hindoos; and if this is the case, it shows that human nature is pretty much the same all over the globe. Many of the booths were occupied by the barbers, to whose services I have previously alluded, and the most of the professors in the booths were hard at work. It was interesting to see a fellow enter one of these places, and to note the difference between his entrance and his exit. He went in with hair and beard that had not been touched for years by comb or scissors; he came out with head and chin as bare as a door-knob. He was not lacking in beauty of a manly sort before his visit to the barber; but when his clipping was over he was as meek and mean in appearance as his most determined enemy could have wished. I never realized before how much the hair has to do with making the man.

Just at the point where the two rivers—the Ganges and Jumna—come together, there is a string of rafts that are securely anchored, and form convenient bathing-floats for the pilgrims. They sat in rows along the edges of the rafts, where they said their prayers, each man entirely oblivious of the presence of any one else. When his prayers reached the proper point he plunged into the water, and after a few minutes came out again to dry himself in the sun. Some of them did not return to the rafts, but came directly to the shore, and the result was that the immediate banks of the stream were a mass of slippery mud that did not afford a very secure footing. We narrowly escaped an unpleasant tumble and an involuntary bath in the sacred waters with all our clothes on, and concluded it a prudent move to go further up, where the bank was dry. Our elephants were waiting for us, and as the beggars began to be inconveniently thick, we lost no time in remounting. There were not less than a thousand bathers in the water at any one time, and I was told that more than fifty thousand pilgrims took their religious plunge between the rising and setting of the sun. They only bathe when the sun is above the horizon; to do so at any other time does not have any sanctifying effect.

A place of sanctity in India, even more holy than Allahabad, is Benares. It is, in fact, *the* holy city of India, and



BATHING SCENE AT BENARES.

a man who has made a pilgrimage to Benares is regarded with reverential awe by his less fortunate neighbors. Those who live there are so favored by the gods that anything they may do is not regarded as a crime by the Hindoos, though the English authorities have different notions on the subject, and treat shortcomings at Benares very much as they would treat them anywhere else.

The banks of the Ganges at this place, or rather the single bank on which the city stands, may be described as a row of temples that come down to the water's edge, so that one may step directly into the river from their stairways, whether the stream is high or low.

On my first morning in Benares the air was cold and raw, and I did not relish getting up an hour before daybreak, in order to be at the bathing-place ere the sun should rise; but in travel one must put up with many disagreeable things, and this business of early rising is one of them. We were on the spot just as the sun came into view; but, early as we were, we found thousands of pilgrims who had come there before us. They sat on the steps of the temples, and as the sun peered above the horizon they began bowing to him and saying their prayers.

VISITING THE MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

The pious Hindoo does not remove all his clothing when he bathes in the Ganges, but only a portion of it. He retains the loin-cloth about his waist, lest he might shock the modesty of the goddess Gunga, who is supposed to inhabit the stream. The Hindoos are very indignant with the English soldiers, who strip themselves entirely in bathing, and thus offend the native notion of religious propriety. I was told that their conduct in this particular was one of the causes that led to the mutiny of 1857, and I have no doubt that it had its effect. People in all lands are very sensitive in the matter of religious observances, and it is no wonder that the pious natives of India were shocked at what they considered a flagrant violation of their ancient customs.

The temples line the bank for a mile or more, and as we slowly floated down the stream the scene was a curious one. We halted in front of one of the bathing-places long enough to make a sketch of a group and study the peculiarities of the bathers. Men and women were there, the former scantily but decorously dressed, according to Hindoo notions, while the latter had removed very few of their ordinary garments. One couple arrested our attention by having their garments knotted together. Our guide explained that they were husband and wife, and their bathing thus was an indication that they had quarreled, and were making up their differences by a plunge in the sacred waters of the holy river. As we saw a good many couples thus taking their ablutions, we concluded that conjugal disputes were no less common in the East than in the West. In the instance I refer to, the man was standing on the steps of the temple, while his wife stood in the river and sprinkled flowers over the water. Women and young girls were peddling flowers from baskets which they carried in their hands, and were evidently driving a profitable trade. Flowers have an important place in Hindoo ceremonials, and in all of the temples we find the altars liberally covered with them.

Beggars do a good business around these temples, as the principle holds good that a man is never more liberal at any moment of his life than when he is at his devotions. They stand ready to accost each devotee as he emerges from the water, and generally succeed in getting something out of him. The beggars are mostly old and decrepit fellows, and each carries a long staff, which greatly adds to his venerable appearance, and assists in the collection of alms. It is said that these fellows pay a subsidy to the priests in charge of the temples, and that a considerable revenue is thus obtained.

From the bathing-places of the pilgrims we floated down below the city, and then went to the famous Temple of the Monkeys. As its name implies, the temple is devoted to the use and occupation of monkeys—sleek, fat-looking fellows, that seem to take life very easily. The arrival of strangers is a signal for them to assemble, as they well know that every stranger will be sure to order something for them to eat.

We paid for a large measure of grain, which was taken by one of the priests and dealt out to the beasts, of whom there were several hundreds, at the least calculation. They climbed around the pillars of the temple, and crowded against each other, so much so that the priest had no small trouble to preserve order among them. When they had been fed, they seated themselves on the floor in a dignified way, and made it very manifest that they were entirely at home. One solemn old fellow came up and shook hands with us, and if he could have spoken, I have no doubt he would have invited us to stay. On the whole, they were better behaved than monkeys in general, but they do not bear a good reputation among their neighbors. They rob gardens and orange-groves in the vicinity of their temple, and sometimes they go out in regular foraging parties, for distances of a mile or more. They enjoy an immunity from poison and shooting, as the Hindoos consider them sacred, in spite of their thieving character, and could not be provoked to put one of the robbers to death, no matter what his crimes might be.

An Indian festival that was formerly of great importance is the famous one of Juggernaut. In the olden time, the pious Hindoos used to throw themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, in order to be crushed to death; they considered it a pious act, and their conduct was loudly applauded by the others, who took good care to keep their own necks out of danger. The English authorities interfered, and put a stop to the sacrifices of this sort, and since then the Festival of Juggernaut has lost one of its chief attractions.

I met an American at Calcutta who was quite angry when he learned what had been done in the way of humanity in the suppression of the barbarities that were formerly practiced under the name of religion. "Just think of it," said he, "they don't allow the natives to be crushed to death at Juggernaut, and they long ago put a stop to the practice of burning widows with the corpses of their husbands! There was a time when you could see people torturing themselves by being suspended from hooks that were stuck into the flesh of their backs, putting red-hot irons into their mouths, hacking their arms and legs with knives, and doing other pleasant things. The age of poetry is gone, and India is of no account. They don't allow any more of these tortures, although the people like them, and it is none of the business of the English; they can't expect the natives to keep up their religion if their observances are to be interfered with."

As my indignant friend remarked, the authorities have forbidden all the practices that he mentioned, and many others. Only those things that are cruel, or cause death or personal suffering, are thus disturbed; all the harmless observances may be followed the same as ever, and the most complete freedom of conscience is permitted to everybody. I was repeatedly told that the Government was opposed to the labors of the missionaries among the natives, and would prefer that they should leave the people just as they are. Whether this is really so or not, I am unable to say positively, but incline to the belief that it is not without foundation.

The Temple of Juggernaut is in the town of the same name, about 250 miles southwest of Calcutta, and the entire place is considered so holy that it is not required to pay any rent for the ground on which it stands. There is a long street, consisting principally of religious establishments known as *maths*, and at the end of this street is the famous temple. The structure is in the centre of an inclosure about ten acres in extent, and is in the shape of a pagoda, tapering from bottom to top, and rounded like a dome at the summit. The space immediately in front of the temple contains several grotesque figures and a tall obelisk in honor of one of the Hindoo deities, and is constantly occupied by a crowd of natives who have various things for sale. Sacred bulls wander around, and eat whatever they can lay mouth to; the natives regard the bull as a holy beast, and all their temples are the homes of these animals. Benares is full of them, and they show a great deal of intelligence in wandering about the city and helping themselves to whatever comes in their way. They carefully avoid the quarter where the English butchers live, on account of the mysterious disappearance of some of their number who incautiously ventured there, and their conversion into beef for the nourishment of the foreign barbarians.

Each of the idols in the Temple of Juggernaut has a car of his own, and once a year he is taken out to ride. A procession is formed, and some thousands of people pull at the ropes, and drag the car from the great temple to the country-seat of the god, about a mile and a half from town. The car of Krishna is the largest; the wheels are made of pieces of planks bound together, while the body of the car is in four irregular stages of carved wood. During the procession, the priests stand on the different platforms of the car and sing songs appropriate to the occasion, while the people keep up a great noise in honor of the god.

It was in this annual procession that the victims used to throw themselves under the wheels of the chariot, and when there were none that offered, the priests made the matter interesting by tossing some of their own number from the car and letting the vehicle pass over them. The *Rath Jatra*, or Great Festival, occurs in the month of March, and near the full of the moon, and has been celebrated for many hundred years. The present temple was erected in the twelfth century, and is said to have cost more than two millions of dollars.

The British Government formerly gave an annual subsidy to the Temple of Juggernaut, but owing to the scandal arising from the contribution of a Christian nation to the support of heathenism, the subsidy was taken away, and the temple is now entirely dependent upon the donations of pilgrims for its existence.

Among the festivals of India, that of the "Moharram" should not be forgotten. It is a Moslem festivity and not a Hindoo one, and is held at the commencement of the Mohammedan new year. Bombay is the place where it is in greatest reverence, and the large proportion of Moslems in the population of that city enables the ceremonies to be conducted on a grand scale.

I was so fortunate as to be in Bombay on one occasion when the "Moharram" was celebrated, and was able to see it in all its glory. Several thousands of people

marched through the streets, with a dozen or more dervishes, or holy vagabonds at their head. These dervishes were almost naked, their only clothing being a narrow strip of cloth around the waist, and some stripes and streaks of paint on their skins. They marched through the native city of Bombay, and followed a route that took them to the seashore near the point of Malabar Hill. Crowds lined the streets along the whole route, but there was the greatest assemblage at the point where the ceremony would terminate. The dervishes in front kept up a terrible noise, and seemed to be more than half insane. They danced wildly about, and sometimes rolled in the dust and ran great risk of being trampled to death by the multitude. Their performances were almost identical with those of the dervishes of Constantinople, and doubtless have a kindred origin.

In the procession several shrines were carried, some of them very richly ornamented with gilding and with imitations of precious stones. I was told that on very grand occasions, or when somebody felt particularly liberal, these shrines were decorated with real gems, and cost a great amount of money. They are generally made of gilded paper on light frames of wood, in order that they may be easily carried, and also that they may be conveniently handled at the termination of the ceremony.

When the sea was reached the main body of the procession halted. The bearers of the gilded shrines came forward, and one after another tossed the burdens into the water. The action was accompanied by much singing and shouting on the part of the dervishes, and a corresponding amount of noise by the multitude. Tom-toms were loudly beaten, priests gave their benedictions, and the whole scene was one of great excitement.

I was told that the ceremony was an offering to the god of the sea, to pray him to refrain from inundating the land, and to hold in peaceful sleep all who were at rest in his waters. The shrines were all made to resemble the tombs of Moslem priests; they were square in shape, and had a ball or knob at each upper corner, while a larger ball rose in the centre like a dome.

Soon after my arrival in Bombay I was invited to attend a native wedding at the house of one of the wealthiest residents, and lost no time in accepting the proffered courtesy. The wedding ceremonies of India vary greatly, as each caste, sect, and class has its own forms; but they are all accompanied by a liberal supply of music, and an earnest endeavor to have a good time. Great preparations are made, and sometimes the outlay for an affair of matrimony makes a serious inroad into the fortunes of the parties most deeply interested in the union. Rich people are compelled by inexorable custom to spend a small fortune on the wedding ceremonies of their children, and the poor must go and do likewise, according to their means.

Among the Hindoos of the middle classes a general invitation is sent out to the family and friends of both bride and bridegroom—very much as is done in Christian lands.

The couple to be united are required to kneel on the ground in the open court, where the ceremony generally takes place, and their parents and nearest relatives are grouped around them. Two torches are held aloft, one by a relative of each of the youthful pair, and a couple of lamps are lighted at the moment the ceremony is to begin. The bride is dressed in her best garments, and her arms are decorated with silver and gold; on her head she has a crown shaped like an extinguisher, and built in three stages like the dome of a temple.

When all is ready they extend their hands, which are tied together with a thread of sacred grass, directly over a censer which contains certain aromatic essences. When this formula is completed the pair rise and take seven steps together and repeat simultaneously, a promise to be faithful to each other, under penalty of incurring the wrath of the gods. They are then pronounced man and wife, and the ceremonious part of the wedding is over. Then begins a round of feasting, whose duration and magnificence depend largely on the depth of the purse of the entertainers.

The wedding I attended in Bombay was said to have cost not less than $10,000 from beginning to end, and consequently was an affair of no ordinary importance. The young couple were adorned with precious stones enough to set up a fair-sized jewelry store in good business, and all their garments were of the richest materials that money could procure.

In the evening there was a *nautch*, or dancing performance, which lasted from sunset until after midnight; it was held in a large hall of the house of the bridegroom's father, and all his personal friends were expected to put in an appearance. The dancing is done by girls hired for the purpose, and never by any of the persons connected in the most remote way with the wedding. None of the Eastern people can understand the European idea of a dance, as they look upon it as an entertainment which should be paid for like any other menial service. When permitted to look in on a foreign ball they not infrequently express surprise, and ask why the English do not employ *nautch* girls to dance for them, and so save themselves the fatigue.

The *nautch* girls are generally, but by no means always, pretty, and some that I saw were so fat as to interfere seriously with our ideas of comeliness. Their costume differs according to the dance to be given, and the province of the country in which the affair takes place. In the present instance they wore skirts that reached a little below the knee, and were heavily embroidered at the edge; their ankles and arms were loaded with rings, and on the anklets there were little bells, that tinkled as the wearers moved about. The dancing is very tame, by comparison with that of Europe and America, as the motions are quite slow, and consist of a sort of gliding and swinging from side to side, that soon becomes wearisome to look upon. The music is a low, plaintive melody, of only a few notes from a species of flute, and from drums shaped like little kegs, and struck with the fingers.

We were shown to seats specially arranged for us, and supplied with pipes and cigars, according to our tastes. The dancers swung and whirled, and in a little time our brains were swinging and whirling with them. The room was brilliantly lighted, and the heat of the place, combined with that of the weather, nearly stifled us. We were much relieved when the gentleman who accompanied us gave the welcome information that we were not expected to stay long, and could leave at any moment without giving the least offense. We bowed our thanks to our host, and speedily sought the street.

On another occasion I attended a *nautch* given by a rich native in commemoration of the safe return of his son from a long journey.

The dancers were quite differently arrayed from those in the performance I have just described, and on the whole much more picturesquely. Each wore a corselet or bodice of embroidered cloth; it was cut very short, and did not reach to the waist. There were trowsers of white muslin gathered in at the ankles, and over the trowsers there was a skirt of white muslin, with spangles of gold. The head and neck of each girl were wrapped in a long strip of muslin, that just left the face free but concealed the hair. The arms and ankles were adorned with rings, such as I have already described, but none of them had any bells

THE FEAST OF MOHARRUM AT BOMBAY.

FESTIVALS IN INDIA.—A WEDDING CEREMONY AMONG THE HINDOOS OF INDIA.

attached; consequently there was no tinkling sound to keep time with the movements of the feet. Each dancer had wooden reeds in her hands, with which she pretended to fence as with a sword; but there was no enthusiasm in their movements, and the performance was rather tame.

Music was supplied by a sort of violin and a drum, consisting of a wooden bowl with a skin stretched over it. The musicians sang while they played, but their voices were so low as to be scarcely audible at the end of the small room where the entertainment was given. A curious feature of the costume was that the skirts of the young women did not meet the short bodice I have described, but left about three inches of waist fully exposed to the gaze of the spectators.

Most of us who have given any attention to India have read of the serpents that infest that country, and of the venomous character of their bites. The worst of the Indian serpents is the *cobra di capella*, or snake with a hood. He is thus named from his power of puffing out the skin of his neck and head, so that it has the appearance of a hood or cape. No antidote has ever been found for his bite—when once his poison has been injected into your blood, there is no remedy known to science.

The cobra is fearlessly handled by a class of men known as "snake-charmers"; they belong to a peculiar guild of their own, and no outsider can obtain the secret of their power. Generally they remove the fangs of the cobra before performing with him, and he is then practically harmless. But there are snake-charmers who will take a freshly caught cobra in their hands, wind him around their necks and bodies, and allow him perfect freedom to move his head where he pleases. After doing this, they will prove to you that the snake is in full possession of his powers, by allowing him to strike a rat or other small animal. The unfortunate victim immediately swells to an enormous size, and in a few minutes he is dead. Sometimes it happens that a performer has not complete control of the snake he is handling, and receives a bite in consequence. In a few minutes there is a vacancy in the ranks of the wonderful snake-charmers of India.

The Feast of Serpents, like the other festivals of India, is an annual affair, and never fails to attract a large concourse of spectators. As at the other festivals, there is a great deal of blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms; and there is the usual abundance of banners and torches. The snakes are released from the bags and baskets, where their owners carry them, and are allowed to gather around shallow pans of milk that have been set out for their benefit. They are very fond of milk, and are frequently enticed by it from their places of concealment, so that they may be killed or captured.

A story is told of an officer in India, who was one evening at a game of whist, when he suddenly turned deadly pale, and dropped his cards on the table.

"What is the matter with you?" one of his friends asked.

"There's a cobra di capella coiling around my leg," was the faint reply.

"Bring some milk and spill it on the floor near the snake," said an old major who had grown gray in the Indian service, and was thoroughly versed in the habits of the cobra.

The frightened servants obeyed the command, and brought the milk. The snake loosened one of his coils, then another, and finally glided to the floor and moved in the direction af the milk. Barely had he reached it before he was killed by a blow from the major's heavy cane, which was in readiness for use, and wielded with a powerful hand.

The officer who had so narrowly escaped a horrible death fell in a fainting fit, and did not recover for several hours. The next day his hair began to turn white, and in less than a fortnight it rivaled the snow in its absence of color.

The cobra is very fond of music, and all the performances of the snake-charmers have musical accompaniments. The first exhibition of this kind that I witnessed in India was at Madras, in the open court in front of the hotel. A friend and myself were smoking our cigars after dinner, when three natives appeared, and after bowing low and asking permission to display their skill, they proceeded to place some baskets on the ground. Two of the men then squatted near the baskets and began to play a low, monotonous air, the one upon the flute and the other on a small drum. The third waved a stick like a magician's wand, and very soon I observed something moving beneath the cloth that had been thrown over one of the baskets. Presently a snake glided out from under the blanket, and assumed a position as nearly erect as it is possible for a snake to get. Then came another and another, until there were five of them altogether; they stood in a row, and moved their heads up and down in time with the music, being assisted in the effort by their conductor, who waved his wand like the leader of an orchestra.

When the so-called dance was ended, the manager of the performance wound his pets around him until he resembled a modern Laocoön, and presented an appearance not altogether agreeable to a sensitive spectator. Soon as the music ceased, the snakes did not appear under as good control as they did while it was going on, and manifested a desire to break away. One of them tried to approach the veranda where we were sitting, evidently with a desire to be introduced to the distinguished strangers; a familiarity we had no taste for, and emphatically declined. Several times he was seized by the tail and drawn back to his place, and as many times did he persist in renewing the effort to cultivate our acquaintance. We told the snake-charmer to put an end to that part of the performance or we would vacate at once. He took the hint, and administered a blow to the snake, accompanied by an order to go to his basket. The reptile seemed to understand what was wanted, as he straightway glided under the blanket and was seen no more. It is certain that they have considerable intelligence, but they are not likely to be the objects of special culture in the schools of India or any other country.

The snake-charmer is a vagabond who travels from place to place, and makes his livelihood by his exhibitions. He is also in demand for the capture of snakes when they come around houses and the inhabitants wish, as they are sure to do, to get rid of the dangerous intruders.

Your servant reports that a cobra has been seen in your compound—the yard in which your house stands—and suggests that the snake-charmer shall be called. Of course you are pretty sure to send for the fellow; he comes, spreads his basket on the ground in your courtyard, produces his flute, and begins to play his peculiar music. He plays on and on, with no apparent result, till you begin to think it was a false alarm, and there is no snake on your premises. But by-and-by you see the head of a huge cobra peering from beneath your veranda and turned in the direction of the music. The head is followed by the body, and slowly the snake creeps toward the player. The latter continues until the snake is near enough to be seized. Then, with a movement like a flash of lightning, he drops his flute, extends his arm and grasps the snake by the neck. It is all the work of an instant, and the theory is that if he fails to seize the serpent at the proper instant, the latter will inflict a fatal bite. This sometimes happens; a friend

of mine told me that he once saw a snake-charmer killed in this way. He had enticed a cobra from beneath a house, and in attempting to seize him he missed his aim. Instantly the cobra raised his head and struck at the charmer, inflicting a slight wound on the man's hand. In ten minutes the performer was a corpse.

There was formerly in India a race of assassins known as "thugs," but fortunately they are now nearly exterminated. They followed their horrible practices more from religious motives than from a desire to plunder. They worshiped the goddess Kali, who presided over sensual indulgence and destruction, and they had in their ranks members of every caste. Each individual had his particular duties to perform, and was not allowed to interfere with the work of others. They operated in gangs, and each gang contained at least a dozen persons, with a *sirdar*, or leader, and a *garu*, or teacher. The members were in four classes. First were the spies, who were new to the business and engaged in learning it; then came the *bhuttotes*, or stranglers; then the *sothas*, or entrappers, who were frequently women; and lastly, there were the *lughaees*, or grave-diggers. The gang frequented some high-road, and put to death every unfortunate native that the spies could entrap; but they did not interfere with foreigners, through fear of the punishment that would be sure to fall upon them. They generally strangled their victim with a cord, and after stripping his body of everything valuable they handed it over to the grave-diggers, who concealed it so carefully that detection was almost impossible.

At the close of their expedition, the plunder was divided, one third being given to the goddess Kali, another third to the widows and orphans of the tribe, and the remainder to the parties who had taken part in the murders. They always consulted their deity before starting on an expedition, and after each assassination the "thugs" who had committed it united in a sacrament by way of purification. Once a year they held a grand festival, in which they carried a statue of their goddess on a pedestal, supported on men's shoulders, and accompanied by a discordant lot of instruments that evoked as much noise as possible. On the pedestal, the six-armed goddess was represented in the act of brandishing knives and clubs, trampling on human bodies, and holding human heads as the symbol of the rites in her honor.

The ceremony was usually held in a grove, and as far as possible from the observation of the public and the authorities, who found it very difficult to obtain any information about the organization of the murderers.

As early as 1810, the East India Company took the most earnest measures for the extinction of the bloody Order, but it was some time before they made much headway in the humane work, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the necessary proof. But when once they had succeeded in obtaining information sufficient for the conviction of a gang, and learned their mode of operating, they made good progress, and long ago the cold-blooded business was brought to an end.

The "thug" tribes were broken up; all who were convicted of a part in the murders were executed or transported, and their children were put under Government surveillance, and instructed in trades whereby they could earn an honest living. Their theory is set forth by a writer on India, to whom a "thug" made the following explanation:

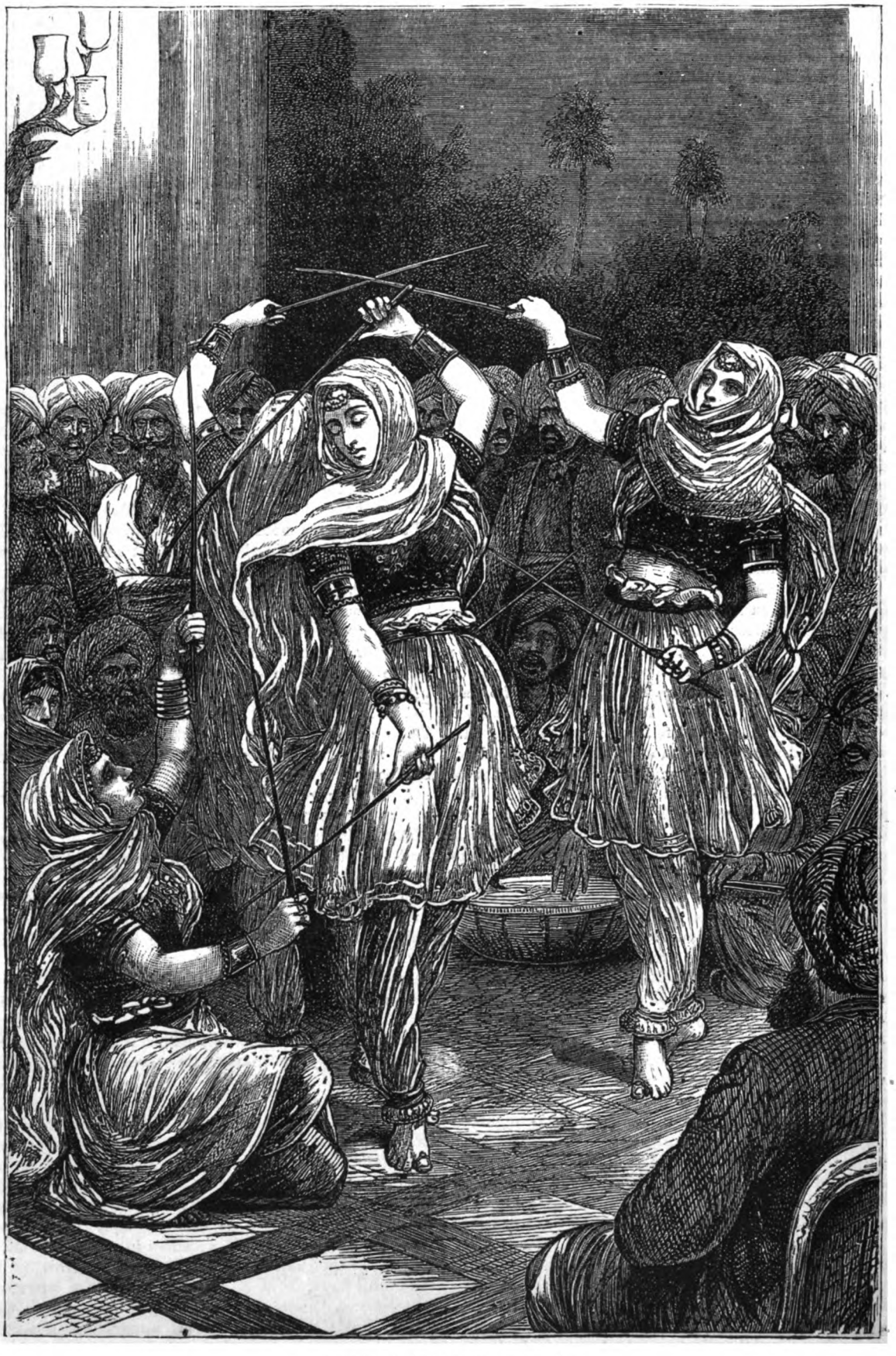
"You Europeans find pleasure in attacking a wild beast in his den, or in hunting a tiger to death, both of which may be done without braving any dangers or displaying any courage; but consider how the attraction is redoubled when the object of your pursuit is man—when it is a human being whom you must destroy! Then it is necessary to display not courage only, but also prudence, cunning and diplomacy. Is it not sublime to play upon the victim's passions, to make the chords of love and of friendship vibrate, in order to allure the prey into one's net? It is more than this—it is intoxicating, maddening!"

Among the native princes of India, public festivities are generally accompanied by rough sports which are more or less exciting. In Baroda, for example, every grand entertainment is considered tame unless it includes wrestling, or fighting with elephants or tigers. In a tiger-fight the beasts are turned into an arena or yard made of logs set upright in the ground, and having a pavilion at one side where the entertainer and his guests can witness the sport. The tigers rush upon each other with terrific roars, and the contest generally lasts until one of the brutes is dead. Each endeavors to seize his antagonist by the throat, and when he has once taken firm hold in this locality it is generally all up with the other, who speedily becomes a fit subject for skinning.

An elephant-fight is not as savage an affair as would appear at first glance, since the animals are too scarce and valuable to be slaughtered for mere sport. They are trained to fight by pushing, and not by piercing each other with their tusks. They advance with elevated tails and trunks, and each is under the guidance of the driver, who sits on his neck. As they approach they balance their huge bodies in the air, and at the proper moment endeavor to fall with the greatest force against each other's sides. The momentum frequently causes one to tumble to the ground, and whenever he is prostrate and his driver is dislodged from his place, the other elephant is declared the victor. Sometimes there is a vast amount of pushing before one of the combatants is thrown, and a fight between two elephants well matched has been known to last an hour or more. The Indian princes have borrowed the practices of Western countries, and not infrequently they make heavy bets over the results of these fights between elephants and tigers.

A wrestling-match at Baroda is no small affair, and sometimes the results are rather serious for the persons engaged. The wrestlers are trained to their occupation, as in other lands, and the most athletic men are selected for the purpose. They come mainly from the Punjaub and Travancore, and are famous all through India for their skill and endurance. The same attention is paid to them and their training as to the athletes of other lands, with the exceptions, if any, in favor of the Indian wrestler. The king personally supervises them, and suggests changes in their food and drink in case they become weak from any cause; and it was formerly the custom for the monarch himself to take a hand in a wrestling-match at frequent intervals. Under such royal patronage, there was no danger that the sport would languish.

The only time I ever witnessed this amusement was on the occasion of the visit of a party of English officials from Bombay. The wrestlers were models of manly beauty, splendidly formed, and without a particle of superfluous flesh about them. They were dressed only with a cloth around the loins, and their heads were as smooth as billiard-balls, and almost as shiny. They clinched very much after the manner of wrestlers in civilized lands, and the rule of the game was for the winner to throw the loser flat on his back, or at all events to have the latter admit that he was vanquished. It frequently happens that a winner holds the other doubled under him, but cannot force him into a horizontal position; in such case he is at liberty to break the wrist of the fallen man, or at all events he may twist it until the latter cries out for mercy. But



DANCING-GIRLS AT A PRIVATE FESTIVAL.

there is so much "game" about these fellows that they will not condescend to make the necessary appeal, and it becomes the duty of the king to order them to separate. In the performance that I witnessed, there were two pairs of wrestlers in the arena at once, and while one was struggling, the other pair was down on the ground. The fallen man could not be turned on his back, but pulled vigorously at the neck of his antagonist, who was holding him firmly by the wrist. It seemed that I could hear the bones cracking, and that the poor fellow would be disabled for life, when just at the critical moment the king gave a signal, and the combat came to an end. A more agreeable sight than this was the road on the occasion of the semi-annual races at Bombay.

There was a general turnout of all classes, and the varieties of costume and conveyance made a very interesting spectacle. There were road-wagons and light vehicles such as one sees at an English or an American race-meeting, some of them occupied by Englishmen and some by wealthy natives. A substantial and well-to-do Parsee merchant was mounted on an imported horse with an English saddle, and but for his conical hat and tight-buttoned coat he might have been taken for a London broker or a New York merchant. One of the curiosities of the scene was a bullock-cart, in which a solemn-faced Englishman was riding with his wife, the former on the rear seat.

HINDOO MUSICIANS.

## WHAT WERE HIS INTENTIONS?

Miss Clementina and Miss Araminta were two young ladies of the sentimental order. The dearest, most loving friends in the world, and, of course, capital foils to each other's style of beauty.

How tantalizingly sweet (in their imaginations) to the young gentlemen within eye-range to see the two affectionate creatures, with arms around each other's waists so caressingly, and with what longing eyes were they probably looked upon as, hand in hand, heart to heart, and (must we say it?) nose to nose, they kissed each other!

"Cruel creatures" they somewhat vaguely considered themselves in their inmost hearts, and we will avow that they did not sigh a little for the opportunity to be less cruel!

Let me endeavor to describe these two inseparable friends.

Miss Clementina Blodgett, the elder of the two (first come, first served), was a blonde of the blondest style, the bluest possible eyes, the rosiest cheeks, lightest hair and eyebrows, and *not* lightest footsteps in the world—was, we will confess it, rather fat. This fact, however, she was very comfortably incredulous about, and was wont somewhat to brag of once overhearing a lady friend remark that, when asleep, she looked as calm and lovely as a wax doll. Her roguish companions, taking advantage of her self-complacency, frequently induced her to pretend sleep, during which time they manifested their appreciation of her charms by quietly leaving the room, or playing her some madcap trick. Fortunately, Miss Clementina was easy and good-natured (was there ever a fat person otherwise? bless their dear hearts!), and readily forgave the offense, and honestly believed the excuse given, however ridiculous; for the thought that anybody could really intend to "make fun of her," as the school-girls call it, never once entered her mind.

Miss Araminta Jenkins, of course, as foil to all this, was a brunette. Dark eyes and hair, dark complexion, small and very slender, a gushing, I might say, gusty, manner, reminding one of a March day in June, and always doing, or trying to do, immense havoc with her bright eyes. No one dared attempt a personal joke with Miss Araminta, nor, indeed, with Miss Clementina either, if the former was

around. Her sharp black eyes would quickly ferret out any mischief, and her ready tongue would quickly rout the enemy.

Fire and tow, the girls used to denominate the two friends; for, when Miss Araminta once communicated the knowledge of a personal injury to Miss Clementina, she quickly ignited, and, but for the fortunate circumstance that she generally soon quenched herself in tears, the consequences could not be imagined.

So much for our heroines.

As teacher of music to the young ladies was a young gentleman named Arthur McKay, aged about thirty years. Not an Adonis in appearance, and yet sufficiently good-looking to be interesting to our heroines.

Mr. McKay was one of those "Jack-of-all-trades" who pursue one kind of avocation to support the expense of trying to make money at one leap at some other. Agricultural, mechanical and household utensils without number had he invented, to save time and labor, and to make a fortune; and, although hitherto unsuccessful, nothing dampened his ardor. His every spare moment was now given to studying best how he could supply faulty nature in the matter of hands, feet, arms, fingers, or, in fact, any portion of the human frame.

Whether his own, or his evident admiration of their good looks was the cause, is not known; but Miss Clementina and Miss Araminta each soon discovered themselves smitten by the musical, inventive genius, McKay, and, for the first time, held a secret from her dear friend. Each pined, or tried romantically to do so, when alone, and endeavored when in his society to give him the encouragement he seemed to need. Yet, though he ogled Miss Clementina with timid glances when her companion, and looked longingly at Miss Araminta when by her side, still he forbore to speak, and each wondered, but imagined they read the struggle it cost him to be silent.

How the friends longed for sympathy! and yet how could they unburden their hearts of their dearest secret? 'Twere almost sacrilege.

At last, one day, Miss Araminta, in a fit of gushing confidence, concluded to tell her friend her trials and troubles, and get her ready sympathy.

"Dear Clem, I have such a secret to tell you! But you'll never lisp a word of it to anybody, will you?"

"No, indeed, Araminta. What is it? Do tell me quick. Is anybody I know going to get married?"

"N-o—not exactly—just yet. But, lean over here, and I'll whisper it. *I've got a lover!*"

"You don't say so! Who is he? Is he good-looking?"

"Very; and so respectful. He is afraid to offer himself, for fear I shall say no. He evidently thinks himself not worthy; but he is. He's splendid!"

"Isn't that nice? But it's so funny——"

"So funny! I don't see anything very funny about it. It's perfectly right for him to look up to me so."

"Yes, certainly. Of course, I didn't mean *that* was funny, but this. Lean over, and I'll whisper this time. *I've got a lover too*, and he treats me in just the same manner. He doesn't dare even to squeeze my hand! Thinks I'd turn to a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife, I suppose, if he did."

"I declare! What a coincidence! I wonder if all the men are so bashful. What's his name? Tell me?—that's a love!"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't tell for the world!"

"Ah, come now, darling! You would keep a secret from your own Minty. You tell me yours and I'll tell you mine."

"Well, then, his name is—is—is—is Arthur McKay."

"What!" screamed Araminta. "You deceitful, treacherous creature! Can I believe my ears? My own Arthur, that adores me so! Take back the words! They're false!"

"You had better make sure that he is your own, Miss Conceit, before you claim him. As to his adoring you, he almost offered himself to me last lesson-day, and he scarcely took his eyes off my face all the time he staid."

"Take his eyes off your fat, pudgy face, you egotistical wax-doll! Why, it would take him all lesson-time to see the whole of it!" quoth the enraged brunette.

"And he could see the whole of *you* at one glance, cotton, whalebone and all!" returned her irate companion. "If I am a little stout, Araminta, that's better than being obliged to wear pounds of cotton to prevent one looking scraggy. People who live in *particularly* glass houses had better not throw stones, miss."

"Ridiculous! Clementina, you must be out of your senses to imagine that my artistic Arthur would fall in love with such a no-shape, rolly-polly—a pudding with a string tied round the middle. But I can't stand this any longer, so I'll bid you good-afternoon, Miss Blodgett."

"And I'll bid you good-afternoon, Miss Jenkins. Don't make a mistake and issue your cards before he offers himself; it *might* turn out awkward." With which parting shot Miss Clementina turned and retreated from the enemy, not venturing to await the reply.

Meanwhile, what did our friend Mr. McKay? Continued his music-lessons, studied the faces of these two particular scholars, and cogitated within himself:

"If I only dared, and it should succeed. It would immortalize my name Either one would do. I believe I'll venture by-and-by; but I must be surer of their friendship before I ask. They are either of them just the thing—each perfect in their way. I'll try to win their kind feelings this quarter, and when the next is started and paid for, I'll broach the subject, so that in case they refuse, I shall not lose my money as well as chance."

So the time passed, and the two whilom dear friends continued bitter enemies. Each tried their sweetest blandishments to bring the object of their regard to a decisive point, and thus checkmate her opponent. A double motive thus urged them on, and each received her reward in perceiving that he was gradually yielding.

The second term of music was entered upon, and at last, one day, when the sun was shining bright, and Miss Araminta's black hair was shining bright, also, Mr. McKay was announced. A little extra pulling out of the puffs of hair; a few dap-daps with a fine handkerchief to the face, to take off the unbecoming shine of hot weather; a jerk or two at the bottom of the waist, to make it sit smooth, and a spreading out of the ample skirt, to make it sweep gracefully, and she descended, determined on victory.

"Good-afternoon, Arth—I mean Mr. McKay."

"Call me Arthur, Miss Araminta, do. How the friendly sound thrills through my senses! I hope I see you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, Ar—Arthur; quite well at present." Here Miss Araminta dropped her eyes in modest confusion at uttering the requested name; "but please be seated, and I'll call mamma," taking, however, at the same time, a seat herself.

"No, please, Miss Araminta, do not just yet; I wish to speak to you upon a matter of deep importance—upon a subject which has lain very close to my heart, and engrossed all my thoughts for some time. And yet I have scarcely the courage to ask it of you."

Miss Araminta turned away her face to hide her blushes, and gave a little sigh to express her sympathy. He waited

a few moments to gather composure, and then grasping in both his the hand which she suffered to fall close to him, he said:

"Dear friend, I know your great kindness of heart, and that you would not willingly disappoint the dearest wishes of a——"

"No, oh no, dear Arthur, I could not be so cruel, for I —I—— But go and ask papa."

"Oh, Araminta, since you encourage me to call you so by your generosity, send me not to your papa, but with your own sweet lips grant my request, and I shall be the happiest of men. My invention is almost finished, and I only need——"

"What did you say, Arthur? Your invention? (He means to tell me, I suppose, that he will soon be in circumstances to marry, though I haven't much faith in inventions myself)."

"Yes, my friend. My invention is all worked out, and now I only need to make a practical model to get a patent, and not only be famous, but make my fortune. The beauty of my model, dear Araminta, depends upon you, and it is that which brings me here to-day. If you will only allow me to—that is, if you would only grant me the favor of taking——"

"Allow you to what, dear Arthur? What can I have to do with your model at present? I have promised to be yours, if papa consents—and I'll make him. And now spare my blushes, and leave me. When we are one, Mr. McKay," she said, painfully, "I shall do all in my power for your invention, whatever it is, and I have no doubt but papa will also."

"Good heavens, Miss Jenkins! Is it possible that I have explained myself so poorly that you also have misunderstood my intention? I—I—am not—exactly—that is—in fact, Miss Jenkins, matrimony has not been the subject of my thoughts lately, though I could not have found a lovelier person with whom to have the honor of being united,"—with a bow—"but to get a plaster cast of a fine-shaped female nose, for my patent self-clasping, sneezable, blowable nose. Yours is so perfect, that, could I only hope to have my model like it, my success would be sure. But oh, Araminta, dear friend, do not blight my prospects with a refusal, as those flashing eyes seem to proclaim you will. Be merciful! How I have adored that nose, and to lose the——"

Here the door burst open, and Miss Clementina rushed in, and flung her arms around Miss Araminta's neck with effusion.

"The wretch! the vile, good-for-nothing wretch!" she exclaimed. "Dear, dear Minty, let us be friends once more, and never let a man part us again! Last evening this creature came to see me, and after exciting my tender feelings, as he has yours, made the same hideous proposal he has made to you. The base villain! to win our best affections, to only ask for a plaster cast of our noses! I cried all night with wounded feelings, and this morning made up my mind to come and warn you against his arts, and got here just in time to hear him insult you in the same fashion."

Araminta, all this time speechless with rage, but now aroused to fury upon learning that he had given Clementina's nose precedence, pulled the bell-cord violently, and upon the maid's appearing, requested her to hold wide open the door. Then, turning slowly to the dumbfounded McKay, she majestically said:

"Walk out of the house, sir. Words are inadequate to express my contempt for you. Never dare address a word of conversation to me again, unless you particularly desire a horsewhipping. *Go!*"

## MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

A SOCIETY may perhaps be most easily studied if we begin with its marriage laws. "Hymen peoples every town" and every tribe. In Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded, as among civilized people, by laws of "forbidden degrees;" which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble, while in others they seem to differ from, the laws of other undeveloped peoples.

Wives are chiefly obtained by exchange. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother, or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young women of the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chance of getting more wives, while young men with no sisters are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harems and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relations of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young couple are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter upon peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows.

With what girls may an ardent young black fellow run away? His choice is limited by rules which, to a certain extent, resemble those of the North American Indians, Chinese, Hindoos, Arabs, and (probably) ancient Romans. He may not marry a girl of his own surname, one who owes respect to the *kobong*—plant, beast, or what not—which is the badge and protector of his own blood. Beyond this all is confusion. The natives are divided like the red Indians, Ashantees, and savages generally, into *totem* families—that is, into sets which bear the name of, and pay regard to, a certain animal, plant, or other object. These *totem* families are in some districts Iguana, Emu, Kangaroo, Bandicoot, Opossum, Black Snake. As far as we can make out, no Emu man can marry an Emu girl, no Bandicoot a Bandicoot girl—just as Uncas, a Delaware of the Tortoise *totem*, could not have married a Tortoise girl; just as Arabs, Chinese, Hindoos, may not marry within the family name.

Across this ordinary exogamous arrangement, however, goes a peculiar system of classes, Every man, whatever his *totem* or badge and surname, is either a Hippai, Murri, Kubbi, or Kumbo; while every woman, whatever her badge and surname, is a Hippata, Mata, Kapota, or Buta. The children take the badge and surname from their mother, as among the red Indians; but their class name, or Christian name, so to speak, is determined by regular rules.

Here, among great diversity of evidence, two facts alone are clear. The Australians are exogamous, and, though their marriage system is polygamous, and the father is recognized, descent goes by the mother's side, as among the Pictish Kings of Scotland. What the origin may have been of rules so elaborate and so difficult that white observers are inconsistent in their description of them, it is too early to conjecture.

FESTIVALS IN INDIA.—THE FEAST OF SERPENTS, BOMBAY. —SEE PAGE 432.

"HIS NEIGHBOR STARTS BACK AS THOUGH HORRIFIED; HE TAKES UP HIS GUN, PICKS UP HIS SQUIRREL, ALL THE TIME SHUFFLING BACK AS IF HE WOULD LIKE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS NEWS, HOMEWARD. THE OTHER EYES HIM ALL THE TIME."

# TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

## Chapter I.—In the Maple.

Half a century ago what a wilderness it was! Only here and there, at long intervals, a little cabin down in the deep, dense woods of the Massassinena;—these cabins scattered, as if the hand of some mighty sower had reached out over the wilderness and had sown and strewn them, there to take root and grow to some great harvest of civilization.

A narrow Indian trail wound along the bank of the river, almost entirely hidden by overhanging woods—a trail that turned and twisted at every little obstacle—here it was the prostrate form of some patriarch tree; here it was the towering trunk of a mossy monarch that still reared its crest erect; or here it curved and cork-screwed in and out through mighty forest-kings that stood like comrades reaching their arms mailed in storms—or wept in silent pity, at night, their dewy tear-drops over their prostrate and fallen fellows.

Where did this little Indian trail lead to? Where did it begin? How many a love-tale had been told in the shadow of those mighty trees that reached their long, strong arms out over the heads of all passers-by in a sort of priestly benediction?

Ah! the leaves had fallen on it now. It pointed to the west, this trail. The Indian had passed away with his sphinx-like face fixed toward the sunset, and had not come back; and so the leaves lay thick in the trail, and it was only dimly visible.

Stealthily down the trail comes a brown and tawny man. A flint-lock gun is on his shoulder; a leather coat reaches almost to his knees; a coon-skin cap, with the tail tangled

in his long hair that hangs around his shoulders, covers him. He wears beaded moccasins on his feet. He is the outpost and advancing picket of civilization; and his appearance is the reverse of complimentary to his following.

A hairy and half-wild man, yet a man every inch of him—a man of solid, hard sense; not a fool by any manner of means, whatever romance, or, what is still less reliable, history, or his biographers, may have painted him.

It is Autumn time—Indian Summer on the Massassinena! the only season in the world, it seems to me. Leaves all over the ground; on the logs; leaves overhead and leaves underfoot—leaves everywhere and in every color of the rainbow. And such a stillness! Only the woodpecker now and then, pecking a hole for his little hoard of acorns; only a far-off pheasant thrumming with his wings on a hollow log some monotonous melody for his mate.

Gar Dosson, as is the habit of all backwoodsmen, creeps stealthily along the trail. He has a gun on his shoulder, a gray squirrel in his hand, and, as if by force of habit, his eyes are now on the ground in the trail before him, as if fearful of an enemy—and now in the branches above, as if seeking there for another squirrel. But his mind is evidently elsewhere—perhaps with his wife and babes.

Don't imagine that these men of the wild West are always boisterous. Civilization likes a good howl sometimes; but it is too respectable to do it on its own account, or have any of its own set perform after that fashion, and so it gets the West to do it—on the stage, as if employing howling dervishes for a dance. No; when the birds, when the beasts, when the elements are still, this man of the West, who lives with the birds and beasts and elements, is also still. There is no man so subject to the influences of nature and the elements as this man who lives face to face with nature, and comes to be himself a part of the elements about him.

Gar Dosson's name, I believe, was Garrison Dawson; but people called him Gar Dosson, and when the traveling schoolmaster, who taught a man to write his name for fifty cents or a coon-skin, then came by, this man learned to write and spell his name Gar Dosson; and since he had not learned to write or spell it in any other way, he founded a family under that name. And to-day, any man who can claim any connection with him is counted most respectable, and as belonging to one of the very best families. And any young man who can marry a granddaughter of Gar Dosson, considers his future as good as made.

Is Gar Dosson lazy, or is he only weary? Is he listening to the far-off pheasant, or is he trying to solve some serious problem of life, that he creeps along so slowly and looks so lazily about him, and to the trees above him?

Another man, still more rudely clad, comes meeting him down the trail. This man is looking downward and along the ground, as if for tracks or holes, or the hiding-places of creatures that burrow. He holds in his hand a woodchuck, or ground-hog, as it is called in the Massassinena. Does the difference in the game they have taken this morning mark the difference in the character of the men?

"Hello, Gar!" The man had seen his feet first, and so looks at him by inches as he raises his eyes slowly from his moccasins. He does this stealthily and cautiously, as if he did not know him till he saw his coonskin cap.

"Hello, Phin!" The other man sees his neighbor first on the head, but drops his eyes slowly down before he speaks, as if he does not know him till he sees his enormous feet.

"Any news, Gar?" As he says this he holds up his woodchuck, looks at it contemptuously, with his head sidewise, and then throws it down by the side of a mossy log, and draws a long breath, as if he, too, were either lazy or tired.

"No, Phin, no news; got only that, by gum!" and he, too, held up his game for a moment, and then threw it carelessly down by the mossy log.

Phin Emens slowly stands his gun by a tree, takes off his pouch and powder-flask and hangs it on the muzzle, then slowly turning to Gar Dosson says, as he spits out a quid of tobacco:

"Well, I have; yes, I have—I've got news, Gar Dosson, for both of us."

Gar now stands his gun also by the tree, and places the pouch and powder-flask on its muzzle as the other had done. He silently takes the plug in both hands, and putting an end of it in his teeth, wrestles with it till he has bitten off a piece. Then, as his neighbor slowly turns to him, he hands him the plug, after brushing it off on his coat-sleeve, and says:

"News for both of us?"

Phin Emens now wrestles with the plug as his neighbor had done; he bites off an enormous piece, and after winding it and working it about in his mouth, slowly passes back the plug, after brushing off the bitten part on his sleeve.

"Yes, I have, bet your sweet life."

"Injuns?" asks Gar, reaching for his gun.

Phin Emens feels the importance of his information too much to be in haste about imparting it; and so he deliberately twists his quid about in his mouth, and spirts a stream of amber far out over the yellow leaves toward the river, before he deigns to answer. Then he says, shortly:

"No, no; it's about old Dr. Pierre Calvin, the land man—the man they said was dead."

"He is dead—dead as a door-nail. Been dead twenty years."

"Dead be derned! Long Jake seed him t'other day. He is prowling about, looking after his land. Head's as gray as a badger; got a beaver hat. Came back to take possession of his land after being dead twenty years. Richest man in the Massassinena—store-clothes on! Don't let me get a bead on him, that's all. No, Gar, I am afraid he ain't dead."

"By Nicodemus! Old Dr. Calvin alive and come back! By the bald-headed Cæsar!" Gar Dosson had said this slowly and deliberately, and not without first lifting his coon-skin cap and scratching with his long fingers a considerable time in his lengthy, stringy hair. "Bad news, bad news, bad news, Phin."

Here Phin Emens slowly takes out his jackknife, slowly opens it, and begins slowly to whittle on a stick which he has split from the trunk on which he sits. Then he stops whittling a second, and, looking straight ahead, says, as if to himself:

"And if he is alive, and if he is come back, and if I can get a bead on him!"

Gar Dosson again scratches his head, and then, looking slowly at his neighbor and seeing what he is about, also draws out his jackknife, opens it, and also begins to whittle—to whittle and to chew, and to chew and to whittle. Then he stops suddenly, looks aside, and says, as if to himself:

"The old French traveler and trader that I found when I came here a boy. There was talk of his having married an Indian woman back on the Miama, and the story went that, having grown rich, he left her and left the country for ever. I thought he had abandoned or forgotten this land, that was nothing then, but has now grown so valuable. He bought it for a song, the old speculator! Bah! I might have known that he or his heirs would turn up

when it became of account. What a fool I have been! And is the Indian woman dead, and her child? They, too, left the Miama. Perhaps they followed the tribe to the Indian Territory. I have been a fool, a fool! waiting here for a rise in land, and now it is not mine."

Here he stops again—stops his jaws, stops his jack-knife—and, turning suddenly, says to his neighbor, over his shoulder:

"What in the name of Nicodemus has he come back for, anyway? To get his land, the old pirate! It wasn't worth five cents an acre when he left it; now it's worth ten dollars, and we've got to git." They both whittle.

"He ought ter have died. I tell you, Phin Emens"—with knife lifted—"I tell you, Phin, it's not right in him to live, and come back. He ought ter have died. I've got a wife and babies—a wife and four little uns—down there in that bottom, a-shakin' with the ager, on that ere land, and me and my wife have been a-shakin' with the ager on that ere land for nigh about ten years, hoping to make a home there. Why, I've let daylight down on to the earth for fifty full acres in this ere land. I've got a little farm there, Phin, and now I've got to git up and git."

The other shuts up his jackknife, rams it down in his pocket, throws his pouch and powder-flask over his shoulder, jerks up his gun, and striding before his neighbor, says, in a sharp, fierce whisper, after glancing about the woods:

"Look here, Gar Dosson, he has neither kith nor kin—nothing, nobody! You're right; he ought ter have died. He ought ter never come back, by gosh he oughtn't! But maybe Long Jake's mistaken; let us hope he is mistaken. But Jake says he is sneaking around awful sly, and don't want anybody to know it's him for fear of—of himself; but he can be made to go again, and this time he can be made to stay! No, don't start, Gar Dosson. I hain't cleared as many acres as you have; Phin Emens don't take to work like you do, Gar Dosson. I hain't got no young 'uns, neither; I hain't got no wife, but I will have—I will have, if I keep my land, and Carrie Brown don't run away with that Injun. And I'm not going to lose my cabin and my punkin-patch, I ain't! Now do you kumtux? Do you *sabé?* Do you know turkey, Gar Dosson?"

His neighbor starts back as though horrified; he slowly shuts up his knife, and slowly puts it in his pocket; takes up his gun, picks up his squirrel, all the time shuffling back, as if he would like to escape from this news.

The other eyes him all the time.

"You do understand? Now, don't you blow! Don't you dare to blow!"

"No blood, Phin—no blood; shed no blood, I beg, for my wife's sake, for your sake, for the old man's sake. Remember, he's an old man, Phin."

"Fool! Old men must die as well as young men, mustn't they? If he dies, ain't the land all yours and mine and old drunken Brown's, and that other feller's, the Injun's?"

"Phin, Phin! Shed no blood—shed no man's blood!"

"Shed blood! Who said I meant to shed blood? Ah, I'm too smart for that; I don't intend to shed blood. Listen! I've got my mind made up; I had it made up when I met you coming down this ere trail. Now, you see, Gar, we are old neighbors, always been friends, Gar—always been friends. I always come to your sugar-bilin', you always come to my sugar-bilin'; I come to your hog-killin', you come to my hog-killin'."

"Well, Phin?"

"Well, Gar, since we've always been neighbors, let's not fall out now. Why, man, we won't do nothing; we'll only coax him to go, and I'll get that other fellow to see that he don't come back—that pert Injun fellow that reads books. I hate him, anyhow."

"Why, what feller are you speaking of, Phin?"

"Why, that 'ere feller down there back of your field; he lives there with his old mother, hidden away in the woods, like a monk; he's too respectable, anyhow; he reads books—I hate him. And do you know he's part Injun? He is; his mother is quarter Injun, and he—he never had a father, and he calls his name John Logan."

"John Logan! But he—he is the steadiest, the best-behaved man in the settlement. Why, he is religious!"

"Well, what of that? Don't care if he is—he's got Injun blood in him, and he will kill!" muttered Phin aside, between his teeth. "I don't know whether he is the best-behaved man among us or not, and I don't care; but I do know this, Gar Dosson—he's part Injun, and hates white men; and the man had no father as he knows of, and so don't care for the world that don't care for him. And I'm a-going to go down and set that Injun up—I'm a-going to put a flea in John Logan's ear."

"Phin Emens—my neighbor, you will do nothing of the kind with John Logan," and he comes up and lays his hand on the broad shoulder. "He is a good man—a good man! A better man than I, this Injun."

Here Phin Emens turns, stoops, and takes up his woodchuck. Gar Dosson slowly swings his squirrel.

"This fellow that don't know his father? Bah!"

"You will not put him up to mischief?"

"I will tell him the truth; I will tell him that this old French speculator that made his fortune off the Injuns has at last come back; that he is not dead, as we thought; that we settled on his land, and so we must all leave our homes if he lives—but that if he should die or should go away and not come back, why, we could keep this land. That's all. If he's not a fool as well as an Injun and a ——" and here he tosses his nose and his fingers in the air—"why he will know what to do."

"You will not do this—you dare not?"

"I do dare, and I will, for I must marry Carrie Brown, and I must have my land to marry on. Yes, Gar Dosson, I tell you that Injun has got to do the job."

"What! murder a gray-haired old man, to marry a wild, tom-boy girl like that?"

"Ay—a wild, tom-boy gal she is; but I want her. She suits me, and I intend to have her. And then that Injun is in my way. I set him after the old man, that's all—that gets him out of the way and makes me safe. Old Brown safe, you're safe, all safe, and—— Shoo! what's that? Mum's the word, whatever happens!" and here the man, with his finger to his lips, and looking back over his shoulder at Gar Dosson, steals tip-toe to one side, and leaning forward, looks sharply down under the woods in the direction from whence comes the faint, far cry of a childish voice that had startled him. Then he bounds back.

"It's Carrots! Yes, it is. It's Carrie Brown and Stumps."

"What, Carrots! with her hair all tumbled and tossed about, and her clothes torn from climbing trees and scrambling through the briers," laughs Gar Dosson.

"Yes, it is—Carrots and Stumps, too. Hide back; they are running this way. Light out—light out, Gar Dosson. Don't let 'em see us together, and don't forget about old Calvin—he's got to go, and that Injun's got to do the job. Here; this way! That girl must not see us talking together. She's got to be my wife, and I don't want to let her know I could think of such a thing as stopping old Calvin's wind. She's too good—too simple-hearted. Come," and Phin Emens, holding his gun and

ground-hog in the one hand, clutches his neighbor tight around the arm with the other, and, looking back over his shoulder as Carrots and Stumps run breathlessly up the trail, disappears in the deep woods that environ him.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

THEY come like the whirlwind rustling the leaves. The girl may be sixteen—she may be twenty. Age at such an age is a matter of either blood or climate. She has a shock of unkempt, carroty hair; she wears a torn and tumbled dress of many patterns, and of as many colors as Jacob's coat. She has one of her father's toeless boots on one foot, on the other she wears a shoe so big that it might have held both her feet. Down over this shoe rolls a large, red woolen stocking—her own handiwork—leaving her shapely little ankle, bleeding from brier-scratches, to shift for itself. In her hand she swings a large, coarse straw hat by its broad, red ribbons. Her every limb is full of force and fire, her voice is firm, loud, and resolute, but not rapid. Hers is a noble nature, a splendid energy, needing but proper direction to fashion it.

Her brother, of a dozen years, more or less, who puffs and pants at her side, is named Johnny; but the wild West, which has a habit of naming things because of resemblances, has dubbed him "Stumps," since he is short and fat. He is half-clad in a pair of tattered butternut pants, a great straw hat, and a full, stuffy, check shirt—his father's no doubt—which is held in subjection by a pair of hand-made woolen suspenders—the work of his sister Carrie. Their poor old drunken father sometimes in his sober moments pats the children on the head, and calls them his "Babes in the Woods."

Both are out of breath—both are looking back wildly; but Stumps huddles up close under his sister's arm, as if he fears he might be followed, and looks to her for protection. Her clothes are scant and torn, and her great shock of unkempt hair, both in color and keeping, fully justifies the nickname of "Carrots," which the boys have given her.

She draws him close to her, and then looking back, and then down into his upturned face, says, breathlessly:

"Stumps! Oh, Stumps—did you get 'em, Stumps?"

The boy shrinks closer to his sister, and again looking back, and then seeing for a certainty that he is not followed, he grows bolder, and says:

"Git 'em, Carrots? I got 'em, by the holy poker! Look there! And that 'un is your'n, Carrots—an' you can have both of 'em if you want 'em, for I don't feel hungry now, Carrots," and here he hitches up his pants, and wipes his nose on his sleeve.

"Why, Stumps, don't you feel hungry now?" then suddenly beholding two upheld ruddy peaches, she catches her breath, and says: "Oh, oh!" and she starts back and throws up her hands. "Oh! the pretty, pretty peaches! Why, they are as pretty as baby Mabel's face the day before she died!"

Then Stumps hitches up his pants, scratches his right shin with his left foot, limps about on one leg, again wipes his nose on his sleeve, and, offering the peaches to his sister, says:

"Here, take t'other one, Carrie—I ain't hungry now."

"No; I don't want but one, Stumps—one's enough"—now walking around and looking down. "Why, how you tore your pants—and your shin's a-bleeding, too. Why, poor Stumps!"

Stumps, looking back, cries:

"Shoo! Thar war a dog—yes, thar war a dog! And what do you think? Shoo! I thought I heard somethin' a-coming. Carrots, old Mrs. Logan, the Injun woman, seed me."

"Why, Stumps! No?"

"Yes, she did. When I clim' the fence, and slid down that sapling in the yard, there she laid on the porch on her shuc'-bed a-shaking with the ager. And, Carrots, she was a-looking right straight at me—yes, she was; so help me, she was."

"Why, Stumps; and what did she do? Didn't she holler, and say, 'Sick 'em, Bose?'"

"Carrots, she didn't; and that's what's the matter—and that's why I don't want to eat any peaches, Carrots. Carrots, I wish she had a-sicked Bose—I do, I do, so help me!"—blubbering all this time, and as he lingers about he wipes not only his nose but his eyes on his sleeve.

"Let's not eat 'em—let's take 'em back, Carrie. Sister Carrie, let's take 'em back."

Carrie, thoughtfully and tenderly, gazes in his face:

"Let's take 'em to our poor, sick mother, Johnny. There ain't nothin' she can eat, you know; an' there she's been a-lyin' and a-shakin' since melon-time. An' Johnny, I don't think we are very good to mother, anyhow. Father, he goes down to the grocery all the time—to get his ager medicine. An' we go a-climbin' of the trees, an' a-eating chestnuts. But now, Johnny, we'll take her these peaches. Come."

Stumps, scratching his bleeding shin with his foot, exclaims:

"I've barked my shin, an' I've tored my pants, an' I don't care! But I won't take mother a peach that I've stoled. Why, what would she think, Carrots? She'd cry her eyes out, she would. She'd die dead, she would, if she thought I'd stoled them peaches from the poor old, sick Injun woman; yes, she would, Carrots. No, I won't eat 'em myself, an' I won't take 'em to mother, so help me, I won't!"

"Johnny, I'll tell her we found 'em"—as Stumps looks doubtingly at her, she says—"tell her we found 'em in a chestnut-tree, Stumps. Yes, tell her we found 'em away up in the top of a chestnut-tree."

"That won't wash. Do you think our mother's a possum? She's no fool; my mother's no fool, she ain't, you bet your life; and I don't want to tell no lie, nor do nothin' bad no more, and I want to go home, I do!"

"Well, Stumps, Johnny—brother Johnny, what will we do with them? We can't stand here all day. I want to go home too; I want to see mother. Oh, this hateful, hateful peach! I want to go to mother right off!" and the girl, hiding her face in her hands, began to weep.

"Oh, sister—Carrie, sister, don't, don't; sister, don't, don't. Damn it, sister, be a man!"

"Then let's eat 'em."

"I don't like peaches."

"I don't like peaches either!" cries Carrie, throwing back her hair, wiping her eyes, and trying to be bright and cheerful. "I never could eat peaches. I like chestnuts and cowcumbers and tomatuses and—chestnuts. Oh, I'm very fond of chestnuts. I like chestnuts roasted, and tomatuses, an' I like chestnuts raw, an'—tomatuses. Don't you like chestnuts and tomatuses, Johnny, and cowcumbers?"

"I don't like nothin' any more."

"Then, Johnny, take 'em back."

"I—I—I take 'em back by myself? I take 'em back, an' hear old Bose growl, and look into her holler eyes?" Here the boy shudders, and looking around timidly, he creeps closer to his sister and says, as he again gazes back in the direction of the Indian woman's cabin, "I'd be afraid she might be dead, Carrots, an' there'd be nobody to hold the dog. Oh, I see her holler eyes looking at me all the time. If she'd only let the dog come. Confound her! if she'd only let the dog come!"

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny—brother Johnny, come, let's go home! I'm afraid; it's getting dark! Shoo! there's somebody coming. It's John Logan coming home from his work."

As the girl speaks, John Logan, the sick woman's son, a strong, handsome man, only a little brown, as if browned by the sun, with an ax on his shoulder, and in his shirt-sleeves, comes whistling along the trail. Seeing the children, he stops and says:

"Why, good-evening, children, good-evening; what are you running away for? Come, come now, don't be so shy, my little neighbors, and don't give the trail all to me because I happen to be a man, and the strongest. Come, Johnny—and, by-the-way, I've a story to tell you when I get time, you are so fond of stories. Come, give me your hand. There, an honest, chubby little fist it is. Why, what have you got in your other hand? Been gathering chestnuts, hey? You little squirrel! Give me a chestnut, won't you?"

Carrie approaches, dives her hand into her ragged pocket and reaches the handsome, brown man, chestnuts.

"There, if you'll have chestnuts, sir, I'll bring you chestnuts—I'll bring you lots of chestnuts, I will; I'll bring you a bushel of chestnuts an'—some tomatuses."

"Oh, thank you; you are too kind, Miss Carrie. But now, youngsters, I must hasten home to mother. Come, shake hands again, and say good-by." The girl gives her left hand. "No, your right hand; don't forget your manners."

Carrie is bothered, and slips the peach in her left hand behind, and, with a lifted face, full of glow and enthusiasm, says:

"I'll bring you a whole bagful of chestnuts, sir, I will;" and she reaches him her hand eagerly.

"Why, what have you had in your hand?" asked John Logan. "Have you found a ripe pawpaw, or has some one been giving you and Johnny maple-sugar? And, by-the-way"—turning to Stumps—"that reminds me, Johnny, mother has some candied maple-sugar of last year's stirring off, and only last night she told me if I saw Johnny Brown to tell him to come in and see her, and she would give him a lump of maple-sugar as big as his little, brown fist; and so you will go and see mother, won't you? She is very lonesome."

Stumps, shrinking back, gasps:

"I—I don't want to see your mother. I—I'm afraid of the dog."

"Oh, but the sugar—you will come and get the big lump of sugar; and then, you know, she has no children, nobody but me, her big baby, as she calls me, and I have to be up and off at daylight, with my ax, to work, and never back till night; and so the real nice thing for you to do, Johnny, is to go and see her, and cheer her up a bit."

Carrie stands with her hat and hands behind her, and rocking herself in a nervous fashion says, patronizingly:

"An' to get the sugar, Johnny."

"I—I don't want the sugar," mutters Stumps; "but, Carrie, I'll go. I'll go an' see her, I will; I'll go an' see her if it kills me, so help me!"

"That's right, that's right—she'll be real glad to see you, and will be as kind to you as your own poor mother; and Carrie—why, Carrie, how you are growing! You will be a lady before you know it. You are a young lady now, if you only knew it, my pretty little maiden. Let me look in your lifted face." She comes up timidly, and lifts her face to his. "You are the picture of health and hope and happiness. For all your rags and carelessness, Carrie, there is a deep, clear current of life in you that must not be misled. And I want you, my little maiden, to come also, and sit with my poor mother while I am away at work."

"I don't want to come; I'm afraid of the dog, too," says Carrie.

"Oh, Carrie, Carrie! such a little coward! Why, Bose lies there with his nose on his two big paws, flat on his breast all day, and he wouldn't hurt a mouse. He's the only company my mother has, and he never leaves her. And if he ever lifts his head and growls at anybody, why up goes my mother's finger, so, and down goes Bose's nose, so. Oh, no, he wouldn't hurt you, Carrie."

Carrie, rocking her feet, holding her head down, as in deep thought, and lifting up the corner of her apron, exclaims:

"But father don't want me to come; he says I mustn't, Mr. John Logan."

"And why does he say that?" asks John Logan.

"I don't know—only my father says I mustn't, because you haven't got any father."

John Logan almost falls as he totters back, and lifts his face and says to himself, "Heaven forgive him! Even the children have learned to shun and despise me. I—I—no, no, I must not!" and, with almost superhuman effort, he is calm again.

Carrie, looking back at him, half frightened, is about to pass.

"I want to go home, Mr. John Logan," she says.

John Logan, choking down a great sigh, gasps:

"All right. And now be sure you at least let Johnny come to-morrow, if your mother hasn't her shake. I declare, nearly everybody's down with the shakes this Fall. But, never mind, it'll be cold soon, and then they will all be up again," and he shoulders his ax.

Carrie, thoughtfully leaning against the tree, and swinging her booted foot, half-whispers:

"My poor mother, I am so afraid will not be up again soon, Mr. John Logan!"

John Logan, talks back over his shoulder:

"Oh, yes, she will, I'm sure, Carrie. And, Carrie, I have a nice little surprise for your mother, and if you won't tell her, I'll let you into the secret. You won't tell?"

He turns as he says this, and comes back to her, and, resting his ax on the ground, with his two hands remaining on the top of the handle, leans toward her and looks into her innocent, uplifted face, with a longing, and a love, and a lonely yearning, that is tender and pitiful.

The girl's eyes brighten, and she seems to grow tall and beautiful under his earnest gaze in the gloaming.

"I won't tell, sir. Oh, please to trust me, sir—I won't tell, Mr. John Logan!"

The boy eagerly comes forward also.

"I won't tell, neither—I won't tell, neither; so help me!"

"Well, then, come close to me. Johnny, come close up here, and look in my face—there! Why, I declare the pleasure I now have, telling you this, and thinking of telling your mother, and thinking how happy I shall be

to-morrow in making her happy by this little act—why, I tell you, it is more than gold! And, God knows, I need money sadly enough."

"You're awful poor, ain't you?" asked Stumps, hitching up his pants.

"Been a-workin' out in the field all day, ain't you?" asks Carrie.

"Ah, yes, Carrie. Look at my hands—hard and rough as the bark of a tree; but I don't mind that, Carrie. I was born here, like yourself; I was born poor—I shall live poor, and die poor. I have never seen a city"—he turns aside, and, lifting his hand to his face, he says to himself: "They would mock at me there, and ask me who was my father!" Then, after an effort, he remembers and recovers himself, and turns once more to the children, as if no terrible thought had torn his rugged breast, and says: "I shall never see the ocean. The purple rim of the sky that seems to shut in around me, typifies my narrow life, and marks the limit of my journeys to and from my toil. But I don't mind it, Carrie. I have my mother to love and look after, and while she lives, I am content."

The girl looks at the woods, looks at the man, and then once more at the woods; and at last, in her helplessness to solve the problem, falls to eating chestnuts, as usual, while the man continues, as if talking to himself:

"Carrie, did you ever notice how careful Nature is in her coloring of the forest? No two trees change color at the same time. Here is one that is red; there is one that is yellow, and here is one that is still quite green. And men will tell me that this is all accident—the wise, learned men that come from the East, that are giving up the Christian religion, and having no religion at all in its stead."

The girl, still more and more and more bewildered, fairly fills her mouth with chestnuts as she now stops to look at him. She only looks a little, and takes another chestnut. Then the man says, solemnly, and quite to himself:

"This is the peace of Paradise, and see, Carrie, the burning bush! Now I can well understand that Moses saw the face of God in the bush of fire."

"Oh," she says to herself, "if he only would be cross! If he only would say something rough to us! If he would only cuss!"

She is all on tiptoe, and resolves to say or do something to break the spell that settles over them all. She dashes forward and says:

"Are you going to give mother something to-morrow, if we will come, Stumps and me? I mean Johnny and me?"

"Yes, yes; to-morrow evening, after my work is done. And now I am going to tell you and Johnny what it is. It ain't much, it's the least little thing in the world; but I don't deserve any credit for even that—it's my poor, dear old mother's idea. She has laid there, day after day, on the porch, and she has been thinking, not all the time of her own sickness and sorrow, dear old soul! but of others as well; and she has thought much of your poor mother, Carrie."

The boy stands far aside, and at mention of his mother he jerks himself into a knot, his head drops down between his shoulders, his mouth puckers up, and he only says, as to himself, as his eyes turn sidewise toward John Logan:

"Oh, hoka!"

"Thought of my mother?" says Carrie.

"Of your mother, Carrie; and listen, I must tell you a little story. When I was a very young man, at camp meeting, where I got religion, I bought a little peach-tree and planted it in the corner of the yard, as people do sometimes plant trees to remember things. Well, my mother she had the ague that day powerful, for it was after melon-time, and she sat on the porch and shook and shook and shook, and watched me plant it; and when I got done, my mother she cried. I don't know why she cried, Carrie, but she did. She cried and she cried, and when I went up to her, and put my arms around her neck and kissed her, she only cried the more, for she was sort of hysteric-like, you know, and she said she knew she'd never live to eat any fruit off of that tree."

Carrie stops eating chestnuts a moment.

"But she will—she will get well, Mr. John Logan, she will get well, won't she?"

"Ah, indeed, I believe she will get well; but whether she ever gets right well or not, she certainly will live to eat peaches from that tree. Carrie, my mother has laid there and thought of your mother, back in the woods there, you know, where she never sees anybody but you and your father, and has not even a dog for company. Well, we've talked it all over, and what do you think, Johnny? Why, now listen; I will tell you the prettiest little surprise for your poor, sick mother to-morrow. This tree that I planted, and that my poor, sick mother was afraid she would not live to eat the fruit from—this tree was a peach-tree."

"And its peaches?" and Carrie again takes out a handful of chestnuts from her pocket, as if she would eat them. She looks at them a second, throws them away, and hastens to one side.

"I want to go home!" cries Stumps. "I don't like peaches, Mr. John Logan. I don't—I don't, so help me!" and the boy jerks at his pants wildly.

John Logan turns to him, kindly. "Why, you never had a peach in your little hand in your life," then turning Carrie: "Yes, Carrie, there has grown this year, high up in the sun on that tree, side by side, two—and only two—red, ripe peaches. Why, children, don't run away! Wait one moment, and I will go a little way with you, for it is getting dark." He shoulders his ax, and starts to walk away with them. "As I was about to say, these two peaches are at last ripe. I own I was the least bit afraid, even after I saw them there on that bough, one Summer morning, that even then my mother might die before they became fully ripe. But now they are ripe, and this evening I shall pull them. And to-morrow, after my day's work is done, my sick mother shall eat one, and your sick mother shall eat the other, Carrie!"

Carrie puts up her hand, and backs away.

"Don't—don't—don't call me Carrie; call me Carrots—Carrots—Carrots—like the others do!"

John Logan follows her.

"Why, Carrie! what in the world is the matter with you?"

Carrie turns to him and lifts her face.

"If a body steals, Mr. John Logan—if a body steals, what had a body better do?"

"Why, the Bible says, a body should confess—confess it, feel sorry, and be forgiven."

"I can't—I can't confess, and I can't be forgiven!"

John Logan starts and shrinks back.

"You—you, Carrie; is it you?" He lets his ax fall, and for a moment starts from her; then he turns to her, with all the Faith, Hope, and Charity of his great nature, and is at her side. "Then you have already confessed, and He will forgive you!" and he clasps his hands, and looks toward heaven.

"But such stealing! Such stealing as this nobody—nothing can forgive"—falling on her knees. "I—I made my little brother steal your peaches!"

"You—you made him steal my two peaches, that I

wanted for *your* sick mother and *my* sick mother? You—*you*, Carrie?"

Stumps rushes forward.

"No—no! I done it myself! I done it all myself—I did; so help me!"

"But I made him do it!" cries Carrie. "I am the biggest, and I knew better—I knew better. But we couldn't eat them. Here they are—oh, I am so glad we couldn't eat them!" and they fall on their knees at his feet together; four little hands reach out the peaches to him eagerly, earnestly, as if in prayer to Heaven.

The strong man leans over them, takes their little hands, and, choking with tears, says, in a voice full of pathos and pity, and uncovering his head, with lifted face:

"And there was more joy in heaven over the one that was found, than over the ninety and nine that went not astray."

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## CHAPTER III.

### CARROTS IS JEALOUS.

MOTHER NATURE has her golden wedding once a year, and all the world is invited. She has many, many gala days, too, besides, and she celebrates them with songs and dances of delight. In the full-bosomed, teeming, jocund Spring, I have seen the trees lean together and rustle their leaves in whisperings of love. I have seen them reach their long, strong arms to each other, and intertwine them as if in fond affection, as the bland, warm winds coming up from the south blew over them and warmed their hearts of oak—old trees, too, gnarled and knotted; old fellows that had bobbed their heads together through many and many a Spring; that had leaned their lofty and storm-stained tops together through many, many a Winter; that had stood, like mighty soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, in friendships knit through many changeful centuries.

The birds sing and flutter, fly in and out of the dark, deep canopies of green; build nests, and make love in myriads. Now, for it is now warm, full, abundant, blushing Spring in the Massassinena. How the squirrels run and chatter and frisk, and fly from branch to branch, with their bushy tails tossing in the warm wind! Under foot, ten thousand tall, strange flowers and weeds and long spindled grasses grow, and reach up and up, as if to try to touch the sunlight above the tops of the oak, and ash, and poplar, and walnut, and maple, and cherry, and hickory, and sycamore, and ironwood, and elm, and all these that grow in common confusion through storm and sun, all over the ground; that shut out the sun from the earth as perfectly as if all things under the deep canopy of branches dwelt for ever in cloudland.

The cabin of old Major Brown was very modest; it hid away in the wood as if it did not wish to be seen at all. And it was right, for verily it was scarcely presentable, even in the then wild and indifferent West. It was an old cabin, too, almost as old as little Carrie. But it, unlike herself, seemed to be growing tired and weary of the world. She had been growing up as it had been growing down. It had stooped and leaned under the weight of fifteen Winter snows; the moss was gathering all over the round, rough logs on the outside, and the weeds and wild ivies each year grew still more ambitious to get quite to the top of the cabin and peep down into the mysterious crater of a chimney that for ever smoked and smoked in a mournful and monotonous sort of way, as if these were watchers in truth—vestal virgins who dared not let their fires perish, on penalty of death. And there was at least one watcher there; Carrie Brown, watching at the bedside of her mother; and her mother is very, very ill.

"Drunken, reckless, cracked, crazy old Major Brown," the settlement said, "can never build a new cabin, for he can't stay sober long enough to cut down a tree;" and the settlement told the ugly truth.

"Why don't your father build a new cabin?" asked Gar Dosson one day, as he passed that way with a string of fish in his hand and a coon on his back.

"Poor dear father's got the shakes so he can't get time. It takes him all the time to shake, and it takes all his money to buy his ager medicine. Poor, dear old father!" and the girl seemed to get a cinder or something in her eye from the smoke of the low and ever-smoking chimney, and went back into the house, with her apron lifted to her face.

As the sun settles low, one warm Spring afternoon, and cast long, creeping shadows over the flowery land—shadows that lay upon and crept along the ground, as if they were weary of the day, and would like to blend with the opening night, and lie there and sleep, and sleep, for ever—the stealthy step of a man is heard approaching the old major's cabin. There is something of the tiger in the man's movements, and it is clear that his mission, whatever it is, is not a mission of pleasantness, or of peace.

The man stands out in the clearing of the land before the cabin, and peers right and left up the trail and down the trail, and then leans and listens. Then he takes a glance back over his shoulders at his companions and followers—Gar Dosson, and the other settlers, in fur and leather—and being sure that they too are on the alert, and close on his heels, he steps forward. Again the man leans and listens, but seeing no signs of life and hearing no sound, he straightens up, walks close to the cabin, and calls out:

"Hello, the house!" at the same time he looks to the priming of his gun, and then fixes his eye on the door as it slowly opens. He drops the breech of his gun hastily to the ground as the face of Carrie Brown peers forth.

"Beg pardon, Carrie, my girl! Is it only you, miss? Beg pardon—but we was lookin' for a gentleman—a oldish gentleman, with gray hair, that has been seen in these parts."

The man is terribly embarrassed as the girl looks him straight in the face, and his companions fall back into the woods until almost hidden from view.

"He is a oldish gentleman, Carrie—that has no business in these parts; and he is going to swindle me out of my land, and your father out of his land, and all of we 'uns out of our land; and——"

"Well, and why do you come here, skulking like Injuns about our cabin, Phin Emens?"

The man falls back, but recovering, he says, over his shoulder, as he turns to go:

"Yes; skulking around your cabin, like that other Injun, John Logan! Why don't the old man Brown build a new cabin, my gal?" The man wants to change the subject, and so comes back and asks this, as he leans over the fence, that warm Spring evening, and squirts a stream of amber at the old, gray cat, that lies stretched out on the puncheon door-sill, asleep in the sun. "Why don't he build a new house? Old blossom-nose Brown!"

"Why don't you mind your own business, Phin Emens? He's got the shakes—that what's the matter with my poor old father!"

"He's drunk—that's what's the matter; but when I get you, I'll straighten him out, fast enough!"

The man jerks the coon-skin cap up on his left ear as he says this, and, tossing his head, hastens away. And it is well he does so; it is well, indeed, that the yard-fence stands between them, for the girl springs up, all on fire, and but for the fence would leap in his face.

She stands out in the clearing a moment, looking after the men; then she turns to enter the house, saying:

"Poor, dear old father! And what are they up to? It's the doctor! I'll bet a bearskin it's that curious old man, the doctor! What can it mean?"

Later in the evening John Logan, gun in hand, passes slowly and dreamily down the trail, close to old Major Brown's cabin. Stumps and Carrie are at play in the wood close at hand, and come forth at a bound.

"Booh!" cries Carrie, darting around from behind a tree.

Surely they are better acquainted now than when we saw them last together.

"Booh! Mr. John Logan," continues the girl; and she licks out her tongue, kicks out her right foot, and then falls to twisting up her hair.

"Why, Carrie, is that you? and Stumps, too? Why, I am powerful glad to see you! I—I was feeling awful lonesome like."

"Been down to Squire Fields's again, haven't you?" The girl has reached one hand out against a tree, and half leaning on it, swings her right foot to and fro, and licks out her tongue.

John Logan starts just a little, looks at her, sighs, sets the breech of his gun on the ground, and, as his eyes turn to hers, she sees he is very sad.

"Yes, yes, yes, Carrie, I—I was so lonesome at my cabin since—since mother died. All the time, Carrie, I see her as I saw her that night when I got home, sitting there on the porch, looking straight out at the gate, waiting for me; her hand on the dog's head, as if to hold him." As he says this, poor little Stumps stands up close against a tree, draws his head down, and pulls up his shoulders as he listens. "Yes, her long, long fingers resting on his head, holding him, and the faithful dog never moving, for fear he would disturb her—for she was dead!"

"Yes, yes. Oh, Mr. John Logan, don't tell me about it, don't!" and the girl's apron is again raised to her face, as she shudders.

"Poor old woman with the holler eyes!" says Stumps to himself, in a tone that is scarcely audible.

"But there, never mind." The strong, handsome fellow brushes a tear aside, and taking up his gun, again tries to be cheerful and shake off the care that encompasses him.

"And you got lonesome, and went down to see Sylvia Fields, didn't you?"

Again the girl's foot swings, and she looks askance from under her shock of carroty hair at John Logan.

"Carrie, listen to me. Ever since I can remember, my mother waited and watched for my coming at my cabin-door till last Fall. But now, only think how lonely it is to live there. I can't go away. I have no fortune, no friends, no people. What would people say to me, and of me, out in the great world? Well, I went to Sylvia Fields"—the girl starts, and almost chokes as she chews desperately at the chestnuts—"I went to see her this morning, and had a long, pleasant talk with her."

The girl's face darkens, and she turns sharply aside.

"Been to see Sylvia Fields!" and with her booted foot she kicks the bark of a tree with all her might. "Had a long talk with her!"

Then she puts out her tongue at him, whirls around, plunges her hand in her pocket, and swings her dress and says, as she pouts out her mouth:

"Oh, I feel just awful!"

John Logan approaches her.

"Why, Carrie, what's the matter?"

Carrie still swings herself, and turns her back to the man as she says, half savagely:

"I don't know what's the matter, and I don't care what's the matter; but I feel just awful, I do! I feel just like the dickens!"

"But, Carrie, you ought to be very, very happy, with all this beautiful scenery, and the sweet Spring air in your hair and on your rosy face. And then what a lady you have grown to be! Now don't look cross at me like that. You ought to be as happy as a bird."

Carrie, eating chestnuts and pulling at her hair, exclaims:

"But I ain't happy; I ain't happy a bit, I ain't!" Then, after a pause, she continues, "I don't like that Phin Emens, and I want you to go for him. Yes, I do; I want you to punch his head!"

"Why, Carrie!"

"I do!" and she turns aside and leans her head against a tree, and swings that enormous boot with all the energy of despair. "I tell you I do; I want you to set him up!"

"Why, Carrie, you don't want me to do anything of the kind."

"I tell you I do! He called my father 'old blossom-nose Brown,' and I won't stand it! If you don't make him smoke, I will! There! I just want you to go for him, and put a head on him!"

"Oh, well, Carrie, you know your father does drink dreadfully, and you know he has got a dreadful red face."

"Mr. John Logan!" cries Carrie, hotly, "my father don't drink dreadfully!" and again the enormous boot is in motion, as she continues, "He don't drink dreadfully at all! He does take something for his ager, but he don't drink!"

"Well, his face is dreadful red, any way," retorts John Logan.

Carrie, swinging her foot, and thoughtfully looking up at the trees says, after a pause:

"Do the trees drink? Do the trees and the bushes drink, John Logan? Their faces get awfully red in the Fall, too."

"Carrie, you are cross to-day."

Carrie, shrugging her shoulders, and shaking her dress as if she would shake it off her, snaps:

"I ain't cross!"

"Yes you are;" and the tawny man comes up to her and speaks in a kindly tone, "but come! many a pleasant walk and talk we have had in these woods together, and many a pleasant time we will have together still."

"We won't!"

"Ah, but we will. Come, you must not be so cross."

"What did you walk home with her for from meetin'? What did you go home with her for that Sunday? That's what I want to know, Mr. John Logan!"

"Oh, well, I suppose it was because—because she was all alone."

"And wasn't I all alone, too, Mr. John Logan?"

"Well, but you were used to it, Carrie."

"Yes, I suppose I am used to it;" and then the girl leans her forehead against the tree on her lifted arm, and swings her other foot. She looks down at the rounded ankle, and says, almost savagely, to herself: "She's got bigger feet than I have; she's got nearly twice as big feet, she has—that she has, the stuck-up Miss Sylvia Fields!"

John Logan looks at the girl with a peculiar interest as

she stands there, pouting as she swings her foot, and attempts to approach her; but she still holds her brow and carroty hair bowed to the tree upon her arm, and seems not to see him. He shoulders his gun, and walks past her, and says, kindly:

"Good-by, Carrie, for the present."

But all the time she does see him, and watches him, too, under her shaggy hair. The man turns to Stumps, who is swinging a squirrel, and says, "Good-by, 'Johnny,'" and, shaking his little hand, turns away.

TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.—"'BUT SUCH STEALING! SUCH STEALING AS THIS NOBODY—NOTHING CAN FORGIVE'—FALLING ON HER KNEES. 'I—I MADE MY BROTHER STEAL YOUR PEACHES!'"

But the girl's eyes are following him, although she would not be willing to admit it even to herself. As he is about to disappear, she thrusts her hand madly through her hair, and pulls it down all in a heap. Still looking at him under her brows, still swinging her foot wildly, she says:

"Do you think red hair is so awful ugly?"

The man stops, turns, comes back a step or two, as she continues:

"I do—I do! Oh, I wish to Moses I had black hair, like Sylvia Fields; and then the boys would not laugh at me and call me 'Carrots,' and you'd walk home with me once from meeting, Mr. John Logan!"

The foot does not swing so violently now, and the girl has cautiously, and, as she believes, unseen, lifted the corner of her tattered apron to her eyes.

"Why, Carrie, the boys don't call you 'Carrots' any more, like they did, since you go to meetin'," John Logan says. "And now that you have grown to be a little woman, they will stop it altogether." And the man approaches her, and speaks very tenderly. "And, Carrie, you are going to be so beautiful. You are beautiful now, if you were only fixed up a bit."

Carrie is not so angry now. The foot stops altogether, and she lifts her face, and says:

"No, I ain't—I ain't beautiful! Don't you try to humbug me. I am ugly, and I know it! For, a long time ago, when I went down to the grocery to fetch father—he had gone down there to get medicine for his ager, Mr. John Logan—I heard a man say, 'She is ugly as a mud

fence.' Oh, I went for him, you bet your life—I made the fur fly! But that didn't make me pretty. I was ugly all the same. No, I'm not pretty—I'm ugly, and I know it!"

"Oh, no, you're not. You are beautiful, and getting lovelier every day." Carrie softens and approaches him.

"Am I, John Logan? And you really don't think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world?"

"Do I really not think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world? Why, Carrie?"

Carrie, starting back, looks in his face and says, bitterly:

"You do! You do think red hair is the ugliest thing in all this born world, and I just dare you to deny it! Sylvia Fields, she's got black hair, she has; and you like black hair, you do. I despise her; I despise her so much that I almost choke!"

"Why, now, Carrie, what makes you despise Sylvia Fields?"

"I don't know; I don't know why I despise her, but I do. I despise her with all my might and soul and body! And I tell you, Mr. John Logan, that"—here the lips begin to quiver, and she is about to burst into tears—"I tell you, Mr. John Logan, that I do hope she likes ripe pawpaws; and I do hope that if she does like ripe pawpaws, that when pawpaws get ripe that she will take a ripe pawpaw and try for to suck it; and I do hope she will suck a ripe pawpaw-seed down her throat and get choked to death on it!"

"Oh, Carrie, this is very wicked!" cries John Logan, reproachfully, "and I must leave you if you talk that way. Good-by!" and the man shoulders his gun and again turns away.

"Well, do you think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world? Do you? Do you, now?"

"Carrie, don't you remember the beautiful red woods of Autumn? And do you not know that the variety makes the beauty of the wood, and that all are equally beautiful?"

It is the May-day of the maiden's life, the May shower is over again, and the girl lifts her beautiful face and says, lightly, and almost laughing through her tears:

"And oh, you did like the red bush, didn't you, Mr. John Logan? And oh, you did say that Moses saw the face of God in the burning bush, didn't you, Mr. John Logan? Oh, I am so happy to-day!"

"Come to me, Carrie! You're full of noble impulses! Your young heart is as open as the day! And if you only had some one to guide your footsteps besides your poor, drunken father——"

The girl is again in arms. She throws back her hair and lifts a little arm menacingly, as she cries:

"Don't—don't you say one word against my father! He does take something for his ager, but he don't get drunk! He's my father! He's all the father I've got, and——"

"I want you to tell me a story, I do," interposes Stumps. The boy has stood there a long time, first on one foot, then on the other, swinging his squirrel, pouting out his mouth, and waiting for the end. "Mother's sick; mother's so sick she can't tell me any stories any more, and I want you to tell me a story, I do."

"Yes, tell us a story," urges Carrie, "and then we will go in and see sick mother, Johnny."

"Oh, yes, tell me a story about a coon—no, about a panther; no, a bear. Oh, yes! about a bear—about a bear!" cries the boy, clapping his hands, "about a bear!"

"Poor, half-wild children!" thinks Logan; "no pretty church or pleasant Sunday-school; no theatre, no lighted city to wander through. Nothing to divert them, their little minds go out curiously seeking something new and strange; just, I fancy, as older and abler people do in larger ways. Ah, Johnny! you do not understand? I was only talking to myself. Yes, I will tell you a story about a bear. And let us sit down, my long walk has tired my legs;" and he looks about for a resting-place.

"Oh, here, this mossy log!" cries Stumps; "it's as soft as silk. You will sit there, and I here, and sister there."

John Logan leans his gun against a tree, hanging his pouch on the gun.

"Yes; I will sit here—and you, Carrie?"

"Here!"—sits close at his side. Oh, John Logan, I just fit in!"

One of Logan's arms falls loosely around Carrie, the other more closely around Stumps.

"Yes; it's a nice fit, Carrie—couldn't be better if cut out by a tailor."

Carrie, swinging her feet, and looking in his face, very happy, exclaims:

"Oh, John Logan! Don't hold me too tight—you might hurt me!"

Stumps, making a doll of his squirrel, laughs:

"He don't hold me tight enough to hurt me a bit," looking up in his face. "I want a bear story, I do."

"Well, I will tell a story that my mother read me out of the Bible. Once upon a time there was a great, good man—a very good and a very earnest man. Well, this very good old man, who was very baldheaded, took a walk one evening; and this very good old man passed by a lot of very bad boys. And these very bad boys saw the very bald head of this very good man, and they said, "Go up, old baldhead!—Go up, old baldhead!" And it made this good man very mad; and he turned, and he called a she-bear out of the woods, and she ate up about forty."

"Oh!" cries Stumps, aghast.

"Oh!" adds Carrie. "And he wasn't a very good man. He might have been a very bald-headed man, but he wasn't a very good man to have them eat all the children, Mr. John Logan."

Stumps, nursing his squirrel, with his head to one side:

"Well, I don't believe it, no how—I don't! What was his name—the old, bald-headed rooster?"

"His name was Elijah, sir."

"Elijah! the bald-headed Elijah! Oh! I do believe it, then; for I know when father and the curly-headed grocery-keeper were playing poker, at ten cents ante, and pass the buck—when father went down to get his ager medicine, sister—why father, he went a blind; and then the curly-headed grocery-keeper, he straddled it; and then father seed him, he did. And so help me! he raked in the pot on a Jack, full. And then the curly-headed grocery-keeper jumped up, and he struck his fist on the table, and he said, 'By the bald-headed Elijah!'"

John Logan, looking all the time surprised, then gazing down in pity, exclaims:

"Poor little waif of the woods! And that is what you learn at the grocery! That grocery shall come out of the forks of the road—it shall be pulled down, and there shall be a meeting-house built in the place of it!"

Carrie draws his hand close around her waist cautiously, and then, affecting surprise, gayly cries:

"Oh, John Logan! Look here, where your arm has got to! And here is a little gold ring on your finger."

John Logan looks in her face, and draws back his hand.

"Well, never mind this ring, Carrie,"

Carrie, nestles closer, and, in a half-whisper, mutters:

"I believe I'm getting a little chilly."

Stumps hears this, and says:

"Why, Carrie, I'm just a-sweatin'!"

As the boy speaks, their heads are suddenly thrown over their left shoulders, and the three arise together. John Logan stoops, takes up his gun, and, bowing quietly to the men approaching, steps back.

## CHAPTER IV.

"HERE HE IS, GAR."

OUT of the woods, as John Logan rose from his seat between the two children and took up his gun to go, walked an apparition—two apparitions, indeed. One was a gray, energetic old man, finely and fancifully clad. He looked and walked the man of the world. Yet he looked tired and weary; perhaps he was tired and weary of the world; perhaps he was weary because of the long ride he had that day from town to the settlement; and perhaps he was sad from excess—possibly the excess of joy, for the world is round, night follows day, work means weariness, excess of indulgence means misery. Nature is a shopkeeper, and all goods received must be paid for.

The other man is Major Brown; the relic of an old-fashioned Virginia gentleman. His face is very red; his hat has been white, but it looks as though it had had the very life kicked out of it; and it tries as hard and as vainly to stand erect and look dignified as does the major. The black coat is only made more conspicuously pitiful by the major's stately manners and imposing presence.

This man refuses to melt into or become a part of the life around him. Had he been a century in the settlements and wilderness, he would still have been Major Brown, a gentleman from Virginia. No leather breeches or buckskin clothes for him. A good man was Major Brown, for all that; yet he was the most uncompromising man in the world. To him, the Indian blood in the veins of John Logan was rather a mark of honor. For had not some of the best families of Virginia boasted of Indian blood? But that he should be compelled to bear only his mother's name! That, to Major Brown of Virginia, was more than a misfortune—it was a crime! He had taught his children something of this same sentiment; and now, as he totters forth from his cabin to bid the doctor good-by, and sees that his daughter has been talking so earnestly to John Logan, he speaks with more than common dignity, lifts his hat more than commonly high, and bows more than commonly cold and low to his broad-shouldered and handsome neighbor. Then turning to his children, says:

"She wants you (hic), Carrie. Your mother is sick, Johnny."

Carrie approaches her father tenderly.

"Why, father, how you are shaking! You really have got the ager! It's not the ager medicine this time; it's the real ager. Oh, I am so glad!"

Brown straightens up.

"Hic—glad, Carrie?"

"Well, father, yes; you can cure the ager, you know. You can cure the ager with the medicine; but you can't cure the medicine with the ager. So you see it's better you have the ager than to have the medicine. Now then, let's go in and see mother; how is mother?"

"Sick—powerful sick, Carrie. Yes, go, you and Stumps, and sit by her side together."

John Logan scarcely turns to look at the two men; gun in hand, he gazes upon the retreating figure of Carrie Brown till it is seen no more, and says to himself:

"Sweet girl! as good as gold, and as pretty as she is good!"

Then, looking at the lock of his gun cautiously, as old backwoodsmen were always accustomed to do in the days of flint-locks, he seems to see something wrong in the flint, and, sitting down on a log at a distance from the two men, lets the gun fall across his lap, and taking his knife from his pocket, picks the lock; now and then looking dreamily around toward Carrie Brown's cabin.

The old doctor has turned to gaze at the handsome, brown-faced hunter, and Major Brown says:

"A young man, sah, that has had a misfortune. A very good hunter, sah, and a man with some book larnin'; but we don't admit him into our families, sah." This is said pompously, indeed. "He has had a misfortune, sah; lives all alone by himself, and never speaks to anybody, sah. Oh, he's very eccentric. Why, when they wanted to put up that grocery at the forks of the road, he wanted to put up a meetin'-house, sah; and Mary—that's my poor wife that's sick—and maybe most of the settlement, wanted a meetin'-house too, sah. But then, Gar Dosson and Phin Emens said as the meetin'-house would only be used one day in the week, and would not be very full at that, and as the grocery would be used every day in the week, and be pretty full too, why, they had the grocery, in spite of the eccentric John Logan, sah."

Dr. Calvin shrugs his shoulders.

"And so you have ze grocery?"

"We have a grocery, doctor; a very good place for a gentleman"—and here he adjusts his hat and coat—"a good place for a gentleman to put in his time, sah. I didn't like it at first, but now I don't see how I could get along without the grocery. You see, I was born a gentleman, sah, and I like the company of gentlemen, sah."

Dr. Calvin again shrugs his shoulders.

"Yes, your nose looks it, and you put in your time there with ze cards?"

"Well, yes; we as has not got religion, sah, we put in our time a-gamboling, sah."

"Haf you got ze religion?"

"No, doctor; can't say that I've got it now." And here he offers a plug of tobacco to the doctor, who shakes his head; and the Virginia gentleman continues, as he returns the tobacco to his pocket. "But I did have it, sah; I got it at camp meeting last year—melon-time. Yes, I got it, doctor, but right after that I got the ague, and that shook me until I "shook" my religion. Oh, I tell you, doctor, you can't have the ague and religion at the same time, sah!"

"Ha, ha! Well, good-by; I must be on my way." He gives his hand, turns to go, and says, over his shoulder, to the major, "Oh, tell me, who is that wild girl zat just left him?" and he shrugs his shoulder at the man picking at the flint-lock.

Major Brown, coming close, and speaking earnestly to him:

"That pretty girl—that sweetly pretty girl, doctor!"

"Yes, a pretty girl, if fixed up; a pretty girl, indeed, or I should not have bother myself to ask about her;" and he laughs a hard, worldly laugh, and again shrugs his shoulders.

"She is mine!" exclaims Major Brown, with all his paternal pride. "Mine, sah; my brave and true-hearted little Carrie! They call her Carrots (hic), because her hair is the color of the maple-leaves in Autumn. But, oh, she is good—she is as good as gold, sah! Why, I have sot here and sot here, and shook and shook with the ague for fifteen years, a-waiting for a rise in this land, sah." Here the old doctor starts just a little. "Yes, sah," continues the major,

pointing to the cabin, "a-waiting for that little farm thar to get to be worth something, so that my little Carrie could have good clothes, sah, and go to school, sah, and be something better than her old, agueish father, sah."

The old doctor grows still more nervous, as he shrugs his shoulders and says:

"His daughter, and on my land, too! Shall I? But no, no; I am a man of ze world, and will still have my little pleasures. She belongs in town; that is her place. I am a man of ze world. Your daughter, major?"

"Yes, yes—she was born here, Doctor, in that cabin, thar, and she is good, so good, sah. She takes care of me when I've got the shakes. And then, when I get down to that grocery, (hic), I—I tell you, doctor, she hates that grocery. There's where Carrie and I has trouble, sah. You see, doctor, when I have whisky, I don't have the ague. It's either snakes or shakes with me, (hic)—and, doctor, it's rough, but I tell you, I'd rather have snakes. Umph! I feel like having a shake now, and I want to go down to the grocery right off, sah!"

"Well, good-by. I, too, must go. Give her that medicine I told you, and I think I may possibly get her up."

Major Brown springs forward and grasps his hand.

"Oh, get her up, sah! Get her up, and I will pay you; why, I will give you a mortgage on that land, sah! Get her up, doctor—get her up, for Carrie's sake! Why, I and Carrie and Johnny, we will go out to work for you by the day, sah, if you will only get her up from that low shuck bed in that cabin thar. Get her up, so she may get out and see the maple leaves once more; get her out, so she may smell the fresh woods, and hear the birds and squirrels chirp and chatter overhead. Oh, get her up, doctor! Why, she was such a beauty once—so bright, so kind. Why, she was as gentle as the winds of Spring a-coming up to us from the dear old South! Oh, get her up, and I will give you—I will give you my life, sah!"

The iron-faced man of the world is moved almost to tears. He shifts his saddle-bags from one arm to the other, and shrugs his shoulders more violently than ever. At length he approaches the old major, and says, nervously:

"I am an impostor!" The major starts back. "No, no, no; I don't mean all ze that! I mean I am not really a fit doctor to attend when she die. I am here on ze business, business, in disguise. I did not think she was so ill when I consent to come. But now that I find it all so bad, I must tell you that I come here disguise to see my land—to save my land—to set my foot on my land before ze law of limitation expire," and the old man stamps violently. "Yes, I made this an excuse to come. I tell you ze truth—I do not want her death on my hands."

"I do not understand!" recoiling in a stupefied way. "But, never mind your land, or anybody's land. Are you a doctor?"

"Well, yes; and perhaps ze best doctor you could get here in the wilderness."

"It was good in you to come—right good, by gol. For, you see, the ague shook every other doctor out of the settlement, and it's forty miles from town, sah. But, tell me—tell me, will she die?"

Again the saddle-bags change hands, and the shoulders now make nearly all the answer, as Dr. Calvin says, in a low voice, with bended head:

"She must die."

Brown hides his eyes for a time, and his voice trembles as he says:

"Don't tell *them*!" and his hand points to the cabin. "It will be time enough to tell them when she's dead—time enough to tell them when she's dead!"

He takes the doctor's hand, lets it fall, and again draws the back of his own across his eyes as he turns to go. He totters toward the cabin, and mutters to himself:

"Bad news, bad news, bad news! He says she must die. I ought ter have knowed it all along. I have not been good enough to her; but I will give the land to have her doctored, and then we will all go out in the world and begin it all over again. Bad news, bad news!"

The doctor looks after him as he walks away, and turning to go, he almost stumbles over John Logan, who has sat silently picking at his flint.

"Oh, ze young man with ze misfortune! Wonder what it is? Young men with misfortunes are plenty." The doctor lifts his hat stiffly, and says:

"Beg pardon, young man, but do you know this settlement? I have a friend who has important business in this settlement. It is about ze land."

John Logan rises, lifts his hat respectfully, and says:

"I was born near here. I will be glad to give you any information in my power, sir."

"A bright young fellow, and ze politest man I've seen in ze settlement. I will trust him," thinks Dr. Calvin. "Well, young man, to be frank with you, ze business is mine. I bought this land on speculation"—the old man swoops his hand, and John Logan starts just a little, as if something remarkable has entered his mind. "I bought zis land nearly twenty year ago; I go away, it grow while I sleep; it grow all ze time; it make a fortune prodigious."

John Logan steps back a little as the stranger again swoops his hand and says:

"It is the man they wanted me to murder; it is the man that Phin Emens and his party of squatters will waylay and kill." And turning to the doctor, he says, politely, "I hope there will be no trouble, and that you find your land all you desire."

Dr. Calvin shrugs and shrugs again, as if he were pumping the words out of his mouth with a pump-handle.

"Trouble! Lots of trouble to get that which is my own. They tell me I must not to come. In the town they tell me these settlers kill me—they hang me. I come, I risk my life, I set foot on my land;" and he stamps terribly. "I call you to witness, young man, that I set foot on my land."

"I witness, sir, that you are here, but you have been long, long absent."

"Ah, by gar! I am a man of ze world. I travel, travel, travel—Europe, Asia, Africa. I have enjoyed ze world. Well, now I get a little gray; I have no children, no wife, no nothing. Brother, sister, all dead. I alone, all alone, and I grow old; not so gay now, not so gay; and I come back here to my own to settle down, to live, to die in peace."

John Logan sighs:

"Ah, but there may not be peace for him here;" and, "did you live here before?"

"Live here? Why, I scarcely saw this place! I bought these lands on speculation. But I did live on ze Miamma"—he shrugs his shoulders and sighs—"and I—well, young man, I, too, was young then, and I had my day on ze Miamma."

At the mention of Miamma, the young man starts as if a serpent had stung him.

"Miamma! My mother's childhood home! This man may have known her. I will ask him." flashes along his thoughts.

He turns to speak to the doctor, but his quick ear detects a noise in the wood, and his keen hunter's eye perceives something stealing through the thicket in the distance. But the old man has no suspicion that any strange footsteps are near. The young man steals on tiptoe to

and fro to be watchful of any peril, yet at the same time careful not to raise an alarm.

"Ha, ha! They said I could not come here," continued Dr. Calvin. "You see I have come. They thought me dead for nearly twenty year. They settled on my land—they have clear it off. They have made it fifty time more valuable. Ha, ha! They thought me dead. I call you to witness, young man, I am alive and here!"

He shrugs his shoulders, approaches Logan merrily, and says:

"Now, tell me—tell me, on your honor, have you not heard them threaten me if I should come?"

John Logan hesitates. He peers through the woods; he sees the stooping, stealing figures of Gar Dosson, Phin Emens, and others. He knows that this man is in imminent peril. What shall be done? Shall he save him? Shall he surrender him? It is not simply a matter of the old man's life—it is his own life as well. He knows how he is hated. They are strong and many. He will be alone in any deadly contest; for this old, nervous, broken-down *roué* of the world will be but in the way in any mortal combat.

Quietly, very calmly, John Logan calculates all this. He does not take long to decide; indeed, he never had two opinions as to his course of action since these pursuers of the old man came in sight.

Stealthily they are drawing nearer every moment. He approaches Doctor Calvin, and says, very earnestly:

"Sir, I have heard them threaten you. And their threats are not idle—they are terribly in earnest!"

"What?" and the old man starts back with fear.

"Yes. And they asked me to take part with them against you."

"And you—and you?"

"And I said then, as I say now—I will lift no hand against an old man; and if they attempted to lay hand on him, I would not be with them."

"Am I in any danger here?" asks Dr. Calvin, affrightedly.

"You are in danger—in danger of death!"

Phin Emens and Gar Dosson are stealing nearer and nearer through the thick foliage as he says this.

"But, I am an old man—I am a stranger." Then passing to John Logan's side, he says: "I do not know your name—you do not know mine; but, in the name of common humanity, do not let me die here!"

Phin Emens and his party draw dangerously near. The old man turns and sees them, and throws his hands in the air with horror.

"Found at last!" cries Phin Emens, as he springs from cover, followed by his men.

"You will save me?" pleads the old man, pitifully, to John Logan.

"With my life!" answers the other, with bated breath, between his teeth. "Stand here behind me;" and with his back to a tree, he forces the old man with one arm under cover.

"Come on, boys!" cries Phin Emens, turning to his men and dashing forward. "Here he is!"

"Stop! One step more and you die!" The right hand of John Logan, which has been buried in his breast, leaps out and dashes a cocked pistol in the face of Phin Emens. It is so sudden, so unexpected from this silent, peaceful man, that Phin Emens falls back among his fellows, drops his gun, and throws up his hands for mercy. And they all start back, terrified, before the splendid rage of this man, once so tame and spiritless. All the Indian is aroused in him now, the rage of battle is on him, and standing there in defense of the weak and helpless, he towers above them, and conquers them by the very dignity of his presence.

Perhaps old Major Brown has been watching all this from his cabin, for the major, who has indeed been a soldier, now dashes forth, and with his great cavalry sabre drawn, suddenly places himself by the side of John Logan. Carrie's face, pale with concern, peers out from the wood, and little Stumps, with his club, rushes forth and takes his stand bravely by the side of his father.

*(To be continued.)*

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# A MEAN REVENGE.

A SOMEWHAT unusual woman was the Widow Janeway—proud, jealous, of an iron will, fond of having her own way, of a very religious turn, and yet, withal, a mean, crafty, underhanded woman. What she might have been made it was too late to say, but perhaps the voice of Christian charity would have rendered a simple verdict of "Warped—fearfully warped."

She was, however, passionately attached, with all the energy of a strong and selfish nature, to her stepson, Ira. She had brought him up, and through all the later years of his childhood she had instilled into his young heart the maxims of her own life and her own cold wisdom. In fact, she had fairly pumped meanness into him, instead of leaving it for the world to do, in the orthodox and regular way.

Perhaps one of the bitterest days of her life had been that in which he came of age, and, in his usual calm and self-contained manner, assumed possession and control of the property that belonged to him in right of his father. A part of her power seemed to pass from her that day, but not all, for her own estate was a very fair one, and at her own disposal.

It was the darling wish of her heart to secure for Ira the hand of her niece, ward, and dependent, Ida Brougham, who was as fair and noble as she was poor.

Nor did her plan seem at all unreasonable; it certainly was the surest way of providing for Ida, and any lady might have been taken with the stately proportions and classically regular features of Mrs. Janeway's stepson.

As for Ira, the idea had been so carefully worked into his mind, that for a long time he allowed himself to consider the young beauty, whose residence under the same roof made her so constantly his companion, as in a manner his own private property. Perhaps for that very reason he did not fall in love with her.

A similar course of instruction had utterly failed of the desired effect upon the young lady, however, as Ira found one day, in an accidental lesson which was taught him by untoward circumstances.

It was a warm Summer day, and he had been lying asleep on a lounge, shaded by the ample curtains, which did not, nevertheless, prevent him from being awakened by the low murmur of voices which came in from the veranda, through the open window. He heard his own name mentioned, and he should have given warning of his presence, but that would scarcely have been in accordance with the Janeway code.

"I do not know if he loves me; he has never told me so. But she is set upon it, and he is entirely under her control."

"But can we not appeal to his generosity?"

"His generosity? Why, Will Hancock! you do not

know him. He is almost as mean and cold and crafty as she is. I don't mean all of that, for she is good in her way; and all the good she does must be done in her way. And, as for him, he doesn't do any good."

The conversation continued for some time, and the old adage was most literally verified, for the listener did not hear any good of himself at all. But at last the two speakers went away.

Ira had heard quite enough for once, and his pale but handsome face was alternately flushed and livid with contending emotions.

"Mean! cold!" he muttered. "Well, they do not know me yet, and, unless I am mistaken, I will have my swing for all that."

Day after day thereafter he met the unconscious commentators upon his moral character without by word or gesture betraying his knowledge of their opinions. His voice was as cold and his smile as icy as ever, except, perhaps, when he unbent a trifle in some special act of politeness to the fair Ida, or her special friend and confidant, the saucy and somewhat gypsyish Belle Hancock.

This latter young lady's aversion for Ira, in spite of his good looks, was almost too outspoken for comfort.

She would at times have been immensely relieved if Ira would have exhibited some tokens of resentment at her frequent and unprovoked persecution of him. Now and then, though rarely, she did succeed in calling the color to his cheek and the light to his eye, and she experienced a feeling of triumph in so doing; but both were sure to fade on the instant, and thus she was certain that she never hated any man as she had hated Ira Janeway.

But Bella must needs go off on a visit, and from her temporary abiding-place, she, as a matter of course, wrote to her friend a letter, full of girlish confidences and much plain speech. Too much plain speech, for all the letters of the house were delivered on the table in Ira's "study," and it was there that this particular epistle was opened and read in Ira's absence. Absent he was, but only for a moment.

Ill luck was it for Ida that her aunt just then summoned her to the parlor, and worse than careless was she to leave her letter open on the table.

Ira was not intending to be mean just then, for he was going to put the letter down again as soon as he found that it was not his property; but his eye caught the signature, and the crimson came hot to his brow as he gathered the meaning of the few lines immediately above it:

"I am very sorry for poor Will, and I am sorry for you; but if Ira Janeway was not as mean and cold as he is handsome, he would certainly help you out of your troubles."

Ira did not read any more, but stood by the table, laboring desperately to recover his self-control before any one should come in.

"Mean and cold? She, too? Very well, I will have my revenge on her also."

Just then, with something very like a gathering storm in her face, Ida re-entered the study. Said he:

"Ida, here is a letter which, I presume, belongs to you."

"And so you have been reading my letter, have you? Cousin Ira, you are the meanest man I ever knew!"

"No," he replied, with most provoking composure, "I did not read the letter; but you may tell Miss Belle Hancock that, in trying to ascertain who was the owner of the letter, I did see the last few lines. I am greatly obliged to both of you. Just now I will bid you good-morning."

Ida fairly cried with vexation, and, for that matter, so did Belle Hancock, when she read her friend's account of the incident. It certainly was very provoking all around.

Well, in the course of human events, nothing comes more surely, in due time, than sickness and death, and it was Mrs. Janeway's time, before long, to meet them. The end of a scheming and selfish, though not by any means evil life, was a sudden one, but she died bravely and calmly in the arms of her beloved stepson.

As for him, the one being who had loved him more than all others was gone from him, and even Ida pitied the strong man in his passionate grief. She had not supposed him capable of such feeling.

All her sympathy for him vanished in a double allowance of her ancient dislike when her aunt's will was read. It was not until several days after the funeral, for Ira seemed in no hurry. The provisions were few and simple—some trifling legacies, and then the old lady's property was equally divided between her niece and her stepson, the share of the former, however, being made dependent upon her marriage with the latter.

The "legal adviser" read this proviso with dry formality, but Ida's face blazed with indignant blushes, and she returned a haughty stare of angry defiance to the triumphant half-smile of the young heir.

Perhaps he had been previously aware of the contents of the will, but he made no comment at the time, and Ida managed to control her tongue, and imitate his discreet example. Hers was, indeed, a trying position; but it did not actually occur to her until late that night that she was really nothing more nor less than the guest and dependent of the man whom she had now so much additional reason to detest.

When the thought did come, it stung her like a serpent, and she determined to take measures instantly on the morrow to terminate a state of things so galling to her womanly pride.

"Not a day under his roof! He shall not be left in any doubt as to my answer. Oh, Aunt Janeway, how could you!"

Morning came to her, after an almost sleepless night, and soon after breakfast she received a formal note from Ira, saying that he would like a brief conversation upon business affairs. Ida promptly replied that she would meet him in the front parlor at once. She was anxious to be done with so disagreeable a matter; and, besides, she had just then received unexpected reinforcements of a very welcome character.

It was scarcely so pleasant to Ira Janeway when he entered the room, where he had counted upon a *tête-à-tête*, to find himself confronted by three, instead of one; for the reinforcements consisted of no less than Will Hancock and his saucy sister.

The memory of her unlucky letter flashed disagreeably into Belle's mind—it was an awkward thing—and she made but an ungracious acknowledgment to the polite but ceremonious greeting of the master of the house. Will Hancock got off at first a trifle better.

"My dear Ida," said Ira, "I sent word to you that I would like a few moments' private conversation, but if you are not at leisure——"

"I *am* at leisure, and you can say anything you may have to say in the presence of my friends."

And Ida's eyes flashed proudly, though her heaving bosom betrayed more than a little agitation.

"Very well," said he; "I cannot have any objection. What I desired to speak about was, the somewhat singular provisions of my late stepmother's will."

Here he caught a look of almost fierce contempt from Belle, and, for a moment, an expression of keen suffering

disturbed his pale and classical features, but Ida interrupted his thoughts with—

"Mr. Janeway, I need scarcely tell you in words that the absurd arrangement contemplated by my aunt is altogether impossible. Do not mention it! The very thought of it is hateful to me! I would not marry you for the world!"

"Do not be in such haste," was the cool reply to this passionate speech; "it will be quite time enough to reject me when I have proposed. My stepmother was evidently laboring under the impression that she was providing for my own happiness. How greatly she was in error you will understand when I tell you that my heart has been for some time given irrevocably to another."

"His heart!" was the snappish interjection from the window-corner.

"I regret," he continued, "that one of the provisions of the will leaves me in a slightly embarrassing position with reference to the proper disposition of the property."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that ground," said Will Hancock, with haughty emphasis. "Ida has done me the honor to accept of me for a husband, and I can assure you that I take her as eagerly without a dollar as if she had ten times the property of the late Mrs. Janeway."

Ira continued in measured tones, but not without heartiness:

"Your assurance gives me the most sincere pleasure, Mr. Hancock. Ida is very dear to me, and as her nearest living connexion, I am bound to take an active interest in her welfare. I fully approve of her choice, but I cannot consent that one to whom I am so warmly attached should be a dowerless bride. That half of her aunt's property which was clearly intended for her will be at once made over to her. She must decide for herself as to the time which ought to elapse, but, until her wedding-day, this will continue to be her home. As she will, no doubt, like to have the company of her future sister-in-law, and as my recent affliction has left me sore at heart, I will try what a little absence will do for me."

During this unexpected speech, the three astounded friends had looked at one another as if they could not trust their ears.

Will Hancock was the first to recover himself, and he grasped Ira's hand warmly.

"Mr. Janeway, you are a noble and generous fellow! I fear I have done you injustice!"

"I am neither the one nor the other," began Ira, but the fair object of his generosity threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming between her sobs:

"You are—you are! Oh, Ira, how I have misjudged and misrepresented you!"

Then came a bewildered and irresolute voice from the corner by the window:

"What! *I* drive him out of his own house? What does he hate *me* for? Oh, Ida, Ida, that wretched letter!"

Ira quietly disengaged himself, and replied:

"No, Miss Hancock, you do not drive me away. But the only living being who loved me is gone, and I only take myself out of the way to make it more pleasant for those whose happiness is dear to me, especially for Ida and —for you."

The firm lips had faltered a little at the last word, and Belle Hancock's heart beat unaccountably quick as she answered:

"For *me*—*my* happiness?"

"Yes, Belle. And now I must go."

"Mr. Janeway! Ira, do not! You must not go!"

And, somehow, he did not—at least, not just then. But he certainly had his revenge.

# LISBON AND OPORTO:

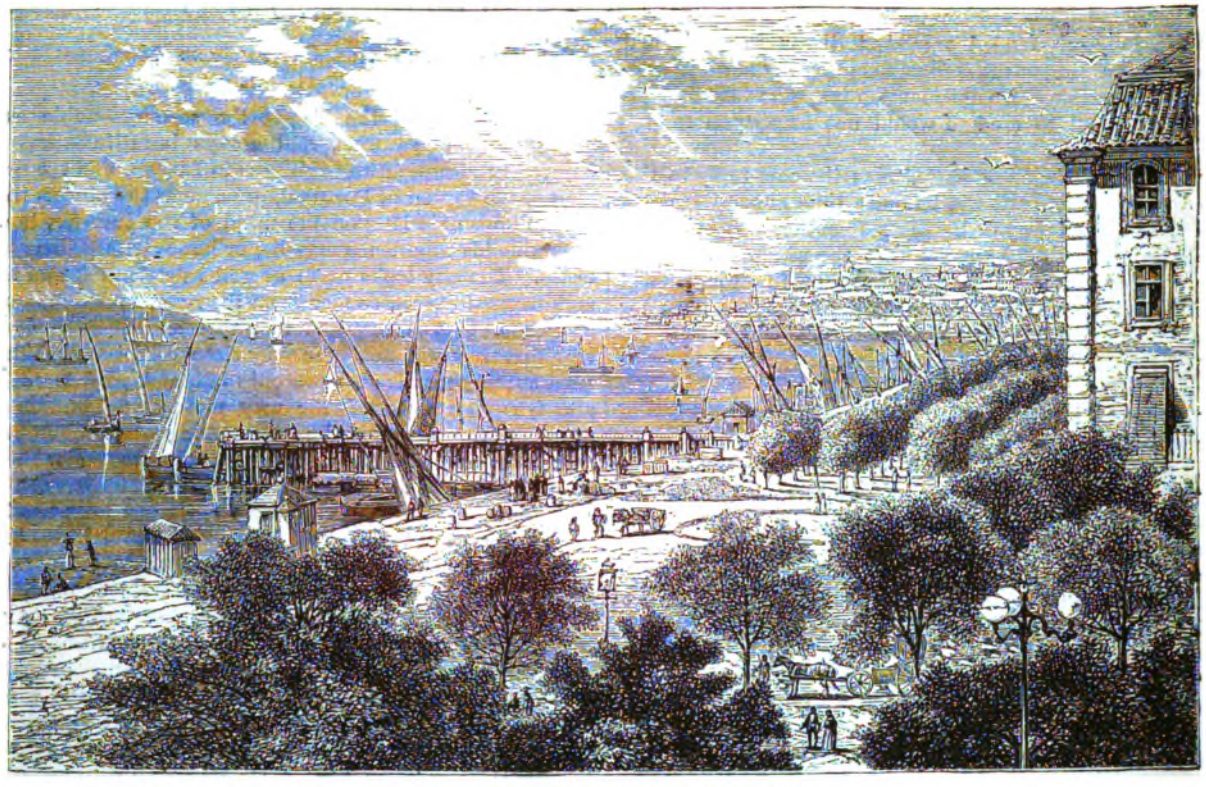
## Excursions round the Capital and Metropolis of Portugal.

The entrance of the Tagus, the scenery—noble and grand in some respects, and always beautiful—that is enjoyed in steaming up the Tagus to Lisbon, and the first view of the capital of Portugal, are among the objects that remain imprinted long on the mind of the traveler, however wide his experience may be, or however fastidious his tastes. The city looks clean as well as splendid, and the architectural effects, as seen from the river, include almost everything that is required to please and attract. It is true that they will not bear very close criticism, and that what appears massive is often only lath and plaster. It is also true that some of the very picturesque buildings, especially the palaces and most striking of the churches, are constructed of styles so oddly mixed as to render them almost unintelligible, but still the general impression is exceedingly favorable. They were described long ago by the author of "Vathek" as being "in woful taste—the taste of Borromini—with wrinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices, and turrets something in the style of old-fashioned French clock-cases, such as Boucher designed with many a scrawl and flourish to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour."

But Lisbon seen under other circumstances, and when the glare of daylight is subdued, when the full moon, rising from behind the mountains on the opposite shore of the Tagus (here nine miles broad), lights up with her pale radiance and soft gleams the various objects so oddly mixed together, is, and always must be, one of the most picturesque and interesting of the great European cities. The numerous flights of steps, the terraces, chapels, and porticos of former convents, and other buildings on the brink of the river, shine forth like edifices of white marble; while the rough cliff, covered with miserable sheds, rising above them, and the ruins caused by the great earthquake more than a century ago—still left unchanged—are lost in dark shadows. The great Black Horse Square (Praça do Commercio) is then filled with idlers of both sexes, and is illuminated brightly, while splendid carriages roll through the streets and give life to the scene.

But there is, after all, not much to be seen in the city itself. The streets are steep and narrow, and there are few along which it is pleasant to drive. The easiest and best drive is that on the bank of the river, toward Belem —an excursion made by everybody who visits Lisbon.

Belem is interesting in many ways, and curious as a specimen of architecture of a style eminently local and national. The church and monastery were intended as a memorial to the great navigator, Vasco da Gama; for on the spot on which it was afterward built, he and his companions passed the night previous to their embarkation, in a small chapel attached to a hermitage for the convenience of mariners. This event took place in 1497, and hither he returned two years afterward. The first stone of the present church was laid by the king (Don Manuel) in the year 1500, in a style singularly rich and florid, and in many details altogether fantastic. It is a kind of flamboyant of the latest date, and the architect was an Italian. There is a vast amount of the most exquisite carving in fret-work, and numerous niches and statues. This is due, no doubt, partly to the fact that an excellent variety of very easily worked limestone, almost resembling chalk, but hardening on exposure, and weathering well in the delightful climate of Portugal, was at hand, and lent itself to over-decoration. The taste both of the people and the period was, however,



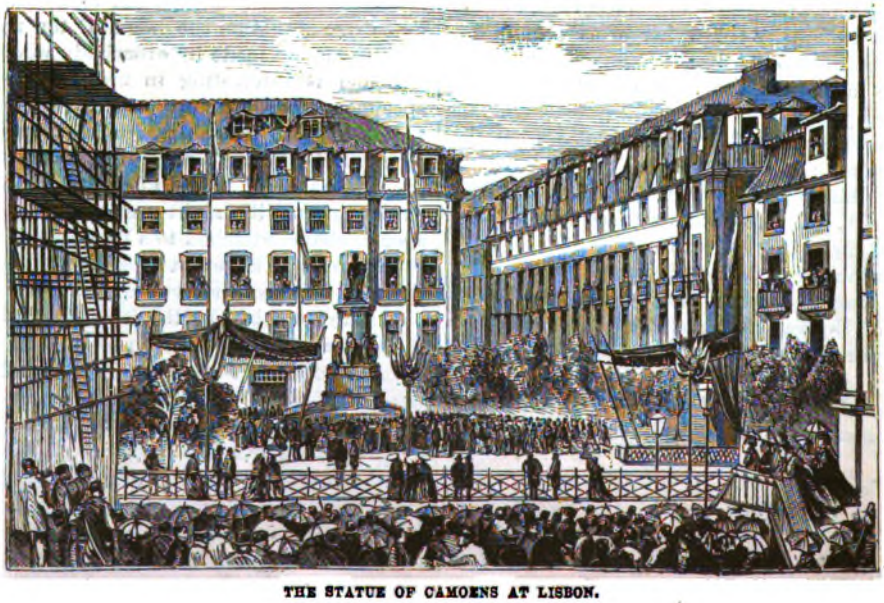
THE BAR OF LISBON, FROM THE CAES DO SODRÉ.

very florid, and nothing would have been appreciated that did not give way to this sentiment.

The rich floral profusion seen in the prevalent and favorite phase of Gothic art adopted in Portugal has run into wild and excessive luxuriance, entirely altering the character of the style. But when the traveler, arrived at Belem or any similar example, quietly seats himself, either in the broad sunlight or the grateful shade, and simply accepts the rich and not ungraceful freaks that have been indulged in by the sculptor, who has evidently forgotten style in mere enjoyment of the beautiful, some little difficulty is felt in expressing dissatisfaction; though certainly, the whole effect of such flaunting rags of rich embroidery expresses and indicates little more than abject poverty and the absence of any real resources on which a principle or a theory could be based.

But the object of the present article is not altogether to show how it is that art in Portugal has so strangely blundered and degenerated, but rather to point out where such art as exists, and such beauties of Nature as belong to the country can be found and enjoyed. It is only very lately that it was possible to see anything a few miles from the capital without more trouble and hardship than most travelers have thought the various objects to be seen were worth. Now, however, much can be done with comparative ease, and excursions from Lisbon mean a great deal.

Among such excursions, and after Belem has been seen and examined, the traveler should make his way to Batalha. It is still not very easy of access compared with some places, but is within a day's ride from the Oporto railroad, lying not very far from the Atlantic coast, on the old road to Leiria, Coimbra and Oporto. By rail the distance is more than a hundred miles from Lisbon. It is a small place, with the remains of a cathedral church and convent dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The whole building consists of the original church, two sets of cloisters—one attached to a chapter house, the other to the monastery



THE STATUE OF CAMOENS AT LISBON.

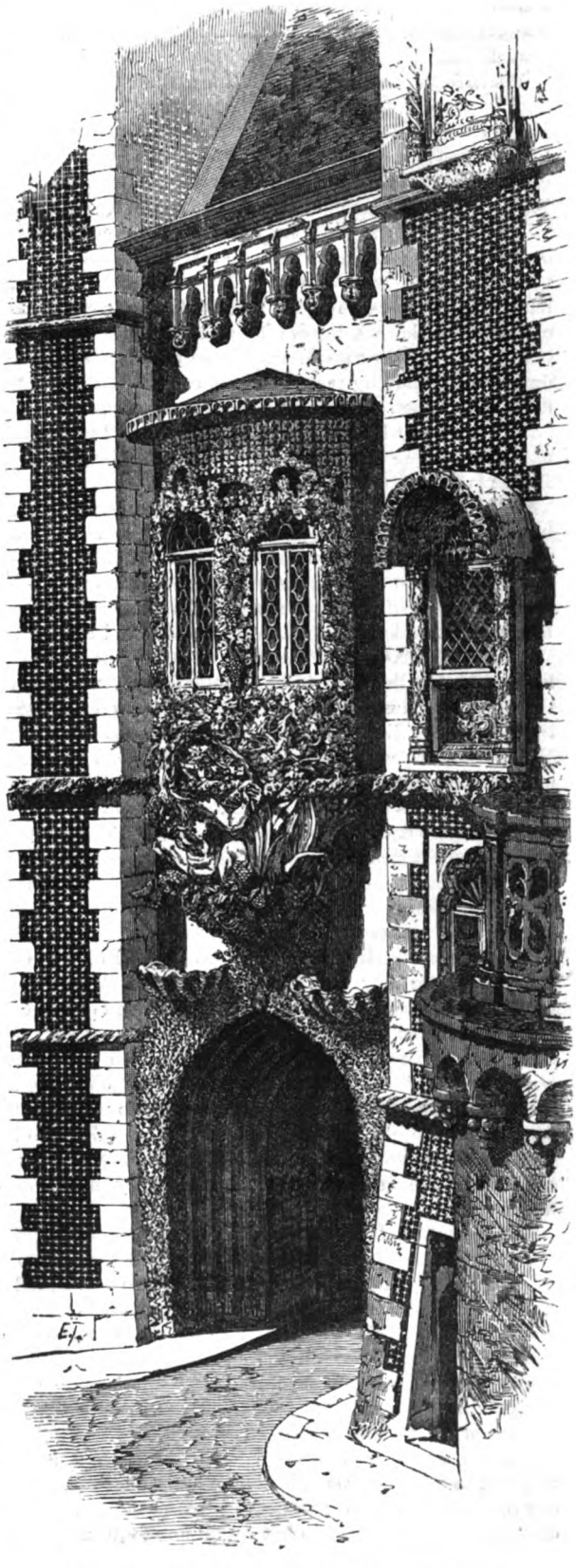
—and two chapels, both remarkable, and connected with the church. The general effect of the church is grand and imposing, but the details are very faulty. The nave is greatly extended, and the choir exceedingly short, the whole of the fittings of the interior being in the most detestable taste. Of the two chapels, one, called the Capella do Fundador, of extreme beauty of construction, is at the end of the south aisle, and another, equally remarkable, called the Capella Imperfeita, at the east end of the choir.

The founder's chapel is square, with a central octagonal lantern forty feet in diameter rising from the roof. It is unrivaled in design and execution. Under the central boss, shaped like a crown, is a high tomb, on which are figures of Dom Joao and his wife, D. Philippa of England. They are very finely sculptured, and of heroic proportions. The extraordinary beauty of the design and workmanship and the extreme richness of the work in this chapel are truly wonderful, and require to be seen to be duly appreciated. They rank among the finest things of the kind ever executed, but the decorations are perhaps somewhat too elaborate to be altogether in good taste.

The other chapel is incomplete, and is hence called generally the Capella Imperfeita. An idea of the nature of its architectural style and elaborate richness will be obtained by referring to the annexed cut, which represents one of the arches, surpassing in florid beauty any part of the building. This chapel is also octagonal, each side comprising three apses, and it was originally intended that each subdivision should be appropriated to some member of the Portuguese royal family. It was, however, never finished, and, with all its extraordinary beauty, fully deserves the name by which it is known. It is thought that King Manuel—to whom Portugal is indebted for this among many of her best works in architecture—intended to imitate and rival by a yet more costly and admirable work the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. The architect, however, died before the work was completed, and left behind him no working drawings. His successor utterly misunderstood the design, and was only prevented from spoiling it by a timely visit of the king. It is not easy to say what the general effect of this marvelous structure might have been had the original design been carried out, as there is already an exuberance of ornament and an apparent tendency to more florid decoration than would be admitted in the style adopted in Northern Europe. Perhaps it may be a fair exemplification of the effect of climate, the Gothic richness running wild and developing into a luxuriance of form almost inconsistent with itself when it is left in the hands of a people whose imagination runs riot whenever it is allowed unrestricted play. It needs only to look at the engraving to recognize this truth.

The position of Batalha is striking, and it is not far from the small city of Leiria, in the valley of the Lis, with a noble castle on the heights, crowning a very steep hill, near which is a magnificent pine forest, planted originally to check the moving sands that threatened to destroy the towns further inland. Like many other places in Portugal, it has a Moorish history. Near it are some hot springs, but they are not much used.

On the coast, a few miles west of Batalha, is Alcobaça, where there is another remarkable church, contrasting strongly with that above described. It is simple and severe in style. It is nearly 400 feet in length, and is said to be sixty-four feet high, but looks more, the arches of the nave having the appearance of extreme height. There is a round apse in the choir, divided into chapels, and lighted with colored glass. In a chapel in the south transept are the tombs of some of the royal family of Portugal, the most remarkable being those of Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro. The details of the work of these tombs are beyond praise, and of the highest quality. The church



DOORWAY AND ORIEL IN THE PENHA VERDE IN CINTRA.

has suffered much from the hands of the French, but the massiveness of the stone-work has saved it from absolute destruction.

Attached to the church was a fine Cistercian monastery. Besides the church, there is an interesting Moorish castle, and close by is a pilgrimage church, once very celebrated for its treasures, the tower of which now serves as a sea-mark. The views from the cliffs here are very fine, and the peninsula of Peniche, prominent among the headlands projecting from the Atlantic coast of the peninsula, is an object of great interest, partly because it is of itself a noble headland, with a strong fortress and an excellent harbor, partly because of the little groups of rocky islands, called the Berlengas, known to and dreaded by all ship-masters navigating these seas. These islands are especially dangerous, including many sunken rocks. The peninsula itself is between three and four miles in circumference, and is connected with the mainland by a long, narrow isthmus. There is a lighthouse upon the largest of the Berlenga group of islands, and also a fort.

Half-way from Peniche to Lisbon is Torres Vedras, celebrated as giving its name to the important and very extensive fortified position constructed for the defense of Lisbon by the Duke of Wellington in 1810. This remarkable work, or series of works, including 130 forts, redoubts and batteries, extended across the tongue of land inclosed by the Tagus estuary, the Tagus river nearly as far as the little town of Alhandra, and the Atlantic—an area of more than 1,000 square miles of country. There were two great lines, the outer line extending from the coast near Torres Vedras in an irregular curve about forty miles in length, and the inner commencing at the sea near Mafra, and reaching the Tagus near Alverca. The distance between the two is about ten miles near the sea, but diminishes to a very short distance as they approach the Tagus. The country within the lines is very broken, and indeed mountainous, and thus lends itself admirably to the construction of great works of this kind.

From Torres Vedras there is a direct road to Lisbon, but it possesses no very special interest. Most travelers will prefer proceeding by Mafra and Cintra, and thus complete a circle of extreme interest, in some respects, perhaps, the most striking in Portugal, both for natural beauty and art. Mafra is not far from Torres Vedras, and contains an enormous palace and convent, founded on the occasion of the birth of an heir to King John V., who had vowed that he would, if so blessed, convert the most miserable into the most magnificent monastery in the kingdom.

Mafra at that time consisted of a poor foundation of twelve wretched friars, and had the good fortune to be selected for the metamorphosis. The palace was added as a part of the establishment, and no expense was spared, either in the building or the fittings. For thirteen years nearly 15,000 men were employed continually, and at the end of that time, when the works were hurried on to completion, the number was trebled. A hospital erected for the sick workmen during the construction of the building cost about £20,000, and the whole cost of the building was believed to have approached four millions sterling. On the day of opening a dinner was given by the king to all comers—the guests are said to have numbered 9,000.

Like many of the gigantic buildings of the Peninsula combining a royal residence, a church of great pretension, and a monastery, there is a general inclosure of vast extent. In this case the inclosure is a parallelogram, whose longest sides measure nearly 900 feet. The extreme angles to the north and south were royal residences, surmounted by towers of great magnitude, 350 feet high. The extent of roof is so great that it is said a small army might be exercised upon it, and the interior contains between eight and nine hundred rooms.

The church is exceedingly rich, but in the classical style more admired by the Latin than the Gothic races. The following account, by the author of "Vathek," is characteristic, and describes the impression made on one who was quite ready to admire this style, and who seems to have appreciated it thoroughly. In his account of Portugal he says: "Never did I behold an assemblage of such beautiful marbles as gleamed above, below and around us. The collateral chapels, which are six in number, are each enriched with finely finished bas-reliefs, and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. The pavement, the vaulted ceiling, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, are all incrusted with the same costly and durable material. Roses of white marble, and wreaths of palm branches most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modeled or executed with more precision and sharpness than those of the columns which support the nave. Having satisfied our curiosity by examining the ornaments of the altar, we passed through a long, covered gallery to the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, paneled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as a chapel adjoining it, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendor, till we were fatigued and bewildered, like knights-errant in the midst of an enchanted palace."

Mafra is not far from Cintra, one of the most frequently visited and best known of all places near Lisbon, being the country retreat of all who can afford to leave the capital during the heat of Summer. It is about six miles from the sea, but the air is so clear, that when seen in the fresh morning breeze, sparkling in the sun, it does not appear more than two. The situation is delightful, and includes almost every variety of scenery. Close to the houses and villas, the resort of the visitors, the gardens are full of orange and lemon trees, which here grow to an enormous size; while the lavender, the rosemary, and the carnation flourish in earthen pots, or on the walls which surround the inclosures. Every house possesses its water supply, by the aid of which lettuces and other fresh garden produce are grown, and the water, allowed to fall here and there in gentle cascades, produces a murmur which mixes sweetly with the hum of wild bees and the song of the ringdove.

From the grounds of the Penha Verde the scenery includes all the glories of towering mountains. The country house bearing this name was built by a very eminent Portuguese, Dom John de Castro, long Governor-General of the Portuguese possessions of India. He received as a reward for the conquest of Dice a rock called the Monte das Alviçaras, and built here the house, which still belongs to his descendants, and a chapel. The exceedingly picturesque character of these buildings of the Penha Verde may be judged of by the annexed illustration. The name (Green Rock) is given from a lofty conical mountain rising immediately behind the estate, and covered to the topmost peak with luxuriant vegetation, forming a fine contrast to the bare and craggy rocks that surround it.

A Moorish castle overhangs the town of Cintra, and the ruins of a mosque are seen on the ascent. There is in the castle a vaulted bath, also Moorish, about fifty feet long, seventeen feet broad, and the water in it is four feet deep, and never varies in quantity, being supplied by springs.

The Penha convent is also very interesting, and is on the summit of one of the highest of the peaks.

This building, on the suppression of the convents in Portugal, was at first bought by a private gentleman, but soon afterward purchased by the king-regent, and restored with much taste. It now resembles a feudal castle, but the monastic character is preserved in the interior. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, including Mafra, rising in a huge pile from the plain, the lines of Torres Vedras, and the mouth of the Tagus. To the west is the boundless Atlantic. The top of the mountain immediately below the castle is laid out in shrubberies and gardens, broad walks being cut in every direction through the rock.

Cintra is said to be a corruption of "Cinthia," and the remains of a small temple, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, have been discovered on the summit of the highest mountain in the neighborhood. Seen by moonlight the effect is almost magical, owing to the contrast of the waving foliage—almost black by this light—with the white country houses. The shaded lanes, also, are full of glow-worms, and fireflies dart from one point to another like meteors. By day the views are charming; one may ride through rocky defiles overhung with cork trees, than which nothing in the way of tree vegetation is much finer. Sometimes the mountain-sides are covered with purple heath and yellow broom, mixed with ferns and creeping ivy. Ferns grow also on the trunks and branches of the cork tree, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage. Here and there are open patches of land, serving as pasture for cattle, and occasionally wild open commons, where a great variety of heaths bloom in the midst of an underwood consisting of myrtle and arbutus trees.

From Cintra to Lisbon the distance is about sixteen miles. There is a railroad, but the most pleasant mode of conveyance is a horse or mule. After passing St. Pedro the road lies through the pretty village of Bemfica, buried in orange-groves, gardens, and orchards, and near it is the once celebrated Dominican convent, now converted into a manufactory. The church, however, is preserved. Before reaching Bemfica, and about six miles from Lisbon, is the royal palace of Queluz—the name signifying "What a light!"—a favorite residence of many kings, and surrounded by very fine gardens.

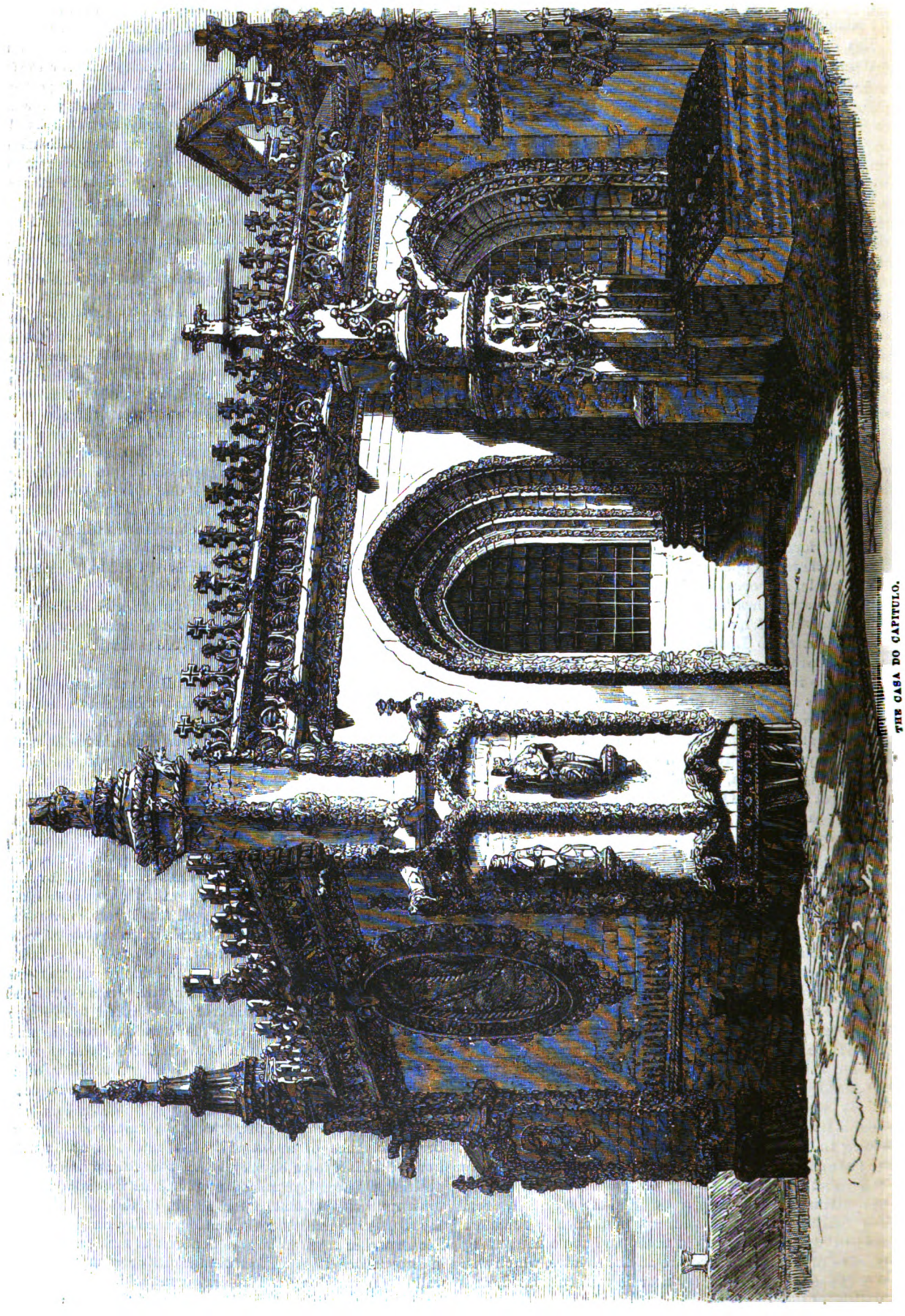
The Oporto railroad is very convenient to travelers who wish to see the most interesting towns of Portugal without undergoing extreme fatigue or spending a long time on the road. The main line reaches the principal junction at a distance of sixty-five miles from Lisbon, and thence are two great branches—one eastward to Badajoz, and so into Spain (about 110 miles beyond the junction), and the other northward by Coimbra to Oporto (140 miles). Santarem is near the junction, and is reached in a couple of hours from Lisbon. Like many of the Estremaduran towns, its church architecture is very interesting. It has also been the seat of various important events in Portuguese history, and is on every account a place to be visited. It was a Roman town, and is situated on high ground a little north of the Tagus, on its right bank. It was long in the possession of the Moors, and though taken from them in 1093, it was soon retaken, and became one of the most important strong places in their possession. It was ultimately taken by the Christians by a stratagem half a century afterward, and was permanently retained. There are remains of the old walls, and some interesting fragments of early architecture in the theatre, which was once a mosque. The country near is well cultivated, and the valley of the Tagus very rich.

From Santarem to Thomar is about thirty miles, but Thomar being the first station on the Oporto branch after passing the junction with the Badajoz line, there is always some delay, and nearly two hours is taken by the rail to make the journey. Thomar is rather a large city for Portugal, having more than 4,000 inhabitants, and it is perhaps the most interesting town in the whole country for its ecclesiastical architecture. This is well illustrated by the wonderful Casa do Capitulo, a building that, like many others in this country, combines in a very curious manner classical and Gothic forms and feeling. In both illustrations the odd mixture of extreme enrichment, grotesque forms, and wild, fanciful deviations from recognized and ordinary arrangements, is exceedingly remarkable. The mixture of round, oval, square, and pointed forms will not fail to excite the wonder and perhaps the ridicule of the strict in art.

But this is not the right feeling with which to approach these remarkable ruins. The vast abundance of ornamentation seems almost to have overwhelmed the architect, and he appears to have felt so impressed by decoration, as to have been obliged to place it where ornament ceases to be ornamental, and becomes a nuisance. Gargoyles on the spouts projecting from the drainage of roofs are always regarded as permissible, and are often ridiculous, the workman sometimes avenging himself by handing down to posterity a caricature of some one who had given him offense. But the liberty always permitted in this part of a building, even in the case of churches in the best style and period, degenerates here into extreme license, and is permitted even in prominent parts of windows; fretwork prevails everywhere and covers everything; the stone seems breaking out into bud and flower, and it is difficult to understand that such a result can have grown out of an attempt to represent the severe beauties of Gothic architecture.

The traveler who desires to cross Portugal and see Badajoz must return to the junction (Entroncamento), and may thence proceed, reaching Abrantes in about an hour, and arriving at Badajoz in from seven to eight hours from the junction. Abrantes is a strongly fortified place, and has a fine church; there is no other town of importance. Elvas is about ten miles from Badajoz; it is a very interesting place, surrounded by country-houses and gardens, and in a military sense is strong. It stands on a high hill, and is admirably situated to command the old roads, both to Madrid and Seville. It is a fortress surrounded by several forts, requiring a larger garrison than towns are likely to have in Portugal. The principal fort is very convenient, possessing not only a very large tank, but a spring of water of good quality. This fortress has often been attacked but never taken. There is a direct line of railway open from Lisbon as far as Evora, which will, when completed, greatly shorten the distance from the capital to Badajoz, and which will pass by Elvas. This will, of course, much improve the communication between the capitals of Spain and Portugal, but there seems little probability of its cementing very closely any union between the two countries.

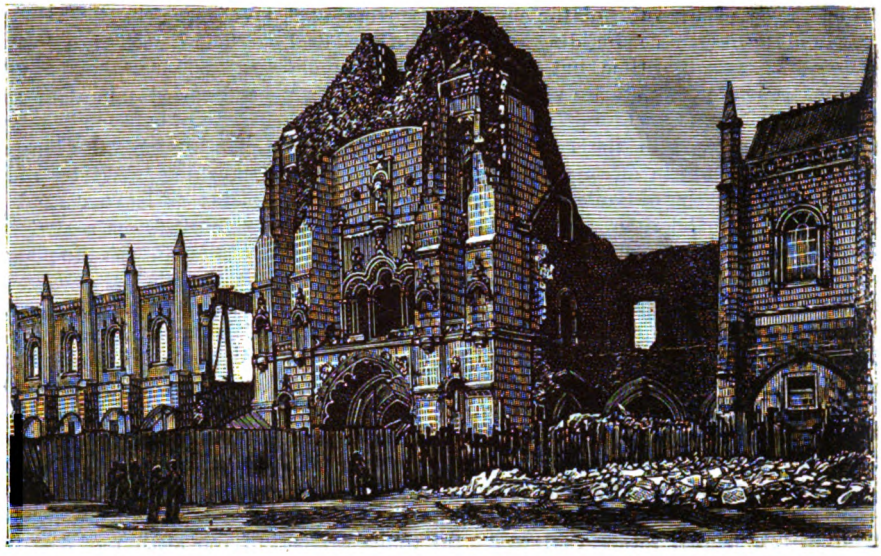
From Santarem the railway conveys the traveler to Coimbra, a distance of about sixty-five miles, in about three hours. It is a town equally interesting for its picturesque position, its architectural beauties and its university. The town rises steeply on the north bank of the Mondego, but the streets are narrow, steep, and generally dirty. A well-known writer says, "Coimbra is about as rocky as Oporto; in either place it is impossible for old or gouty people to walk." It was long a Moorish stronghold, but recovered from Mohammedan rule in the middle of the eleventh century. At one time it was the capital of Portugal. It is the



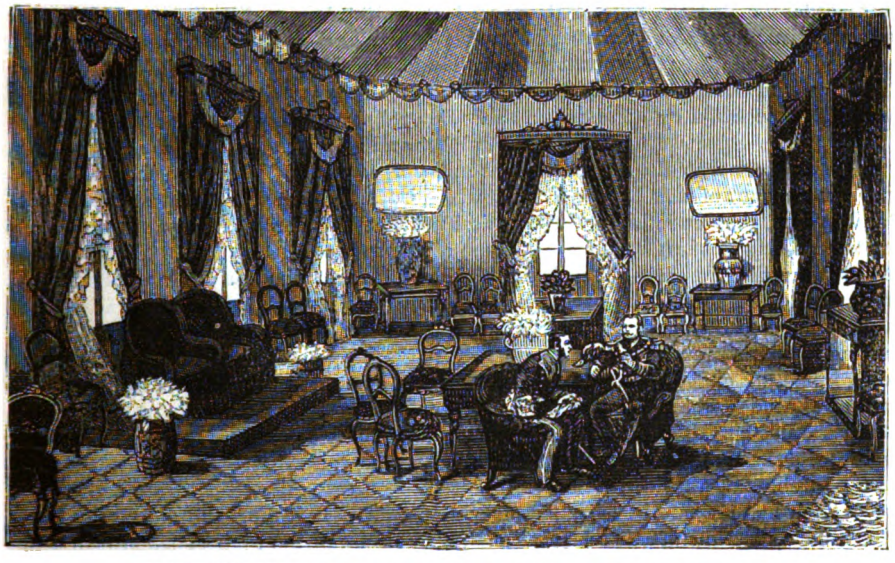
THE CASA DO CAPITULO.

seat of an important university still in high repute, and having about a thousand students in some one or other of the five faculties — theology, law, medicine, mathematics and philosophy. The buildings occupy the summit of the hill on which the town is built; but to enjoy the best view of the town and country, it is necessary to mount to the tower of the university. The old part of the building will amply repay the trouble of investigation.

The cathedral of Coimbra is interesting, and, like the university, it occupies a commanding position, soaring aloft above a network of small lanes and narrow streets. The style is curiously mixed, as is so often the case in Portugal, and the Moorish element is traceable in the interior. It dates from the early part of the twelfth century, but is sadly barbarized by modern restorations. Some of the Romanesque work seen from the outside, including the western door, and a window also in the west front, is very striking, and, perhaps, one of the best examples in Portugal of its peculiar style. There are in the interior some tombs of the thirteenth century, and some other Romanesque work of considerable beauty. Besides the cathedral, there are in Coimbra several specimens of architecture, of similar style and date, some of them interesting enough.



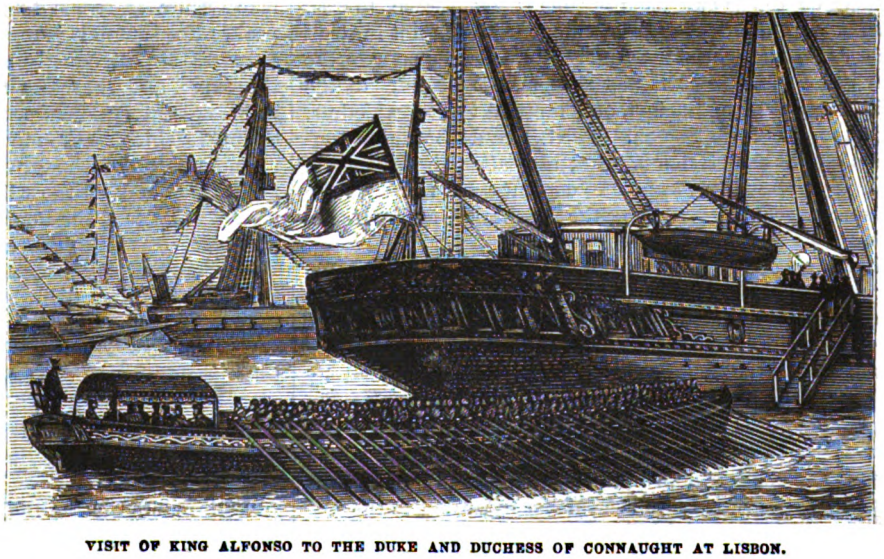
THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEN, AFTER THE FALL OF ONE OF THE TOWERS IN DECEMBER, 1878.



CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL AT ELVAS.

The church of the convent of Santa Cruz is a very noble specimen of flamboyant architecture, including some parts of extraordinary interest. The cloister and chapter-house are among these. The church also contains some magnificent carving. The stalls are fine—there are seventy-two of them—and the workmanship of the pulpit, said to be cut out of a single piece of stone, is of the most exquisite beauty.

The convent possesses great historical interest, and, according to tradition, the apparition of Alfonso Henriquez appeared here at the time that Don Joas I. was driving out the Moors from Ceuta.



VISIT OF KING ALFONSO TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT LISBON.

The remains of the old monastery of Santa Clara, consisting chiefly of the ruins of the church, date from 1286, and are interesting. The building has suffered a good deal, partly by the action of time, but chiefly from the inundations of the river, which are very frequent and serious, owing to the heavy falls of rain in the mountains, and the form of the ground in the surrounding country, which causes the water to run off very quickly.

The new monastery of Santa Clara crowns a steep hill on the south side of the river, and is, at least, free from this source of danger. It is, however, a plain, and even ugly, building of the seventeenth century, and contains no object of the smallest interest.

The Quinta des Lagrimas, on the further side of the Mondego, is now the country-house of a gentleman who allows it to be visited by those who desire to see the residence which was a refuge of the fair and poetical Inez de Castro, secretly married to the Infante Dom Pedro, the son of Alfonso IV., and here barbarously murdered in the king's presence, and by his orders, in the year 1355.

The result of this foul crime was, that the son rose in rebellion against his father, laid waste the whole of the Minho, and, on his accession to the throne, put the murderers of his wife to death, proclaimed his marriage, and ordered the coronation of the corpse. In the gardens of the quinta is a spring, shaded by beautiful cedars, called the *Fonte dos Amores*. The view of the city and river from this garden is very striking.

There are other very interesting objects around Coimbra, and the neighborhood is worthy of careful investigation by the artist and naturalist.

A little to the northeast lies the ridge and convent of Busaco, extremely interesting in itself, on account of the magnificent trees, chiefly cypresses and cedars, that once covered it, and are still its greatest ornaments, and not less remarkable as the site of a bloody battle between the French troops, under Marshals Ney and Massena, and the English, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. The convent was once on a grand scale, its precincts having a circumference of four miles, all walled in, and including numerous chapels and religious stations. On the summit of the ridge was a stone cross, on so large a foundation that 3,000 cartloads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church, and they were lined with cork instead of wood. Each had its garden and watercourse, which formed the sole recreation of the monks.

An interesting excursion may be made from Coimbra, by striking off to the east from Mealhada, by Busaco, to Cea, in the Sierra d'Estrella. The village of Cea is not in itself remarkable, though picturesquely situated on a spur of the principal chain. Near it was stationed the cavalry of the British army when attacked, on its retreat to Torres Vedras, by the forces of the French. The Sierra de Busaco, a continuation of the Estrella, is near; and after the battle the Duke of Wellington was able to continue his march to the lines nearer Lisbon, avoiding the mountains, and saving a considerable distance.

The Sierra d'Estrella is the last of a series of granitic mountain chains, crossing the peninsula nearly parallel to the Pyrenees, but some distance to the south. Commencing in Spain, by the Guadarrama, this chain continues in a direction nearly west-southwest, being succeeded first by the Sierra de Gredos, and then, slightly turning to the west, it connects with the Sierra de Gata, and terminates in the Sierra d'Estrella, which separates the basin of the Tagus from that of the Douro. Beyond the Estrella, to the west and southwest, there is a further extension to the sea, forming the broken and hilly plateau of which the Duke of Wellington took advantage in preparing the lines of Torres Vedras, already alluded to.

The Estrella is a lofty chain, rising in places to as much as 7,500 feet above the sea, and exhibits much very noble and varied mountain scenery. Near Coimbra it forms a range of extreme beauty and interest. At the summit is a plateau nine miles long and three miles wide, covered with snow during Winter and Spring. The snow generally remains as late as June. The whole mountain system of which it forms a part is granitic, and much broken and weathered. On the plateau just described are several small but deep lakes.

From the sierra proceeds the river Mondego, crossed at Coimbra, and one of the largest streams of the interior of Portugal. It rises in one of the lakes of the Estrella range, and runs for nearly 100 miles. Its valley is wide, fertile and abundantly watered, and is one of the richest and most beautiful in the peninsula. The slopes of the Estrella afford abundant pasturage to great numbers of cattle and sheep, while forests of oak and chestnut supply food to numerous herds of swine. The smoothness and gentleness of the stream of the Mondego in Spring and Summer scarcely make up for the terrible inundations to which it is subject, and from which all the valley suffers.

The Estrella is regarded as the backbone of Portugal, and embraces a far greater variety of scenery and a larger number of fine views than any other Portuguese chain. It separates the valley of the Tagus from that of the Douro, and carries out the line of the granitic mountains of Castile to the Atlantic. Several streams besides the Mondego take their rise in its lakes and melting snow, and rush down the narrow ravines and gorges on its sides. The chief of these is the Zezere, which rushes down the southern flanks of one of the loftiest peaks of the sierra, to join the Tagus at a distance of some eighty miles.

The lakes of the plateau of the Estrella are extremely remarkable, and worthy of a visit by the naturalist and physical geographer. The Escura is the largest, and is about a mile in circumference. It is excessively difficult of access, and has been compared to a basin nailed against a perpendicular wall. Its depth is very great, and its waters seem as black as ink. When it overflows, its waters run down to a second lake, and that again to a third and fourth.

The singular mountain-peak called the *Cantara Magra* ("a lean pitcher"), though not the highest summit of the Estrella, is considered as the least accessible. It resembles a pitcher balanced on the head of a woman, but from the lake Escura it seems to rise like a needle; and another peak, whose summit is regarded as the highest point in the sierra, is almost equally bold. This culminating point of the ridge, and therefore the highest ground in Portugal, commands a boundless prospect, embracing a large part of Spain, reaching to the mountains near Toledo.

The nature of the granitic plateau from which these peaks rise, and of the wild valleys down which rush the torrents that feed the Portuguese rivers, is very interesting, and unlike anything that can be seen elsewhere in Europe. The course of the Zezere is particularly fine when that river is greatly swollen by the melting of the mountain snows. In some places it forms a continuous cataract for more than 100 yards without interruption, and is wonderfully grand. At the Ponte de Cabril, near Pedrogao, the river is, in ordinary times, 200 feet below the bridge, but the gorge is so narrow that the water, on the occasion of great floods, rises nearly to the lower part of the arch that spans the gorge.

Well inclosed in the rocky plateau of the Estrella is the old episcopal city of Viseu, situated at the height of 1,300

feet above the sea, and feeling the effect of its position when, in the Spring, the south wind, sweeping over the mountain land, covered in most places with twenty feet of snow, is bitterly cold and uncomfortable. It contains a rather interesting cathedral, rich in the works of the native painter, Gran Vasco, the Fra Angelico of Portugal. He is said to have been born in 1470, and studied in Italy. Some of his works in the cathedral are considered to be unrivaled; but there are many of inferior value attributed to him. Viseu was also the birthplace of a celebrated native poet, whose descriptions of Portuguese Asia are very remarkable.

Avoiding the sierra and following the coast, there is a way from Coimbra to Oporto by Aveiro, another old episcopal city, situated on a salt lagoon extending nearly fifteen miles to the north, and separated from the sea by a narrow spit of sand. Several streams enter the lagoon, and in Summer, when these streams are dry, the sand accumulates and chokes up the entrance. It happens occasionally that the Winter flow of the rivers is not sufficiently rapid to cut a way through this bar, and in that case the water backs upon the land, converting a great extent of low ground near Aveiro into a marsh. The natural result of this state of things is miasma and fever. Owing to this, the City of Aveiro, once numbering 14,000 inhabitants, has been reduced to 5,000. Very extensive works were constructed in the beginning of the present century by the Government to remedy the evil, and the health of the place is greatly improved. Vast quantities of salt are obtained in the neighborhood by evaporation, from pits in the inundated ground.

By taking advantage of the railway, Oporto may be reached from Coimbra in three hours, but the scenery on the way is of little interest. The town of Oporto is built on the slope of two hills, about five miles from the sea, and though so far from the sea, and built on the banks of the Douro, it is regarded, as its name indicates, as a seaport town. There is a harbor, capacious, but very difficult to enter, owing to a bar of sand. The river Douro is responsible for the badness of the accommodation in the way of harbor, and is so because it is subject to the most frightful inundations. In the course of a few hours after a heavy rain in the upper part of its course, the water will sometimes rise twenty or thirty feet near Oporto, bringing down whole trees and enormous quantities of mud and stone from the country above, and dyeing the sea with its yellow, muddy color many miles from the shore. This mud, distributed by marine currents, and drifted to the coast between the mouth of the Douro and Aveiro, has produced the long and large lagoon already described.

Oporto is a city of considerable antiquity, and was very important even during the domination of the Moors in Portugal. But this old town was utterly destroyed in the ninth century, and remained a desert till the close of the tenth, when it was re-founded. Fragments of its walls, constructed in the fourteenth century, are still to be seen here and there, but there are few other remains of its former state. As a whole, the town is altogether modern. Being built on a slope, the streets are not very accessible for carriages; but many of them are broad and well paved, with handsome but very irregularly-built houses, oddly mixed up with poor hovels, even in the best streets. The cathedral is on the top of a hill; it is of large size, and must originally have been an interesting specimen of its date. Its style is Early Pointed; the Gothic cloisters are very interesting, and the old tiles with which they are decorated are curious. Much of the building has been reconstructed in very questionable taste, and it would be difficult to trace the older and purer parts.

Except in the Church of St. Martinho de Cedofeita, which contains some curious Romanesque remains, there is little to admire in the church architecture of this, the second city of Portugal, nor are there any other public buildings to redeem it from indifference. The town is essentially modern, and the taste of the modern constructions is not good.

But, in visiting Oporto and the Douro, grapes and wine are of more interest than picturesque scenery, ruins of old buildings or fine churches. The traveler, when at this well-known place, will naturally look for the indications of its trade and importance; and for this purpose he must visit the city, provided with an introduction to one of the many wealthy and hospitable owners of the *armazens*, or cellars. The most celebrated of these stores are situated in a suburb called Villa Nova or Gaya. They are wonderful for their extent, and interesting for the details of manipulation there carried on in the concoction of the popular compound known as port wine.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES.

THE Philadelphia *Times* reports that H. S. Hamilton, a Bushnell (Ill.) man, has discovered a process for making hard-wood lumber out of common wheat straw. All the effects of polish and finish that can be obtained on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany are produced, and at as little cost as manufacturing clear pine lumber. The process is given as follows: "As many sheets are taken as are required to make the thickness of lumber desired. These sheets are passed through a chemical solution, which thoroughly softens up the fibre and completely saturates it. The whole is then passed through a succession of rollers, dried and hardened during the passage, as well as polished, and comes out of the other end of the machine, hard, dry lumber, ready for use." It is claimed that the chemical properties, hardening in the fibre, entirely prevent water-soaking, and render the lumber combustible only in a very hot fire. The hardened finish on the outside also makes it impervious to water.

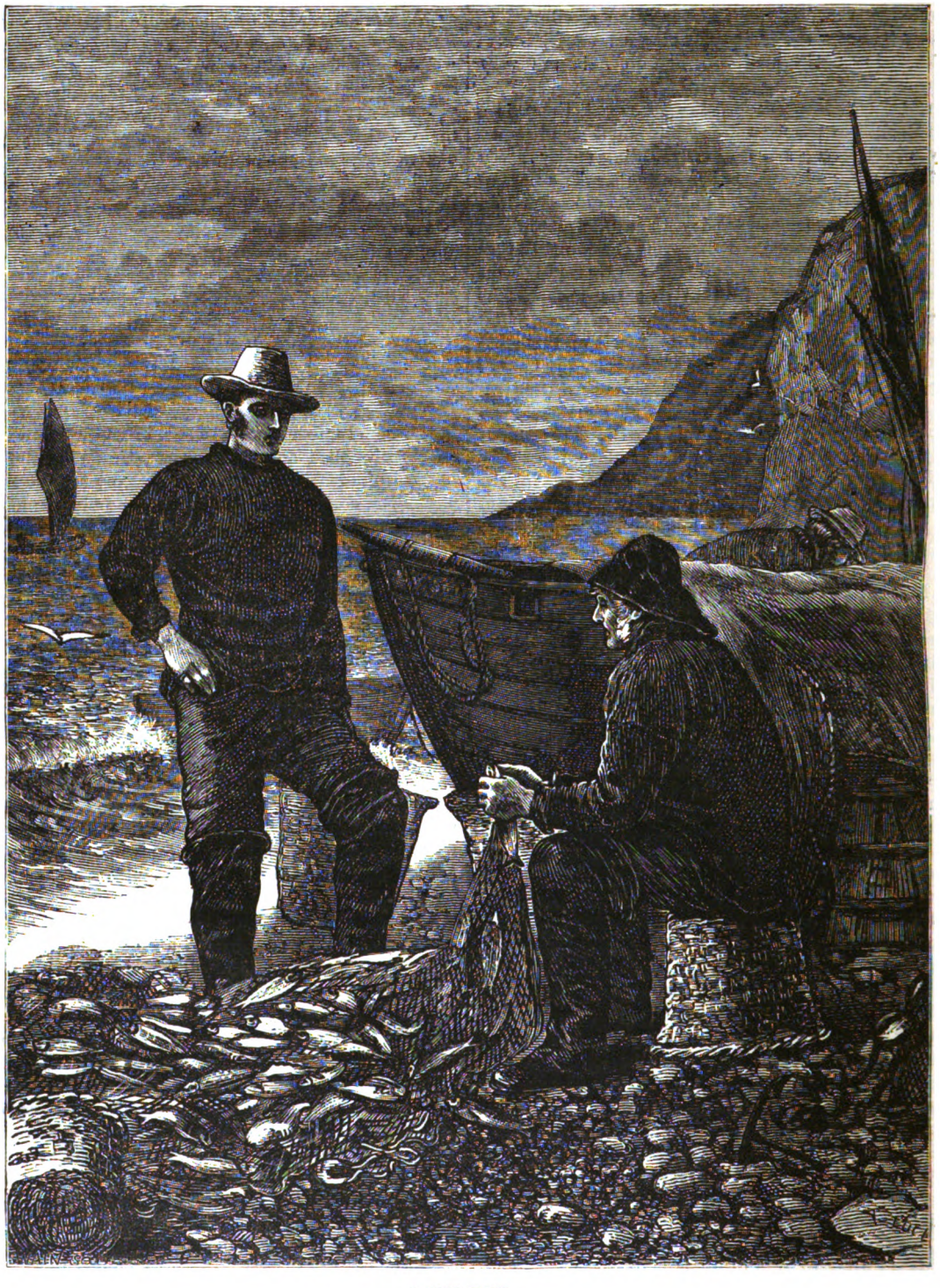
The metalograph, a Boston invention, is run by compressed air, and consists of a hardened steel point, which, when in use, is moved up and down within a metal tube very rapidly, by means of a cam and spring. The cam is on a little metal shaft, which is revolved by a wheel which is connected by a rubber tube with a pair of bellows under the table, and can be worked by hand or foot. Resting the instrument perpendicularly upon a thin sheet of metal, and setting the bellows in motion, a person may write with it upon the metal, making what appears to be a continuous line, but really a dotted line. The letters made are embossed upon the metal. The sheet of metal is then to be placed in a small press, and covered by a suitable piece of carbon paper, and over that again the paper to be written upon is placed. The press is then set in motion, and copies of the writing or composition can be produced very rapidly. No liquid ink, acid or electricity is used.

Russian physicians cure hydrophobia by causing the victims to inhale oxygen.

M. Perry has invented an apparatus for distilling water at sea, which has received a prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy, and been adopted by the French Navy. The steam from sea-water passes two cones, where it is aërated by being condensed in an air-current. It is then purified by circulation through animal charcoal. The result is fresh, well-aërated, inodorous, limpid water.

A German inventor proposes to make boots that will

never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.



A GOOD HAUL.

## AN AFRICAN BATTLE.

The following interesting account of a pitched battle between South African tribes is given in the late Charles James Anderson's last book. Anderson had dispatched a large drove of cattle and a quantity of ivory from Otjimbingue, in Damaraland, to Cape Town, in charge of several white employés and a number of native servants; but, a few days after their departure, received intelligence that the party had been attacked *en route* by the Namaquas—a savage tribe with whom the adventurous explorer and trader had long been at enmity—who captured all the cattle and effects, besides killing and wounding several of his men. This bad news was brought by two of the survivors, who narrowly escaped with their lives.

AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"I CONTINUED THE ASCENT, SHOUTING TO THE MEN TO FOLLOW; BUT WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS THEY ALL REMAINED BEHIND, TO PLUNDER."

Anderson at once determined to punish the marauders, and, assembling a few white men at his station on whom he could rely, sought the aid of the Damaras, a friendly tribe, in pursuing the Namaquas and recovering his property.

His narrative of the campaign that ensued is given in his own words:

A day sufficed to make the needful arrangements, and I and Mr. Baines set out for Otjimbingue, which we reached after a quick and safe journey. And here an unexpected pleasure awaited me; for not only had B——, the missing white man, turned up safe and sound, but H——'s brother and N—— had been restored to liberty; and, be it said to the honor of these men, they were ready once more to risk their lives in my service.

I staid but one day, and having appointed a rendezvous for the meeting of the men who were to join me, I moved on to it. After a delay here of three days, I found myself at the head of 2,000 men, a number which ultimately swelled to 3,000—a force which, if truly effective, would have enabled me to pass quickly from one end of Great Namaqualand to the other without much difficulty.

But, alas! there were really comparatively few fighting men; the greater part was a mere rabble, come solely for the purpose of rapine and plunder, at once the curses and vultures of an army. Moreover, we mustered only about 500 guns, half of which were utterly useless, many actually wanting a cock, a pan, a mainspring, or other equally important part. Nevertheless, there is something cheering in numbers, especially when contending with a savage and undisciplined enemy, whom they serve to intimidate.

I therefore looked forward with some confidence to a successful issue of the expedition; the more so, as I expected a strong reinforcement from Wilhelm Zwartbooi's tribe, who had expressly requested to be allowed to join us in any attempt to be made against the common enemy.

The Damaras, indeed, grumbled at this, deeming themselves quite strong enough to punish the hostile tribe; moreover, urging that it would cause too much delay to wait for them, and enable the enemy both to prepare against surprise and for defense. But I had made up my mind that our allies should share alike with us success or defeat, as the case might turn out, and thus matters were allowed to take their course.

After about a week's journeying, we found ourselves in the neighborhood of Rehoboth, but, though I had sent more than one express to inform our friends of our approach, no such tidings had reached them; and the very first intimation they had of us was from my own man, whom I had now dispatched on horseback.

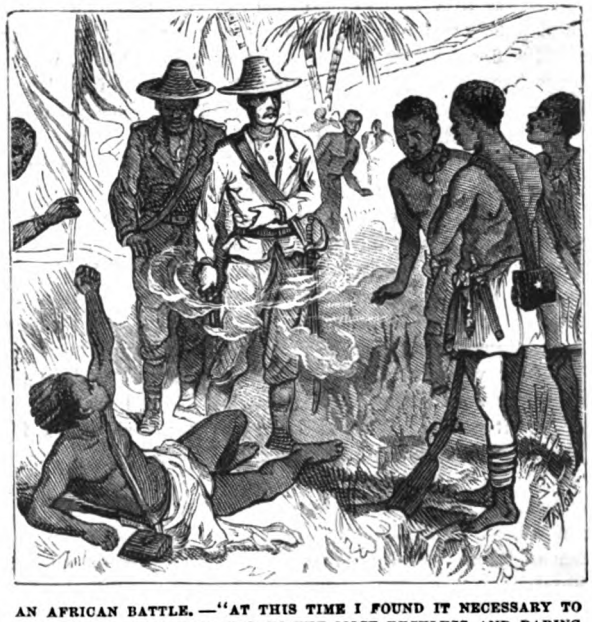
Nevertheless, having themselves been kept in a kind of siege, as it were—that is, expecting such an event daily—they were soon ready, and, being supplied with such ammunition as I could spare, they joined my standard, about fifty strong.

The Namaquas are, in general, bad soldiers, except when brought to bay behind stone-walls, when, like the Turks, nothing short of the bayonet or assegai-charge will dislodge them. And knowing that an enemy would never attempt to meet us in the open field, but would take refuge in rocks and precipices, I hailed the addition to our party with considerable satisfaction.

No one exactly knew the whereabout of the Namaquas, nor could we obtain any reliable information on the subject. Some said we should find them one or two days' journey off at the utmost, whilst others doubled the distance.

It was, of course, very difficult to act under such conflicting accounts, and the utmost caution was necessary in so steering our course as to avoid being ourselves entrapped. But at last, after many a false alarm and one slight skirmish, in which several of the enemy were killed, and more than one of our own party had narrow escapes, one man being shot through the arm and shoulder of his jacket, and after we had advanced much further than was anticipated, we made sure of having discovered the enemy's stronghold. Some Berg Damaras, whom we had captured, declared that we should find them in a range of hills no great way off, and which we could distinctly see from our camp.

All was now intense eagerness. We carefully concealed ourselves in an extensive hollow during the day, whilst several scouts were sent during the following night to reconnoitre the supposed enemy's position. Our object was considerably facilitated by a conspicuous hill lying half way, and commanding a full view of the aforesaid range. The spies fully corroborated the story of the Berg Damaras, and preparations were quietly made for a determined assault on the ensuing night.



AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"AT THIS TIME I FOUND IT NECESSARY TO SHOOT A MAN WHO HAD IN THE MOST RECKLESS AND DARING MANNER SET MY COMMANDS AT DEFIANCE."

As soon as darkness had sufficiently set in, so as to hide our operations, a forward movement was made, keeping the hill above-mentioned well between us and the supposed whereabout of the enemy. Having reached its base, we halted to make the final preparations, and to ascertain that they had not decamped—an event we had greatly dreaded throughout our toilsome and cautious march. Judging from the fires seen from this point on the opposite range, the enemy was intrenched in three great parties, a considerable way up the face of the rock.

To meet the emergency, I divided my men into as many divisions, appointing Mr. Green to that destined for the attack on the left, placing Haybittel with a second on my right, whilst I myself led the centre in person against what appeared to be the largest of their strongholds.

Our plan was to make the attack at break of day, but the intervening distance not being very great, the final movement was delayed till about three o'clock in the morning, when I ordered a simultaneous advance of all the divisions—the distance that each had to go being nearly the same.

I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my men from getting ahead too quickly, they seemed so eager for the pending fray. Now I was at the left wing, then on the right, and presently back to the centre, begging and commanding alternately. It was a cold, moonlight night, and, as objects were discernible a long way off, I feared every moment to see our movements betrayed. Indeed, I had no doubt about it, as the fires were suddenly stirred into a blaze, while the men were heard calling to one another—having evidently been aroused by the violent barking of the dogs.

We were now at the foot of the hill, and so near as to be able to distinguish every word that was spoken. Ordering the men to lie down, I listened eagerly for further signs to determine my movements, when, after a while, I was glad to find all becoming once more quiet.

As there was no longer any time to be lost, we rose and began the ascent, which in a very short time became exceedingly steep and laborious, considerably decreasing the eagerness of my followers. The goal, however, was reached, without any accident or molestation, just as the first streak of dawn appeared, though, from the shadows thrown by the hill, objects could be discerned but dimly.

I was the first man to leap into the *werft* (a sort of stockade of poles or planks—these are sometimes very extensive, and of sufficient strength to resist a cannon-shot), where, to my disgust, instead of a numerous enemy, I found only some poor Berg Damaras. I paused, in sheer astonishment; but just at this moment heavy firing began on my right, and feeling certain that my friends had been more fortunate, and in the hope of being able to render them assistance—as also with a view of cutting off the enemy—I continued the ascent, shouting to the men to follow. But, with a very few exceptions, they all remained behind to plunder the wretched abodes of the flying inhabitants. In five minutes every hut was in a blaze, and a wild but harassing sight presented itself to my view from my elevated position. Never was enterprise better planned, and in the beginning so successfully executed, followed by such an indifferent result. We had been fairly gulled, and I felt immeasurably disgusted accordingly.

But I will pass quickly over what followed. Suffice it to say that we captured a large number of women and children (Berg Damaras)—I did so out of compassion for the poor creatures, well knowing the merciless character of my followers—some sheep and goats, and a few head of cattle. In about an hour or so I was joined by the right division, who had been even less successful than ourselves. As for Mr. Green and his party, they had never encountered an enemy nor captured any booty. Whilst discussing what further to do, one of the Rehobothians brought word that the Afrikaners were on a neighboring hill, and had actually dared us to the attack.

After our many and severe disappointments, we were unwilling to lend a too-ready ear to his tale, and I exclaimed, "If true, it is the best news we have had yet!"

As our way lay in the direction indicated, we leisurely followed the man, and did find several large werfs; but all were deserted, a native appearing only here and there in the distance, timidly peeping forth from behind a large rock.

In one place, however, we met with some success, having captured about seventy or eighty head of cattle, and nine hundred or a thousand sheep and goats—a most opportune supply to our exhausted larder. Indeed, we had been without animal food for some days, and had been chiefly subsisting on "veldt cost," *i. e.*, on such roots as the soil yielded.

By this time the day was far advanced, and, meeting with water, we encamped for the night, hoping that on the morrow we should have a nearer acquaintance with the enemy, of whom we were more than ever determined to give a good account.

At this time I found it necessary to shoot a man who had, in the most reckless and daring manner, set my commands at defiance. I had warned the Damaras, at the very outset of the expedition, that I would suffer no disregard of my authority, having been elected commander by their full and free consent. This severe example had a salutary effect on the minds of my cut-throat followers.

Whilst busy making the camp snug and safe for the night, the cry was suddenly raised, "The Hottentots! the Hottentots!" and sure enough a few horsemen were observed on the rising ground above us, less than half a mile off. The next moment they were seen to dismount and deliberately take aim at some object, which we too surely conjectured to be some unfortunate Damara who, contrary to my orders and warnings, had strayed thus far from the camp in search of food. It was a daring act to do in the face of such numbers, and though they were chased away faster than they came, we had the mortification to know that we had been bearded on our own threshold by a mere handful of men. Deep and long were the imprecations uttered, and the vengeance vowed against the enemy of the Damaras, though for my part I could not help admiring the daring and hardihood of the fellows. And no one but Jan Jonker himself, I felt sure, could have performed so bold and rash an act.

On the following morning we were early astir, and although still uncertain of the enemy's exact whereabout, we had a shrewd suspicion that they were to be found located in a grim-looking rock a few miles ahead of us. We moved accordingly, in something like battle-array, and as we proceeded, fresh cattle and sheep-tracks became abundant; but we had actually reached the base of the hill in question, which we now clearly saw was of great extent and of the most formidable character, without observing anything to indicate the presence of a large body of men. But just at this juncture, the advanced scouts waved their hands as a sign for us to hurry on, and, putting spurs to my horse, I galloped ahead, followed by about a dozen horsemen, when lo! less than half a mile ahead of us, and in full retreat, were a number of horsemen—probably the identical ones who had shown themselves so boldly on the night before.

We chased them at the top of our speed, and so intent were we on the pursuit that we should probably have

rushed upon our own destruction in a few minutes more, had not, fortunately, one of the horsemen called out:

"Look! there are people on the hill. We are going too far!"

We halted accordingly, and now found ourselves on the opposite side of the hill to which we had advanced, and which here presented an equally steep ascent. I saw at a glance that if the enemy were really ensconced amongst its passes and precipices—and I could not well doubt that such was the case—we should have tough work to dislodge them. For the first time I began to entertain some doubts of the success of our enterprise; but it was too late to think of this, and I felt certain that were time given to the Damaras to fully realize the extent of our peril, we must utterly fail.

Hastily scanning the face of the mountain, therefore, I soon perceived that the only tolerably accessible point was from about half-way between where we were now stationed and the side that we had originally approached from, and I determined to make the first attack here.

Seeing the Damaras begin to come up in large numbers, I instructed Green to choose two of the most trustworthy of the leaders and their men, and then I gave the word to storm; and right gallantly it was done. Being quickly joined by others as they were coming on, I had the satisfaction shortly to see the hillside swarming with dusky warriors. This occupied scarcely ten minutes, and shots began to be rapidly exchanged.

Feeling satisfied that this flank movement was a success, my next step was to order the Rehobothians and a strong body of Damaras to follow me. My plan was to keep on a course parallel to the mountain, with a view of trying to draw out the enemy's strength and position, and to draw off their attention in a measure from the storming party, and, finally, to find an accessible point for attack full in front. But, from some misconception or other cause, my orders in this instance were not carried out equally satisfactorily, and the consequence was that, after having proceeded for some distance, I found only the friendly Namaquas, Green, and a few others following me, and most of these even were some way behind. I was making for a gap or ravine in the mountain, seen about midway, and in which the horsemen had sought refuge, where I observed a body of men moving about in apparent hurry and confusion.

I had thus, somewhat incautiously, approached to within one hundred and fifty paces of the rocks. Indeed, I was unconsciously getting right into the lion's mouth, as it were; and had the enemy been less eager—and perhaps less frightened, too—they might have annihilated us to a man, by allowing us quietly to pursue our course. But, fortunately, just at this time they opened fire, and, as it would almost appear from the result that followed, on me alone—for not another man was hurt.

It was an awkward situation. The whole face of the hill for full a quarter of a mile seemed to present one vivid streak of fire; for nearly at the same moment there flashed forth from fully five hundred guns and rifles a perfect hailstorm of bullets. And, what was more strange, I was unhurt! But, observing my unsupported condition, I was turning to seek some shelter from this unpleasant hailstorm, when a second volley was poured upon me, and this time with more precision; for I was simultaneously struck by five balls—one grazing my left arm and elbow, a second carrying off the knuckle of the pointer-finger on the right hand, a third dinting the stock of the rifle just under the little finger, a fourth carrying off the heel of one of my boots, whilst the fifth struck the right leg a little below the knee, laying me at once prostrate.

Looking up to ascertain what my followers were about, I caught a glimpse of the Rehobothians making a dash in a stooping position for the rocks, which they must have reached in safety. Turning next to the mountains, I could only perceive one confused mass of combatants, not charging and retreating openly, but executing all their movements in a stealthy, hide-and-seek manner. The place was admirably adapted for this kind of warfare, the face of the entire mountain being covered by huge boulders, each capable of sheltering a dozen men or more.

The firing had now become general, and was very severe. At the lowest estimate, full twelve hundred small arms were then, every two or three minutes, belching forth smoke and fire, the rocks constantly echoing the reports.

Again and again the cowardly villains poured volley after volley upon my devoted body, as I was lying helplessly exposed to their fury; for I had not succeeded in reaching any shelter before I was struck down. Once, indeed, I attempted to drag myself to a bush about fifty paces off, but found advance or retreat alike impossible. The only movement I was capable of was to roll partially over on my back, and it became quite clear to me that both the bones of the leg must be shattered; for when turning on my back, the foot refused to follow—in fact, remained on the ground at a right angle to the leg.

There can be little doubt that I had been recognized by the enemy, who were determined to afford me no chance of life; and it may scarcely be credited, but nevertheless it is a fact, that they kept pelting me incessantly with bullets for upward of an hour. Consequently, if there was one bullet that day directed against me, there must have been many scores, and the only marvel is that I was not riddled with the shot.

Happening to glance sideways, I perceived, to my consternation, a small party of the enemy, who, coming from the mountain on my left, on horseback, passed round at my back, and, having arrived within about one hundred and fifty paces, faced full round upon me.

Hitherto I had not faltered; but I honestly confess that I now experienced a feeling amounting to fear.

"Ah, no!" I ejaculated, loudly, "a thousand times rather death than fall alive into your hands! It would be too horrible a fate!"

With that I rolled on my back quietly, and, resting the rifle on my left leg, which I partly raised for the purpose, I took deliberate aim at the breast of the foremost foe. Thus posted, I felt sure of being able to dispatch at least two of my opponents, whilst my revolver would always give me a good chance at closer quarters, should they venture to advance. The moments that followed were full of agony, for it seemed as if they were consulting as to the best way of getting at me. But, to my inexpressible relief, after thus remaining fully five minutes, they turned and rode off.

Scarcely were they out of sight, when another troop passed me even closer, and a third time was I put to torturing suspense, with a similar result. It is quite impossible that they should not have seen me, and the only explanation that now or then occurred to me of their leaving me unmolested is, that they probably thought me dead or dying, and that they were afraid to approach closely, for fear of exposing themselves to the danger of being fired at by my followers on the mountain, who by this time were occupying the very fortifications originally held by the enemy.

A slight curl of smoke was now seen issuing near the summit of the mountain, from one of the ravines overlooking the enemy, and the next moment there was an

AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"RESTING THE RIFLE ON MY LEFT LEG, WHICH I PARTLY RAISED FOR THE PURPOSE, I TOOK A DELIBERATE AIM AT THE BREAST OF THE FOREMOST FOE."

explosion, rapidly followed by others. I well knew that none but friends could be there, and so well had I calculated the result of such a manœuvre, that on the very first discharge I unhesitatingly gave vent to my pent-up feelings in the exclamation: "Thank God! The victory is at last complete—complete!"

And so it proved; for in a few moments the enemy were heard to call out, "We are getting surrounded!" and the cry among them then was something equivalent to "The devil take the hindmost!" In short, they rushed helter-skelter down the steep sides of their late stronghold, and in five minutes more were seen dispersing wildly over the open country.

It was now in the power of the Damaras to have annihilated the enemy almost to a man; for had an assegai-charge been made by them at the moment the Namaquas took to the flat, the matter would have been settled for ever. But, to my utter disgust, not a soul bestirred himself to intercept their flight.

As may be well imagined, sleep did not much court my pillow during the night that followed on the sanguinary scenes. Sleep, indeed, would have been out of the question; for, even had my wound been less severe than it was—cause enough to keep me awake—I should have got no rest, for the Damaras kept up the wildest revelry throughout this trying night, quarreling and shouting vociferously, and expressing their exultation by frequent discharges of musketry.

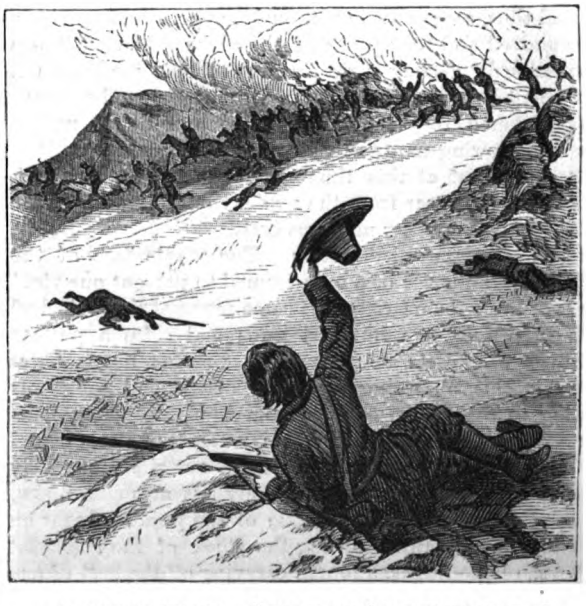
The total quantity of booty that fell into our hands was very great indeed. When, after a day or two, we were able to take an account of our gains, we found they consisted of upward of three thousand sheep and goats, and of about half that number of cattle. Fully the same number of the former had been slaughtered during the night following on the battle, besides abundance of fat oxen, while quite as many were concealed. I estimated, therefore, that the original number could not have fallen much short of ten thousand sheep and goats, and three thousand large-horned cattle.

The effect of this action was decisive with the Namaquas; their power was effectually broken, and during the many years of my subsequent residence in the district they never again made head against the Damaras.

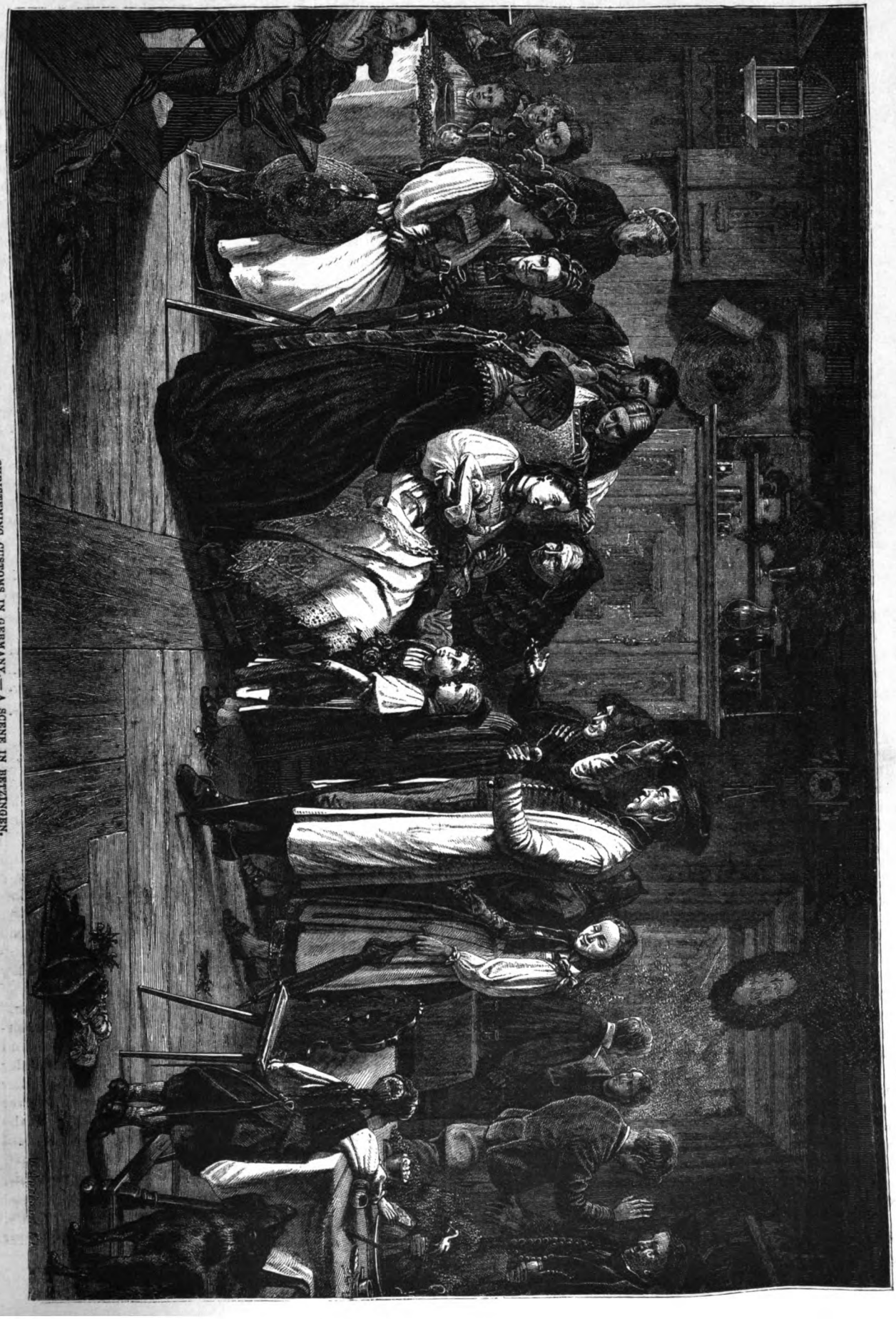
## CHRISTENING CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

A MONTH or six weeks after the birth of a child, in Saxony, the christening takes place, and this is a ceremony enforced by the laws of the country; for it is utterly impossible in Protestant, tolerant Germany for any person who may happen to dissent from the forms of the established religion to go to a public registrar and have the mere name of the child legally inscribed in the official books. True, the Jews resident in each of the German towns are not compelled to conform to the Christian rites; but then, Jews are never elected to fill public offices; and unless a person can produce a certificate of his christening and after-confirmation, he is not only considered incapable of holding any situation of trust, but the clergyman can refuse even to marry him.

These legally enforced christenings (for there is a fine for every day that the ceremony is delayed beyond a month after birth) lead to many peculiar customs in the Thuringian capital. It is the rule there that any young woman or man who is newly confirmed *must* become sponsor to the child of the first poor person who asks him or her to do so; and no girl or youth ever thinks of denying the request. The common belief among the poor is that if the young person requested should object to fill the office, the child will either die or grow up sick and weakly; and as the rich either have faith in or give way to the superstition, consent is the usual practice. It is, nevertheless, by no means necessary that the well-to-do godparent should accompany the poor child to the altar; all that is expected being that he or she should pay the expenses consequent upon the christening, and present the child with a cotton frock for the ceremony. The christening expenses for a poor child are twenty groschens, besides fifteen groschens to the nurse who carries the babe; and the payment of these sums after all constitutes the great charm in the eyes of the poorer classes. Such an institution may be of use as the means of uniting the poor with the rich, but that it has no religious object with it is demonstrated by the fact that godmotherhood in Germany is considered chiefly as a social tie, and one which enjoins the giving of certain presents at certain seasons to the godchild, rather than the superintendence of



AN AFRICAN BATTLE.—"THANK GOD! THE VICTORY IS AT LAST COMPLETE."



CHRISTENING CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.—A SCENE IN BETZINGEN.

its moral and religious education; for though in the early days of Christianity there might have been some necessity for sponsorship as a guarantee that the christened infant should be brought up in the new and more enlightened faith, nevertheless, in the present day the custom has become obsolete, and the promises made at the altar have long ago sunk into mere lip-service; so that now the office is considered to be fulfilled by the gift of a silver spoon and fork, in quittance of the pledges so solemnly undertaken.

This same deodand holds good in Germany to the present day, silver spoons forming the staple presents at the time of the christening. The Germans, however, seem to believe that their sponsorial duties do not utterly end here, for it is customary in Saxony to present the young godchild with a new suit the first Christmas after its birth.

On the day of the ceremony the godfather is expected to send the godmother a pair of white kid gloves and a bouquet. The christening is usually performed late in the afternoon, and at the conclusion of it the parents retire, with the sponsors, home to an early evening meal of coffee, cake, sausage, sauer-kraut and salad; a feast being always given on such occasions, to which a number of friends are invited, and drinking and eating generally prevailing till a late hour at night. Indeed, it was in the heat of one of these same christening orgies at Möhra that a descendant of Martin Luther stabbed a peasant, and had to fly the country for many years afterward. How many godfathers or godmothers are permitted or enjoined by law, we cannot say; but we happen to know that in one middle-class family in Eisenach the sponsors of the ten children amounted to thirty-six in number.

Previous to confirmation, the neophyte has to betake himself or herself for an hour after school-time, twice every week, at the beginning of his or her course of religious instruction, to the school at which the clergyman attends, and for an hour every day for the last quarter of the year previous to their examination. This is called the *Gebet-stunde* (literally, the prayer-lesson), and some have to attend it for two or three years before being confirmed. During the last year of their probation the young people are expected to be of particularly staid and solemn demeanor; they are to indulge in no games nor sports, and, indeed, to abstain from all kinds of amusement whatever. Immediately after the final examination by the clergyman has been passed, and they are thought fit for confirmation, they are directed by the *Pfarrer* (pastor) to go round to all their friends, the day before the ceremony, and say to each of them: "If ever I have done thee any wrong, I humbly crave thy forgiveness." It is usual at such times for the friends visited to give the young people not only their blessing, but a few groschens, or some other present, into the bargain. At the time of confirmation the godfather and godmother are expected to present their sponse-child with something either in gold or silver. To boys watches are usually given, whilst brooches and cuff-buttons are the ordinary presents made to girls.

Moreover, when any of the godchildren are about to be married, the custom prevails for the sponsors to send them certain articles of plate or furniture, such as tea or table spoons, or maybe a work-table of the more expensive woods. One young lady we heard of having two and a half dozen silver spoons presented to her by her collective godfathers and godmothers at such a time. Again, we were assured that it is customary for the godfather and godmother to send their married goddaughter a silver spoon with her name engraven upon it, at the birth of every child.

Every fortnight throughout the year the christenings are published in the newspaper, which appears four times a week in the Thuringian capital. Such announcements usually run as follows:

Child Baptisms.*

Gottlieb the little son of Master-Cabinet-Maker Christian Prellert.

Margaretta, the little daughter of Master-Tailor, Nicholaus Windbeutel.

# PEARL.

By Etta W. Pierce.

MANY years ago, in the old fishing town of Marblehead, close to the waterside, stood a dingy little inn, known as the Gray Gull. It was kept by one Simon Goelet, a retired sailor, with a wooden leg, and a face as round and merry as a full Summer moon.

At the time of which I write, Marblehead had somehow acquired throughout the colony a reputation for lawlessness. To the lords of trade, it was represented as a smuggling port for Boston, and it frequently furnished pilots for the latter place. Its population was thoroughly seafaring, and noted for a singularly adventurous and daring spirit.

The coast swarmed with freebooters, who continually harassed the fishermen, and in spite of the province law against piracy, not unfrequently appeared in the streets of the town, where the discreet inhabitants received their gold and silver in open trade, and asked no questions.

It was a dubious night. Rain was falling, and a wild wind raged through the craggy, irregular byways of the old port, which did not then contain above four hundred houses—all built of wood, "the generality miserable," says an old historian, "and mostly close in with the rocks."

In the inn of the Gray Gull the tallow dips were lighted, and a driftwood-fire shone on the low, black rafters, the sanded floor and the pewter vessels of the bar, where old Goelet dispensed hospitality, assisted sometimes by his niece, Susannah, or his only daughter, Pearl, the handsomest girl in the Bay Colony.

"Where's Andy Hull to-night?" cried old Goelet, stumping to the window to stare out into the darkness.

"How should I know?" answered Pearl, from the chimney-corner. "I am not his keeper."

She sat where the light of the driftwood shone full upon her—a girl of seventeen, with skin like strawberries-and-cream, and masses of fair hair tumbling down her milky neck over the square bodice of her brown stuff dress.

"Indeed you *are*, Pearl, for he has given himself to you," said the quiet voice of Susannah Goelet, who was just entering at the door, with her homespun skirts pinned up around her, and some pewter platters in her hand. She was older than Pearl, and she had none of the latter's beauty; her face was sallow and wan, and her gray eyes seemed never to have looked on anything happy in life. Betwixt the beautiful, petted daughter of the house and the dependent niece and drudge, there was a great gulf fixed.

"It's a gift I never sought," said Pearl, tossing her fair, flippant head.

Susannah put down her platters on the oak dresser.

"Fie!" she murmured. "To speak like that of your promised husband!"

* Baptism and christening are but one ceremony in Saxony.

"And a lad like Andy," cried old Goelet, "does not fall to every girl's lot."

Pearl shrugged her full, white shoulders.

"He's an awkward, rough-handed lout!" she laughed. "Nothing more, as you both know."

"Nay," protested old Goelet, "there's no better fisherman in all Marblehead."

"And I'm sure his face is comely," muttered poor Susannah. "Ah, Pearl, if your love was like his, you would see no fault in him—he sees none in *you*."

Pearl opened her lazy, violet eyes.

"Because there's none to see, Susannah! Plenty of lovers have told me that."

Susannah turned on her angrily.

"Pride and vanity have blinded you to your own good luck!" she cried. "Many a woman in the town would give years of her life for a lover like Andy Hull."

"I know of only *one*," answered Pearl, mockingly, "and that's yourself, Susannah. I'm afraid you care more for Andy than is good for you."

Susannah's thin cheek grew red, then pale.

"You are a cruel girl, Pearl; you will come to no good end," she faltered, and turned and went out of the room.

Pearl was left alone in the firelight. Across the passage was the bar-room, to which old Goelet had stumped off to mix toddy and julep for sundry brown fishermen who began to drop in to smoke an evening pipe and gossip with the one-legged innkeeper.

The girl made an enchanting picture, lounging there on the high-backed settle, her round arms raised above her head, her fair hair streaming down her bosom, her violet eyes fixed on the ruddy blaze.

Of what was she thinking that she gazed so steadily? Of her lover, Andy Hull? No, Pearl never wasted dreams upon him. From the bar-room the voices of the fishermen floated fitfully to her ears.

"There be stories," said one, "that the sloop *Dolphin* has been captured by pirates. My nephew, Joe Bagley, wor aboard of her. You remember Joe, don't ye, Goelet? He wor sweet always on your daughter. Pirates be as thick in New England waters now as codfish."

"True," replied another, "and some of 'em fine gentlemen, too, scattering their ducats like princes."

"I saw Fly and his gang hung in Boston last year," put in old Goelet. "Doctor Colman preached their death-sermon in Old Brattle Street Church. Fly wor a bold one; he wouldn't come inside the door to hear about the fiery pit—not he! He stood outside, with a nosegay in his hand, handsome and gay as a lord, smiling and bowing to everybody. He wor hung in chains."

A gust of wind and rain blew the soot suddenly down the chimney and scattered the brands on the hearth. At the same moment Pearl Goelet turned her fair head and saw a man standing on the threshold of the old keeping-room, gazing in at her.

He was a stranger, young, handsome, with something in his look and air that smacked strongly of blue water. His figure was tall and supple, his face dark and pale, with straight features and melancholy eyes, black as night. His black hair was slightly powdered, and he wore a long sea-cloak of blue cloth, under which one could see a suit of velvet, rich with embroidery, ruffles of fine lace and handsome side-arms.

"Is this the Gray Gull Inn, my pretty maid?" he said, letting his eyes dwell boldly on Pearl Goelet's face.

She started up from the settle, and dropped a deep courtesy.

"Ay, sir," she answered, coloring; "shall I call my father?"

The stranger stepped into the room with a smile on his lips.

"Then you are Simon Goelet's daughter? By my soul! report, for once, hath not lied! Yes, we will call your father, Mistress Pearl—don't start, I know your name. Halloo, innkeeper!"

Old Goelet stumped quickly in from the bar. At sight of the handsome, well-dressed figure he pulled his gray forelock with the deference due to a guest and a gentleman, and bowed half-way to the floor.

"Your servant, sir!" cried he. "Welcome to the Gray Gull Inn. What's your will?"

The stranger tossed off his cocked hat and long sea-cloak.

"Supper, man!" he answered—"the best that the house affords, and your daughter here to serve me!"

"Ay, ay, honored sir. We're all at your service. You're a stranger in town, I take it?"

"True. Bring me a glass of wine; I am faint with scrambling over your infernal rocks."

"Run, Pearl!" cried the innkeeper, "for a bottle of that Spanish vintage. Pardon, honored sir! by what name shall I call you?"

The stranger flung himself down upon the settle, and spread his white hands, covered with rings, to the fire.

"My name is Captain Beverly," he answered, briefly.

"Ah," said Goelet, ducking his gray head again, "an officer of the Crown, I venture to guess."

"You may guess whatever you please, innkeeper," replied the stranger, "and I shall answer all questions in like fashion. So you lost your leg twenty years ago by a cable getting a twist around it—eh, man?"

"Lord have mercy!" cried Goelet, in amazement; "how do you know that, sir?"

"A bird of the air whispered it to me," replied Beverly, with a provoking laugh; and at that moment Pearl entered with a bottle of wine and a long-necked glass, which she put down demurely at the stranger's elbow. Away limped old Goelet to call Susannah.

"By my faith, girl!" quoth he, "we've a live gentleman in the keeping-room—a lord, for all that I know. Lucky there's a fowl in the pot. Spread the table with the old china and the best damask. He has a foreign look, like the master of that Cadiz ship which came here last for Bilboa drithe."

Susannah had a woman's curiosity. While the pot was boiling she crept to the keeping-room door, and, peering covertly in, saw the stranger sitting on the settle, just in the act of pledging Pearl Goelet in a glass of Spanish wine. His handsome head was thrown back, his dark eyes glowed ardently as they dwelt upon her fair, flower-like face. She stood beside him on the hearth, with downcast lashes and fingers plucking bashfully at her apron. Something in the picture gave Susannah a sudden chill.

"Why are you so shy, lovely child?" she heard him say, in a voice that was like a caress. "Have you not before met men who called you fair?"

"Indeed, yes," she answered—"plenty of them."

He laughed.

"Now listen to a confession, Mistress Pearl. What think you brought me to this inn, to-night? A week ago I did not know there was such a place in the universe, or such a being as yourself. But you have lovers everywhere, and one fell by chance in my way, and raved of your beauty so mightily that I determined to see you with my own eyes; and so I came here through such dangers as I will not speak of now. But I am amply repaid; the knave did not lie—for one look in such a face I would be well content to travel further and fare worse."

"Ah, sir," said Pearl, tossing her coquettish head, "you must not talk like this to me. My father says you are a gentleman."

"May not I speak the truth?" he murmured. "*I* will tell you what I am—your devoted slave, henceforth and for ever!"

Susannah turned and stole away.

"Ah, Andy, Andy," she muttered to herself, "God help you! You have pinned your faith to vanity!"

The passage was narrow and dark. As she groped along it toward the kitchen, a strong arm was cast suddenly around her, a warm mouth fell upon her own, and in her ear a voice whispered:

"Stop, my darling! Why do you run from me, my Pearl?" An involuntary prisoner, she lay for one breathless instant against his breast, then she pushed him away, with a cry.

"Andy, Andy!" she gasped, "it is not Pearl. It is I—Susannah!"

The embracing arm fell, swift as lightning.

"Good Heaven!" muttered Andy Hull, pushing her from him; "how could I make such a mistake?"

"How, indeed?" thought poor Susannah.

"Confound this darkness! Open that door—that's a good girl!"

Susannah flung back the door of the kitchen, and a flood of light poured into the passage, showing the rugged, good-natured face and gawky figure of Andy Hull, his fisherman's jacket wet with rain, his lank hair streaming about his tanned cheeks.

"I hope you'll forgive me?" gasped Susannah, deadly pale, and speaking with an effort.

"Forgive *you?*" said Andy. "Bless my soul! 'Twas my own stupid blunder. Where's Pearl?"

A WILLING MIND.

MRS. JINKS: *"Of course, George, I'm willing you should have Jane! I've been a model daughter, sister, wife, mother and widow; but Jane has been so slow, I was fearing I should never have the chance of being a representative mother-in-law."*

"In the keeping-room. There's a guest with her—a gentleman, maybe a lord; at least, he looks like one. I must go spread the cloth. Uncle Simon will berate me if he is not well entertained."

Andy, a fisherman born and bred, knew little of gentlemen or their ways. He cast one glance into the keeping-room and retreated in hot haste at sight of the elegant figure lounging there, with the firelight playing on his embroidered waistcoat and flashing from the gold buckles in his shoes. Andy beckoned Pearl to come out.

She obeyed, but with reluctance.

"Who is yon fellow?" he whispered, sullenly.

"A gentleman—Captain Beverly," she answered, with a saucy pout. "Go and hide yourself with father—you are not fit to be seen."

"That is kind. Well, kiss me once, Pearl."

"What! and the gentleman looking at us through the door! Not I!"

"Let him look; it is no matter of his. You are my promised wife."

"Fie! Leave me alone," she flouted. "Go and make love to Susannah!"

"Susannah! What do you mean? Have I done anything to vex you, Pearl? Are you jealous?"

"No—it is you who are that. Go, go!" urged Pearl, and Andy turned and walked gloomily away.

Supper was spread for Captain Beverly.

Susannah brought in the boiled fowl and the wine, and Pearl stood beside his chair and served him. As she stretched out her hand to fill his glass, his jeweled fingers caught her own and held them fast.

"Come, tell me," he cried, his bright, dark eyes search-

ing her face with inquisitive ardor, "is the lout that I saw just now your lover, Mistress Pearl?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, reluctantly.

"Go on, tell me more."

"We are betrothed," she murmured, compelled to speak by the look in his eyes. "Our banns were published last Sabbath, sir."

"So serious as that?" he said, lightly. "And is that clown to your taste? I would never have thought it. You love him very much, I suppose?"

She grew burning red, but did not answer.

"Far better than you loved poor Joe Bagley, of the sloop *Dolphin*, eh?—the unlucky fellow that the pirates gobbled up. And this Andy Hull loves *you?* No doubt of *that!* Do you see this ring?" He slipped from off his hand a big, luminous pearl, set in a band of red gold. "It is like yourself—a jewel of price. Will you keep it till we meet again? Answer me—*will* you?"

His voice sank to an infinitely tender whisper. The blood raged in and out of Pearl's soft cheeks. The clusters of flaxen hair on her bosom rose and fell wildly. She felt rather than saw the bold gaze of the eyes that dwelt upon her with magnetic power. He took her unresisting hand, and, with a strange smile, placed the ring in its hollowed palm, and closed her fingers lightly over it. When the meal was done, Beverly called his host and paid his reckoning with princely generosity. His purse was bursting with gold, as Simon Goelet could see.

"It is blowing great guns," said the old innkeeper, "and the night is dark, honored sir. Better stay at the Gray Gull Inn till morning."

"Impossible," answered Beverly. "Wind and weather are small matters to me. At parting, let us drink the health of your daughter."

PEARL.—"CAPTAIN BEVERLY SAT NEAR THE FIRE, AND PEARL STOOD BESIDE HIS CHAIR AND SERVED HIM. SHE FELT, RATHER THAN SAW, THE BOLD GAZE OF THE EYES THAT DWELT UPON HER WITH MAGNETIC POWER."—SEE PAGE 478.

It was done. Then Goelet in his turn proposed a second bumper to King George. A smile flitted over Beverly's lips. He drank the toast, but as he set down his glass on the board, he hummed under his breath the following stave:

"'Go, tell the King of England—
Go, tell him thus from me,
Though he reigns king o'er all the land,
I will reign king at sea.'"

Then he flung his blue cloak over his shoulders, and, kissing his hand to Pearl Goelet, who stood pale and speechless in the background, he walked out of the Gray Gull Inn, and disappeared straightway in the darkness and storm of the night.

Hours after, when the house was still, Susannah Goelet, who always exercised a motherly care over her younger and fairer cousin, stole softly to Pearl's bedside to see that all was well with her before she herself retired to her hard-earned rest.

The girl was tossing in a feverish sleep, her cheek flushed, her disheveled curls streaming over the pillow. She held Beverly's ring pressed tightly to her heart.

"Pearl, Pearl!" cried Susannah, leaning over her, "what is it, dear? Are you sick?"

With a cry, Pearl started up in bed, and looked wildly around.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Is he come again?" And then, as she recognized Susannah, "Go away! What are you doing here? Who sent you to watch me in my sleep?"

And she pushed her fiercely off, and, flinging herself face downward on the pillow, fell to sobbing bitterly.

The ring rolled from her hand and fell at Susannah's feet. She picked it up.

"Pearl!" she cried, in mingled sorrow and anger, "what is this? How

dared you take gifts from that man? I will go this moment and call Uncle Simon."

"Will you, indeed!" flashed Pearl, starting up again, and snatching the ring from Susannah. "I too can tell tales. I can say to Andy Hull, 'Susannah loves you with all her heart. She has loved you a long time. She envies me my good fortune——'"

"Hush! hush!" Susannah clapped her hands to her ears. "I do *not* envy you, Pearl. I want you to be happy with Andy, but you can never be that if you let the free tongue of every gallant you meet turn your head. Freebooters are plenty enough along the coast; how do you know that Captain Beverly is not one? Where was he going in the storm to-night? Show this ring to Andy to-morrow, and ask him what you shall do with it."

Pearl thrust out one hand to the door.

"You have no right to dictate to me. You are nothing but a dependent here," she said, scornfully. "Go!"

And poor Susannah, with a downcast face, went meekly out.

She was never the same after that fatal night, beautiful Pearl Goelet. She had a trick of wandering by herself among the wild rocks of the shore—of being absent from the inn for hours at a time. With her lover she was fretful and capricious; with Susannah, morose and forbidding. When Andy Hull dropped in of an evening for a chat in the chimney-corner, Pearl's chair was sure to be vacant. On the second Sunday when her name was called with her lover's in church, she sat with blank eyes and a face like the dead, staring straight into vacancy.

One night Andy Hull, with a lover's ardor, was hurrying along the shore from his mother's cottage to the inn of the Gray Gull. There was a heavy sea tumbling, and a thick fog creeping like a cold death upon land and water. In the sky hung a wild, watery moon, its disk showing faintly through the rolling banks of vapor. With his horny hands thrust into the pockets of his homespun jacket, Andy plodded along the rough way, his head and heart alike full of his betrothed, when lo! in the lee of a rock, dimly defined by the uncertain light of that shrouded moon, he saw two human figures standing together.

The first was a man in a long cloak; the second, a woman, with loose hair streaming out from under a hood knotted under her chin. She was leaning on the breast of the man, her waist encircled by his arm, his face bent down to hers.

Lovers, surely! Andy stopped short and looked at them. Something about the female figure—the graceful outline, the streaming hair—struck him with strange, yea, awful familiarity. And the man, also—verily, he had somewhere seen one like him. He listened; but if they were speaking, their voices were lost in the roar of the sea.

Stung by an irresistible terror, Andy Hull shouted aloud:

"Pearl! Pearl! Are you there, Pearl?"

A billow of fog engulfed the moon; the figures vanished as if by magic.

Andy ran to the spot, but saw nothing. He dashed up and down the rocks like a madman, calling Pearl, and receiving no answer save the sullen murmur of the sea. Was it indeed his betrothed—that spectral shape, embraced by the arm of the cloaked figure? He could not tell. He was angry, bewildered.

He hurried on to the Gray Gull Inn; and there, in the chimney-nook, found Pearl at her wheel, spinning like some beautiful spider. He stole behind her, and touched her hair. Its long curls, darkened and disordered, lay coiled in drenched masses against her stiff, high-backed chair.

"Where have you been, Pearl?" said Andy Hull. "Your hair is wet with the mist."

"Yes," she answered; "I was leaning long from the window to-night, watching for you."

He stood awhile looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Thank God!" he said, at last, in a queer, solemn voice. "In three days, Pearl, you will be my wife. It will be a happy hour for me when you are mine beyond recall."

She drew a skein of wool softly through her hand.

"Yes," she murmured, never once looking at her lover, "in three days."

The night before the wedding, Susannah Goelet, on the way to her own loft, knocked at her cousin's door.

"Good-night, Pearl," she called out, cheerfully, "and pleasant dreams."

There was no answer.

She lifted the latch and looked in. At an open window sat Pearl, staring out on the wild, moonlit sea. Her face was as white and stony as the dead. She did not turn or look till Susannah touched her shoulder.

"Come!" said the patient handmaid of the house, "if you do not sleep, how can you expect bright eyes to-morrow?"

A shudder shook the girl's slight figure.

"Susannah," she cried, with sudden solemnity, "I have been cross and cruel with you ever since you came here to live. I wish you would take my hand and say, 'I forgive you, Pearl.'"

Susannah did as requested.

"Now kiss me," said Pearl, "and leave me alone—no, stay! Say this, also, Susannah: 'Wherever you may be when another night comes on, however undeserving you may be, God send you peace and happiness, you false, treacherous little Pearl!'"

"No, no—not that!" protested Susannah.

But Pearl was determined, and so she said the words and went away.

Her sleep that night was fitful and broken. Fantastic dreams of Andy Hull, of Pearl—yea, of the stranger Beverly, trooped through her brain.

At dawn she awoke, oppressed with a vague sense of something wrong. She dressed hastily, and ran to Pearl's chamber. The morning light streamed brightly in at the window, but no living thing was there. The little white bed was untouched. In the wardrobe hung Pearl's wedding finery, all in place. Nothing was missing but her hood and cloak.

With a shriek, Susannah ran into the passage and called to old Goelet:

"She's gone, Uncle Simon—gone! Fled on her wedding day!"

Yes, left lover, father, home—for what? for whom? Old Goelet cursed and tore his hair.

Andy Hull, the forsaken lover, came stalking up from his mother's cottage, with bloodless lips and desperate eyes.

"She's gone with that fellow Beverly," he hissed—"freebooter—pirate! It was he that I saw with her a few nights ago on the shore. It was he that captured the sloop *Dolphin*, and forced her sailors to join his gang. Word has come to the town this very morning that the Bay Colony is fitting out a ship to go in pursuit of him. He was seen at the cove last night, putting off with a woman in a boat. His cursed vessel has hovered about this coast a good deal of late, and at midnight she set sail and bore away."

There was no wedding at the Gray Gull Inn that day—only trouble and black sorrow.

"Henceforth she's no daughter of mine," cried old Goelet. "I wash my hands of her for ever."

"Ah, don't say that, Uncle Simon," pleaded Susannah, weeping. "Some day she may come back to you penitent."

"She'll find but a closed door," answered Goelet. "From this time, Susannah, *you* shall be my daughter. Stay on with me here, and at my death all I have shall be yours."

As for the forsaken lover, he was well-nigh distracted. All day he wandered up and down the shore, searching in vain for news of the erring girl and her lover. All night he lay stretched on the ragged rocks, staring across the sea. When the second morning dawned, he made up his bundle, bade farewell to his old mother, wrung Susannah Goelet's trembling hand, and, with a haggard, despairing face, shipped aboard an outward-bound merchantman, and sailed away to the far port of Cadiz.

"When will you come back?" quavered Susannah, at parting.

"Never, I hope—never!" he answered.

Time passed. The sign of the Gray Gull still creaked in the sea-wind, and old Goelet, morose and gloomy, still limped about the bar, mixing toddy and flip for the fishermen. In and out of the low, dark rooms flitted Susannah at her countless tasks, altogether unchanged, save for an unwonted pallor, and a yearning, wistful look which constantly filled her sad gray eyes. She was now the chief stay of the inn, and the only comfort of its sorrowful and soured old keeper.

Two years after Pearl's disappearance, Andy Hull came back to Marblehead. As Susannah was plodding along the rocks one day on some errand for old Goelet, he came behind her unawares, and touched her shoulder. She gave a shriek, and would have fallen, but he caught her on his arm.

"What! have I frightened you so much?" he cried. "Did you think it my ghost, Susannah?" He had grown brown and old. His honest eyes smiled down at her in a troubled way. "Shake hands, will you not?" said he.

"Yes, with all my heart," she answered. "I'm glad to see you back again, Andy. I've worried much about you since you went away."

He walked slowly beside her over the rocks.

"I needn't ask, I suppose, if any word has come from *her?*" he said.

Susannah shook her head.

"None. You've brought a sore heart back with you, I dare say?"

"Not like the one I took away," he answered, looking thoughtfully out on the gray sea. "She's dead to me for ever, Susannah—I shall think of her no more. I'm tired of roving—tired, too, of sorrow. You and I have known each other all our lives. I don't pretend to love you as I loved Pearl, but if you'll marry me I'll try to make you a good husband—I will, so help me Heaven!"

She had loved him too long to quarrel with words like these—had hungered too long to refuse even a crust. She lifted her sweet, patient face, and held out to him her hand.

"It was kind of you to remember me, Andy," she said, simply. "I am not like Pearl—I can't expect you to love me as you loved her. With whatever you may give me I will be content, Andy. I will be to you a faithful wife."

Then the two hastened to the inn to tell old Goelet, and a month after they were married.

Before Susannah's honeymoon had waned, the innkeeper died—heart-broken, the town-folks said. All his earthly possessions passed to his niece and her husband. In peace and plenty they kept the inn together.

One Autumn night a terrific storm burst upon the savage coast. The sea lashed the Marblehead rocks with unprecedented fury. A mighty gale roared through the craggy streets, driving the rain in pelting, blinding sheets before it. No guests could be expected at the Gray Gull in such weather—no, not even a gossiping fisherman. Andy Hull closed door and shutters, and sat down with his wife in the chimney-corner.

A bright-eyed baby lay on Susannah's knee. She herself had grown round and rosy with happiness. Her eyes wandered from husband to child with a tender content touching to see.

Andy reached and took one of her brown hands. His own face was grave and troubled.

"I've a bit of news to tell you, Susannah," he said, slowly—"something that I heard to-day in the town. Some Marblehead folks went up to Boston yesterday to see the hanging of a pirate crew, taken lately in the Isles of Shoals."

She gave a great start and nearly dropped her baby.

"There was one among them—oh, Lord! hear that gale roar!—a handsome fellow, dressed like a prince. He was the captain of the gang."

She grasped his arm, growing white to the lips.

"You don't mean, Andy——"

"Yes."

"Not *him!*"

"The very man!"

They sat in dead silence for a while.

"Oh, Andy, what has become of *her?*" groaned Susannah, at last.

"God only knows!" he answered, gloomily,

A mighty blast of wind and rain swept around the inn and roared in great gusts down the wide-mouthed chimney. It tore loose the shutter of a window opening seaward, and Andy started up to close it. As he did so, he saw pressed against the dripping pane without a human face. It was wild, ghastly, pale as the dead. Masses of drenched hair swept about it like a cloud. With distended eyes it stared for a moment into the keeping-room of the Gray Gull, as a lost soul might gaze into a forfeited Paradise. Then it vanished, and only the loose shutter slammed in the wind.

With a scream Susannah sprang from her chair. She rushed to the window and flung it open.

"Pearl, Pearl!" she cried—"is it you, Pearl?"

No voice answered; no human thing was in sight. Andy snatched an old dreadnaught from a peg, opened the inn door, and dashed out into the darkness.

The wind blew and the rain beat, and Susannah, trembling in every limb, hugged her baby to her breast and waited. An hour passed, and then Andy came back, haggard, drenched to the skin, and—alone.

"There's not a living thing to be seen anywhere," he said. "I've been all about the town. It was either her ghost, Susannah, or she is hiding somewhere in the darkness."

They put a lighted candle in the window, piled the driftwood high on the fire, and sat down to watch the night out.

Hour after hour went by. The storm increased steadily till midnight, then began to die away. In the gray dawn of the morning, just as the east was turning red, Andy Hull opened the inn door, and found prone against its threshold the figure of a woman, lying in a drenched, motionless heap. He lifted her up and carried her into the keeping-room.

She was dressed in some rich foreign stuff, with a mantle of gray cloth flung around her shoulders. Her fair

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

hair swept long and wet about her face—the face itself was wan with remorse and sorrow, but its marvelous loveliness seemed to have suffered little change.

"Oh, Pearl, Pearl!" sobbed Susannah; "have you come back to us at last?"

Andy placed her on the old settle. They bent over her. No breath warmed the colorless lips, the lashes lay heavily on her thin, white cheeks. She had been stiff and cold for hours.

Husband and wife looked at each other in silence. It was too late now to unravel the mystery of that short, sad life—too late to offer forgiveness and pity—for there, under the eyes of the man she had deceived and forsaken, in the home she had once made desolate, blown thither by some great tempest of anguish and despair, lay Pearl Goelet, dead!

## THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

The great captain of his age, of cultivated mind and democratic tendencies; who had coped with the aristocratic element and repressed it as manfully as he had borne the glory of Roman arms to Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Germany, was in the zenith of his power. A senate devoted to his will had ordered his statue to be borne in processions with those of the gods, when the rumor that he intended to revive the kingly name, which the Romans had long before rejected, aroused the hopes of the nobles. It was at this juncture that the conspiracy was formed which resulted in his assassination. We cannot do better than to use the language of Froude in describing this mighty tragedy, which shocked the world, yet disappointed in its results both the friends and enemies of the great soldier; for the death of Cæsar neither assured the continuance of the Republic nor restored the power of the nobles.

Froude thus describes the preliminaries of the catastrophe, and the momentous event itself: "An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the Ides (the 15th) of the month (March). The Pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on the question of the Kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The Senate-house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be dispatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of their exploit. Some of them liked Antony. None of them supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone.

THE WITCH'S WARNING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 486.

"In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like. Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing of Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretense of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theatre, to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "Last Supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one."

When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical Palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

"The house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom he trusted—the coincidence is striking!—was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew that Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed.

"It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness, and rose to go. As he crossed the hall his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the Empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his 'contempt of religion.'

"Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar, and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made Governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and, seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word.

"Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him!"

The assassination occurred on the 15th of March, 44 B.C.

## THE WITCH'S WARNING.

> "LADIES who stand by the tomb of your sire,
> Where his marble hands are raised in prayer,
> Remember each pulse of your heart brings you nigher
> To the cheerless grave, tho' ye're now so fair.
>
> "For life is a pebble that's flung in the tide,
> Which ruffles a while the clear face of the main;
> In an instant the eddying circles subside,
> And the bright vault of heaven is mirrored again."
>
> Thus spake an old crone in the chapel's dim gloom
> To the daughters of Warwick, the proudest of earls;
> They shone like to rosebuds in beauty and bloom,
> The dew on their hair made of diamonds and pearls.
>
> But ere the year died, they had passed like a dream
> From this glorious world of sunshine and love—
> Like bubbles that float for a while on the stream,
> Then burst into air, and vanish above.

## THE LOST RING.

"I'VE got something for you, darling."

"For me, Ned?"

"Yes. What do you think it is?"

"Well, let me see—perhaps it's a cook-stove. You were saying this morning that you wanted me to learn to cook."

"Yes, but I didn't say that I should furnish the stove."

"What is it? I'm not a bit good at guessing."

Ned Frelinghuysen took a little morocco case from his pocket, pressed the spring, and, as the cover flew up, there was revealed a pearl solitaire, resting in its purple satin bed.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Laura Barrett, Ned's *fiancée*, as she put the ring on her white forefinger. "It fits me exactly. Thank you, Ned; I wanted a pearl ring. How did you come to think of it?"

Ned took the dimpled hand, and kissed it and petted it.

"Why, I saw this pearl at Reed's," he said, "and it was so perfect that I bought it; besides, I always wanted to give you a pearl. Now, promise me one thing, dear."

"A thousand, if you ask me!"

"No, not so many. Promise me that you will always wear my little pearl, whatever happens."

"Why, Ned, of course I shall always wear it. What do you mean? What can happen?"

"The future is a closed book, dear Laura; not one of its pages may we turn. Promise me."

"Of course I'll promise, if you say so."

"Now kiss the pearl, Laura."

The pretty lips were pressed obediently to the dainty jewel.

Then Ned snatched the hand and kissed the kiss away. "Signed and sealed," he said.

A few weeks later, Laura's brother said:

"What does make you flirt so outrageously? If I was Ned, I wouldn't stand it."

"But you'd have to stand it, brother," said the young lady, her face flashing and sparkling as she spoke. "What would you do, now, s'posin' I wasn't your sister, and you were engaged to me, and I flirted des—no, outrageously, that was the word—what would you do? Tell me. It would be such fun!"

"Laura, if you'd be serious for five minutes, I'd like to tell you several things. A young woman isn't a kitten, and it's ridiculous for her to act like one all the time."

"Isn't she?" replied Laura. "Now, that's really news, my wise brother. Go on, if you can say something equally startling."

"Ned was here this afternoon," said Will Barrett, his face not relaxing from its gravity.

"Ned here! Where is he now?'

"Gone back to Boston. He only came out for a couple of hours, to see you especially. When I told him you were out with young Arnold, he seemed very much disappointed, and hurt, too, if I'm any judge."

"What did he want to see me especially for?" said Laura.

"He's going to Europe for the house; he came to tell you."

"Well, I can't help it, Will. He can't expect me to mope all the time because we're engaged. Mr. Arnold's horses are glorious. I couldn't resist a ride—and you know I'm so fond of riding."

"It seems to me that if you loved Ned as he deserves, you would have no trouble in resisting the horses when they are driven by Arnold. I wouldn't have a girl I was going to marry riding with him; and you shouldn't go with him if I had any control over you."

"There, Bluebeard, that will do for once. I'm sorry I didn't see Ned. Now don't be cross to your naughty little sister. I'll try to be good. You know I love Ned!" and Laura put two very bewitching arms round her brother's neck, and cuddled her cheek in his whiskers.

Will was brought to terms, as he always was by such treatment.

He kissed his sister, and smoothed her soft hair, and petted her as he knew she liked to be petted.

"You're a dear little girl," he said. "A dear, sweet little, motherless girl. If I'm stern with you, it's because I'm anxious for you. You're too heedless, darling. It isn't right for you to go with such men as Arnold; Ned has reason to be dissatisfied; and his love is too true and strong to be trifled with. Suppose you should lose it. I have known women to lose just such love, by just such carelessness."

Men haven't much tact. Will Barrett said too much when he spoke of Laura's losing her lover.

Fire flashed in the gray eyes where tears were ready to come, and she answered:

"Suppose Ned were to lose my love. I like Mr. Arnold very well, and he's rich, and could marry me to-morrow if he liked. It's tiresome to wait for your lover, too, when a girl has no home—only one boarding-house and another."

"Oh, Laura, Laura! I wish Ned could marry you before he goes away."

"I'll look out for myself," said the girl, hastily. "I needn't go begging for a husband."

Laura went to Boston to see her lover off, to visit her aunt Barrett, and shop.

Ned tried to talk seriously with his little prospective wife, but he had poor success.

"Promise me," he said, "not to go out with anybody but your aunt and Will while I'm gone. It'll only be three months."

"Why don't you get a coffin and request me to stay in it? No, I won't promise any such thing. You'd better conspire with Will and put me in a convent. If you do, I warn you I'll flirt with the confessor!"

"But Mr. Arnold," said Ned; "you'll leave him off your list of friends?"

"I don't know that I shall," Laura replied, with a pretty pout.

Ned was vexed—so vexed that he forgot himself, or he never would have said what he did next.

"Your brother warned me against Arnold, and there must be something wrong, or he wouldn't take the matter up."

"Wrong or right, I shall do as I please! Now don't let's quarrel any more."

And, as Ned had but an hour to stay, he was glad to let the naughty little darling have her own way, for the sake of the farewell kisses, that he couldn't go without. Nevertheless, he went away dissatisfied. Laura wouldn't promise as he wished—when he was going away, too! Could it be that she cared at all for Arnold—was he even tolerable to her? He had known girls to like just such men—good girls too. Then the fellow was rich, very rich. Ned got so far, then pulled himself up suddenly. He was doubting his darling. Wasn't she his promised wife, and couldn't he trust her?

Laura received letters regularly for a few weeks, and then she heard not a word. Will communicated with the firm for which Ned was acting. He found the business was being attended, and that communications were received. He also learned that Ned had made arrangements for an extended tour on the Continent, instead of returning as he had expected.

Still no word to Laura. The girl fretted in secret, but outwardly she was brave. She would allow no word to be written by Will—who, indeed, had little disposition to look after the recreant lover.

Mr. Arnold had poor success now. If Ned could have inspected Laura's actions, he would have been quite satisfied; of her own accord, she lived quite as much a recluse as he could desire.

So the months went on—one, two, three, four, five, six. Oh, how long and weary they seemed to the young girl, who still waited, believing, in spite of all circumstances to the contrary, that something must at last explain her lover's absence and silence.

"Where is your pearl ring, Laura?" said Will, one day, when the two were sitting on the shady piazza at a certain hotel near the seashore, the season being July.

"My pearl ring? Why, didn't you know I sent it to Reed's to have the pearl reset, and that the clerk lost my address, and, knowing Will's, sent it to him after it was finished? He had gone to Europe, which fact, of course, the clerk was ignorant of; and when I sent to inquire after the package, no one had seen it. I fancied a servant received it and kept it."

After a few moments of silence, Will said:

"Sis, I have a clew."

"What, Will?"

"That ring was forwarded to Ned, and he assumed, on receiving it, that you wished your engagement broken."

"Oh, Will, how could he?"

"You know, dear, that he was a little jealous of two or three of your friends. He told me when he went away

about a promise that he tried to induce you to give him, and that you refused. I saw then that he was leaving home dissatisfied and almost miserable about you."

"I see it all," said Laura. "You told me once I might lose him by my heedlessness. But first, Will, go to Reed's and see if they know anything about the ring."

Accordingly, Will went to the jeweler's, and upon inquiry it was found that the pearl had been returned from Ned's lodgings, and sent after him, another clerk receiving it, who knew nothing about its ownership.

"Now, what shall I do, Will?" said Laura.

"Write to Ned as soon as you get his address from his father, for he must know where he is."

So a letter was sent under cover to Frelinghuysen, *père*, to be forwarded to Ned, wherever he might be. Then Laura waited again. But now her heart revived, as a flower that has been beaten down by too much rain, when the sun shines on it.

"I believe I shall hear from Ned soon—maybe today," she said, about two months after the sending of her letter. "I dreamt about the dear boy last night."

"Did you? What did you dream?"

"Why, I thought he came in and handed me the pearl, and went out again without saying a word. His face was full of reproach, but I was so glad to see him that I didn't mind that. I thought I could explain it all, now that he was home."

"It isn't often dreams are so soon fulfilled," said Will, a few days later. "I believe this is the ring."

And he handed his sister a package with a foreign postmark. It was indeed the ring, and these words:

"I send you back the pearl. You promised me to wear it always. I exact the promise, though I absolve you from all other promises. It is right that you should be reminded that you have broken a heart."

"And where has it been all this time?" said Laura, laughing and crying.

"Don't ask me," said Will.

"I'll send another letter, to make sure," said Laura.

"All right," replied Will.

Laura waited again. But she had not long to wait.

It was August, and she had loitered the whole morning on the beach. Among the rocks, with one for an armchair and one for a footstool, she had watched the great, green, white-crested breakers, and dreamed of him who was far beyond them. When would he come? When could she make atonement for the wrong that she and Fate had done him?

Suddenly she heard a footstep. She looked up, and there stood Will. She knew at once that something was wrong.

"What is it, Will?" she said. "Do tell me! Is it anything about Ned? I can bear it, only tell me."

Will put a newspaper into her hand, and she read:

"Died, at St. Petersburg, July 10th, Edmund Frelinghuysen, of Boston."

Then the brother took his stricken sister in his arms, and lifted her to the sand, and they two went slowly to the hotel.

The next morning they went to ——, the only home they had, it being Will's place of business.

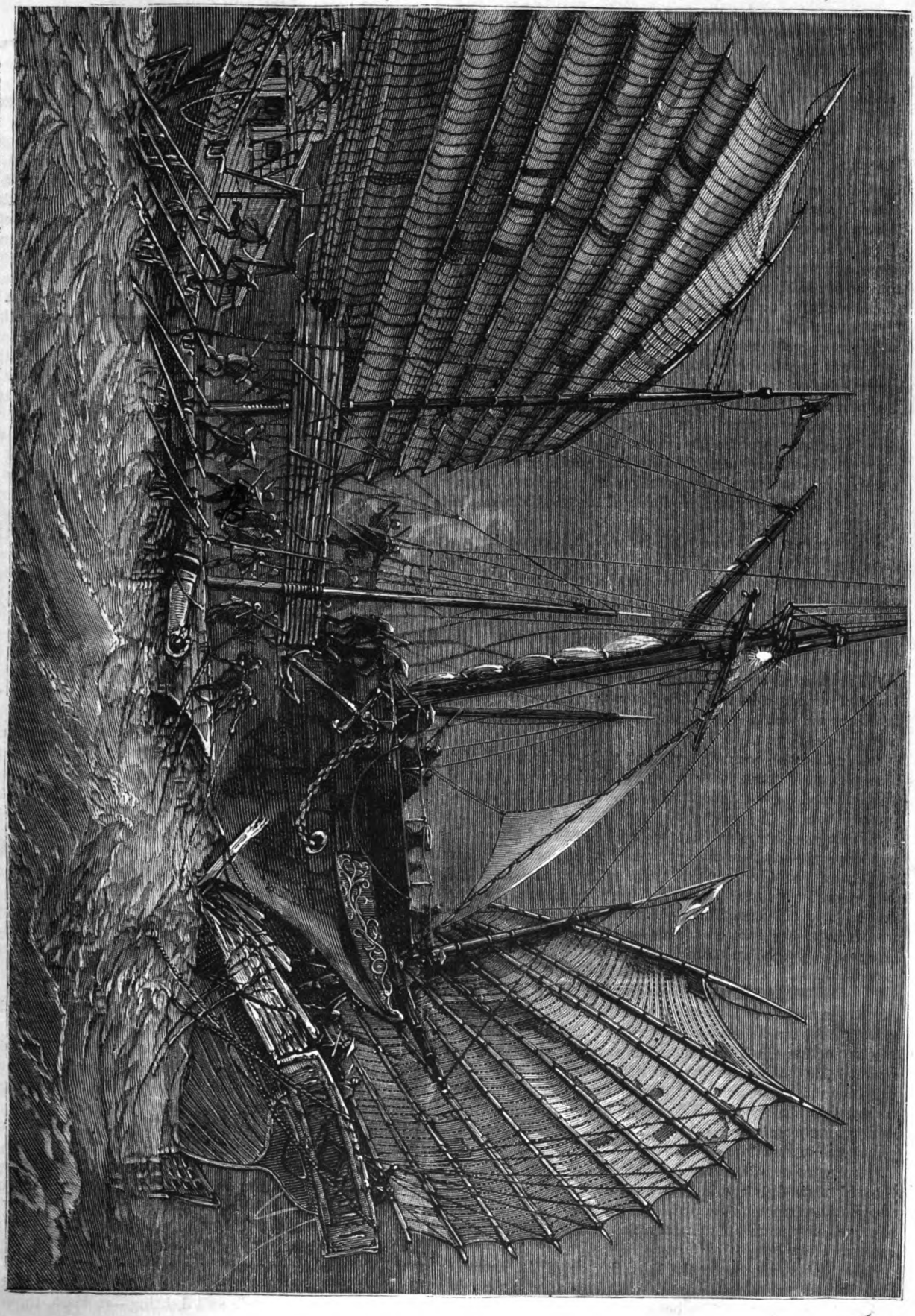
September, and Will in his store, and Laura in his little office, waiting for him to go home with her to tea. He has put on his hat, and is attending to a last customer. A familiar form stands suddenly before him.

"Will, what's that weed on your hat for? Is Laura——"

"That weed's for you," said Will, whose nerves were steadied by the dead man's natural address. "You died in St. Petersburg. What are you here for?"

"That was my cousin, poor Ned—as good a fellow as ever breathed. Where's Laura?"

THE LOST RING.—"NED TOOK THE DIMPLED HAND AND KISSED IT."



CAPTURED BY PIRATES.—"THE RASCALS CAME OVER THE SIDES LIKE ANTS, CUTTING AT US WITH THEIR SHARP KNIVES AND HATCHETS, AND YELLING LIKE MAD."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

They went into the little office together; and the late customer is fond of saying to his friends that he "never heard just such a scream as that lady did give. It was joy and fright and surprise all mixed up, you see—enough to make a feller wish he was in that feller's place."

## CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

THE following tale of the capture of the steamer *Favorita* by Chinese pirates, some years ago, was related to me by the sole survivor of the ill-fated crew that manned that vessel on her last cruise.

I was lounging on the forward deck one afternoon, and happened to catch sight of a peculiar-looking scar on the arm of old Ned, the mate. My curiosity being of the true Yankee nature, I questioned him concerning it, and elicited the following tale, which I made a note of at the time, and now give to you out of my journal:

"We were running on the inland trade route, had made several lucky trips, and that was to be the last one of the season. The old man (captain) was noted for getting speed out of vessels, and was a great favorite with the owners of the line, 'cause he always managed to be on time and never had any accidents. He was called lucky; and when a man got that sort of a reputation in them days, he was sure to find good pay and a choice of ships at the end of each trip.

"The men called him 'Old Skip Jack,' 'cause he was always a-driving ahead at full speed. He never spared men or fuel when money was to be made, and when she was a-reeling off the knots, and slinging things right and left, and trembling all over with the working of the engine, he'd go up on the bridge and rub his hands and grin, as if there was no pleasure like seeing her go.

"This was all very well in its way; but he had a bad habit of running down all the junks that happened to get in his way; which got him into trouble at last, as I'm a-going to tell you.

"The Chinese coasters soon got to know him, and give him plenty of room when they'd see him a-coming; for they knowed he wouldn't alter his course a pint for all the junks afloat.

"Before leaving, the old man had been told to keep his weather-eye open, as the pirates was beginning to get mighty bold on the coast just then, and several vessels had disappeared mysteriously which hadn't been heard from no more. The old man laughed, and said he guessed they wouldn't bother him much so long as his boat kept her legs; and thought no more of it.

"Now, just then the trade-winds had set in, and the junks was leaving Hong Kong in shoals, loaded for the Singapore trade; and they stood so thick outside, that it was nothing but turning and twisting about all the morning to get through them; which made the old man awful mad, for he darsn't run 'em down so long as Victoria Peak was in sight, on account of the marine courts. But when we got into blue water, we didn't dodge no more, but, as I said before, went over or through them, just as they happened to lay ahead of us.

"Now, we considered it nothing less than murder, but the old man didn't mind, so long as they didn't get the wreck mixed up with the propeller; and at last told us not to report any more sails ahead unless they were European vessels.

"Just at sundown on the third day out, Bill Simmons and me had the fo'castle watch, and he comes over from the port-side, where he'd a-been staring to windward, and says he to me:

"'Ned, do you see them six junks up to windward, in a row, just north of the brig?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Well, you may bet on it,' says he, 'they're up to mischief. I never yet see 'em hugging each other so close but what I know something wrong is going on.'

"Now, Bill was a good sailor man, and what he didn't know about the China trade wasn't worth knowing. So, says I:

"'Hadn't we better tell the old man?'

"'But,' says he, 'it won't do no good, for he won't believe me, although I know those chaps mean something wicked before morning. That's the way they acted before the *Robbin* was lost last year, and I know she was caught by pirates, although we never heard of her no more.'

"At eight-bells we neared the islands, and stood in for the Straits with those six dead ahead. I wanted to let the first-officer know, for I see Bill was uneasy, but he said it would be time enough when we got nearer. We were then about two miles from 'em, and I noticed they was getting right in our way, although I couldn't see how they got along so fast, as there was but little wind. They was single-file, and didn't seem to notice us a bit, keeping right on, until I seed we couldn't help running 'em down, as they seemed to have stopped moving.

"All of a sudden Bill takes me by the arm, and says:

"'Ned, they're pirates, and ain't a-going to get out of our way!'

"With that I jumps aft and tells Mr. Dicks, the third officer; but when we got back it was too late for him to do anything, for we was almost onto them. Their decks were crammed with men ready to board, and they had sweeps out on the leeward-side to get them across our bow.

"'They re going to board us!' yelled Bill.

"'Let 'em board!' says Mr. Ricks. 'We'll run 'em down!'

"'Can't do it,' says Bill; 'they are lashed together with hawsers and we can't get through.'

"He hadn't more than said it before we struck 'em right in the centre of their line with a crash, and fetched up as if agin a rock. Three of their junks folded back on each side of us like a bit of kelp.

"Why didn't we give an alarm? Why, we did strike the bell, but bless you, it all happened so sudden like, that there weren't time to do nothing.

"We made a dash aft; but the rascals came over the sides like ants, cutting at us with their sharp knives and hatchets, and yelling like mad. Mr. Dicks was knocked down and knifed, and Bill was tripped up, with a dozen onto him at once. I didn't stop to see nothing, but made for the cabin just as the old man was coming out, half-dressed, with a revolver in each hand.

"'Back, for your life!' yells I. 'We're boarded by pirates!'

"We jumped in and shut the door, when a dozen rushed against it and burst it in. The old man commenced firing, and shot five of them, when they got out of range, and we shut the door again as well as we could.

"They seemed to leave us then, thinking us safe until they could come back to finish us.

"I grabbed up a cutlass and revolver—for I knowed we stood no chance against so many—and made up my mind to kill myself before being taken alive; for they tortures you if you have any life in you, and they thinks you have money somewhere.

"We heard 'em tramping around and yelling all over the ship, and now and then a shot let us know that our boys, poor fellows! were still fighting—at least, those that were able.

"'Bosen,' says the old man to me, 'we might as well go and die out there with the men. We'll be killed anyway.'

"'All right, sir,' says I; 'I'm with you, captain.'

"'We'll open the door and make a rush for the engine-room; they seem to be fighting there still,' says he; and with that we throwed open the door.

"The villains had gone down below mostly, so we didn't have much trouble in getting to the engine-room; but around the door there was a crowd of 'em trying to get into the fight inside, so we dodged around the deck-house and went in the other way.

"Well, sir, I've seen a good many hard sights in my time, but I never expected to see such an awful one as I did then. The room was half-full of smoke, but I could, at the further end, see three of our men, surrounded by a crowd of Lascars and Chinamen, fighting like tigers. They were the first and second officers and one of the mates.

"They had cleared a space in front of them, and, with their backs to the boards, were dying bravely. A pile of bodies in front of them showed how dangerous they'd been.

"In the doorway lay three of the firemen, with rakes and shovels in their hands, just as they came from below, and had been murdered before they could get out. Under the feet of the crowd lay two sailors who had come in on the first alarm, thinking it the safest place.

"I turned to the old man, and, as he gave the signal, we dashed into the crowd, shooting right and left among the pagans, and fought our way to where the engineer was.

"Our sudden attack surprised them, so that we had a breathing-space before they commenced to finish their bloody work again. The engineer was almost cut to pieces, and fell just as we reached him.

"The crowd seemed to be waiting for some one, when a big, fierce-looking chap broke through the mob and seemed to direct them. He carried a dripping creese in one hand and a knife in the other.

"With a few words to his followers, he gave a signal and closed, picking out the old man himself. The fight was fierce and bloody, for we fought like devils; but it couldn't last long with such odds against us.

"In the midst of the struggle I heard a yell, and looking over my shoulder, saw the skipper give their leader a cut on his shoulder.

"It seemed to madden him; for, drawing back, he grappled one of his own men, and, lifting him up, threw him onto the skipper, and before he could recover, had passed his knife into him a dozen times.

"The old man fell, and knocked me over, so that I fell under, and lay unconscious with the blow. How long I lay there, I don't know; but when I came to the engine had stopped, and everything was quiet.

"I crawled out from under the bodies, and found I wasn't much hurt, so I determined to make my escape if possible.

"Stealing out on deck, I could see we were anchored near one of the islands, with the junks alongside.

"The pirates were on shore among the rocks, where they had built a fire, and were dancing and carousing over the big haul they had made.

"It wasn't no place for me there on that ship, I knowed, so went aft, intending to get down to one of the boats and ashore; but, just as I passed the cabin, I saw a big chap standing guard at the door. I tried to draw back, thinking he didn't see me; but he did, and came right for me, and we grappled.

"It were a hard fight. I got him down near one of the ports, intending to get him through; but he tripped me up, and we both went overboard together.

"Striking the water together, we both went at it again, and, in trying to get my arm round his neck to choke him, he fastened his teeth in my arm just here, and fetched away a whole mouthful, and that's the way I came by the scar. It came nigh disabling me, but I managed to reach the shore, and hid myself among the bushes.

"At daylight the villainous crew went to work plundering the steamer, and by evening had everything out of her that was of any use to them. That night they set her on fire, and sailed away in their junks.

"The steamer burned until morning, when a Danish brig, seeing the blaze the night before, came to see what the matter was, and took me off.

"On reaching port we notified the authorities, and soon after two of the pirates' junks were chased and blown out of the water by the guns of a British man-of-war that happened to be in them waters at that time."

Four bells having struck, I thanked Ned for his yarn, and went aft and turned in, wondering if we should be caught (as Ned had been) before morning.

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# OLD ELSPA.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Author of "The Manchester Man," Etc.

I WAS alone in the world—or I thought I was, which amounted to pretty much the same in its mental and moral effects. My mother died when I was so young that I had only a shadowy remembrance of a pale face, and a long, last clasp to her loving heart.

I had been my father's pet and darling, and now he was dead too, and his will had consigned me, just like a bale of goods, to the care and guardianship of his brother, a doctor, whose home lay amongst the picturesque mountains of Cumberland.

I was "too impulsive," said the will, and would "throw myself and my money away before I knew the value of either, if I had no one to take care of me; and so, when my poor father died in the south of France, where we had gone to Winter, Uncle Ritson, who came barely in time to lay him in his foreign grave, carried me off at once to his house on the bleak hill-side, gave me a kiss as he lifted me out of the stuffy vehicle which had conveyed us from the station, presented me to my aunt and cousins with a "Well, here's Adela!" and told me to consider myself "at home."

It was the beginning of January, intensely cold. The sudden change from a warmer climate had sensibly affected me; I was chilled under all my furs, and perhaps more chilled by the restraining influence of my father's will, having pondered the "too impulsive" all through the journey.

Certainly I was not "too impulsive" on my entrance to my new "home."

Aunt and cousins had met me on the threshold with warm welcomes, pressed me to remove my wraps and to make me comfortable. There was a huge fire blazing on the hearth, a tea-table piled with north-country luxuries, and all that should have made me feel at home; but something was wanting, and, instead of responding to their greetings in my own natural fashion, I dropped into a seat, after the first glance around, and covering my face with my

hands, burst into tears. I have small, thin, quick ears. I overheard Aunt Ritson whisper to Bella and Winifred, as she drew them back:

"Hush! It's but natural, poor barnie! Leave your cousin alone, lasses—she will come to herself all the sooner."

And I did come to myself; but, whether my tears had fallen frostily on their hot hearth, or we travelers had brought a chill in with us, or my own manner did not invite effusion, a certain air of restraint seemed to grow upon us, and, when I was shown to the room set apart for me and left to myself, I flung myself upon my bed, and sobbed in passionate grief for my dead father, declaring that I was alone in the world—utterly alone.

And this feeling grew upon me. Looking back, I am conscious that it was much my own fault, that I had not responded with sufficient warmth and gratitude to the relatives who had made room in their household for one whom they had not seen since she was a baby, and had met with open arms and hearts.

They had heard that I was gushing and exuberant, a creature of impulse, and, finding me reserved and languid, concluded that I, accustomed to elegance and luxury, could not brook the homeliness and retirement of my new life. I was rich, and they were not. They mistook my morbid melancholy for pride, and ceased to press their society or attentions on me, lest I should attribute to them mercenary motives.

I see it all now, but then I was blind. I had another grief at my heart besides sorrow for my dead parent, and I fear whenever my thoughts flew to that lonely grave among the Pyrenees, I questioned the policy which had isolated me from the world—the world in which my hero lived and moved—and prisoned my free soul amongst these unresponsive walls of stone.

In this rhapsody I did not apostrophize alone the four walls of the solid stone house that, set against the mountain-side, with a background of pine, larch, and mountain-ash, looked so cold and gray, staring with its many lidless eyes from its rocky perch above the struggling lake-village, on the steep, unguarded roadway in front, and the narrow strips of garden ground stretching like green arms on either side.

OLD ELSPA.—"I WAS OFF AND AWAY UP THE BREEZY HILLSIDES TO THE MARGIN OF THE LAKE—MY ONLY COMPANION MY FAITHFUL DOG."

No—I held converse with the mountains. They were to me the barriers between love and life and happiness, but it was only on their solitary heights I felt free to give the feeling utterance. The thrifty household ways of my aunt and cousins, which kept them ever busy, were strange to me. My dainty fingers had no acquaintance with rolling-pin or paste-board. It was not I who kept so bright the mirror in which I saw my own beauty, ay, and my own unhappiness, reflected. I was supposed to be mourning, and, with mistaken delicacy, was left to do—nothing.

Had Uncle Ritson known it, or how I spent my time, he would have shaken me up like a bottle of physic, and I should have been the better for it. But, whether on foot or horseback, or in his ancient gig, he was off in a morning, and frequently was absent all the day. His patients were scattered, and his rounds extended.

I, having no occupation for hands or energies, feeling myself

something apart from the rest, was off and away up the breezy hillsides to the lonely margin of the lake, or into the most secluded glens, my only companion my faithful dog; and there, where there was only the wind to answer me, I poured forth all the pent-up feelings of my heart; and oft my gusts of passion found utterance in song. At times I took a pencil and sketch-book with me in these wanderings, but there was ever one figure in the foreground of the most picturesque scene, and often enough the figure was there alone, the adjuncts all forgotten.

At first Bella or Winnie had borne me company, but I think they saw my longing to be alone; and I had my way, not without many cautions from my aunt.

What were perils to me, chafing against the restraint of my father's will, crying from the depths of my inmost heart for the banished love who would never find me in those solitudes, and longing for wings to traverse land and sea until I found my home on his faithful bosom?

OLD ELSPA.—"SHARP WERE HER WORDS, SHARP AS MY NEED."

Lost in abstractions, all danger was forgotten, and I had paid the penalty but for a guardian angel little dreamed of.

My first peril was from the mountain mist, which came down and around me with bewildering suddenness, blotting out the landscape far and near.

Still, I thought I knew my way, and was stepping onward, though with caution, when my dress was clutched from behind, as I fancied by some bush. Turning to disentangle it, I was confronted with what seemed an awful apparition looming through the misty vail, and, with a suppressed cry, I stood still in affright.

I saw a woman's form, bent with age, a face intersected with lines and wrinkles like a map, from which nose and chin stood out like mountain-peaks, and the sunken eyes gleamed like the fiery depths of two volcanic craters.

"Stop, my leddy!" she cried, "the gates of death are open before ye! Tak' my hand, and let me lead you; and thank God that Elspa was near you in your peril."

I had heard of Elspa as a woman who dealt in herbs and simples, but I had heard of her as one with an uncanny reputation. She was spoken of as "the wise woman," but the words were uttered as if they meant "witch."

I confess I was half afraid to accept her guidance, but she stamped her foot, and by gesture strong as words, gave me to understand that I had been walking toward a precipice, and three steps further would have borne me to destruction.

What landmark she had I know not, but I think she seemed to feel her way with her feet. At all events, after about an hour's cautious stepping, we stood below the mist, the blue lake gleaming like a mirror still further down, and my uncle's house within sight. Conscious of the service she had rendered, I did not confine my thanks to words, but was liberal with my coin.

As she took "the siller," she scanned my face curiously, then seized my hand and peered into it closely, whilst a sort of creepy sensation stole over me.

"Once, twice, thrice! Three perils, my bonnie leddy. One is past. The ithers lie before. Perils of your ain seeking. The gates of death stand in the path of your true love. Open them not with rash or heedless hands before the year be out, or love may mourn for love that couldna bide. The air of mountain and of lake is na gude for ye, bairn. Keep mair at hame, and dinna be misdoubtin'. There's a gude God above a'! One danger is overpast. Tak' heed ye seek not the ithers; and dinna scoff at old Elspa's words."

The old woman trotted off, with her basket on her arm, a rusty black bonnet on her head, garments poor but clean, and only a small check woolen handkerchief to protect her from the chilly mountain mists.

I had scarcely decided whether to laugh at her maunderings, or to yield to the superstitious feeling she had awakened, when I opened the house door, to find all within in a state of excitement.

It was long past our dinner-hour, and my absence had alarmed them. Of course I explained the cause of my delay, and it was only by Aunt Ritson's agitation that I fully comprehended the danger I had escaped. I think her motherly concern made me more communicative than usual.

We were still speaking of Elspa when my uncle came in.

"Ah!" said he, as Winnie helped him off with his overcoat—"ah, my dear, you might thank your stars Elspa was on the mountain-side. I dare say she had followed you. The old Scotchwoman is shrewd and far-seeing; she has turned her eighty years' experience to account, has a good practical knowledge of common ailments and curative simples. I should lose my own credit, or I might do worse than take her for an assistant;" and he laughed. "Then she can read character with any physiognomist in the world, and the silly folk think her prophetic, when she is only clear-eyed."

I think uncle was using an invisible probe. I know I colored, and he laughed again, but said nothing more—nor did I.

The excitement had not all been on my account. Bella had received an invitation to spend some months with a newly-married friend in London, and good-natured Winnie was in high glee. Even aunt acknowledged it was "a chance not to be missed, if possible;" and I saw her glance furtively in Uncle Ritson's face, which I fancied was graver than usual. Still, possibilities were never discussed in my presence.

It was not until I had retired to my own pretty room for the night, that I overheard the sisters discussing the problem, unmindful of the thin partition between the head of my bed and theirs.

I found that money—or its scarcity—stood in the way, and heard the chances of the matrimonial market calculated with a balance greatly in favor of London.

Money! How I hated the word! I would have given every shilling I possessed to be assured that Edgar Neville was true to me, and would seek me out when the period of probation prescribed by my father was gone by. But where could he seek for me? Correspondence had been forbidden. He knew not my address, and my father had withheld Edgar's from me. Ah, how he repented before he died! How glad he would have then been to leave me in those strong, protective arms!

I soon bridged the monetary difficulty over, in spite of uncle's opposition, and I think showed something of my old self in the spirit with which I entered into the needful preparations for Miss Ritson's launch on the sea of London society, little thinking what might be its import to myself.

It was May when she went. I had suggested that she should lighten her mourning, being about to visit a bride—a hint she seemed glad to take, for her pretty lavender bonnet set off her face much better than her heavy crape.

She kissed me very heartily before she got into the gig beside her father, to be driven to the station, to which her boxes had already been dispatched, and I felt more satisfied with myself than I had done since I had crossed the Cumberland border.

Letters filled with the wonders she had seen and the places she had visited broke up the monotony of our lives. Then came one from Hastings, in which she told of her introduction to a Mr. Neville.

I think my pulse stopped as Winnie read out the name. I know aunt asked me if I was ill—if the heat was too much for me. But I drew myself together, said "nothing" was the matter, and tried to convince myself that the name was a common one.

Again and again we heard of this same Mr. Neville, and my heart began to be torn with doubts and suspicions, and a very demon of jealousy seemed to take possession of my breast. I felt assured that Bella was in love with him, and that he was the Edgar Neville of my adoration; all that she stated of his appearance and family were convincing.

At length a letter came, addressed in a manly hand to Uncle Ritson, with Edgar's well-known crest upon the seal. It was a proposal for my cousin's hand.

My head swam round, but I mustered courage to ask Mr. Neville's Christian name. He had merely signed J. E. Neville.

Ah, that was it, sure enough—John Edgar!

I had my back toward my uncle, standing in the doorway, as I asked. No one noticed how I staggered into the hall, or how I snatched my hat from the stand and darted up the mountain-side to cool my fevered brow and still my throbbing pulses.

How I went or where I went I could never remember; I have some recollection of falling as I bounded across a beck, of old Elspa's face bending over me, and then no more, until I found myself in my own snowy bed, with Winnie watching me, and an array of physic bottles on the window-seat.

Elspa had found me where I had fallen, half in, half out of, the stream. Unable to drag me thence, she had summoned help with a peculiar whistle she kept suspended to her girdle, the shrill note of which no shepherd dared to disobey.

It brought a couple of shepherds to the spot. My limbs were lifted out of the stream—she had already bathed my brow and plaistered up my temple—and then I was carried slowly down, to interrupt the answer Uncle Ritson was sending to Bella and Mr. Neville.

My fall and the immersion were accredited with the prolonged fever which almost baffled my good uncle's skill. If any one suspected otherwise it was old Elspa, but she was too "wise" to revert to the subject when she came to see me ere my convalescence.

Very slow was my recovery, retarded no doubt by the scraps Winnie read to me as *pleasant news* from her sister's letters. It was now "Eddie" this, or "Eddie" that; and as I shut my eyes and ground my teeth, the better to endure, I felt indignant that my noble-fronted Edgar should have a pet name like a baby. To me, he had the majesty of a monarch. How could she address him so?

I was down-stairs before the Christmas came, able and willing to assist my aunt in her multitudinous preparations, and tried to smile and look gratified during the Christmas merrymaking.

I had heard, but scarcely seemed to realize, that Bella

was to be married early in the new year, and that she and her husband would come to spend the honeymoon with us, and I was doing my best to nerve myself for the meeting.

The old year was closing in. Elspa—who else ?—came up to the house with a letter she had found lying in a by-road. It should have been delivered some days previously ; and it was supposed that the postman had taken more to drink than was good for him during the Christmas "cairdings," and dropped it by the way.

Goodness ! how that letter stunned me ! Bella was by that time married. She and her husband were to be with us on New Year's Day, and they would bring with them a New Year's gift for Cousin Adela, as a thank-offering for bringing them together. Their photographs were inclosed.

I saw only the one. Yes, it was Edgar's ! There was no mistake.

The house was at once in a bustle of preparation. Again I slipped out, to hide my agony and prepare myself for the coming trial.

Dreamily I went along. I saw nothing before me but that meeting on the morrow and the revelation it was sure to bring. My mind seemed a chaos, in which thought was lost.

All at once, I found myself on the reedy margin of the lake, as the silver circle of the moon was rising above the mountain-tops. And there I stood, looking on the dark waters, whilst something seemed to whisper me that *there* was peace ; that I need not meet the proud bride and my inconstant love unless I chose ; and I might hide my sorrows and my secret there, and none be the wiser.

My foot was on the brink. There was a step on the stones behind me. I turned ; and I think my half-formed purpose was visible in my face, as I once more confronted old Elspa, weird and witch-like in the moonlight, a warning finger held up.

Sharp were her words—sharp as my need. She bade me go down on my knees, and thank God that He had sent her to save me from my third peril—the peril of body and soul. What was I puling over ? What right had I to fling away the life that was given for the service of others ? How dared I tempt death, loving the creature more than the Creator ?

She had heard me raving to the winds when I thought myself alone, and had kept a watch upon me. And she bade me go back home, and pray to be forgiven, and to "trust the Lord to make His dark ways plain."

She took me by the hand, and led me back like a penitent child ; said to my aunt that she thought I was not well, and, by her leave, would watch me through the night. Something she gave me too, and I slept.

When I awoke, a chaise was at the gate ; and, before I could fasten my dress with my trembling fingers, Bella had burst in, radiant with happiness, and flung her arms around me.

"Come, Adela—make haste !" said she. "Edward is all impatience to see you, and show you our New Year's gift !"

"Edward !" I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, Edward ! Did you not know his name ?"

It was all a tangle. I followed her to the living-room below, where the great holly-bush was hanging, and there stood a stranger, who was introduced to me as James Edward Neville, my new cousin—and surely too, Edgar, my own Edgar ; for he held out his arms, and caught me as I was falling.

He had been best man at his cousin's wedding, and Bella had only seen him a few days previously. The postman must have lost another letter—one Edgar had sent to me. The photograph had been inclosed by mistake. The other would be in the lost letter.

Old Elspa kept my secret well. But I never forgot the lesson she had taught me ; and though Edgar carried me away from Cumberland as proud a wife as Bella, we took good care of old Elspa for the rest of her days.

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In China large quantities of oysters are dried instead of being eaten in the fresh state. For that purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water, and then removed at once, after which process they are exposed to the rays of the sun until entirely free from any moisture. In that state they will keep a length of time, and are said to preserve all the delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest bivalves, bred and fed on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are selected for preparation by that method.

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## THE IDYL OF THE VIOLET.

### I.—The Blooming.

Ere Winter's chill has died away,
And gentle Spring has come again,
Ere leaflets deck the barren spray
With beauty that has hidden lain—
Whilst still may fall the fleecy snow,
And make on earth an icy bed,
One little flower that dwelleth low
Is bold enough to raise its head.

It is of Spring the herald sweet,
The harbinger of calmer days;
Its azure eyes but ope to greet,
And bid adieu to, wintry ways.
It peeps from out its mossy nest,
And bids the sleeping buds to cheer;
For they shall soon awake from rest,
To kiss the Spring that draweth near.

The fays, who in the flow'rets dwell,
All hail with joy the peeping blue,
And o'er the violet cast a spell
That makes for aye the lover true.
The maid who first the flower shall find
Will gain of love an ample store;
The simple bud, thus charmed, will bind
A heart to hers for evermore.

### II.—Sibyl's Song.

I know that he is far away,
And that I cannot see him now;
But o'er the sea there comes to me
The echo of a plighted vow.
A voice is wafted from afar,
As soft the ocean zephyrs blow,
His accents dear I plainly hear
As they were spoken long ago.

Oh, I have waited, sad and lone,
Whilst two long years have journeyed by,
And no loved voice beside mine own
Has ever sooth'd the saddest sigh.
But now again shall sorrow flee,
And tender joy usurp its place;
For, oh, to-day the breezes say
My own love comes, and comes apace!

*Chorus of Fays.*

Love has wings, and o'er the sea
Home he brings a voice to thee;
Swift across the snowy main,
"I am coming, love, again!"

(*Continued on next page.*)

### III.—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

HASTE thee, Sibyl, pluck the flower
Ere thy Robin comes again;
Seek it in its verdant bower,
Let it hide itself in vain.
Swift through every dell and dingle,
Where it makes its mossy home—
Where the lea and brooklet mingle—
Haste thee, maiden, haste and roam!

For if thou dost not possess it,
Who can tell but others may?
Seek it now, O maid, unless it
Steal thy Robin's heart away!
He is fair, and many lasses
Lief would love him passing well;
Dally not, the time swift passes,
Seek it out in dale and dell!

### IV.—THE QUEST.

O'ER the smiling meadows
Trips a maiden fair;
Life has many shadows,
Falling everywhere.
But within her bosom
All is joy to-day,
For the magic blossom
Frightens Care away.
By the silver river
And the rippling brook,
Where the willows quiver,
Doth that maiden look.
Through the hardy bramble,
With its spiky thorn,
In her floral ramble
Is that maiden borne.
Over banks of mosses
Swift her glance is thrown,
Where the spring embosses
Jewels of its own!
But in vain her mission,
She must give it o'er;
Sad is her contrition
She'd not sought before.
Homeward she is wending,
Stealing is the tear,
When the unpretending
Flow'ret doth appear.
With a sigh of pleasure,
From a shelter'd nook,
That sweet floral treasure
Swift the maiden took.
"Ah! at last I've found it,
Joy indeed is mine:
May the spell around it
Two fond hearts entwine!"

### V.—THE FAY'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! farewell!
Our task is o'er;
Sweet maiden, rest in peace.
Thou hast the spell
That will insure
His love shall never cease.

Care not for smart
Of piercing thorn,
Tho' sharp and sore its pain,
A loving heart
To-day is borne
To thee across the main.

Farewell! farewell!
The flower is thine,
And sweet its charm to thee;
Its gentle spell
Shall e'er entwine
The heart across the sea.

EARLY in the fifteenth century, a band of Highland robbers, headed by one Macdonald of Rosse, having taken a cow from a poor woman, she vowed that she would wear no shoes till she had complained to the King. The savages, in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to the soles of her feet. When her wounds were healed, she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and showed her scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched an armed force to secure Macdonald, who was brought to Perth, along with twelve of his associates. The King caused them to be shod in the same manner, and, after they had been exhibited for three days, they were hung.

THE STORY OF LADY ALICE.—"HE SAW AGAIN THE SAME GRACEFUL, LITHE FIGURE, WITH ITS EVEN, RAPID WALK. THIS TIME HE HAD NO DOUBT OF ITS IDENTITY, AND, WITH A SICK, ANGRY FEELING AT HIS HEART, HE CAUTIOUSLY KEPT THE FIGURE IN VIEW."

# THE STORY OF LADY ALICE.

By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

SIZERH is an old, gray stone hall, standing in the midst of vast stretches of densely wooded park; behind it, rise hills plumed with pine and larch; before it, is a sweet old-fashioned garden, full of terraces and fountains, and smelling of all the scents of paradise.

In the hall are soft lights, fine furniture, rare pictures, and a family who have written themselves "noble" for hundreds of years. But there has been no enchantment in these things to keep out sorrow and disappointment, hatred and jealousy, tears and death.

The luck of the Sizerhs has been in land. In love they have never prospered since the sixteenth lord married beautiful Alice Singleton, and then drove her, by unmentionable cruelties, into the deep waters of Sizerh Lake for rest.

That was in the early part of this century. The joy-bells were ringing for some great victory of Nelson's when they brought in the dripping, drowned figure, and laid it down across the marble hearthstone of the great entrance-hall. Lord Thomas, coming in from the kennels, with his horsewhip in his hand, had found himself suddenly confronted with the still, white, upturned face, and been smitten with an appalling remorse.

The sight of his mother and sister, who had been the inciters and instruments of his cruelties, was intolerable; the rough temper of his race found relief in bitterly upbraiding his confederates, and in frantic cries of anguish over the insensible corpse.

The next day he had disappeared. That dumb, accusing face, his mother's jeers and sister's scorn, were beyond his defense or reply; public opinion was nothing in comparison with his own comfort. He left Alice to be buried by those who hated her, and plunged into the wildest excitements of metropolitan life.

He was the only son, and his mother's idol; her punishment followed hard on her sin. Not one word of recognition, not one word of courtesy, did he send her for two long years—long years of anxieties and fruitless longings.

Two years told upon her like twenty; her splendid beauty began to fail, her magnificent physique to feel weariness.

Vague reports of Alice's cruel treatment had gradually spread around the neighborhood, and the squires and gentry who were strong in their own position did not scruple to say bitter, scornful words respecting Sizerh. Even those families who could not afford to offend the lord of the manor rendered a courtesy in which the sensitive women readily detected dislike and disapproval.

Caroline Sizerh, in spite of her splendid beauty and desirable fortune, had no wooers. She saw no company, for no one asked her out, and Lady Sizerh was too proud and prudent to risk refusals to her invitations.

Thus the hall settled down into such a dreary, desponding monotony that the younger servants left, and Caroline, wandering about the lonely gardens and silent rooms, had full leisure to remember all her sin, and imagine what Sizerh might have been had they not interfered between her brother and his bride.

"Thomas did love her so passionately, and Alice was at first so willing and anxious to please us. She promised to take me to London with them, and she could make Tom do anything, at first. I do wonder why mother hated her so!"

This question, that was continually haunting her, she at length asked. It was a sight to see the still handsome old woman turn fiercely round, and say:

"Because I hated her mother!"

"Who was her mother?"

"Mary Bellingham, a sweet, simpering, deceitful *cat!* How I hate the whole tribe! I am a Gilpin, and the Gilpins and Sizerhs have hated the Bellinghams for generations. We shall hate each other for ever. I am glad there is a for ever to hate them in. Your father and I agreed upon this point, Caroline, though we quarreled upon every other. Where is John Bellingham?"

"He has not spoken to me since—since——"

"Since Alice Singleton drowned herself—little fool! I would give ten years of my life if Tom would come home. They treat us scornfully, because we are women; they would not dare to pass Sizerh of Sizerh without a courtesy. Your father was a brute, but I have wished him back again many a time these last two years."

"Mother, write to Tom, and ask him to come home."

"I write? I ask a favor of my own son? Never! never! He will come soon, now; I can wait."

"Do you think he will come soon?"

"I know it. Am I not my own head-steward? An empty purse will bring him home. He will come for gold, if not for love."

The old woman's words were a prophecy. That very night a letter arrived, announcing the Lord of Sizerh's return.

There was something almost fiendish in her triumph. She patted the letter, and nodded her head in no pleasant way.

"We shall see, now! We shall see, now!" she muttered, exultingly.

"What does Tom say, mother?"

"He is coming home—that is enough. For the rest, he says a great deal about beautifying Sizerh, and is bringing some Italians with him for the purpose. Anything but a wife! He may have as many painted and sculptured beauties as he likes; but I do not intend to be Dowager Lady Strickland—unless I choose my successor!"

"Italians coming here! That will be a fresh scandal—foreigners and heretics to earn the Sizerh money! The country-side will be indignant!"

"Let them! I am glad Tom is bringing them. I shall not ask the country-side who is to work for Sizerh. If I choose to invite the devil, or Napoleon, I shall do it, and turn Sizerh into a fort and defend them, if necessary."

Tom followed his letter in about a month, and with him came a small party of Italian workmen, and a famous artist called Sparti.

Tom was going to have wonderful chimney-pieces of carved wood, marble fountains, buffets, and the great hall was to be made a marvel of antique carving and fine painting. Sparti designed and superintended, and the little company of six men under him soon began to introduce a new element of grace and beauty into the old house.

The friendship between Lord Sizerh and Sparti, singular as it was, was very sincere; the rough nobleman thought the handsome, clever artist a wonder, and the slight Italian looked with an almost foolish admiration on the Englishman's skill in field sports, his great strength and physical endurance. Each valued the other for qualities exactly opposite to those which he possessed.

Sparti was of the most splendid type of Roman beauty, and the first glance from his wondrous eyes troubled Caroline's heart with their strange fascination. She began to dress elegantly, to call forth every charm, to flit through the rooms in which he was working, to meet him in the

dim, sweet garden-ways which his poetic soul loved and haunted. She grew wonderfully young and beautiful under his influence; she compelled the passionate nature of Sparti to a homage as wild and unreasonable as her own.

For it was unreasonable. Every sentiment of honor and friendship for his patron, every sentiment of fidelity to his compatriots, forbade the indulgence of his love. But Caroline had much of her mother's resolute will; she was determined that this man should love her as blindly and as madly as she loved him; and what could such an idolator of beauty deny to loveliness like Caroline Sizerh's?

He forgot everything—flung honor, friendship, success away, and counted the world well lost for this one fair woman.

On a night when nights are longest, and when her brother Tom had joined a two weeks' hunting-party, Caroline and her lover fled toward the Scotch border. In ten hours they were married, in another day they had reached Leith, and taken a ship for Liverpool. In Liverpool, Sparti easily found a vessel to an Italian port.

The impotent rage of old Lady Sizerh was a terror to her servants, and a shame and scandal for the whole village. Tom was speedily summoned. His anger was far beyond words; his friend and his sister had both deceived and betrayed him; his home was in a state of half-finished confusion; he had been made to spend money on works worse than useless, in an unfinished state.

It was a miserable house in which the half-frantic mother and sullen, revengeful son passed the night in mutual recriminations. The next morning Tom said:

"Mother, I have cleared the house of those fellows who came here with your artist son-in-law; now do what you like with the rubbish they have left—I am going away."

"Tom, you are a barbarian. Will you leave me here, in the midst of all this shame and sorrow, alone?"

"You should have looked better after your daughter. You watched poor Alice close enough—do you remember that?"

"Don't throw that up to me to-day, Tom."

"Don't speak to me at all. I am going away on important business. I really do not know when I shall come back; but when I do come back, mark my words, *Caroline will come back with me!*"

There was something in Tom Sizerh's face and manner that even his mother durst not question. In an hour afterward he came into her room, and touched her brow with his lips. She made no moan and said no word, but she understood that it might be a final farewell. She followed him to the door, and after he had mounted his horse said, in a low, trembling voice:

"What you do, do without warning. No Italian can be trusted."

He gave her a grim nod of intelligence, and rode away without further parley. Whatever purpose was before him, he settled steadily to it, and galloped through the village without turning his face to the right or the left, or answering any one's greeting.

As for the runaways, in the first glory and joy of their triumphant love, little did either Sparti or Caroline think of Sizerh, or any one there. Caroline knew very well what storms of passion would rage inside and outside its walls; but she had no fear as soon as the ocean was between her and her home.

"Tom never cared very much for me," she said. "He will curse me every hour for a day or two, send my picture into the lumber-room, and forbid any one to name me. Mother—she will scold Dixon twice as much as usual, and abuse me every hour of the day for two or three months. Why should I care? I have never been happy—I have never lived until now."

Perhaps Caroline was right in this. She had never known happiness before—never known what it was to be loved with all the passion and poetry of a great, enthusiastic soul—to bask in Italian sunshine and music, and live on fruits and wine, and delicacies and sweet words; to be absolute mistress of the four pretty rooms she called Home; to be wondered over and admired by all Sparti's friends; to be the proud, happy mother of a baby as lovely as a dream.

Sixteen months of such a life, and she had forgot that she ever lived before.

"I am twenty months old, beloved," she said one evening, as Sparti stooped with idolatrous admiration over her and his little Beatrice—"twenty months old, Sparti. I was born that night I met you in Sizerh dining-room, and your eyes said to my heart, 'Awake and love!' Ah, do not leave us to-night; the skies are dark and heavy—there will be a storm."

"Only for one hour, dearest. I have works of great value in my studio, and it is unlocked; the storm will not break before I come back to you."

But Sparti was mistaken; lightning, thunder and a perfect deluge of rain was upon the city ere it was possible for him to return; and Caroline knew she must wait patiently until the tempest had spent itself. Yet, when midnight came and no Sparti, she began to be uneasy; two o'clock, the clouds reveal a pale, watery moon, and the rain was over, yet no Sparti; daybreak, and still she was alone.

These long, lonely hours had filled her with dreary, superstitious fears; she could not keep Alice out of her mind; if she closed her eyes, she could not help seeing that pale, dripping figure that had once lain across Sizerh's hearthstone. Never had her petty slights and cruelties to the poor, childish bride seemed so shameful and so cruel.

With such dreary thoughts she sat just as the gray light of day dawned. She rose to open the lattice. No Sparti was visible; only a little group of men far up the street. She walked to her baby's cradle and kissed it; then to the window again, for it was impossible for her to be still. This time the group was much nearer—it came steadily on—it came to her house—mounted her stair—opened her door, and laid down upon the bed, with muttered prayers and condolences, a figure whose clothes were saturated with blood and rain. It was poor Sparti—dead for many hours—stabbed and left to die amid the tempest.

She knew, now, what her brother had suffered; she vaguely wondered if she could live through weeks of such suffering as he did. She was consumed by a dumb, dry grief, without voice or tears. Sparti's friends cared tenderly for their companion, and watched, with solemn sympathy, a grief whose passionate intensity could find no expression.

That night, as she walked up and down her room, with little Beatrice wailing in her arms, the door opened, and Tom Sizerh entered.

"Caroline," he said, sternly, "I am come to take you home!"

"I will not go with you—murderer!"

"There is a dead woman who could retort for me, madam; but that is neither here nor there. The carriage waits, our passports are ready, gold has made it impossible for you to disobey me. Put that child in its cradle and follow me."

"Without my child! I will kill it and myself first!"

And she darted to a drawer, and drew out a stiletto.

"I have no desire to increase my trouble in managing you; bring the brat with you. But, mind, I will be

delayed no longer—not five minutes. Put on your hat and cloak."

Tom moved to the door and made a sign. Instantly two dark, cruel-looking men walked forward.

"Conduct that lady and her child to the carriage below."

"Tom Sizerh! Brother Tom! For God's sake, don't let those men touch me! Let me carry my baby, and I will come!" He suffered her to take no last look at the dear, shrouded form in the inner room—to take no memento from the little *salon* in which she had reigned the brilliant, idolized wife of her husband's artistic circle.

"The Sizerh jewels you will bring, Caroline—they belong to the family. Nothing else."

In less than the five minutes allowed, she was riding very rapidly through the streets so linked with all her brightest hours. They were soon behind her for ever. What a wretched, dreary journey was before her! She could not weep, nor scold, nor pray, nor sleep. She seemed insensible either to her own wants or those of her child. She was upon the verge of insanity when she reached Sizerh. Her mother's mocking welcome filled her cup of grief to overflowing. She passed the first night of her return in a restless, rapid walking up and down the long corridor into which her room opened.

HOW CLAUDE BARLIN SURPRISED HIS FATHER.—SEE PAGE 503.

Early in the morning she sought her brother's room, and called him up. There was something in her voice that compelled even Tom Sizerh to obey. He rose, and, coming to the door, said:

"What is it, Caroline? Poor girl! I am not angry with you now. God knows it was easy to love the man you did."

"Don't you speak of him! How dare you? You ought to tremble and shudder to think of him! See, Tom, I am going mad—I know it! Do I speak sensibly yet—so you can understand me? Oh, yes; I must keep quiet until I tell you to take care of Beatrice for me. Tom! Tom! I am going mad! Don't let any one be cruel to Beatrice!"

"I swear I won't, Caroline! Poor girl, go to your bed; I will send at once for a doctor."

"But little Beatrice, Tom! Am I speaking as you understand?"

She reeled, put her hands to her head, and then ran shrieking through the house.

"Brain fever," the physicians said; heart fever would have been the truer definition. For long weeks Caroline Sparti lay in raving agony, or muttering stupor. Even Lady Sizerh was humbled before such suffering; she watched her incessantly; she made passionate promises for the poor girl's future. But the love and the promises were too late.

Caroline had inherited a magnificent constitution from generations of physically perfect men and women; but nothing could stand such a fierce and protracted mental conflict. Reason fled first; then it was a relief to know that life was but a question of a few days, more or less. Three months after her husband's murder, Caroline followed him into that eternal shadow which girds all our lives around.

The whole community was stirred. Much was known from the incoherent complainings of the dying woman, and more was suspected. Only the wild grief of Lady

Sizerh saved her from insult; Tom's great wealth and influence, and his known tenderness to Caroline's child, scarcely protected him from some popular outbreak of disapprobation.

But time covers all offenses—though it was little the fierce, proud old mistress, and the passionate Lord of Sizerh, cared for the world's opinion.

Beatrice became the idol of Sizerh now; Tom bowed low before it, and the child's wonderful beauty and intelligence was a source of great pride to old Lady Sizerh, who chose to imagine that she exactly resembled her own family. No pains and no expense were spared on her education and adornment; to her every harsh voice was gentle; for her pleasure the oldest household customs and prejudices were broken; from "grandmamma" and "Uncle Tom" Beatrice Sparti might ask and receive, not only the half, but the whole. of whatever kingdom they had.

Still there was an element of bitterness in Tom's adoring affection for this young girl—he was insanely jealous of her. Lovers he knew must come to Beatrice, but he would keep them off as long as possible; he knew that he should hate any man who stole from him any portion of the affection of his darling. But Beatrice seemed too gay and happy, too satisfied with life just as it was, too fond of him and Lady Sizerh, to be in any hurry to form a tenderer tie. That trouble, Tom thought, must be five or six years away yet—Beatrice was only seventeen.

QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"WE PADDLED OUT INTO DEEP WATER, AND HAD SOME VERY PRETTY SHOOTING, AS THE DUCKS AND TEAL KEPT FLYING OVERHEAD."— SEE PAGE 503.

It was just such thoughts as these he had in his head one night as he strolled down the grounds toward a portion of the park in which some changes had been proposed by the steward.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a figure like Beatrice's flitting rapidly along the deer-walk; but then he considered that was impossible. Beatrice had gone to the village to take tea with the rector's wife.

He stood still and thought, and while he stood, he saw again the same graceful, lithe figure, with its even, rapid walk.

This time he had no doubt of its identity, and, with a sick, trembling, angry feeling at his heart, he cautiously kept the figure in view.

The timber was so large and thick that it was easy to do this without revealing himself; but Beatrice had evidently no suspicion. She walked directly on, without turning her head, until she came to a little hut, which was used in moonlight nights as a shelter for the gamekeeper.

It was only a rude structure of round logs, bound together by a dense growth of ivy and a thatched roof. It had no door, and contained no furniture but a few rustic seats. By parting a few leaves, it was easy to see what was passing inside.

Tom did not scruple to thus satisfy himself. What he saw was Captain Philip Bellingham, and what he heard was Beatrice saying, amid passionate sobbing:

"Surely, Philip, you do not mean what you say? Not marry me! Why, that will utterly kill me!"

"My dear little girl—now, 'pon honor! You must not get into such passions. Italian blood, I suppose. But you see now, it really never would do! Have nothing but my pay; that couldn't support you, you lovely little extravagance!"

"Good God!" cried Beatrice, in a white heat of passion. "Do you mean to say that you have only been amusing yourself with me this Summer?"

"Very nice amusement, too, you charming little inconsistency. Of course I love you; but marriage, my dear, is a very different thing. Why, your uncle would kill me if I married you."

"He will most assuredly kill you if you do not! You will make Beatrice Sparti your wife, Captain Bellingham—or, by the heaven above us! you or I will leave this world—within the next hour! Here is my pencil, and a leaf from my pocketbook; now write just what I dictate."

"I am not your servant, my lord!"

"Yes, you are! Don't answer me, if you value your life! Beatrice, go home!"

Under ordinary circumstances, Beatrice rebelled against any command she did not approve of. But this was not the ordinary Uncle Tom—it was the Tom Sizerh who had driven Alice Singleton to suicide and Caroline Sparti to lunacy and death. In every man there is a *madman;* the madman in Tom Sizerh was now dominant. There was no disgrace in Philip Bellingham submitting to an invincible necessity.

Beatrice went flying home, terror-stricken; and Philip, taking the pencil and paper, said, in a sneering tone:

"You have a fit of insanity, my lord; I will write to humor you."

"I have a fit of justice; you will write to humor it. Go on, to my dictation:

"MY LORD SIZERH: I humbly, and with a profound sense of my unworthiness, ask of you the hand of your niece, Beatrice Sparti; and, as I am willing to take her without fortune, and must return to my regiment immediately, I request that the marriage may be celebrated at once, without any ceremony or formality. The long antagonism of our families will excuse to the public such omission. Respectfully, my lord,

"PHILIP JOHN BELLINGHAM."

"My lord," said Philip, "I write this under protest. I consider you, at present, simply as a lunatic, whom I must humor in order to save my life."

"And I consider you as a scoundrel, whom I am going to compel to do an honorable action for once in your life. You will please to accompany me to Sizerh Hall."

Philip's first impulse, at this order, was to draw his sword. Tom struck it from his hand as if it had been a willow wand.

"You are at my mercy, Bellingham; do not provoke me beyond endurance, if you would save your pitiful life."

Two men have seldom walked a mile under more irritating circumstances; but Tom seemed sunk in miserable thought until they reached the main entrance.

"Go first, Captain Bellingham," he said. "We shall finish this business in a very short time."

What passed between the two men no mortal ever knew; but Tom's arguments had the desired effect. There was a private wedding in Sizerh Church next morning, a weeping bride, a sullen bridegroom, and half-a-dozen of the retainers of Sizerh.

As for old Lady Sizerh, she was in fierce, open rebellion. To marry her granddaughter to a Bellingham was an unparalleled outrage. She could not resist Tom's passionate will, but she vowed she would never forgive him.

So poor little Beatrice went away with her forced bridegroom to London, and the mother and son kept a resentful, sullen state in the miserable old hall.

For a long time Tom would not open the sorrowful, repentant letters Beatrice sent him; but one day the rector made an excuse for the foolish girl which just chimed in with Tom's prejudices.

Henceforward he made apologies for Beatrice, watched for her letters, and longed continually to see her.

Lady Sizerh began to fail rapidly. Soon her weakness compelled her to sit still in the great oaken chair; and there, on New Year's morning, she was found, cold and dead. The event greatly shocked her son. His heart turned with ungovernable longing to Beatrice.

"Poor child!" he said, "I was so hasty and unjust with her; yet she forgives, and begs my love. I will send for her to come home again."

Beatrice's marriage turned out better than might have been expected. Her husband had been ordered to India—she was not willing to leave him. Still, there was a reconciliation which extended even to Captain Bellingham. The captain said he could afford to forgive an insult which had given him a far better wife than he deserved, and Tom was so pleased with this concession and compliment to Beatrice, that he placed ten thousand pounds to her credit, as part of her marriage portion.

Then Sizerh Hall was shut up, and got an evil name. Tom was abroad, traveling, nobody knew where or whither. But ten years afterward he was in Madras, a bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly sixty years of age.

Beatrice had had a large family, but none save her eldest son had survived the climate, and it was now imperative that he should be sent to England, both for his health and education. He bore Tom's name, and looked exceedingly like him, and no one knew with what joy Lord Sizerh appropriated him. Beatrice was to follow in eighteen months, when Captain Bellingham would have a furlough; but he was shot dead in a surprise attack of the Mahrattas. Then Beatrice, still a beautiful woman of twenty-eight, came to reign supreme at Sizerh Hall.

The man whom once none could safely advise, was now blindly obedient to a desire of Beatrice or a fancy of young Tom Bellingham's. Beatrice wanted her father's work finished, and artists came from Italy to do it; Tom wanted his cousin Lionel to visit him, and Lord Sizerh made him free of Sizerh Hall.

Tom was a fine fellow naturally, or else all this indulgence would have ruined him; but he was one of those rare characters born for prosperity, and whom no amount of it could spoil. He passed through college with *éclat*, studied fairly, was generous and dashing without being foolishly extravagant, elegant without being a fop, and clever in all field sports without being an athlete. When he was twenty-three years old, his uncle desired him to take the entire control of the Sizerh estates; but Mr. Tom had suddenly made up his mind to travel for two years.

Not much did the old lord think of this plan. He was full of anxieties about this dear lad, the last hope of his life of disappointed hopes; but the request was so reasonable, and so in accord with the spirit and customs of the young men of his class, that nothing but cheerful acquiescence was possible. And soon the old man began to feel a real pleasure in laying out plans and routes, and bringing all his own experiences and knowledge to Tom Bellingham's help.

But suddenly again, when every preparation was nearly complete, the young man lost all interest in the matter, absented himself strangely from home, was thoughtful and retiring and strangely silent, and finally announced his intention of not going at all.

The servants said he had seen the ghost and had a warning; the old lord, who was strangely superstitious, was inclined to believe the servants. Beatrice alone guessed the truth.

"Dear uncle," she said, "our Tom is in love."

"Well, if he is, he will tell me soon—I know he will; and he, at least, shall have his own way. There has been sorrow and sin enough at Sizerh Hall with crossed love."

The confidence expected was not long delayed. The two men were out riding one lovely Summer evening, and the younger said to the elder:

"Let us take this road, and go round by Salkeld Grange."

It was a long ride for the old lord, but a man expecting a revelation humors every whim that can induce confidence. At length they came to a low, long, stone house, covered with vines, and sheltered by a grove of walnut-trees.

"What a pretty place!" said Lord Sizerh. "It is Salkeld Rectory—is it not?"

"Yes," replied Tom, carelessly. "Let us go in and see the family."

"I do not know the family."

"But I do."

Just here, a rarely lovely girl came blushing out, and said:

"Will you alight, Mr. Bellingham? Papa wishes to see you."

At once the old man perceived how matters stood. Tom was in love with this girl, and he kept assuring himself that Tom should do as he liked. So, after a pleasant chat

and a glass of wine, the two rode away, and one said to the other: "You are in love with that beautiful girl, Tom?"

"Yes, dear uncle; she is the one fair woman in the world to me."

"What is her name?"

"Alice Singleton."

"Good Heavens!" For some time he could say no more; then he asked, "The Singletons of Kentmere?"

"The same. Her father is the youngest son of old Stephen Singleton, who rebuilt Kentmere Church. He has been rector of Salkeld for twenty years."

"Alice's youngest brother!"

No more did he say to any human being that night; but next morning he called Beatrice and her son into his room, and, amid profound emotion, told them the story of the first Alice Singleton Sizerh.

"Tom, my dear Tom, if you are going to help me redeem the great wrong my passionate, jealous temper led me into, then God bless you, boy."

So this time the wedding at Sizerh was a public and splendid affair. Rich and poor were invited to rejoice and make merry, and the old lord gave gifts to every one in Sizerh village who could remember the coming home of the first Lady Alice. Never did a Lady of Sizerh assume her honors amid more triumphant love and rejoicing.

## HOW CLAUDE BALLIN SURPRISED HIS FATHER.

Maitre Ballin was a prosperous goldsmith in the days of Louis XIII. of France. As was the custom of that day, the fine works in gold and silver sold by men of his business were all produced in their own establishments, except special orders of great importance, which were sent to the famous artists.

Ballin rose to wealth, but, as he was not an artist, his limited knowledge of design and composition kept him from attaining the highest rank. His son Claude was the pride of his heart, and he wished this son to take his business, and become a thoroughly artistic goldsmith.

He gave him the best instruction in the arts of design, and Claude was thus thrown into the society of young men who aimed to become painters and sculptors, and who showed great pity for Claude, who was not to be an artist, but merely a tradesman.

The father began to fear that his son might thus be led to despise the business for which he intended him, and watched him closely.

Claude had a work-room, or studio, if we may call it so, at the top of the house, which Maitre Ballin held sacred and never intruded into it. From time to time Claude brought down some fine piece of work which he had completed, and as these were in good taste and sold well, the father was pleased; but after a time no work came down. Claude often took up canvas, stretchers, brushes—articles that were natural enough for a painter to have, but not what a goldsmith needed.

Getting desperate at last, Maitre Ballin, on seeing an old fellow, well-known as an artist's model, creeping up to his son's room, resolved to storm the castle and solve the mystery.

Bright and early he reached the door; he could see nothing through the keyhole, and the door was locked. He knocked, but his son did not open. Instead of that, Claude asked time to put the place in order, to ask his father to come some other day, that he wished to surprise him; but the old man was immovable. Claude at last extorted a promise that he would not get angry, and opened the door.

Maitre Ballin's worst fears were realized. There stood three circular oil-paintings, completely finished, and a fourth canvas in progress. The work-bench of the young goldsmith showed no signs of work.

He sternly demanded what these paintings were.

"They represent," said Claude, "the four mythological ages—the Golden Age, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron. The last I was just retouching to correct an attitude of the old man."

Maitre Ballin looked around for some sharp implement to cut these paintings into shreds, but Claude, after vainly attempting to check him, ran to the bed, and, diving under the curtains, drew out a round silver disk, and, holding it as a shield, ran between the paintings and his angry father.

As Ballin's eyes fell on the glittering piece of plate, he was fascinated by the sight. He dropped the graver, and stood pale and startled.

"Bless us! what do I behold?" he cried.

There on the basin was the Golden Age, reproduced from his painting with a skill and finish that would have charmed Benvenuto Cellini himself. Laying it down, Claude ran to the bed and drew forth the Age of Silver; then the Age of Brass, and, last of all, the Iron Age, as yet only outlined.

"Ah, father!" he cried, "I wished to surprise you, but you would not trust me, and have spoiled all!"

But Maitre Ballin was too overjoyed to heed his son's disappointment. Clasping Claude to his heart, he cried:

"Blessings! Now I can die happy—my Claude is a great goldsmith!"

When the four masterpieces were exposed, they excited general admiration. The offers for them came like bids at an auction, but Cardinal Richelieu carried them off at last, ordering four vases to match them.

## QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

An English naval officer thus describes some of his sporting experiences in the South Pacific:

We had been but a few days at Callao, when a telegram reached us, ordering me to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, and the next day but one saw us off on our long cruise.

On the 16th of February we arrived at the famous island of Juan Fernandez, the scene of Alexander Selkirk's voluntary imprisonment, where we heard that there was first-rate fishing to be had, but that the goats on the island, though numerous, were very wild and difficult to approach. Having a few hours to spare, the afternoon of our arrival, I started in the gig in search of them. Following the coastline to the eastward, we had not gone above a couple of miles before we saw some goats feeding in a hollow, with precipices on all sides, so that it seemed wonderful how they ever got there, and difficult for them to escape.

They appeared not to notice the boat, and allowed us to approach to about one hundred yards, when a ball from my gun rolled one over—the others bolted in different directions, but not before a second had shared the fate of its mate, and came tumbling down the rocks with a ball through the shoulder. Firing at a third, we noticed it to stop suddenly, turn around, and bound along at an incredible rate, considering the nature of the ground. Having secured the two dead goats, we followed as fast as possible in the direction of the third, which we thought was wounded. After scrambling along the beach, climbing huge boulders, and seeing nothing of it, we concluded that it must have escaped, when we came upon the animal lying down, with the blood streaming from a wound in the head.

QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"A LUCKY SNAP SHOT SENT A BALL THROUGH HIS HEAD, AND TUMBLED HIM OVER THE PRECIPICE TO THE BEACH, MANY HUNDRED FEET BELOW."

The next morning I started up the mountains on foot, accompanied by one of the officers and my coxswain and steward, in hopes of getting an old billy-goat. We had seen some fine specimens the previous evening, standing on the very brink of the precipice.

We had not gone far before we heard the most frightful yells and shouts for assistance; on going back, we found my steward hanging over a precipice, and nearly exhausted. Having relieved him from his unpleasant position, we climbed up the mountain, and in about forty-five minutes had the satisfaction of reaching the top.

With our glasses we could see some goats feeding on the opposite side of a ravine; so, having recovered our wind, we started in pursuit. It took us nearly an hour to cross the ravine and climb the opposite side, but when we reached the spot where the goats had been feeding, they were no longer in sight.

My coxswain now joined us from reconnoitering a neighboring height, with the report that a herd of goats were feeding not far off, and they "look as big as donkeys," he added. Cautiously following in that direction, we soon spied the herd, which certainly were as big as donkeys, being no other than those noble animals, a few of which run wild on the island.

As there were no goats in sight, we amused ourselves stalking the donkeys for practice; we got close up to them unobserved, and having watched them for some time, fired a shot over their heads, when they scampered off.

Soon afterward my steward, whilst lighting his pipe, accidentally set fire to the dry grass. In a moment the whole place was in a blaze, and the flames spread so rapidly that we had to hasten down the valley and take refuge in a wood. Upon emerging from this wood on the opposite side from which the flames were approaching, we caught sight of a small herd of goats, led by one fine old ram. They galloped off on seeing us, and made toward the cliffs, where they have paths where no man could follow them.

By running to cut them off, I reached the edge of the cliff just in time to see the old fellow leading his flock along a narrow path below me. A lucky snap shot sent a ball through his head, and tumbled him over the precipice to the beach, many hundred feet below. We were unable to see the spot where he had fallen, but some of our people were fishing not far from the place, and hearing the shot, and seeing what had happened, they landed and secured the goat. He proved to be a fine old fellow.

Meanwhile the fire had extended down the mountain-side, crossed the valley, and swept over an extent of ground fully a mile square, destroying everything in its course and making an awful noise. The path by which we had ascended in the morning was intercepted by the flames, and we had to find our way down by another way.

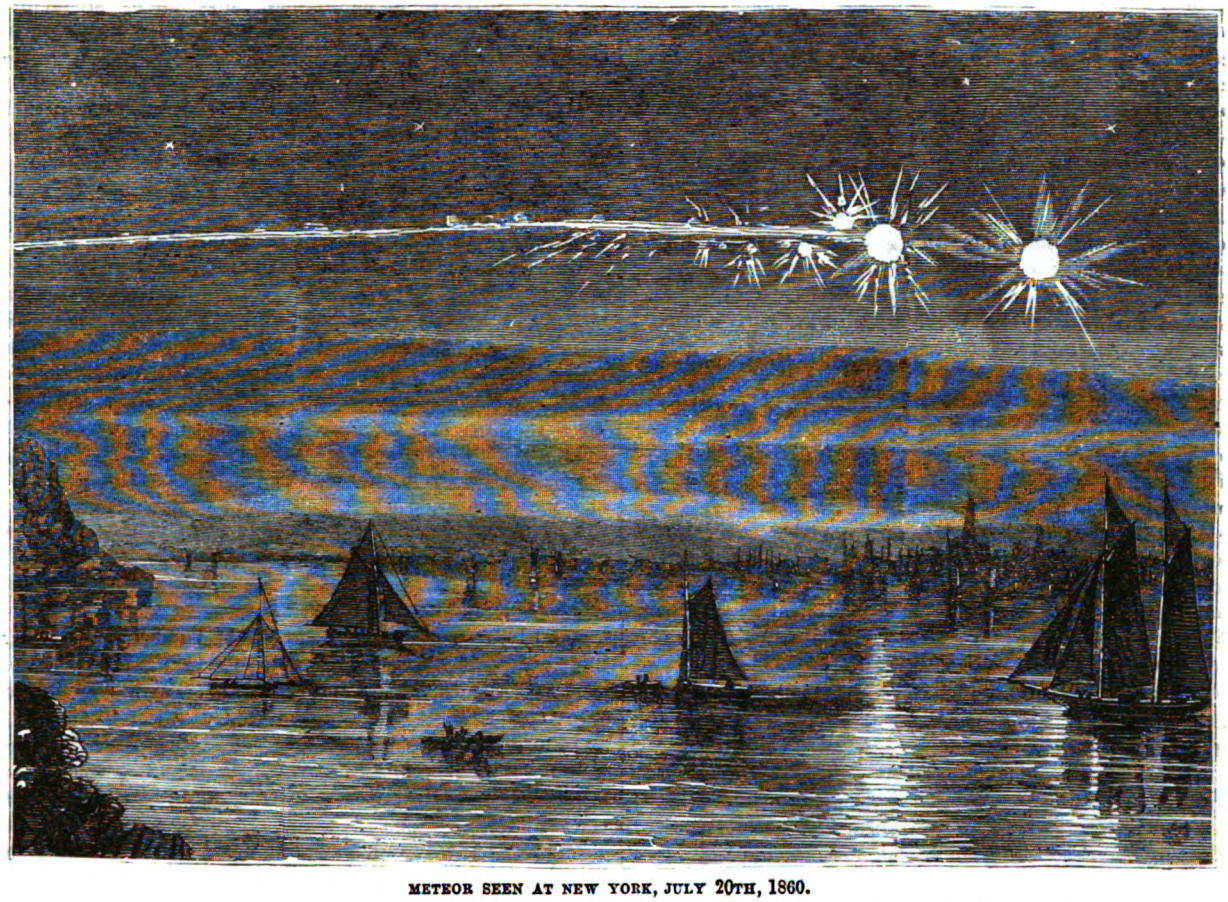
In the evening two officers returned from a hunting expedition. They had ridden many miles beyond where we had been, and had killed three fine old rams, with which they were returning, when they were horrified to find their retreat cut off by the fire. The path was completely obliterated, and it was getting dark and almost impossible for them to find their way, when, most fortunately, they hit upon a trail which brought them to the settlement.

Returning to Callao to meet the mail, we sailed again to visit some small ports to the northward, and, after a pleasant run down the coast, anchored at Huacho, a wretched place and a bad anchorage. There is some sport to be got at a place called San Lorenzo; but the best shooting is at a lagoon about fifteen miles from the port.

I rode over to this place, accompanied by two of the officers, and guided by a native; there were plenty of ducks in the lagoon, but it seemed almost impossible to get at them, owing to the immense height of the reeds, which were from fifteen to twenty feet high. It seemed as though we should return empty-handed. We could see the ducks swimming about in the open spaces in the middle, out of the reach of our guns. At length we hit upon a plan which succeeded. Cutting down several bundles of reeds, we made them into a couple of rafts, or *bolsas*, as they are called, and sitting astride of them, one on each, we paddled out into deep water, and had some very pretty shooting, as the ducks and teal kept flying overhead.

On our way back we killed some doves, which abounded in the neighborhood, and also several couple of jack-snipe. Our birds proved most acceptable food, for, on our return to Huacho, we found that heavy rollers had set in, rendering communication with the ship impossible, and we were detained on shore for two days, until the sea subsided.

QUEER GAME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—"THEY HAD KILLED THREE FINE OLD RAMS, WITH WHICH THEY WERE RETURNING, WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR RETREAT CUT OFF BY THE FIRE."



METEOR SEEN AT NEW YORK, JULY 20TH, 1860.

# SHOOTING STARS.

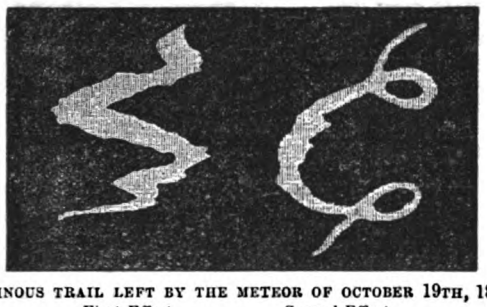
By W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S.

If a person will watch the sky on any evening of ordinary clearness, when the stars are shining with some brilliancy, he will observe one or more luminous objects in rapid motion amongst the constellations. These "shooting stars," as they are called, often attract the attention of the most casual observer, either by their frequency or splendor. The suddenness of their appearance, the bright light they sometimes throw over the landscape, the rapidity with which they travel athwart the sky, occasion surprise; and as the observer's eye still lingers on the place of apparition, his interest is excited, and questions arise in his mind as to the origin and nature of these remarkable bodies. Whence do they come? Whither do they go? What are their magnitudes, distances and velocities? If he pursue his observations with any diligence, he will have noticed that they are visible on *every* clear evening; and that, as sure as the darkness comes on and the constellations begin to show, so sure do these falling stars manifest themselves, darting here and there, and exhibiting many attractive features in their unceasing activity. They present every variety of speed and appearance. Some glide along the sky with a slow and stately motion, remaining visible for several seconds, and allow their paths to be conveniently traced. Others are seen to move in extremely quick and transient courses, like flashing rays of light. Some speed along in star-like aspect, devoid of trains or sparks, while others will be seen to leave

METEOR SEEN AT PARIS, ON OCTOBER 7TH, 1868.

in their tracks phosphoric lines or streaks, perceptible for some seconds, and distinctly marking the direction of the paths. A few will be noted to move apparently upward in the sky, and there will be others with nearly horizontal courses; and many will be descending in oblique and vertical paths toward the horizon. Our observer, as he attentively views their irregular and complicated motions, will be impressed that these objects are not following any laws capable of being reduced to the same harmony as pervades the solar system; but he will have formed a wrong idea, for there can be no doubt that they are beginning to be as well understood in their motions and appearances as celestial objects which have been observed from the earliest ages.

By persistent observations, made night after night and year after year, it was found that shooting stars diverged from certain definite points in the sky. Tracing the observed paths back in the same direction of motion, it was discovered that they intersected at a focus, known as the *radiant point*. This was especially noticed on certain nights in August and November, when meteors were seen in great abundance. No matter in what region of the heavens the meteors appeared, they were all directed from the same part of space, and exhibited many features in common. They converged, like the spokes of a wheel, upon a common centre. In 1799, on the night of the 11th of November, Humboldt and his fellow-traveler Bonpland



LUMINOUS TRAIL LEFT BY THE METEOR OF OCTOBER 19TH, 1877.
First Effect. Second Effect.

witnessed a great fall of meteors; and in 1833, on the 13th of November, the phenomenon recurred with much splendor, when it was remarked that the vast majority of the meteors had the same point of departure in Leo, near the star *Gamma* of that constellation. It was therefore suggested that they belonged to the same system, and occurred periodically at intervals of about thirty-three years; which more recent observations have fully borne out; for on the 13th of November, 1866, there was another brilliant display of meteors.

In August, too, on the night of the 10th, a large number of these objects had often been observed. Their apparition on St. Lawrence's Day caused them to be known as "St. Lawrence's Tears"; and it was remarked that in this case the point of departure was in Perseus, and that the phenomenon returned every year with much regularity and intensity—in this respect differing from the falling stars of November, which seemed to be more periodical in character.

Another meteor shower of great intensity was witnessed on the 7th of December, 1798, and on the 6th of December, 1838, and the members of these several systems were designated after the constellations from which they emanated. The August meteors are now familiarly known as *Persids*, the November meteors as *Leonids*, and the meteors of 1798 and 1838 as *Andromedes*.

As observers began to pay more attention to this subject, it was soon found out that, in addition to these rich meteoric displays just mentioned, many other systems of a like nature were manifested, though of minor importance. Star showers of more than usual significance had been recorded on the nights of January 2d, April 20th, October 19th, and December 12th; and as observations further accumulated, it was sought to explain the apparition of these singular objects. Many facts about them tended to puzzle theorists, who had very scanty materials to work upon.

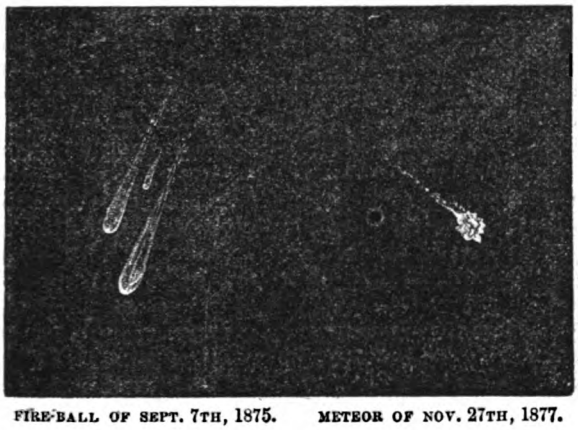
When Heis, in 1833, began systematically to observe and record the directions of shooting stars, he entered into an entirely new field of research. Before his time they were seen in a vague, careless way, and seldom recorded with any fullness or accuracy. They were considered to be purely atmospheric phenomena, and of little importance. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the ideas prevailing were of the most crude and uncertain nature. Some imagined that they had their origin in phosphoric fluids, which ascended from the earth's surface at various points, and became visible when, having become decomposed in the higher regions, they had taken fire, and the ignition extended itself rapidly backward to other parts of the column, until it came to a moisture-laden current, which extinguished it. It was further sought to establish a connection between these falling stars and gales of wind, for there are passages in old writers showing the idea to have been very prevalent. Another theory, which also had a section of adherents, ascribed a lunar origin to aërolites and meteors. They were said to be ejections from the volcanoes in the moon, and that occasionally coming within the sphere of the earth's attraction, they were drawn toward her surface.

But these ideas gradually gave way to the more reasonable hypothesis that they were of celestial origin, and revolved in orbits around the sun as a centre. To account for their luminous appearance, it was suggested that on entering the earth's atmosphere, as would frequently be the case when the two orbits intersected, the concussion was so great as to ignite their combustible materials, and they were wholly consumed before reaching the earth's surface. The smaller classes of these bodies would, no doubt, be soon dissipated in the upper regions of the atmosphere; but it was thought doubtful that the ordinary shooting-stars belonged to the same order as the large meteors and fire-balls, and required the same explanation.

Our knowledge in this branch was, however, most unsatisfactory, when, in 1833, and for several years at about that period, there occurred a succession of remarkably fine meteoric showers, which excited the interest of all ordinary gazers, and, what was of more importance, diverted the attention of astronomers from other subjects. Professor Olmsted witnessed the bright display of 1833 in America, and was led to collect observations made at many parts with the view to throw some light on the subject of these falling stars. His investigations led him to infer that they had their origin beyond the limits of our atmosphere, because the point of the sky from which they fell moved with the stars. If the meteors had their origin within the atmosphere, they must have been carried along with the earth in its diurnal rotation. He also concluded that the meteors were combustible bodies, constituted of light and transparent materials, and said that when massed together they formed a body bearing a strong analogy to a comet. From this he was led to ask whether the meteor shower was caused by a comet which "chanced at the time to be pursuing its path along with the earth around their common centre of motion." Recent researches now enable this question to be answered in the affirmative, for the periodicity and appearances of shooting-stars show they are

closely allied to comets, and form a number of elliptical orbits or rings revolving around the sun. An actual identity was found between the orbits of several comets and meteor showers.

The eminent Italian astronomer, Schiarapelli, showed that the August meteors were directed from a point in the heavens at which the earth encountered the third comet of 1862. The elements of the two were almost coincident;



FIRE-BALL OF SEPT. 7TH, 1875. METEOR OF NOV. 27TH, 1877.

and it was soon afterward pointed out by Dr. Peters that the November meteors corresponded with the first comet of 1866. These important discoveries lent a new interest to the subject, for they put beyond doubt what had for a long time perplexed astronomers. They had proved that shooting-stars played an important part in astronomical physics, coming, in fact, from the interstellar regions, and forming the material constitution of comets. Though extremely small, they exist in planetary space in vast multitudes, and compensate for their smallness in size by their great numbers.

The original cometary systems from which they are distributed would appear to be in process of dissipation, or wasting away, for it is impossible to conceive that a body will not suffer diminution when it casts off such a vast number of its atoms as fell toward the earth during, say, the great meteoric shower of November 27th, 1872. But such a process must be very gradual; for though, to our conception, the number of meteors that fell is vast indeed, yet it is trifling when compared to the illimitable supply of the parent systems, and the density with which they are found scattered over a long range of their orbits. Thus, in the case of Biela's periodical comet, which supplied us with the fine meteoric displays of 1798, 1838, and 1872, it is certain that for at least 500,000,000 of miles along the orbit the particles are extended in rich profusion, and sufficient to give a display of much splendor whenever the earth encounters it. Professor Kirkwood has pointed out that in 1838 the earth intersected a part of the comet's orbit, fully 300,000,000 miles in advance of the nucleus, and in 1872 the earth was immersed in the rear some 290,000,000 of miles.

It is evident, therefore, that if at a point so distant from the real body of the comet the particles are so thickly strewn as to present showers of considerable intensity, we might expect, in the event of the earth's collision with the actual nucleus of a comet, a meteoric display or illumination far beyond the experience of anything recorded in our annals. The heavens would be alive with the swarming and seething of a vast host of falling stars chasing each other in densely packed ranks, and exhibiting a parallelism of motion most beautiful to behold. Fire-balls of great size and rare brilliancy would be mingled with a thick rain of meteoric dust, suffusing the whole sky. Near the point of space from whence they came, a number of stationary meteors, like transient stars, would be seen; while in a circular area, a few degrees distant, a fringe of meteors would appear with very short paths. Further off, and in regions removed from the radiant point, none would be seen but those with long, graceful courses; and these would exhibit greater speed than the rest, and generally be more conspicuous.

Never more than on an occasion like this should we be thankful for the protection afforded us by our atmosphere, which would be certain to act as an impenetrable shield, and destroy by combustion the meteor particles as fast as they came on. Evidently, therefore, the earth could suffer little in an encounter with a comet; the latter would be certain to get the worst of it. Not only would the comet experience a considerable loss of its materials, but its path must be greatly affected by the earth's powerful attraction, and henceforward it would pursue a new orbit; for we know that cometary motions are much liable to perturbations if they approach near a planet.

Jupiter is a frequent disturber of cometary orbits, for his great mass cannot fail to exercise itself strongly upon the light and thin materials of their composition. But though the earth has never yet been known to meet with a comet, the great meteoric storms that have sometimes been witnessed were signs that a comet was not far off. There is, however, nothing impossible in such an encounter, though it is highly improbable; and some alarm was created in 1832, when it was announced that the nucleus of Biela's comet passed within 20,000 miles of the earth at a point which the earth would occupy on the 3d of December in that year; but the comet arrived at the place about a month before the critical date, and hence a collision was avoided.

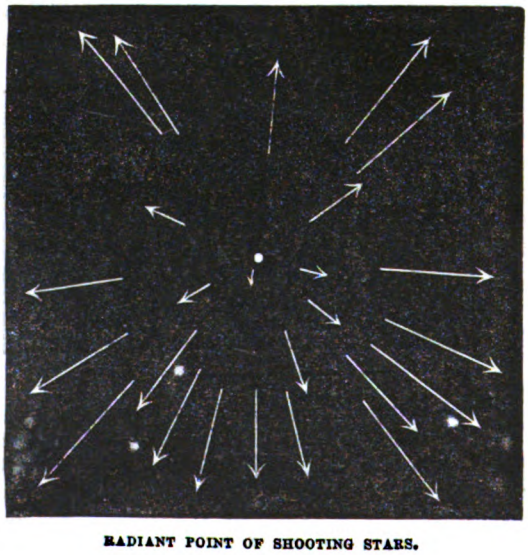
It has been stated that certain of the principal meteor-showers agree in the most conclusive manner with the orbits of periodical comets. This is the case in regard to the meteors of April 20th, August 10th, and November 13th and 27th. But it must not be assumed, therefore, that all the phenomena of falling stars are to be explained at once on the same grounds. Certain anomalies have been pointed out, which render it difficult to harmonize theory with observation. In the cases alluded to, not even the most skeptical would fail to admit the wonderful agreement in the meteor and comet orbits, and must accept the identity as beyond question; but in a vast number of other instances no such excellent coincidences are to be met with. The observed duration of many showers is far beyond the limits assigned to them by theory. Those who have

FIRE-BALL OF OCTOBER 7TH, 1867.

worked most diligently in the department of observation affirm that some of these meteor systems continue visible for a month and more. In some cases, indeed, the time extends over two months, and even beyond that, occasionally. Now, it is certain that a meteor-shower brought about by the intersection of the earth and a comet's path

can last only a few days (except in a special case, when the duration may be longer), and that there will be a short period of maximum intensity. The earth in her orbit travels over about one and a half millions of miles in a day, and hence must very soon make her passage through the meteor-storm, unless it has far wider proportions than is considered probable. In the case of the several systems specially referred to as agreeing with comets, the shower of meteors is of very short endurance, and seldom exceeds one or two nights in its real intensity. They conform precisely to what theory teaches. But how shall we explain in the same way a meteor-shower continued during two months? Obviously the observations are false, or the theory requires modification. The difficulty may, to some extent, be got over if it is granted that these meteor-streams have each become scattered, or widened out, over a vast space by the annual effects of the earth's attraction as she sweeps through them. This having been going on for many ages, it is probable that they must suffer considerable distortion; and if this is what has actually taken place, without any material displacement of the radiant points, we can understand how these long-continued showers have their origin. At present, it has been attempted to account for them on the supposition that each one consists of several distinct systems succeeding each other from the same directions, but the explanation is untenable in the face of the numerous and exact observations supporting a contrary view. Meteors are frequently seen coming from the same points in the sky for two months, almost without apparent cessation, and it is only fair to conclude that they belong to the same parent system. If our present ideas as to the nature of meteor-orbits cannot explain, then they must be remodeled on the basis of observed facts. It will never do to make observation subservient to theory, or we shall have a bad precedent, and

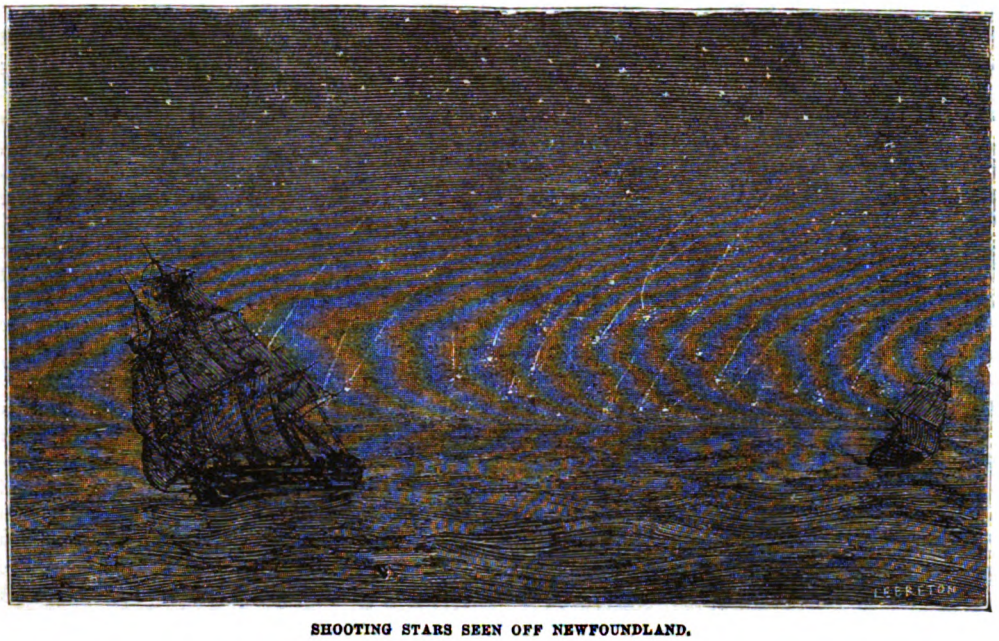
METEORIC SHOWER SEEN ON NOVEMBER 14TH, 1867, OFF SANDY HOOK.



RADIANT POINT OF SHOOTING STARS.

METEOR OF NOVEMBER 12TH, 1861.

one which can only tend to stultify original research. Our knowledge in this department is admittedly very recent and incomplete. We must continue for many years to gather materials, taking as little as possible for granted, and bearing in mind that there is great variety displayed throughout the planetary system, and that in the vast assemblage of meteor-swarms enveloping the earth we may find many varieties of orbit and origin. There may be terrestrial meteor-rings that have an analogy with the zodiacal light. The planets Jupiter and Uranus have each their families of comets, and it is possible that the earth is attended by a number of the same bodies, the scattered and attenuated nature of which places them beyond the range of visibility. Evidently, we have much to learn about these shooting stars and about their allied comets; and he is wise who works and waits, without a too-hasty assumption of knowledge that he does not possess, or a too ready broaching of theories based on insufficient materials.



SHOOTING STARS SEEN OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

It was long known, before the fact of a connection with comets was ascertained, that shooting stars moved with planetary velocity, and that their average height above the earth's surface was less than 100 miles. The same meteors were occasionally observed at two different stations, and the paths, when compared, showed a large displacement

METEORIC SHOWER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

or parallax, and the amount of this afforded a ready means of calculating the meteor's height above the earth, the actual distance (forming the base line) separating the two observers being known. Brandes found, as early as 1823, that of 100 shooting stars seen, twenty-two had an elevation of between twenty-four and forty miles, thirty-five between forty and fifty miles, and thirteen between seventy and eighty miles. Of sixty-six shooting stars recorded in August, 1863–71, Professor Herschel determined the average heights as seventy-eight miles at first appearance, and fifty-three miles at disappearance, giving an elevation of sixty-five and a half miles at mid-course. The velocity of a similar number of meteors he found had an average of thirty-four and a half miles per second. Heis's work, embracing a summary and analysis of forty-three years' observations, gives the heights of 262 shooting stars. The largest number first became visible at sixty-seven miles, and disappeared at forty-four miles. The several results

METEOR SEEN NEAR DES MOINES, IOWA, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1875.

show differences, but it must be remembered that these bodies vary a good deal in their heights and velocities. The latter element depends upon the position of the meteor-orbit with respect to the earth at the time of intersection. If the meteors are coming directly from that point toward which the earth is moving in her orbit, it is evident that they will be of extreme swiftness, because their orbital speed is increased by the earth's, which corresponds to eighteen and a quarter miles per second. The *Leonids* of November nearly fulfill this condition, and their calculated speed is forty-four miles a second. On the other hand, meteors coming from a stream pursuing a similar course to the earth will be characterized by slowness of motion, because they have to overtake the earth, and their orbital velocity is lessened by the amount of the earth's velocity to the extent before mentioned. The *Andromedes* (or meteors of Biela's comet), visible on November 27th, partake of the latter class; hence their calculated speed is only twelve miles per second. Thus it is evident that the apparent velocities of shooting stars depend in great measure upon the angles at which they meet the earth.

It is difficult to select, from amongst the large numbers of known meteor systems, those which afford the most conspicuous displays, but it is believed that the following short table comprises many of them. The positions are given in right ascension and declination.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 2—3 | 234° | + 49° | July—Aug | 309° | + 48° |
| Jan | 230 | + 20 | Aug. 10 | 44 | + 53 |
| Jan.—Feb | 180 | + 35 | Aug. 6—12 | 96 | + 72 |
| Dec.—Feb | 131 | + 48 | Aug.—Sept | 335 | + 52 |
| Feb.—Mar | 180 | + 56 | Sept. 1 | 306 | + 54 |
| Feb.—Mar | 175 | + 14 | Sept.—Oct | 46 | + 35 |
| April 19—20 | 272 | + 35 | Sept.—Dec | 83 | + 50 |
| April—May | 204 | + 56 | Oct. 18—20 | 90 | + 15 |
| April—June | 235 | + 23 | Oct.—Nov | 60 | + 20 |
| May 2 | 326 | — 2 | Oct | 107 | + 25 |
| July—Aug | 6 | + 37 | Nov. 13 | 149 | + 23 |
| July 27—29 | 341 | — 14 | Nov. 27 | 25 | + 43 |
| July 30—Aug. 1 | 32 | + 53 | Dec. 6 | 80 | + 23 |
| July—Aug | 282 | + 60 | Dec. 9—12 | 105 | + 32 |

The durations must be regarded as very uncertain.

As to the number of meteors a person may expect to see on ordinary nights, Schmidt and several other observers have given the horary rate for each month in the year, but their figures are much below the true values. Ten per hour in the evenings and nearly seventeen in the mornings are the average numbers found by the writer, from observations of 3,323 shooting stars during the last six months of the years 1876–78. For the first half of the year the figures will be somewhat less. In the morning hours shooting stars are very frequent, as a rule, and occasionally fall in unusual numbers.

The same systems supply large and small meteors. Fire-balls (of which examples are given in the illustrations) intersperse with the most minute of these objects. As to their actual size, little can be ascertained with certainty. It is difficult, especially in the case of bright meteors, to separate angular diameter from the effects of "glare." The fire-ball of November 23d, 1877, was estimated to have an apparent diameter of half a mile, but the solid nucleus must have had vastly smaller dimensions.

The ordinary class of shooting stars are extremely small, and are conspicuous more for their light than size. Observations, a few years ago, placed the weight of twenty of these bodies as varying between 30 grains and 7½ pounds. The number of small meteors also vastly exceeds those of great brilliancy. In the catalogues of meteor-observers, they are classed according to their brightness, as compared with star magnitudes.

The writer, in order to determine the relative percentage of the various magnitudes of meteors, sorted out more than 50,000 shooting stars in various lists, and found that the best observations showed the following average proportions:

| Exceeding 1st magnitude. | Equal 1st mag. | 2d mag. | 3d mag. | 4th mag. and below. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3.0 | 10.6 | 18.4 | 26.2 | 41.8 |

The results indicate a progressive increase of 7¾ per cent.

It is often asked, What becomes of the vast number of falling stars which enter our atmosphere? It is impossible to conceive that they are utterly dissipated and vaporized in the upper regions. The probability is, that, after combustion, they are frittered into dust, which slowly subsides upon the earth's crust; for it has been shown that, though many of the particles of dust that are always floating in the air rise from the soil, some display a peculiarity of composition and form strongly suggestive of a celestial origin. A fall of "cosmical dust" has been inferred from the investigations of several scientists, whose conclusions appear to be that iron is mingled with the dust that has been accumulated in church-towers by the winds of ages, and that this iron, as it floats in the air, is often trapped in its fall by snow, which frequently gives traces of it.

In 1875 and 1876, a quantity of dust was collected from the towers of cathedrals and other elevated positions, and placed under chemical and microscopical analysis. The application of a magnet proved it to contain minute spherical corpuscles, with a slight roughness, which made many of them bottle-shaped. Snow was also collected at many places in France, and by Nordenskjöld in the arctic regions, care being taken to avoid the lower and upper layers, and the presence of iron was detected in each of the residues, and there were irregular particles which were influenced by the magnet.

A continuous fall of cosmical dust of meteoric origin seems to be the probable inference from such inquiries, and the further development of labors in this direction may open out some interesting points and explanations in regard to many observed phenomena.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EARTH'S CENTRAL FIRE.—Geologists are now pretty generally agreed in accepting the theory that the globe was originally in a fluid and incandescent state; that it gradually cooled by radiation, preserving the elliptic form resulting from its movement of rotation, and that the earth's crust was thus formed. The latter is supposed to be very thin, in comparison with the diameter of the sphere, and the way in which its thickness is calculated is based on the fact that the temperature increases in a regular proportion as the interior of the earth is penetrated. Taking this law as a base, no difficulty exists in estimating at what depth the heat would be sufficient to make even the most refractory substances liquid. In this system, volcanoes are safety-valves disseminated over the surface of the gigantic boiler we call the earth. However, the existence of the central fire is not admitted by everybody, and one savant in particular, M. Hermite, disputes the theory, and also denies that the elliptic shape is due to the originally fluid state of the globe. He considers that the difference in temperature of the equatorial and polar zones, due to the action of the sun, has not been properly regarded, and that the vast extent of water has had a material influence in determining the shape of the earth.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCE.—The staff of the Austrian artillery have been for some time engaged in making experiments at the arsenal of Zainky, on a material which is said to possess far greater explosive power than any other substance hitherto discovered. During a series of investigations relative to dynamite and compressed gun-cotton, M. Nobel found that the latter could be prepared in such a way that it could be completely dissolved in nitro-glycerine. The product is a gelatinous, gummy substance, which, at the highest pressures, does not part with any of the nitro-glycerine. The explosive gelatine resists water, cannot be fired by any shock, but only goes off with difficulty, and imperfectly, when ignited. Further experiments showed, however, that with it a new compound could be formed, admirably adapted to all military purposes. This is prepared by simply adding a little camphor to the gelatine. The proportions are four per cent. of the

former to ninety-six per cent. of the latter, which consists of ninety per cent. of nitro-glycerine and ten per cent of fulmi-cotton. The gelatinous mass is elastic, transparent, of a pale yellow color, and can be cut with a knife. When set on fire in the open air, it burns like dynamite, or dry, compressed guncotton. It only takes fire at very high temperature, and the action of the camphor is very evident in that respect, for the ordinary gelatine by itself explodes at 200 deg. Cent. (392 deg. Fah.), while the heat required to produce that effect after the addition of the camphor, cannot be tested by any of the apparatus usually applied to that purpose. The new composition cannot be fired by a blow, even from a projectile; it shows no sign of alteration, even after having been left in running water for forty-eight hours. When solidified by cold, it forms a mass resembling sugar-candy, and is thus more sensitive to mechanical action, but as soon as it is thawed it resumes all its original properties. When exploded, however, it produces less smoke than dynamite or guncotton, with a clearer and more sonorous report, and has far greater force than either. The principal objection to its adoption was the difficulty of igniting it, but that has been overcome. When cotton fibre is subjected to the action of sulphuric acid, a white, pulverulent substance is obtained, which has received the name of hydro-cellulose, is easily soluble in nitric acid, when it becomes nitro-hydro-cellulose This compound, mixed in the proportion of forty per cent. with sixty per cent. of nitro-glycerine, forms the most powerful means of ignition ever hitherto discovered. By means of properly-constructed cartridges of that substance, the explosive gelatine becomes as manageable as ordinary powder, with less danger and far greater explosive force.

Detection of Fire-damp in Mines.—Fire-damp is now detected by observing the flame of a safety-lamp, which, when the explosive gas comes in contact with it, is surrounded with a blue aureole. The brilliant white light of the lamp marks the color, and to obviate this the miners reduce the flame when they wish to use it as an indicator; but in spite of this precaution the lamp only marks—to use the workmen's terms—when the atmosphere contains at least three per cent. of the explosive gas. As three quarters of one per cent becomes explosive in presence of fine coal-dust, this rude indicator affords insufficient protection. Messrs. Mallard and Le Chatelier propose to have in every gallery a lamp in which a jet of hydrogen is burned, instead of the ordinary illuminating oil. The hydrogen burns with an almost colorless flame, and gives little light, but great heat. Owing to the latter property, when fire-damp is present in the air, it keeps the explosive gas burning, and at the same time the flame elongates, and the blue aureole is seen when so small a portion as one quarter of one per cent. of fire-damp is in the air. The ordinary glass chimney is replaced by one of copper. Hydrogen is furnished compressed in cylinders.

Impure Alcohol.—Impure alcohol contains aldehyde, propyl alcohol and acetic ether. The first of these is the result of a certain decomposition of the alcohol itself, caused during rough or careless distillation. When isolated, it is exceedingly suffocating, like sulphurous ether; a mouthful inhaled from a bottle is sufficient to knock a man down insensible. Its preparation and manipulations are excessively dangerous for the operator. The second is a highly poisonous substance, discovered by Chancel in 1853, in the fusil oil of the residues left in the distillation of brandy from wine. The third is also a deadly matter, produced by an alteration of the chemical constituents of the alcohol. Cheap brandies often contain these substances, and have the bad taste and the bad consequences of their use.

Balloons in Warfare.—The English Government is about to adopt war balloons into the land and sea service. Movable apparatus for inflating and manipulating the balloons has just been completed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, which has been successfully tried. The appliances consist of a portable tank, weighing 400 pounds, containing iron shavings and turnings, and a boiler and furnace. Hydrogen is generated by passing steam over the iron turnings, the buoyant power of this gas being found infinitely greater than that manufactured at gasworks. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, it is in contemplation to send a few war balloons out to Zululand.

Object Teaching in Science.—If a child has any latent capacity for the study of nature, a visit to a real man of science, at work in his laboratory, may be the turning point of the child's life. He may not understand a word of what the man of science says to explain his operation, but the child sees the operations themselves, and the pains and patience which are bestowed on them; and when they fail, he sees how the man of science, instead of getting angry, searches for the cause of the failure.

Dr. Horace Binney Hare, who recently died at the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was only thirty-five years of age, but was well known on account of his aptitude for chemical research and for his ability as an instructor. He was the grandson of the late Horace Binney and of the late Dr. Robert Hare, and gave great promise of sustaining the high reputation of his illustrious ancestors. His early death will be deplored by a wide circle of friends in this country and in Europe.

Organic Ultramarine.—By causing hydriolic ether to react on the ultramarine of silver in a closed vessel for fifty or sixty hours, at a temperature of 350 deg. Fah., the silver is removed by the iodine, and there remains a clear, gray powder which, on heating, gives off the odor of sulphuric ether. If this be mixed with chloride of sodium and heated, there results a blue powder, which has all the appearance and properties of ordinary artificial ultramarine.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Uncomfortable Wraps.—Those of the waiter at the hotel who calls you for the early train.

Why is it impossible to cheat at chess? Because all movements must be made on the square.

A married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

A new brand of cigars is called "The Lottery Ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.

An elderly lady, head nurse in an institution for children, calls herself "queen of the bawl-room."

Who wrote "The harp that once wore over-alls," and the song of "When I swallow homesick flies"?

"Dying in poverty," said a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in povery that comes hard on a fellow."

"Anonymous articles will receive no attention," the editor remarked when a baby was left on his door-step.

What king, on ascending his throne, slipped on a piece of orange-peel and sat down on the back of his neck?

"Thar iz no good substitute fur wisdum," says Josh Billings, "but silence iz the best that haz been d scovered yet."

When the door-bell is sounded by a friend with whom you have made an appointment, can it be called an engagement ring?

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured, "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go!"

It is inferred from the heroism with which Spartan women used to encourage their husbands to go forth to battle, that they looked well in black.

"Storms are a mystery," said a lecturer. "But, for all that, anybody can see the drift of a snow-storm!" exclaimed a young wag in the audience.

When Katherine's husband was arrested for correcting that lady with a strap, he said it was a pity that a man should be pulled up for strapping his skate.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache!" said he. To which his unfeeling listener replied, "You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Not Particular.—A woman purchasing some cups and saucers, was asked what color she would have. "Why, I ain't particular," she said; "any color that won't show dirt!"

"Beg pardon, sir; but I've just caught these two young rascals making a slide in front of your doorstep, and they say you gave 'em permission." "It's quite correct; I did, policeman. The fact is, I expect my mother-in-law to luncheon!"

Sam recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment on Monday morning to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street lately: "Dear Bill—The reason I didn't laff when yu laft at me in the post-offs yisterday was becaws I hev a bile on my face, and kan't laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I luv yu, Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luvin' Kate till deth."

Prof. Daniel Vaughan, well known throughout the United States as astronomer, linguist and mathematician, died recently in Cincinnati. He was born in Ireland, and came to the United States when quite young. For the past twenty-five years he has resided in Cincinnati, and at the time of his death was fifty-eight years of age.

"Are you the woman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser. "I am the lady that served you, madame," responded the reduced empress in long watch-chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more; and as I wish to get them to my washer-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage round the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now for the cart of the dust-gentleman."

A True Cockney.—At a *table d'hôte* a true cockney, who spoke nothing but English was seated next to a German lady, who did not speak it at all. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said, "Have a peach, marm?" "*Nein*," (No) replied the lady. "Nine!" said he, staring with astonishment, first at her and then at the other guests at the table "Why, marm, there are only six in the dish; but there they are for you!" at the same time rolling the whole of them on to her plate.

Facts for the Naturalists' Field Club.—"A goose, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome once." "I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for a flock of wild ones saved Le Haive Island once. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow, and lighted on the island one Spring, and was caught there, and actually saved the folks from starvation" "Well," says I, "out of gratitude to these birds the Italians erected a college for 'em at Rome, and called it the 'Proper Gander College.'"

THE LAST STITCH.

See page 518.

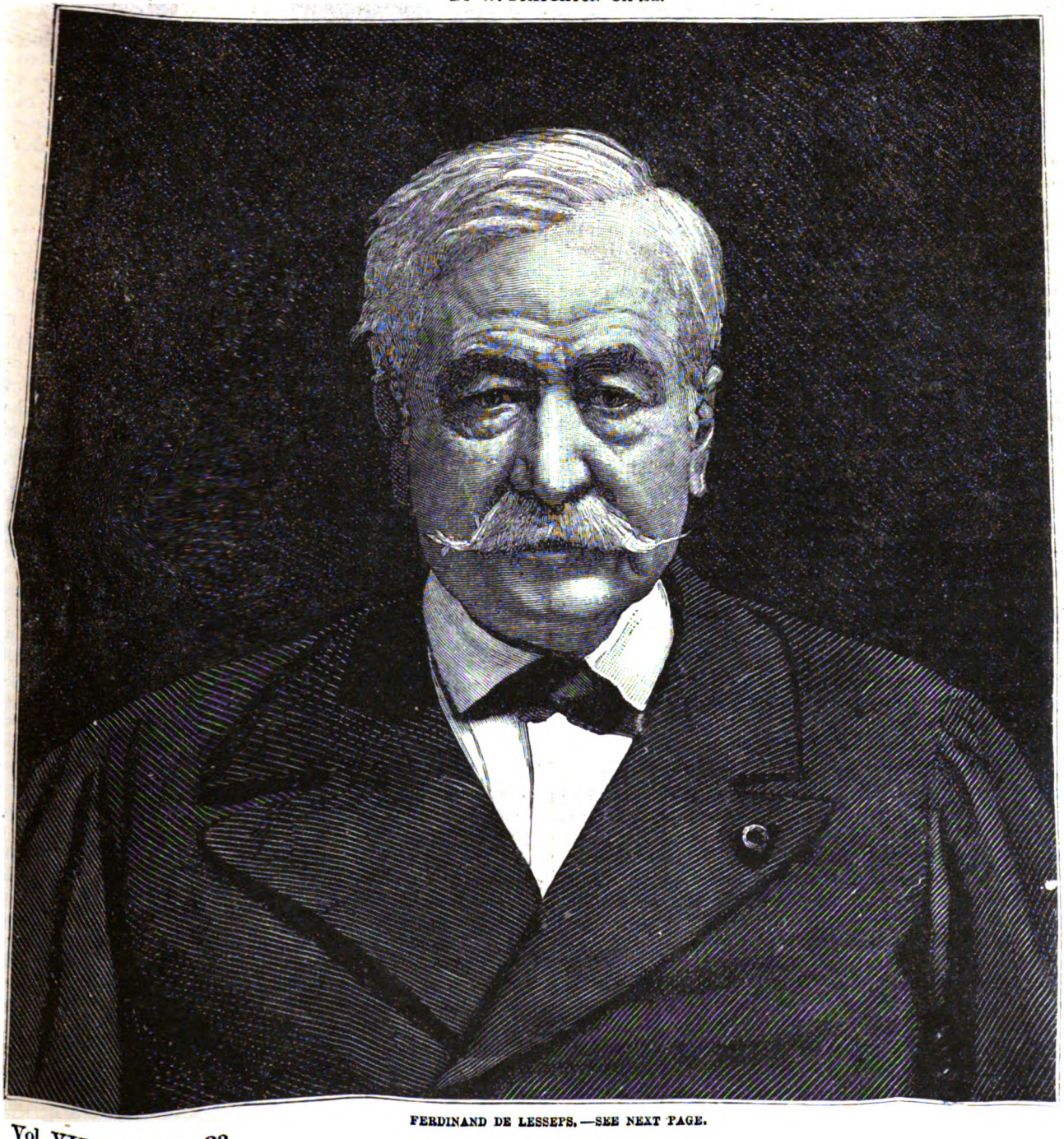
A DUEL INTERRUPTED: From the celebrated Painting by Meissonier

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

# FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

BY W. STAUGHTON CHASE.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

THE Viscount Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805, of an ancient though impoverished family. After leaving college, he enjoyed the privilege, then much more uncommon than in these days, of an extensive tour; and during the two succeeding years he visited nearly every capital in Europe. Choosing the diplomatic career, he became at the close of 1842 Consul-General of France in the quaint old city of Barcelona. This picturesque little town, so rich in historical memories, and usually so tranquil, was in those unhappy days of 1842 in a condition truly pitiable. To the horrors of civil war and the terrors of a bombardment, was added the cholera; and of the abject terror and consternation which that mysterious scourge then inspired, we of to-day can form no conception.

M. de Lesseps proved himself equal to the emergency. Barcelona then contained a large French colony, and the protection of its interests demanded his closest attention. It is on record that his noble and devoted conduct won for him the admiration and esteem even of those against whose authority he was obliged often to strive. His firm and determined attitude in his official position, and his incessant and generous attention to the sick and wounded of every nationality, earned for him the love and gratitude of all classes.

Some months later, the Queen of Spain, then firmly seated on the throne, decorated the heroic consul with the Order of Charles III. of the first class. Other Governments also expressed their gratitude in the form of Orders or addresses; but what was to M. de Lesseps the most precious of all was the approval of his own countrymen, as evinced by letters and addresses from all the principal cities and chambers of commerce.

In 1848 he was sent as the representative of the French Republic to Madrid, afterward as Minister to Berne, when he was chosen by the National Assembly for an important and delicate mission to Rome. Unfortunately, his conciliatory mission survived those who had charged him with it, and his sympathies being no longer in accord with the existing Government, he was recalled. Soon after he published a very interesting work on the Roman question — then one of paramount importance—and in which his position in regard to it was clearly defined.

After his exceptionally distinguished diplomatic career, M. de Lesseps made, in 1854, the memorable visit to Saïd Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt, during which he first conceived the project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, and in 1856 he published a work in which the result of two years' careful study of the question was given to the world.

As with all other gigantic undertakings or daring innovations, it was received with opposition, even with scorn and ridicule, and its projector regarded as a wild dreamer, a veritable Monte Christo. But, having put his hand to the plow, he never once turned back, and, until its triumphant completion in 1869, he lived only for this one object. To him it had become the sole aim of his existence, and family, friends, even the simple comforts of civilization, for him had virtually ceased to be during those memorable ten years preceding 1869. With this work his name will be immortally linked. More fortunate than many of his predecessors or compeers whose daring creations have earned for them undying fame, he has lived to see the results of his work.

In 1860, Lord Palmerston, England's greatest minister since the days of Pitt, from his place in the House of Commons, said, "The Compagnie de Suez, as I have had occasion to observe before, I regard as one of the most rascally affairs that we have seen attempted in modern times. In France, very many among the humble classes have been induced to buy shares, believing that the enterprise will prove profitable. The progress of the work in Egypt has demonstrated that, if not utterly impracticable, it will require such enormous sacrifices of money and time as will be beyond the power of any company."

His astute successor, Lord Beaconsfield, but sixteen years later, when the opportunity presented itself, did not hesitate a moment, but eagerly paid an enormous sum of money to the embarrassed Khédive for his shares, and thus virtually obtained the control of the Canal. England, which had been its most bitter opponent, was the nation of all others which derived the greatest benefit from its accomplishment, and has ever since experienced a keen regret in the thought that she had allowed this highway—to her now as vitally important, on account of her Eastern Empire, as the possession of Gibraltar—to be conceived, constructed and completed without her aid, and in the face of her thinly-disguised opposition.

The day following the triumphant completion of his work, M. de Lesseps was married to a lovely and amiable woman, Mlle. Autard de Bragard, daughter of an ancient Norman House, by whom he has had a large family, in the midst of which he may now be found, at his charming home in the Rue Richepance. We find ourselves in the presence of a remarkable man.

Tall, erect, but little bronzed for one who has been more than ten years in tents on Egyptian sands, the hair and moustache well tinged with gray, his whole bearing is expressive of force and vitality; and undoubtedly his muscular power and vigorous constitution has been one of the minor elements of his success, and which renders him, notwithstanding his advanced age, almost invincible in any work he has in hand. His voice has a peculiar Spanish accent, at first rather hard to define, but better understood when it is remembered that Spanish is to him almost as his native tongue. A rapid and eloquent speaker, he has never forgotten the force of oratory, and his power of appealing to public audiences with extraordinary fluency in three languages has often stood him in good stead.

Though possessing decorations from every European Power, he is never seen to wear them except on very special occasions, when he carries the tiny rosette of the Legion of Honor, of which Order he holds the Grand Cordon. Since the termination of his labors on the Suez Canal, with the exception of retaining the Presidency of the Company—an office demanding but little of his attention—he has lived in retirement. An ardent student, in the truest sense *un vrai homme de lettres*, his time has been equally divided between his family, the Institute, and his library—a magnificent one, and which occupies a very firm place in his affections. The love of books with him is a weakness, but an amiable one; and, unlike some amateurs, he is ever delighted to exhibit or explain his treasures to those, even though strangers to him, whom they may interest.

M. de Lesseps is a bright example to the rising generation; he is a great *worker*. Twice every year he journeys from Paris to Suez, and makes a minute examination (to him a sacred duty) of every portion of his beloved work. He is ever on the move—to-day addressing an audience in Bordeaux, to-morrow one in Milan, the day after in the editorial room of his new journal, *Le Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, and then—in consultation with his aids in the land of the Pharaohs, standing on the banks of the Canal, the greatest of modern wonders, and under the shadow of the Pyramids, or within sight of the ruins of Karnac.

M. de Lesseps was, however, not destined to remain for

ever in the tranquil seclusion of his home. Latterly public attention has been turned to the piercing of the greater Isthmus of Panama and the practical linking of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—an undertaking involving difficulties of a much more serious character than that of the Isthmus of Suez, but still one which promises proportionately greater advantages to be derived from its accomplishment. Several surveys had been made in order to endeavor to determine the most feasible route, and, as the sequence, the "International Congress" was recently assembled in Paris to decide this much-mooted question.

This Congress met in Paris on Thursday, May 15th, under the presidency of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame. Committees were designated to facilitate the discussion by considering specific points in the problem, and were organized with the following gentlemen as presidents: On *Statistics*, M. Levasseur, France; on *Economical and Commercial Relations*, Mr. Nathan Appleton, United States; on *Navigation*, M. Brock, Norway; on *Scientific Questions*, M. Daubree, France; on *Ways and Means*, M. Cerisole, Switzerland. After the election of officers, Commander Selfridge, who commanded the late United States Darien Surveying Expedition, made a three hours' speech on the results of his observations, dealing particularly with the Napipi Route. An adjournment was then taken to enable the presidents of the committees to confer with their members and prepare reports on the topics assigned them.

On May 17th, Admiral Le Noury, President of the Geographical Society of Paris, gave a dinner to the leading members of the Congress, when M. de Lesseps, making the principal speech, dwelt upon the five hours' discourse of Mr. Menocal in the committee while presenting the merits of the Nicaragua Route.

On May 19th, the second general meeting was held, when M. Fontaine read the report of the Committee on Statistics, in which he condemned all plans involving the construction of locks. He was followed by Mr. Appleton, of the Committee on Economical and Commercial Relations, who briefly reported the results of the labor of his committee, and by MM. Cerisole and Simonin. M. Reglus, a collaborateur of Lieutenant Wyse, who was indisposed, made an elaborate statement in support of the Wyse Panama Route, declaring the system that distinguished it the only one favorable to maritime navigation.

Commander Selfridge was again heard on the Napipi Route on the 20th, estimating the cost of cutting the canal there at $99,986,000. He was followed by Chief-Engineer Menocal, who presented plans and estimates for a ship-canal across the Isthmus by what he called the Chagres Route, the work to cost $98,000,000. M. Gray, the Mexican delegate, was then heard in behalf of the Tehuantepec Route. An attack being made on the estimates of the Wyse Panama scheme, a sub-committee was appointed to report upon the approximate costs of the necessary locks and tunnels.

On the 21st, this sub-committee reported that it would cost $160,000,000 to construct the canal at sea-level, with a tunnel through the mountains, but without the use of locks, exclusive of salaries. The chief address of the day was by Sir John Hawkshaw, an English engineer, who dwelt largely upon the disadvantages and positive objections to the Wyse Route. In the afternoon the Committee on Technical Questions abandoned all projects except that for a canal via Nicaragua, with locks, and that for a canal to connect Limon Bay with the port of Panama.

Thursday's session was occupied by the reports of the sub-committees on Tunneling and Profile, by an address by Mr. Appleton upon the merits of the San Blas Route, by a further explanation of the Napipi route by Commander Selfridge, and an earnest speech by M. Simonin in advocacy of prompt action.

M. de Lesseps presided over the meeting of the Committee on Technique on Friday, and maintained that in the discussions preference should be given to a tide-water or level canal over all others.

No session of the Congress was held on the 24th, but several of the committees held meetings. The sub-committee on Technique having called for modifications in the plans of the Napipi and the Nicaragua Routes, Commander Selfridge and Chief-Engineer Menocal were designated to prepare other plans.

At the meeting of the Committee on Technique on May 26th, the final reports of the sub-committees on Construction and Estimate for the different routes, adding to the original calculations of the engineers the cost of the modifications suggested by the several committees, were re-read.

These figures are as follows:

The Tehuantepec Route—Length, 240 kilometres (149 miles and 960 feet). Number of locks, 120. Total cost not estimated. Time occupied by a ship in passing through, twelve days.

The Nicaragua Routes—Menocal's plan: Length, 292 kilometres (181 miles and 2,664 feet). Number of locks, 17. Expense of construction, 842,000,000 francs ($168,400,000). Time required to make the passage, four and one-half days. Blanchet's plan: Length the same; cost of construction, 411,000,000 francs ($82,200,000).

The Panama Routes—Wyse's plan (modified): Length, 73 kilometres (45 miles and 1,986 feet). Number of locks, 12. Total cost, 1,103,000,000 francs ($220,600,000). Time required for the passage, one and one-half days. Kelly's San Blas Route: Length, 53 kilometres (34 miles and 4,426 feet). Total cost (tunnel carefully calculated), 1,340,000,000 francs ($268,000,000). Time required for passage, one day.

The Darien Route—The Atrato-Napipi: Length, 290 kilometres (180 miles and 1,380 feet). Two locks required. Total cost, 1,000,000,000 francs ($200,000,000). Time of passage, three days.

On the 27th, reports were presented by the Committees on Statistics through M. Levasseur, and on Ways and Means through M. Cerisole, both documents being of a very elaborate and valuable character.

The Committee on Technique adopted the Wyse Panama sea-level Route on the 28th, after the sub-committee on Construction had reported the following revised estimates of the total cost: Lieutenant Wyse's modified Panama plan, with locks, 700,000,000 francs ($140,000,000); Menocal's Nicaragua plan, 900,000,000 francs ($180,000,000); The Atrato Route, 1,130,000,000 francs ($206,000,000).

On May 29th, the full Congress met to take decisive action, and after disposing of several committee reports, adopted a resolution favoring the construction of the proposed canal from the Gulf of Limon to the Bay of Panama, by a vote of 17 to 8, with 16 absentees. After this action the Congress was formally closed.

By the Panama Route the line of canal would commence at Navy Bay, on the Atlantic side, and, following the course of the Chagres River as far as Matachin, a distance of about twenty-six miles, whence the Obispo River would be utilized to near Paraiso, a connection would be made by means of an artificial channel between the Rio Obispo and the Rio Grande, that flows into the Pacific.

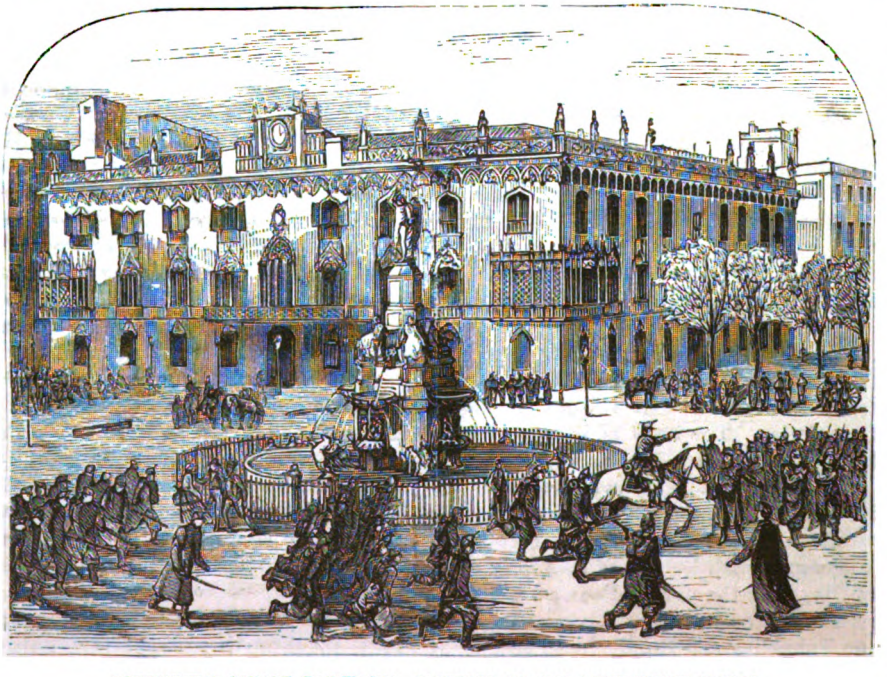
There have been two plans submitted for this canal, their only difference being a slight change of direction at the western or Pacific end. The summit or highest point to be cut through on this line would be only 262 feet.

The proceedings of the Congress do not appear to have

SCENE ON THE RAMBLE, BARCELONA.

been exceedingly harmonious, and it was evident from the first that differences of opinion between the various experts were utterly irreconcilable. The official representatives of the United States Government were in favor of what is known as the Nicaragua Route, while the majority of the Congress decided for the route *via* Panama. The former, counting from ocean to ocean, would extend 181 miles and embrace 21 locks; while the latter would be only 42 miles in length, *but would necessitate the construction of a tunnel of over l miles.* It was emphatically declared by our representatives that the construction of a canal by the Panama Route was an utter impossibility, but their arguments were not sufficient to convince the majority; and after an earnest protest they retired from the scene.

That old proverb expressive of the difficulty of deciding where doctors differ is quite applicable to this case—when such a radical difference of opinion exists between experts, and such contradictory statements are made, it is a hard matter to arrive at a just conclusion. Judging, however, as we are justified in doing, by public opinion as reflected by the press, Americans are pretty unanimous in sustaining the views of their delegates, and in declaring their belief that the majority of the Congress were greatly misinformed, not to say misled, in arriving at the choice of the PanamaRoute.



GOVERNMENT SQUARE, BARCELONA, CAPTURED BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

M. de Lesseps, whose sympathies in favor of a canal by any possible route are easy of comprehension, from the first moment evinced a strong preference for the Panama Route, and it cannot be doubted that it was largely owing to his influence and opinion, and the great confidence which so many naturally placed in the accuracy of his judgment, that this route was finally selected. It is, perhaps, rather too early to express a decided opinion, but there is an evident feeling in the minds of our countrymen that M. de Lesseps decided the question rather too hastily, and in face of an overwhelming evidence against the feasibility of the Panama Route. But be this as it may, the Congress scarcely terminated, we find the indefatigable De Lesseps in the field with all the old-time vigor and vim and vivacity which he constantly exhibited during the early years of the Suez campaign. In an incredibly short space of time we find his programme all arranged, the prospectus of a company issued with De Lesseps as the promoter and president, and the capital solicited simultaneously in the financial centres of the Old and the New World.

THE ATTACK OF THE FRENCH, UNDER OUDINOT, ON ROME, IN 1848.

At the present time, with a plethora of money for investment, any undertaking which is directed by responsible parties and for the accomplishment of any work not of an ultra speculative character, readily obtains support. M. de Lesseps had, however, no intention of trusting to the liberality of large capitalists; his line of action was in a moment decided on, and with his accustomed eloquence, still so well remembered, he commenced his appeals to the people, to the patriotism of his countrymen, the majority of whom had so heartily stood by him in the dark and trying days of his former great work. He at once commenced a tour through the provinces, speaking everywhere, sometimes even twice in one day, to crowded audiences. Newspaper correspondents and public functionaries followed in his

VIEW OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE, BESIEGED IN 1848.

train; the most enthusiastic receptions were accorded to him, and his progress was a succession of triumphs. But, unfortunately, the unhappy day arrived, alas, only too soon for opening in the various capitals the subscription lists. That no aid was proffered in America and next to nothing in England, was, perhaps, not surprising. In the execution of a work requiring from six hundred to eight hundred millions of francs it was natural that France should wish to have a small voice. But when it was known that in France the subscriptions were merely nominal, much astonishment was manifested. It was for the moment scarcely credited, but soon the bitter truth was made apparent—the people who had hung on the words of M. de Lesseps, who had cheered him to the echo, who had received him as a returning conqueror, *had done nothing more.* They listened to his speeches, they approved of his plans, in fact they were ready to do anything and everything for him—*but they declined to furnish the money.* This, above all, when at the very same time they subscribed for a municipal loan for the city of Paris *just eleven times the large amount asked for*, was only capable of one explanation: a lack of confidence in its ultimate success.

This evident reluctance to furnish the required capital for a project very flattering to their national *amour propre*, and at the head of which stood one in whom justly they had every confidence, was very probably somewhat intensified by the manner in which the enterprise was regarded in the United States.

The cutting of a canal on their own borders by a company exclusively foreign, and in the management of which they would have no voice, was looked upon with disfavor, not to put the case more strongly. If there is one point on which Americans are more sensitive than on another, it is on *the* historical Monroe Doctrine. The tradition that while all are welcome as individuals, there is no room on this continent either for European interference or for any other form of government. The tenacity with which this doctrine is cherished by all Americans is well recognized by European Powers. It is well remembered by them how even during the dark days of our civil war the attempt to foster imperial tendencies on Mexican soil, and to establish an empire under the very shadow of the great Republic, was regarded, and how the expression of opinion sufficed to hasten the withdrawal of the Imperial troops. This is eminently proper, and no political party will ever survive should it for a moment disregard the popular will on this one point. On many other subjects, perhaps of equal importance, we are much more careless.

It was evident that this was the cause more than anything else of the displeasure which the scheme excited in this country, and the advisers and friends of M. de Lesseps evidently had overlooked this to them all-important point. It is idle to ignore the fact that without the explicit approval of the Federal Government it will ever be impossible to turn the first sod for any canal by any route on this continent.

An undue importance was attached to the fact that right of construction had been granted by the Government of the States of Colombia. This is true, but it should not be forgotten that the population of these nine States does not aggregate more than two millions of inhabitants, and that their Government is little better than a dissolving view of generals and insurrections; and furthermore, that any concessions or rights which it might grant would be of no value whatever unless approved of by the United States Government.

There is little doubt but that this grave mistake will ere long be remedied, and that a company will be organized, if not absolutely under American control, at least in which Americans will be largely represented. In this way the services of M. de Lesseps would be greatly desired, and his co-operation most heartily welcomed.

His indomitable energy, his unrivaled experience in similar work, and the invincible way, so peculiarly his own, of solving or conquering difficulties which sometimes appear to be insurmountable, would combine to render him an invaluable aid in the prosecution of the work.

The construction of a canal across the Panama Isthmus, while not a work of absolute necessity, is still one greatly to be desired. The effect that it would have on the development of the western coast of the two Americas can scarcely be over-estimated, while it would also undoubtedly give an extraordinary impetus to our shipping trade. It may be that this would be the very thing required to galvanize into new life this interest which has so long lain dormant.

Before the war we were England's most dangerous competitor not only for the carrying but for the maritime building trade of the world, and it is only a question of time when our unequaled resources both in materials and in coast-line will again be called upon. Its effect also on the shipments of Eastern produce via the Isthmusian route for Europe will be very considerable. We can see this exemplified, but in a comparatively infinitesimal way, by the difference which the construction of the Pacific Road made in our favor. The comparison is still a very poor one, as the cost of freight over three thousand miles of railroad must ever be so great as to preclude the shipment of everything but the most valuable goods.

In European financial circles it was erroneously surmised that the American opposition to the project arose entirely from the jealousy of our railroad corporations. This is manifestly incorrect. It is natural to suppose that the owners of the Pacific Road are not especially desirous of having a competitor, above all such a dangerous one as would be the Canal; but their opposition would be powerless to create a sentiment against it. This country has everything to gain from it and nothing to lose, and she can afford liberally to provide both men and money to aid its completion, exacting only one condition: that it shall remain for ever under the protection of the Federal Government.

M. de Lesseps has announced his intention of visiting this country during the coming Fall. Doubtless he is not very well satisfied with the failure of his scheme, and which he knows can only be attributed to American influence; but we can assure him beforehand, that he will have a warm and cordial reception. A distinguished stranger coming to this country can always count on this; but there are especial circumstances in the case of M. de Lesseps which should tend to render his visit peculiarly agreeable. We are no longer so enthusiastic over titled mediocrities as in our younger days, and now the visit of duke or earl occasions, except in certain tuft-hunting circles, scarcely a comment. But with those who have distinguished themselves in the world of literature, of science or of art, or who have carved out for themselves in any way a niche in the temple of fame, we have a different welcome, and Ferdinand de Lesseps will prove no exception to the rule.

It would be out of place in discussing this Canal project not to notice the manner in which General Grant's name has been coupled with it, as the possible president of a company to carry it out. Admiral Ammen (always a warm personal friend of General Grant) was, as is well known, one of our delegates to the Paris Congress, and was in correspondence with the General both during and after the termination of the Congress. Admiral Ammen would lead

as to believe that the telegram which he claims to have received from the general, containing the words, "I approve," referred to his acceptance of the presidency of a company for the prosecution of the work, in case that it should be tendered to him. This deduction is by no means logically correct, though undoubtedly Admiral Ammen should know best the meaning which it was intended to convey to him.

Whether General Grant should be at the head of the undertaking or not, we do not regard as being of any great importance, either one way or the other. It is, however, certain that it would have ever to remain a question strictly outside of party lines. All that is required in the president is a man who, in the highest sense of the word, enjoys the confidence of his countrymen; and there are very many to be named who would confer distinction on the office by their acceptance of the position.

The climate of the Isthmus presents more serious difficulties than that of the Suez Isthmus, but the black labor which can be easily obtained from the islands of the West Indies will probably obviate the one most to be feared. The promoters of the French company have already sent forward two experienced medical officers, who have passed many years in tropical countries, to thoroughly study the ground, with a view of making the most effective sanitary arrangements that may be possible, in order to avoid the terrible mortality among the laborers, such as was experienced in the building of the Panama Railroad. A staff of three engineers is also on the spot, to prepare certain estimates as to the mechanical portion of the work. All of these gentlemen will have completed their labors before the arrival of M. de Lesseps, and will make their reports to him personally on his arrival in New York.

## MEISSONIER.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons in the year 1813. He is the first miniaturist of *genre* subjects who has attained celebrity. Perhaps he can receive no higher praise than to be, as he constantly is, compared to Terburg and Metzu. He has been fully appreciated from the commencement of his career, and receives honors and money without stint. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor and a grand medalist.

Meissonier has been decorated by numerous princes, and among other marks of distinction, has received from the Emperor of Russia one of the highest Orders of that country. This decoration he received as a reward for complying with a singular request which the Czar made of him during that potentate's brief but eventful visit to Paris in 1867. Meissonier was presented to the Emperor, who had been a very liberal patron of his, and who cordially received the illustrious artist. When Meissonier was about to take his departure, the Czar said to him, somewhat diffidently:

"Will you do me a favor, monsieur?"

The artist bowed to the earth.

"I don't know whether you will like to do it, but I would feel deeply indebted if you would paint a likeness of my faithful companion, Mantun."

"Who is Mantun, sire?"

"Ah, there lies the trouble, monsieur; Mantun is my pet dog."

M. Meissonier looked a little taken aback. He had painted battle-charges enough, but never yet a dog. The Emperor of Russia opened a door, and, from an adjoining room, called in Mantun. It was a superb Newfoundland dog. To refuse an emperor is an impossibility, so Meissonier painted Mantun, and received the Russian Order of St. Andrew. The painting how hangs in the emperor's private cabinet at St. Petersburg.

At no great distance from Victorien Sardou's splendid chateau at Maily lies Ville de Ferme, the country residence of Meissonier, who is at once the richest and the most popular of French painters. With neither the vast genius of Horace Vernet, nor the sombre spirit of Paul Delaroche, M. Meissonier surpasses either of them in adroit coloring, in skillful arrangement and grouping of details, and in effects of light and shadow, such as few of the good painters of our times are able to produce. All the grand achievements of his remarkable artistic career have been brought about by the hardest of work, as all know who have been admitted to an intimacy with M. Meissonier.

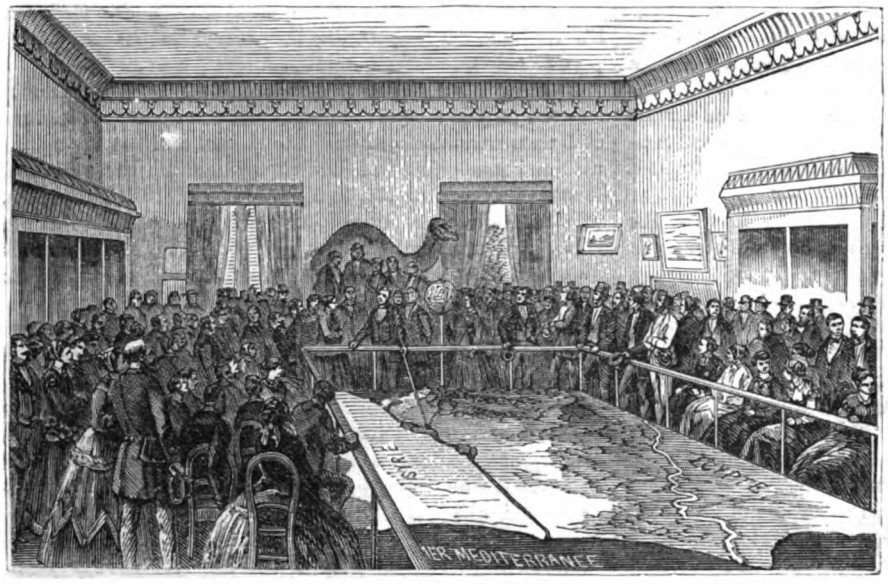
He has an *atelier* in Paris where he can be found two or three times a week; but there he keeps only what few finished paintings he has on hand. His real workshop is at Ville de Ferme. There, in his well-lighted studio occupying about one-half of the entire ground-floor of the old-fashioned building, he has finished all the splendid tableaux which, in the course of the last twenty years, have conferred so much wealth and fame on their author, and so much honor upon the art of France.

Meissonier is very wealthy, his wealth being considerable for one who started in life without a sou of his own, and who, at eighteen years of age, was glad to act as an assistant *rapin* (color-grinder) in the studio of a Parisian painter, whose very name has been forgotten at the present time. The aversion of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche to serve the Second Empire, as a matter of course promoted Meissonier's interests most powerfully he having received from the Imperial exchequer for his series of battle paintings upon the Crimean war and the Italian campaign of 1859 over five hundred thousand francs.

In his habits Meissonier is anything but extravagant; but if his fortune is not by far more considerable than it is, it is because he is perhaps more lavish in his expenditures for his studies and professional needs than any other painter has, perhaps, ever been. With whatever subject he chooses, he will most thoroughly, and regardless of cost, familiarize himself. A whole volume could be filled on the unique and expensive means he adopted during his artistic career for such preparations. While he was painting his famous "Battle of Solferino," he gave a number of brilliant *fêtes* to the generals whose features he was to immortalize on his canvas. And recently, while at work upon his "Charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichsoffen," he paid for the expenses of two companies of cuirassiers, which the Government placed at his disposal for two weeks, so that he might watch the charging, retreating, re-forming, etc.

The immense reputation of Meissonier is justified by the perfection attained by him in the kind of art he has chosen. Perfection in art of any kind is so rare, that when we meet with it we are sure to take notice of it; and, though Meissonier's pictures are very small, they are not likely to be passed over in the most crowded exhibitions. The mere fact of this littleness seems to have helped their reputation, by increasing the marvel of the work; but there is nothing new or exceptional in this—the engravers of book illustrations and the painters of miniatures have long worked on a scale still smaller. What really is new and exceptional in Meissonier is a certain largeness of grasp and vivacity of accent, this vivacity degenerating into excessive *staccato* at times when *staccato* is not wanted.

Meissonier makes studies from life, in order to keep up his breadth of treatment. This, at least, is a proof of his

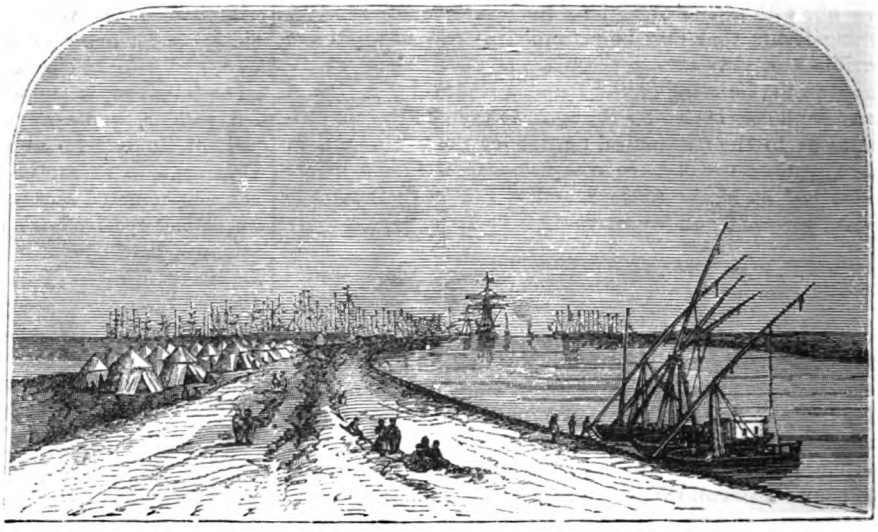



DE LESSEPS EXPLAINING HIS PROJECT OF A SUEZ CANAL.—SEE PAGE 514.

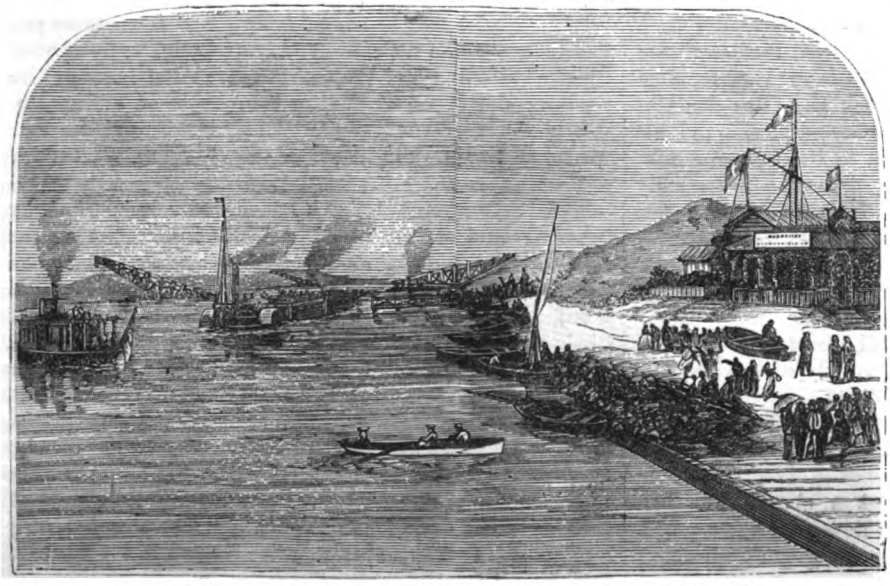
firm belief in a doctrine very generally received amongst artists—that in order to paint on a small scale really well, you must be able to paint on a larger.

Meissonier is a master of the male figure, and it is but of late years that he has studied the horse for his pictures of "Solferino" and the "Campagne de France." He has been generally careful to avoid women—probably because it is not easy to render a female face with that sharp accentuation which has become habitual with him. He is at his best in such pictures as the "Lecture chez Diderot," where gentlemen of the last century meet in conversation; or in such single studies as the "Smoker," which, for subtlety of quiet expression, is as good as the best faces of Rembrandt — as good, for instance, as the portrait of "Burgomaster Six." Sometimes the expression is pushed rather far, and slightly verges on caricature—as in the picture of an officer in the last century giving his orders, called "l'Ordonnance."

Meissonier is not a man of any grandeur or sublimity of genius, and he has apparently no tenderness—a defect he shares with Gérôme; but his keen observation, and ready, accurate hand, have made him king of his own realm in art; and his work will never diminish in money value, because such work must be always excessively rare.

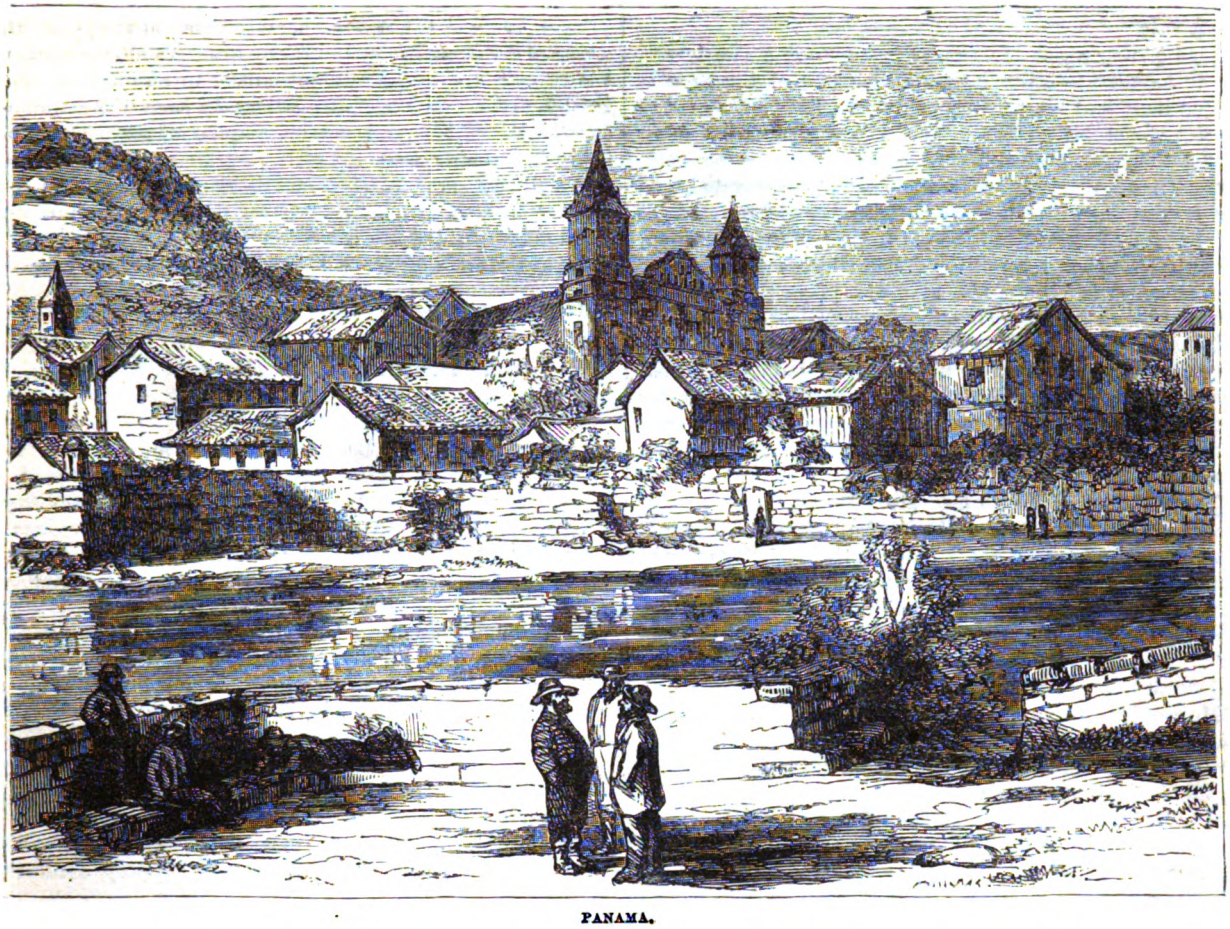


PORT SAID, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.



KANTARAH STATION, ON THE SUEZ CANAL—THE RESTAURANT FOR TRAVELERS.

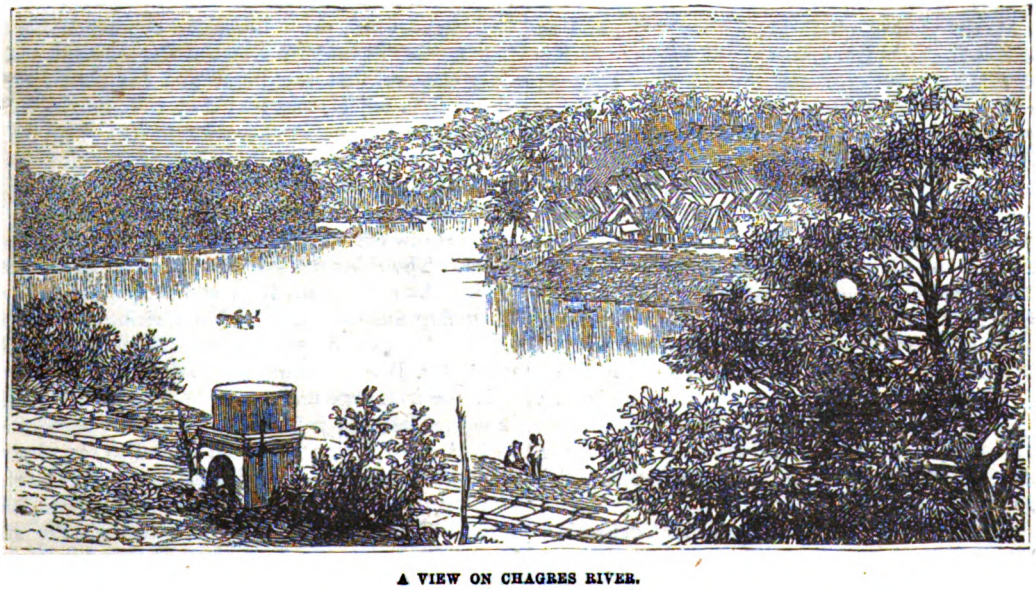
Meissonier is, perhaps, the most popular artist of our time. If he has a picture at the Salon, the crowd first ascertain where it is, and the obstruction is such that it is not always easy to approach it. When his works make part of a public sale, all who occupy themselves with painting rush to the Hotel Drouot. His reputation is world-wide, and volumes could be filled with articles which the reviews and journals have consecrated to him. Edward About has given, *en résumé*, with his usual spirit, the causes which have determined this prodigious success. "He made his *début*," says he, "by some microscopic



PANAMA.

pictures; one was obliged to examine them when near by; it was only then that we perceived Meissonier. The most severe critics, magnifying glass in hand, acknowledged that no one drew better than he; that his figures were irreproachable, and his draperies perfect; that his Liliputian personages wanted neither form nor dignity nor elegance. He painted true gentlemen, as distinguished as Lanzan and as slight as scarabei; he stowed fifty French guards, very lifelike and very stirring, on a canvas where two cockchafers would be too crowded. He surmounted so successfully the enormous difficulties he imposed on himself, that he was soon at ease in the narrowest frame."

Meissonier has painted, in truth, some subjects with several figures, and even some battles, but he oftener makes pictures with a single figure, and he knows how to captivate the attention with scenes so simply conceived, that a written description could give no idea of them, and it is



A VIEW ON CHAGRES RIVER.

absolutely necessary to see them in order to understand their value.

One quality which Meissonier possesses in a rare degree, is the research into the intimate character of the time in which he makes his personages move. It is not a man of to-day whom he clothes with the vestments of another time; there is a perfect accord between the physiognomy, the carriage, the costume of the person represented, and the accessories with which he enriches his picture. Above all, he never forgets the principal subject in the decoration, and whatever the charm of the details which make a part of the scene, it is always the man who plays the principal part, and who first attracts attention.

Meissonier has found many imitators among our young artists, who think to follow the master in painting microscopic canvases with minute care; but he has kept for himself the secret of interesting by insignificant subjects, and by painting, largely, pictures which may be seen through a glass.

The etchings of Meissonier are few, but the proofs of them are singularly rare. Save the "Smoker," there is scarcely a cabinet that offers them to the curiosity of amateurs. They are engraved with an extremely fine point—one would almost say with the point of a needle. But the effect is large; hence the niceness of the detail loses itself in the mass, and renders, with most astonishing skill, the appearance of everything, the epidermis of each object.

Meissonier's works are numerous, and are to be found in the best modern art galleries in Europe and in this country. He first exhibited, in 1836, "The Little Messenger." In the Luxembourg are "Napoleon III. at Solferino," on wood, and "The Emperor Surrounded by his Staff," also on wood. "La Partie de Boules" is regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. "A Dream" (1855) was purchased by the Emperor Napoleon for 20,000 francs, and presented to Prince Albert, who, by-the-way, could never be accused of refusing anything. The "Cavalry Charge" (1867) was purchased by Mr. Probasco, of Cincinnati, who paid over 150,000 francs for it. At the Johnston sale, New York, 1876, the "Soldiers at Cards," from the Demidoff collection, painted in 1860, sold for $11,500, and "Maréchal Saxe and his Staff" (1866) for $8,000. At the Leathan sale, New York, 1878, "The Amused Cavalier," 7¼ by 5 inches, sold for $3,100.

In *L'Art*, January, 1876, there is an article devoted to Meissonier's picture called "1807," which was purchased by the late A. T. Stewart for over 300,000 francs. It is said that the artist worked on it for fifteen years, and as regards size it is the most important of his works. At the Salon of 1877 Meissonier exhibited a portrait of Dumas; small figure, about a foot in height, sitting on a chair, with the legs crossed and the hands folded on the edge of a table which is covered with books and papers. He has executed some illustrations for books, such as "Les Français Peints par eux-mêmes," "La Comédie Humaine," and, in company with François and Daugbigny, an edition of "Paul and Virginia." The following list gives the titles of his principal etchings: "The Holy Table," "The Violin," "Preparations for the Duel," "Signor Annibale," "Monsieur Polichinelle, etc." At the sale of Wertheimer in Paris, 1861, a small panel, 27 by 21 centimetres, painted in 1858, representing German cavalrymen in a large *salon* playing cards, smoking, etc., brought 28,000 francs. At the Lehon sale in Paris, 1861, "The Painter at his Easel" sold for 11,200 francs. At the London sale, 1872, "The Sentinel," sold for $4,800.

Meissonier is small in stature, but has a fine head and a presence of marked individuality. He is a person of most active and industrious habits, rarely leaving his work unless to hunt, ride, or row upon the adjoining river. He is the severest critic of his own works, often erasing the result of weeks of elaborate labor, and rarely satisfying himself. He has two children—a daughter married to an officer in the French army, and a son who is already known as an able artist. He has several notable pupils, Edouard Détaille being the coming man.

We illustrate one of Meissonier's most remarkable pictures, "A Duel Prevented." The details in this *chef-d'œuvre* are assiduously cared for, while the pose of every actor in the exciting scene is absolutely true to the life.

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# A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

By O. W. Holmes.

MR. BERNARD staid in his room a short time before setting out for his evening walk. His eye fell upon the Bible his mother had given him when he left home, and he opened it in the New Testament at a venture. It happened that the first words he read were these: "Lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping." In the state of mind in which he was at the moment, the text startled him. It was like a supernatural warning. He was not going to expose himself to any particular danger this evening; a walk in a quiet village was as free from risk as Helen Darley or his own mother could ask; yet he had an unaccountable feeling of apprehension, without any definite object.

At this moment he remembered the old doctor's counsel, which he had sometimes neglected, and, blushing at the feeling which led him to do it, he took the pistol his suspicious old friend had forced upon him, which he had put away loaded, and thrusting it into his pocket, set out upon his walk.

The moon was shining at intervals, for the night was partially clouded. There seemed to be nobody stirring, though his attention was unusually awake, and he could hear the whirr of the bats overhead, and the pulsating croak of the frogs in the distant pools and marshes. Presently he detected the sound of hoofs at some distance, and, looking forward, saw a horseman coming in his direction. The moon was under a cloud at the moment, and he could only observe that the horse and his rider [illegible] like a single dark object, and that they were movin[illegible] at an easy pace.

Mr. Bernard was really ashamed of himself when he found his hand on the butt of his pistol. When the horseman was within a hundred and fifty yards of him, the moon shone out suddenly and revealed each of them to the other. The rider paused for a moment, as if carefully surveying the pedestrian, then suddenly put his horse to the full gallop, and dashed toward him, rising at the same instant in his stirrups and swinging something round his head—what, Mr. Bernard could not make out.

It was a strange manœuvre—so strange and threatening in aspect that the young man forgot his nervousness in an instant, cocked his pistol, and waited to see what mischief all this meant. He did not wait long. As the rider came rushing toward him he made a rapid motion, and something leaped five-and-twenty feet through the air in Mr. Bernard's direction. In an instant he felt a ring, as of a rope or thong, settle upon his shoulders. There was no

time to think; he would be lost in another second. He raised his pistol and fired—not at the rider, but at the horse. His aim was true; the mustang gave one bound and fell lifeless, shot through the head. The lasso was fastened to his saddle, and his last bound threw Mr. Bernard violently to the earth, where he lay motionless, as if stunned.

In the meantime Dick Venner, who had been dashed down with his horse, was trying to extricate himself, one of his legs being held fast under the animal, the long spur on his boot having caught in the saddle-cloth. He found, however, that he could do nothing with his right arm, his shoulder having been in some way injured in his fall. But his Southern blood was up, and as he saw Mr. Bernard move as if he was coming to his senses, he struggled violently to free himself.

"I'll have the dog yet," he said; "only let me get at him with the knife!"

He had just succeeded in extricating his imprisoned leg, and was ready to spring to his feet, when he was caught firmly by the throat, and looking up, saw a clumsy, barbed weapon, commonly known as a hay-fork, within an inch of his breast.

"Hold on there! What'n thunder 'r' y' abaout, y' darned Portagee?" said a voice with a decided nasal tone in it, but sharp and resolute.

Dick looked from the weapon to the person who held it, and saw a sturdy, plain man standing over him, with his teeth clinched, and his aspect that of one all ready for mischief.

"Lay still, naow!" said Abel Stebbins, the doctor's man; "'f y' don't, I'll stick ye, 'z sure 'z y' 'r' alive! I been aafter ye f'r a week, 'n' I got y' naow! I knowed I'd ketch ye at some darned trick or 'nother 'fore I'd done 'ith ye!"

Dick lay perfectly still, feeling that he was crippled and helpless, thinking all the time with the Yankee half of his mind what to do about it. He saw Mr. Bernard lift his head, and look around him. He would get his senses again in a few minutes, very probably, and then he, Mr. Richard Venner, would be done for.

"Let me up! let me up!" he cried, in a low, hurried voice; "I'll give you a hundred dollars in gold to let me go! The man ain't hurt; don't you see him stirring? He'll come to himself in two minutes. Let me up! I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars in gold, now, here on the spot, and the watch out of my pocket; take it yourself, with your own hands!"

"I'll see y' darned fust! Ketch me lett'n' go!" was Abel's emphatic answer. "Yeou lay still, 'n' wait till that man comes to."

He kept the hayfork ready for action at the slightest sign of resistance.

Mr. Bernard, in the meantime, had been getting first his senses, and then some few of his scattered wits a little together.

"What is it?" he said. "Who's hurt? What's happened?"

"Come along here 'z quick 'z y' ken," Abel answered, "'n' haalp me fix this fellah. Y' been hurt y'rself, 'n' the' 's murder come pooty nigh happenin'."

Mr. Bernard heard the answer, but presently stared about and asked again, "Who's hurt? What's happened?"

"Y' 'r hurt y'rself, I tell ye," said Abel; "'n' the' 's be a murder, pooty nigh."

Mr. Bernard felt something about his neck, and putting his hands up, found the loop of the lasso, which he loosened, but did not think to slip over his head, in the confusion of his perceptions and thoughts. It was a wonder that it had not choked him, but he had fallen forward so as to slacken it.

By this time he was getting some notion of what he was about, and presently began looking round for his pistol, which had fallen. He found it lying near him, cocked it mechanically, and walked somewhat unsteadily toward the two men, who were keeping their position as still as if they were performing in a tableau.

"Quick, neow!" said Abel, who had heard the click of cocking the pistol, and saw that he held it in his hand, as he came toward him. "Gi' me that pistil, and yeou fetch that 'ere rope layin' there. I'll have this here fellah fixed 'n less 'n two minutes."

Mr. Bernard did as Abel said, stupidly and mechanically, for he was but half right as yet. Abel pointed the pistol at Dick's head.

"Naow hold up y'r hands, yeou fellah," he said, "'n' keep 'em up, while this man puts the rope raound y'r wrists."

Dick felt himself helpless, and, rather than have his disabled arm roughly dealt with, held up his hands. Mr. Bernard did as Abel said; he was in a purely passive state, and obeyed orders like a child. Abel then secured the rope in a most thorough and satisfactory complication of twists and knots.

"Naow get up, will ye?" he said; and the unfortunate Dick rose to his feet.

"Who's hurt? What's happened?" asked poor Mr. Bernard again, his memory having been completely jarred out of him for the time.

"Come, look here naow, yeou, don' stan' naskin' questions over 'n' over; 't beats all! ha'nt I tol' y' a dozen times?"

As Abel spoke, he turned and looked at Mr. Bernard.

"Hullo! What 'n thunder's that 'ere raoun' y'r neck? Ketched ye 'ith a slippernoose, hey? Wal, if that ain't the craowner! Hol' on a minute, Cap'n, 'n' I'll show you what that 'ere halter's good for."

Abel slipped the noose over Mr. Bernard's head, and put it round the neck of the miserable Dick Venner, who made no sign of resistance—whether on account of the pain he was in, or from mere helplessness, or because he was waiting for some unguarded moment to escape—since resistance seemed of no use.

"I'm go'n' to kerry y' home," said Abel; "th' o' doctor, he's got a gre't cur'osity t' see ye. Jes' step along naow—off that way, will ye!—'n' I'll hol' on t' the bridle, f' fear y' sh'd run away."

He took hold of the leather thong, but found that it was fastened at the other end to the saddle. This was too much for Abel.

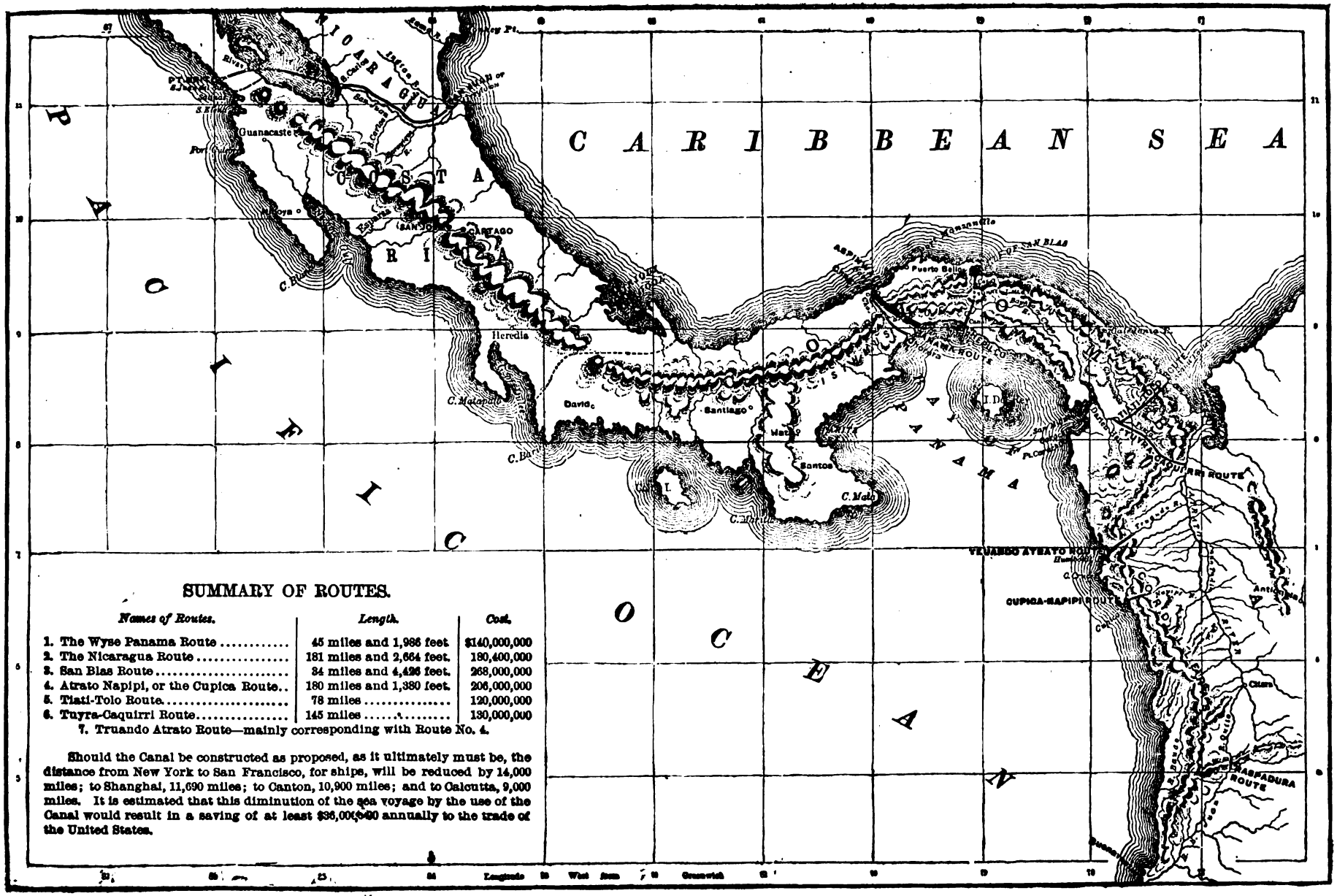
"Wal, naow, yeou *be* a pooty chap t' hev raound! A fellah's neck in a slippernoose at one eend of a halter, 'n' a hoss on th' full spring at t'other eend!"

He looked at him from head to foot, as a naturalist inspects a new specimen. His clothes had suffered in his fall, especially on the leg which had been caught under the horse.

"Hullo! look o' there naow! What's that 'ere stickin' aout o' y'r boot?"

It was nothing but the handle of an ugly knife, which Abel instantly relieved him of.

The party now took up the line of march for old Doctor Kittredge's house, Abel carrying the pistol and knife, and Mr. Bernard walking in silence, still half-stunned, holding the hay-fork which Abel had thrust into his hand. It was all a dream to him as yet. He remembered the horseman riding at him, and his firing the pistol; but whether he




## SUMMARY OF ROUTES.

| *Names of Routes.* | *Length.* | *Cost.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Wyse Panama Route | 45 miles and 1,986 feet | $140,000,000 |
| 2. The Nicaragua Route | 181 miles and 2,664 feet. | 180,400,000 |
| 3. San Blas Route | 34 miles and 4,426 feet. | 268,000,000 |
| 4. Atrato Napipi, or the Cupica Route | 180 miles and 1,380 feet. | 206,000,000 |
| 5. Tiati-Tolo Route | 78 miles | 120,000,000 |
| 6. Tuyra-Caquirri Route | 145 miles | 130,000,000 |

7. Truando Atrato Route—mainly corresponding with Route No. 4.

Should the Canal be constructed as proposed, as it ultimately must be, the distance from New York to San Francisco, for ships, will be reduced by 14,000 miles; to Shanghai, 11,690 miles; to Canton, 10,900 miles; and to Calcutta, 9,000 miles. It is estimated that this diminution of the sea voyage by the use of the Canal would result in a saving of at least $36,000,000 annually to the trade of the United States.

MAP OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS PROPOSED ROUTES.—SEE PAGE 514.

was alive, and these walls around him belonged to the village of Rockland, or whether he had passed the dark river, and was in a suburb of New Jerusalem, he could not as yet have told.

They were in the street where the doctor's house was situated.

"I guess I'll fire off one o' these here berrils," said Abel.

He fired.

Presently there was a noise of opening windows, and the nocturnal head-dresses of Rockland flowered out of them like so many developments of the night-blooming cereus. White cotton caps and red bandana handkerchiefs were the prevailing forms of efflorescence. The main point was that the village was waked up. The old doctor always waked easily, from long habit, and was the first among those who looked out to see what had happened.

"Why, Abel!" he called out, "what have you there? And what's all this noise about?"

"We've ketched the Portagee!" Abel answered, as laconically as the Hero of Lake Erie in his famous dispatch. "Go in there, you fellah!"

The prisoner was marched into the house, and the doctor, who had bewitched his clothes upon him in a way that would have been miraculous in anybody but a physician, was down in a presentable form as soon as if it had been a child in a fit that he was sent for.

"Richard Venner!" the doctor exclaimed. "What is the meaning of all this? Mr. Langdon, has anything happened to you?"

TELEGRAPH CORPS OF UNITED STATES CANAL SURVEYING EXPEDITION AT SUCUBITI RIVER.

Mr. Bernard put his hand to his head.

"My mind is confused," he said. "I've had a fall. Oh, yes!—wait a minute, and it will all come back to me."

"Sit down, sit down," the doctor said. "Abel will tell me about it. Slight concussion of the brain. Can't remember very well for an hour or two—will come right by to-morrow."

"Been stunded," Abel said. "He can't tell nothin'."

Abel then proceeded to give a Napoleonic bulletin of the recent combat of cavalry and infantry and its results—none slain, one captured.

The doctor looked at the prisoner through his spectacles.

"What's the matter with your shoulder, Venner?"

Dick answered, sullenly, that he didn't know—fell on it when his horse came down. The doctor examined it as carefully as he could through his clothes.

"Out of joint. Untie his hands, Abel."

By this time a small alarm had spread among the neighbors, and there was a circle around Dick, who glared about on the assembled honest people like a hawk with a broken wing.

When the doctor said, "Untie his hands," the circle widened perceptibly.

"Isn't it a leetle rash to give him the use of his hands? I see there's females and children standin' near."

This was the remark of our old friend, Deacon Soper, who retired from the front row as he spoke, behind a respectable-looking, but somewhat hastily dressed, person of the defenseless sex, the female help of a neighboring household, accompanied by a boy, whose unsmoothed shock of hair looked like a last year's crow's-nest.

But Abel untied his hands, in spite of the deacon's considerate remonstrance.

"Now," said the doctor, "the first thing is to put the joint back."

"Stop," said Deacon Soper, "stop a minute. Don't you think it will be safer—for the women folks—just to wait till mornin', afore you put that j'int into the socket?"

Colonel Sprowle, who had been called by a special messenger, spoke up at this moment.

"Let the women-folks and the deacons go home, if they're scared, and put the fellah's j'int in as quick as you like. I'll resk him, j'int in or out."

"I want one of you to go straight down to Dudley Venner's with a message," the doctor said. "I will have the young man's shoulder in quick enough."

"Don't send that message!" said Dick, in a hoarse voice. "Do what you like with my arm, but don't send that message! Let me go; I can walk, and I'll be off from this place. There's nobody hurt but myself. Hang the shoulder!—let me go! You shall never hear of me again!" Mr. Bernard came forward.

"My friends," he said, "*I* am not injured—seriously, at least. Nobody need complain against this man, if I don't. The doctor will treat him like a human being, at any rate; and then, if he will go, let him. There are too many witnesses against him here for him to want to stay."

The doctor, in the meantime, without saying a word to all this, had got a towel round the shoulder and chest and another round the arm, and had the bone replaced in a very few minutes.

"Abel, put Cassia into the new chaise," he said, quietly. "My friends and neighbors, leave this young man to me."

"Colonel Sprowle, you're a justice of the peace," said Deacon Soper, "and you know what the law says in cases like this. I a'n't so clear that it won't have to come afore the grand jury, whether we will or no."

"I guess we'll set that j'int to-morrow morning," said Colonel Sprowle; which made a laugh at the deacon's expense, and virtually settled the question.

"Now trust this young man in my care," said the old doctor, "and go home and finish your naps. I knew him when he was a boy, and I'll answer for it, he won't trouble you any more. The Dudley blood makes folks proud, I can tell you, whatever else they are."

The good people so respected and believed in the doctor that they left the prisoner with him.

Presently, Cassia, the fast Morgan mare, came up to the front-door, with the wheels of the new, light chaise flashing behind her in the moonlight. The doctor drove Dick forty miles at a stretch that night, out of the limits of the State.

"Do you want money?" he said, before he left him.

Dick told him the secret of his golden belt.

"Where shall I send your trunk after you from your uncle's?"

Dick gave him a direction to a seaport town to which he himself was going, to take passage for a port in South America.

"Good-by, Richard," said the doctor. "Try to learn something from to-night's lesson."

The Southern impulses in Dick's wild blood overcame him, and he kissed the old doctor on both cheeks, crying as only the children of the sun can cry, after the first hours in the dewy morning of life. So Dick Venner disappears from this story.

An hour after dawn, Cassia pointed her fine ears homeward, and struck into her square, honest trot, as if she had not been doing anything more than her duty during her four hours' stretch of the last night.

Abel was not in the habit of questioning the doctor's decisions.

"It's all right," he said to Mr. Bernard. "The fellah's Squire Venner's relation, anyhaow. Don't you want to wait here, jest a little while, till I come back? The' 's a consid'able nice saddle 'n' bridle on a dead hoss that's layin' daown there in the road, 'n' I guess the' ain't no use in lettin' on 'em spile, so I'll jest step aout 'n' fetch 'em along. I kind o' calc'late 't won't pay to take the cretur's shoes 'n' hide off to-night, 'n' the' won't be much iron on that hoss's hoofs an haour after daylight, I'll bate ye a quarter."

"I'll walk along with you," said Mr. Bernard; "I feel as if I could get along well enough now."

So they set off together. There was a little crowd round the dead mustang already, principally consisting of neighbors who had adjourned from the doctor's house to see the scene of the late adventure. In addition to these, however, the assembly was honored by the presence of Mr. Principal Silas Peckham, who had been called from his slumbers by a message that Master Langdon was shot through the head by a highway robber, but had learned a true version of the story by this time. His voice was at that moment heard above the rest—sharp, but thin, like bad cider-vinegar.

"I take charge of that property, I say. Master Langdon's actin' under my orders, and I claim the hoss and all that's on him. Hiram! jest slip off that saddle and bridle, and carry 'em up to the Institoot, and bring down a pair of pinchers and a file—and—stop—fetch a pair of shears, too; there's hoss-hair enough in that mane and tail to stuff a bolster with."

"You let that hoss alone!" spoke up Colonel Sprowle. "When a fellah goes out huntin' and shoots a squirrel, do you think he's go'n' to let another fellah pick him up and kerry him off? Not if he's got a double-berril gun, and t'other berril ha'n't been fired off yet! I should like to see the mahn that'll take off that saddle 'n' bridle, excep' the one th't hez a fair right to the whole concern!"

Hiram was from one of the lean streaks in New Hampshire, and, not being overfed in Mr. Silas Peckham's kitchen, was somewhat wanting in stamina, as well as in stomach, for so doubtful an enterprise as undertaking to carry out his employer's orders in the face of the colonel's defiance.

Just then Mr. Bernard and Abel came up together.

"Here they be," said the colonel. "Stan' back, gentlemen!"

Mr. Bernard, who was pale, and still a little confused, but gradually becoming more like himself, stood and looked in silence for a moment.

All his thoughts seemed to be clearing themselves in this interval. He took in the whole series of incidents: his own frightful risk; the strange, instinctive, nay, Providential, impulse which had led him so suddenly to do the only thing which could possibly have saved him; the sudden appearance of the doctor's man, but for which he might yet have been lost; and the discomfiture and capture of his dangerous enemy.

It was all past now, and a feeling of pity rose in Mr. Bernard s heart.

"He loved that horse, no doubt," he said, "and no wonder. A beautiful, wild-looking creature! Take off those things that are on him, Abel, and have them carried to Mr. Dudley Venner's. If he does not want them, you may keep them yourself, for all I have to say. One thing more. I hope nobody will lift his hand against this noble creature to mutilate him in any way. After you have taken off the saddle and bridle, Abel, bury him just as he is. Under that old beech-tree will be a good place. You'll see to it, won't you, Abel?"

Abel nodded assent, and Mr. Bernard returned to the Institute, threw himself in his clothes on the bed, and slept like one who is heavy with wine.

Following Mr. Bernard's wishes, Abel at once took off the high-peaked saddle and the richly ornamented bridle from the mustang. Then, with the aid of two or three others, he removed him to the place indicated. Spades and shovels were soon procured, and before the moon had set, the wild horse of the Pampas was at rest under the turf, at the wayside in the far village among the hills of New England.

## RUBIES.

The ruby is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes this exquisite gem. Like the sapphire and the Oriental topaz, it belongs to the class styled corundum, the members of which are alike in composition, though different in color and in quality. The true ruby, or red sapphire, is said to be the most valuable gem, when of large size, good color, and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in value. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction, and retains it for some hours; it also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. Occasionally specimens are asteriated, as in case of what is known as star sapphires. Though it cannot be fused by itself, in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass. Its colors are carmine, cochineal, or pigeon's blood, and rosebud, often with a play of violet.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam and Pegu; others are found in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra, and some places on the Continent of Europe. The Burmese mines have long been famous. The working of them is a royal monopoly, and the king has, among other titles, that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary characters to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best being that known as pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow.

The rare occurrence of the desired vivid pigeon's-blood color in a ruby of any size causes the price to increase in an even greater proportion than the diamond. After all, perhaps, it may be truly said of rubies in general that when they exceed one carat in weight no definite price can be given as a guide to the purchaser.

When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market, a sum several times as great as that offered for a diamond of the same weight will be bid for it; if it reaches seven carats, it is almost invaluable.

Yet rubies of much greater size are in existence. An Indian prince had one of near twenty-four carats, and it was bought for 156 pounds' weight of gold. Catherine of Russia had in her crown a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg; and there is said to be one in Paris which weighed 106½ carats. That of Catherine appears to be still in the Russian treasury. Others might be mentioned, especially that among the French crown jewels, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The first specimens, of course, are the monopoly of princes and persons with princely fortunes. Even these may, nevertheless, be sometimes deceived, for we are told that two large stones shown as rubies among Her Majesty's jewels at the Exhibition of 1862 are simply spinels, and therefore neither rare nor precious.

## TOILETS OF ANTIQUITY.

Certain prized records have come down to us descriptive of the toilets of matrons in antiquity. One of these chronicles is entitled "Employment of a Sabine Lady's Morning." It is a wonderful production, introducing us to every accessory of female attire, and teaching the way they were put on before the time when those full-figured Sabines were so roughly handled by Roman warriors. The writer leads the reader to the lady's bedside, and through her earliest ablutions to the completion of her toilet—a fact or finale she announced by spitting on a mirror which one of her attendants handed to her.

The ceremonial observed for the adornment of a Roman patrician was no less minute than the care lavished on her person in order to enhance beauty with regard to form and color. The extreme simplicity of the Roman and Greek costume dispensed with *recherché* otherwise than in the matter of headdress and graceful draping, but the embellishment of the human face has always charmed the female mind. In countries where dress styles had a permanent cut, women were well versed in the elaboration of cosmetics, and directed to the preservation of their skins the arts now resorted to, mostly, for fascination by means of dress. No wonder that a whole morning was devoted to the toilet.

Ladies who, in our days, uphold the uniformity of costume in antiquity should consider what a loss of time permanent cuts will cause, and no longer maintain that the women of Rome or Greece were wiser than ourselves. Many who are weary of the whims of *La Mode* are not only urging reputed fashion-writers to advocate a return to the peplum, etc., but are suggesting that literary ladies are the proper persons to set this example, by adopting the antique costume themselves.

In captivity, elephants have been known to sleep for months standing up, and in some menageries the keepers infer that the animal is ill if it lies down during the night. In fact, its legs support it so well that one sportsman printed an account of his firing at an elephant over and over again, and at last, coming up to it, found that it had died standing up.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.—"HE RAISED HIS PISTOL AND FIRED."—SEE PAGE 522.

MRS. M'LAREN'S BOARDER.—"I STOOD THERE SPEECHLESS, WHEN I HEARD A FOOTSTEP, AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT THE MURDERER STOOD BEFORE ME."

# MRS. McLAREN'S BOARDER.

NOT that she had but one; no, she had many. I was one, my Uncle Dick was another; but the lodger whom I have in my mind's eye in connection with the title of my tale was a gentleman, young and comely, whose advent created a stir in my serenity.

One afternoon, while I was gazing out of my window, I beheld a large van pulling up before the door, laden with seven large trunks, a capacious clothes-basket with a cover, a bundle of swords and canes, and several hat-boxes. These articles were all safely deposited within the mansion. Surely, I thought, not all the property of the one masculine whom I knew our worthy landlady was expecting to occupy the room next my own (third story front), but I was much mistaken; the entire collection of miscellaneous luggage was ere long imported to the neighboring apartment, much—very much—to my astonishment; but I, of course, forbore either to make remarks or ask questions.

At dinner, I beheld the proprietor of all this array—comely, as I remarked above, tall, his finely developed figure displayed to admirable advantage in a gray tweed suit; dark-brown eyes and beautiful white teeth, showing, now and then, under his thick, amber mustache.

Immediately I was devoured, both with interest and curiosity, in the newcomer. I had no chance to view him other than for the brief hour of dinner, for immediately thereafter, donning a shining beaver, and toying with an ivory-handled cane, Mr. Duane lit a cigar and sauntered forth. Late at night I heard him return and enter his room. His customs were strange, I thought, at first; he appeared very late in the mornings for breakfast, walked forth at about half-past ten or eleven, usually armed not only with cane and cigar, but also a light roll, either manuscript or pamphlets, I could not determine which. He always came home about three, but regularly passed his evenings abroad.

Now and then a mysterious boy appeared, and bore off the clothes-basket, apparently bursting and running over with parti-colored wearing apparel, and occasionally the point of a rapier gave zest to the arrangement. The basket was, however, always returned by the same boy, sometimes full, sometimes empty.

The occupation of Mr. Duane, while at home, I could vouch for as being studious. He seemed to devote his entire muscle and lung to elocutionary exercises; and the nature of his selections roamed anywhere from Shakespeare down to nameless authors of the nineteenth century. I finally concluded, after an argument with Uncle Dick, that he was a young lawyer, or, rather, that he hoped and aspired to fame in the practice of the law. After expressing this belief to Mrs. McLaren, she coincided with me entirely, adding, "He is of a very fine family in New Orleans—very fine; and, oh yes, of course, a-studying for the bar!"

The mystery was solved—at least the mystery of elocutionary exercise at any and every hour of the day and night; but the boy, the seven trunks, the parti-colored garments, and the collection of fire and side arms! Wait and hope! I should yet find out. Certainly, he was marvelously

fine-looking, and I could readily comprehend his being a scion of an aristocratic house, for he had a very thoroughbred air.

Once Mr. Duane was lured into the parlor. It was of a Sunday evening, which was, in point of fact, the only night that he ever spent in the house, no matter what the elements or the attractions within doors. He was invited to sing by a maiden of certain years, and replied, somewhat strangely, I thought, that "he'd never learned; that sort of thing never came in his line at all, and——"

At which point Mrs. McLaren hastily called the young aspirant for legal honors to her side to look at photographs of departed McLarens.

What it all denoted, I was at a loss to conjecture; but upon one subject I was positive, and that was an unconquerable curiosity in my neighbor. Daily, as I watched him go forth with his little portfolio, a bundle of yellowish-brown pamphlets, I yearned to know more of him; it was irresistible; fight as I would against it, I took a frightful interest in this new boarder, who, beyond a steady habit he had of looking at me fixedly, now and then, and blushing like a girl whenever I caught the turn of his eyes, evidently took no interest in me. We never talked to each other, scarcely spoke, only a polite, profound bow, whenever I chanced to meet him, as I occasionally did in the street, swinging along in his lazy, graceful Southern fashion. But, notwithstanding his lack of interest in me, mine grew willfully and wonderfully strong in him, and refused to be crushed, either by other society or those rules of propriety for the guidance of a young maiden's heart and thoughts which my dear old uncle, aided and abetted by my worthy spinster aunt, Matilda, had instilled into my breast since earliest childhood.

I would think of young lawyers, and brown eyes, and seven trunks, and an uncompromising adherence to one gray tweed suit, whether it was proper, or whether it was not.

One day, in about the middle of the eighth week of this object of interest's residence in the Maison McLaren, I was lying prone upon my lounge, afflicted with a most frightful headache. The door was standing partly open, in such a way that I could see out, but no person passing see in, for the heat from the furnace was almost suffocating me from my register, and I feared an incursion of neuralgia from without should I open the window.

There came a ring at the bell—no unusual sound, of course, but I noticed it, because every small sound almost drove me distracted. The ring was repeated with violence several times, and presently I discerned a clear, correct feminine voice inquire: "Is Mr. Duane at home?"

Upon receiving an affirmative reply, and the attendant question, "What name?" this woman's clear voice replied, "Miss Delaplaine; but never mind; what room?—third floor front, I believe, ain't it?" she asked, briskly. "I'll go right up; you needn't mind," with which comforting assurance to Bridget's weary limbs, Miss Delaplaine bounded up the stairs with a sprightly step, and presently brushed past my door on her way.

She was a tall, dark, pretty girl, with a great many curls floating down her back, a little pink rabagas hat set jauntily on her head, a perfectly irreproachable gray silk suit, an ungloved hand, with a variety of rings and a roll of something in it. Upon reaching my neighbor's door, she tapped lightly, and on receiving an invitation from the other side to "Come in," turned the knob, and sang out:

"Hello, Duane! how are you, old boy? I got so fidgety over this hateful thing, I thought I must go over it once again with you before night, so——"

Here Miss Delaplaine's speech was cut short by her host's voice, which I could hear distinctly enough through the thin partition dividing the apartments.

"Don't bawl so, Lillie, for Heaven's sake! Shut the door, can't you?"

The portal banged—whether urged thereto by host or guest I could not say; but it might as well have been open, so far as I was concerned.

Firstly, I heard Mr. Duane's voice, in a very slow, drawling sort of tone:

"I haven't looked at the thing yet; I've been so busy about other matters."

"Not looked at it!" responded Miss Delaplaine, in accents of surprise. "Why, you'll break down, sure; and if you do, I'll never forgive you, nor get over it, either. You know the whole business is new to me, anyway, and I don't see how you can act so meanly, Duane!"

Miss Delaplaine spoke in a key that was piteous to hear. Her host replied, languidly:

"Oh, I'm an awfully quick study. Don't worry, please. Just sit down there and amuse yourself for a few minutes, while I get ready. That's a darling," added Mr. Duane, in a sweet and lightsome manner.

This brief dialogue was succeeded by a silence of a quarter of an hour or so.

"What could it mean?" I asked myself, again and again. "Engaged? But even so, how strange to come and visit her betrothed in so social and peculiar a style! Cousins? I never visited my cousins of the opposite gender in their boarding-houses, nor did any of my acquaintances. A friend, simply? Well, no; further off than ever. 'That's a darling!'" rang in my ears like a sort of knell. "Engaged," I repeated to myself, of course; "but how very odd! I should not think Mr. Harold Duane the sort of man who would fancy such a fiery, free-and-easy young lady to convert into Mrs. H. Duane; but there is no telling," I argued. "She certainly is a trifle rapid, but then she is very pretty, and probably very worthy and lovely."

My explanatory soliloquy with reference to Miss Lillie Delaplaine was here interrupted by that young lady's soprano voice carroling melodiously a couplet of some song relating to "my love," and "stars," and "wars," and "my love" again, for a refrain. This display of her quality of lung was hastily put a stop to by him whom I now forced myself to consider the vocalist's intended husband, in these terms:

"Oh, leave that squalling. You'll rouse the house! There!" and I heard a bang upon the table. "O. K., my dear. Yours obediently."

"Get up," replied Miss Lillie, irrelevantly.

"What, 'biz' and all?" inquired her host, in somewhat of a languid tone. "I am very tired."

"Of course; that was principally what I got in the fidgets over. Come. Oh, colonel, is that you?"

Mr. Duane's affianced spoke in tones of accentuated and silvery surprise, and I waited eagerly for the response of some individual who, I thought, must have entered the next room through the medium of the window, or else rendered himself invisible while passing my door. But no third voice made itself heard. Mr. Duane's own organ answered in tones of delicious gallantry:

"'Tis I, Mademoiselle Estelle; and how beautiful, how charming you look! Why do you wander in this wild and unfrequented region, where you are exposed to——"

A scream from Miss Lillie Estelle (I presume the latter to be a middle name), smothered by some means by Mr. Duane, interrupted this speech. A terrific bang against the wall, either one of the two falling upon the floor with a resounding crash—Miss Lillie Estelle, I surmise, from

what succeeds—Mr., or, rather, Colonel Duane's voice betokening a terrible anguish of spirit as he spoke.

"My beloved, look up and speak to me, Estelle; he is dead! You now have not an enemy upon the earth, nor I a rival or an opponent. Look upon me, beloved, with those beautiful eyes, and say that you will live for me!"

Decidedly, this was growing peculiar. Ought I to have heard? Ought I not to get up and make a racket, or leave my room altogether? No, I could not; my head throbbed wildly, and I could not help hearing; if Mr. Duane chose to go through with scenes with his *fiancée*, he might; I should not move.

This train of thought was interrupted by a low moan from the young lady; and, fed by reflection and a vigorous fancy, I rapidly concluded that the "colonel," although a mute, was probably Miss Delaplaine's guardian, had eluded my observation in gaining the next room, and in attempting to coerce his ward into a final separation from her lover, had met with an untimely end at the hands of her disapproved suitor.

But how account for the strange language they had used in conversing—the peculiar allusions to "wild and unfrequented regions?" Alas! I was fearfully bewildered, and almost feared I had suddenly gone insane. However, whether insane or not, the sense of hearing, or its perverted semblance, was still mine.

The low moan over, Mr. Duane exclaimed, in tones of horror:

"Behold him dead, and by this hand—for thee!"

Again a moan, and a brief silence, which I occupied in picturing the corpse, which I was now sure was lying stiff and stark in the next room, and of the accuracy of my instinctive abhorrence for the collection of arms I had noted in the strange boarder's luggage. Murder! I thought, my brain fairly reeling—murder! It must have been with a poniard or a dirk. I had heard no report, and the "colonel" had never spoken a word.

Of course I ought—I must get up and alarm the house; but my limbs refuse to support me. A dim and terrible fear possesses my soul, and I lie still upon the lounge, petrified with horror. Presently I again distinguish sounds issuing from the fatal apartment, indistinct at first, but finally clearer. Quite clearly Miss Lillie Estelle Delaplaine's voice sounds out lively and cheerful as a six-dollar music-box:

"Say, Duane, think I'll look well in a wedding-dress?"

"Suppose so," says the other, laconically. "Don't daub your face up with too much paint, though; and, look here, Lil, don't lean too heavily on me, because I haven't got over that brilliant tumble of mine from the flies yet. It hurts like the deuce every day."

"All right," sang out the lively Lillie. "Come on; now for the next. That's light—you might as well sit down, if you like. You do look tired, Duane. Say, I do declare, you look as though you were soft on somebody. Who is it? Quite romantic. You aren't near as lively as when you first came on from New Orleans."

My Heaven! I saw it all. They were going to be married that night. In the very face of the corpse of the murdered colonel, this girl had the coolness to ask him how he thought "she'd look in her wedding-dress?" And he! what must he be? A man certainly could not *love* the girl whom, about to marry, he advised in a careless voice not to "paint her face too much," and not to "lean upon his arm too heavily."

There were more low murmurings, probably, I judged, relative to the disposition of the body of the murdered man, and then Miss Lillie Estelle's voice, quivering with a passionate tenderness, ejaculated:

"Swear to me that I am your first and only love?"

"Oh, no," rang out Mr. Duane's clear, sweet voice, adding, with a low, rippling laugh, "not by a hundred!"

I could stand this no longer. I rose by a tremendous effort, slammed my door, bolted it with trembling fingers, and flew to open the window for a breath of air, and sank down upon my knees, gaining a little strength and relief from the fresh November breeze.

In less than ten minutes I beheld Miss Delaplaine emerge from the house. She glanced up at the window of her intended husband's room, kissed her hand playfully, and sang out in a melodious little voice:

"Ta-ta; be round at seven,, sure;" and, shaking her silken skirts airily, the future Mrs. H. Duane was soon lost to view around the corner of —— Street, presently succeeded by Mr. Duane, who, however, meandered in the opposite direction.

Revived by the cool air, I arose and hastily unbolted the door, preparatory to going below to announce the tragedy to Mrs. McLaren, and declare to her at one and the same time that no human power would induce me to sleep another night in the third story of her house. My uncle, of course, had not as yet returned from his business, so I could not rush to him first.

Opening the door, I peeped cautiously out. Horrors! Mr. Duane's door stood wide open, and, almost unconsciously, I gazed in, expecting to behold, with frozen eyes, the "colonel's" corpse laid out upon a blood-stained carpet. Nothing of the sort! No "colonel," no corpse, no blood; nothing at all different from the usual aspect of my neighbor's apartment presented to my daily vision as I passed in and out. What had they done with it—up the chimney? There was none. In the closet? No; the door of that receptacle stood open, and within it, as sole occupants, were a Spring overcoat, a Panama hat, and three or four pairs of boots.

I stood there, speechless, glaring, in a white wrapper and long, disheveled hair, when I heard a footstep, and in another instant the murderer stood before me in the hallway.

In rather a gasping voice I ejaculated, somewhat unnecessarily:

"I thought—you were out, Mr. Duane!" and then bitterly regretted having spoken at all.

What business had I thinking about him, in or out, the wretched criminal?

"I did step out to get a cigar," he replied, smiling. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he inquired, civilly. "You look alarmed."

"I am, for I—I thought you'd been killing somebody."

It was a wild thing to say to a man with whom one had never exchanged a hundred words, and who, in all murderous probability, would thank you harshly for your information; but he received it obligingly enough, as he laughed and answered:

"Oh, I'm sorry we disturbed you. Miss Delaplaine, our leading lady, is rather lively, even over her rehearsals. I did my best to keep her quiet, for I was afraid all the while that we were annoying you. Please forgive me?" he asked, bending two repentant brown eyes upon me. "I—she shan't come here again for any new piece."

"Oh, certainly," I responded, in a maze of bewilderment, and with the best grace I could command. "Please forgive me my rudeness and my frightful suspicions. I really thought you had been murdering a colonel or somebody."

He laughed heartily, and with a hundred assurances of future good behavior, and the brightest, sweetest smile in the world under his golden mustache, disappeared in the

A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.—VIEW OF PORT LIMON.

recesses of the apartment for which he paid the worthy Mrs. McLaren fourteen dollars per week.

I? Oh, I flew to my landlady, not with a tale of crime, but for information.

"An actor!" she said.

Ah, now I saw it all! But why had she never divulged the nature of her boarder's calling, but rather induced the belief in another, if not a holier calling. He, as I remembered now, had never evinced any disposition to make a secret of his belonging to the "profession."

Well, Mrs. McLaren explained, now that she had to, that when the supposititious law-student engaged the room, she knew not his occupation. A few days later she became acquainted with it, and yet feared to let her other boarders into the secret, knowing full well that their virtuous and well-regulated souls would recoil from the idea of a play-actor beneath the same roof with themselves. All of them were people who would as soon think of entering a theatre as undertaking a trip to Africa in a paper boat. Mr. Duane's fourteen dollars a week were dear to the heart of the Widow McLaren, and, besides, he was "such a gentleman! such a fine family! such unexceptionable references," that she hadn't the heart to tell him she required the room.

An actor! This, then, was the reason for elocutionary exercises, days at home and nights abroad; collections of fire and side-arms, wigs, and last—by no means least—Miss Lillie (without the Estelle this time) Delaplaine's call. The seven trunks, of course, contained his wardrobe—theatrical, not civilian. The visits of the mysterious boy were simply occasions for carrying forth those costumes required by Mr. Duane in the play then running, and to return those not in use. The morning promenades, armed with pamphlets (alas! containing "parts," not "briefs"), simply eleven o'clock calls to rehearsal. Strange that no one ever saw his name in the papers, or his face behind the footlights! But, dear me, he was, of course, no star, and then the name? Well, the new boarder, Mr. Harold Duane, was a law-student, and any other Mr. Harold Duane announced as fulfilling the *rôle* of hero in drama, comedy, or farce, could certainly not be connected with him. Again, none of the virtuous dwellers beneath the roof of the McLaren ever darkened the door of a temple of the drama with their presence. I was fresh from the island of Cuba, and knew no more of theatrical belongings than of Hindoo.

Of course, now that the secret was out, all attempts at legal dissimulation on the part of the worthy widow were at an end. That evening, when the subject of this discussion was probably repeating his love-making of the morning to "Mademoiselle Estelle," the anti-histrionic corps of his fellow-boarders were holding solemn conclave over the horrors of the situation, in the parlor. Though present, I was not of their inclination. I had always adored in secret that profession of which the sometime law-student was a member; but the result of this court of investigation was that either Mr. Duane must leave, or they, the judges, would; one of the two—whichever seemed better to the mind of Mrs. McLaren.

As may readily be imagined, the arithmetical problem of a weekly deficit in the receipts of fourteen dollars, or ten or twelve times that sum, was quickly solved in the brain of the widow.

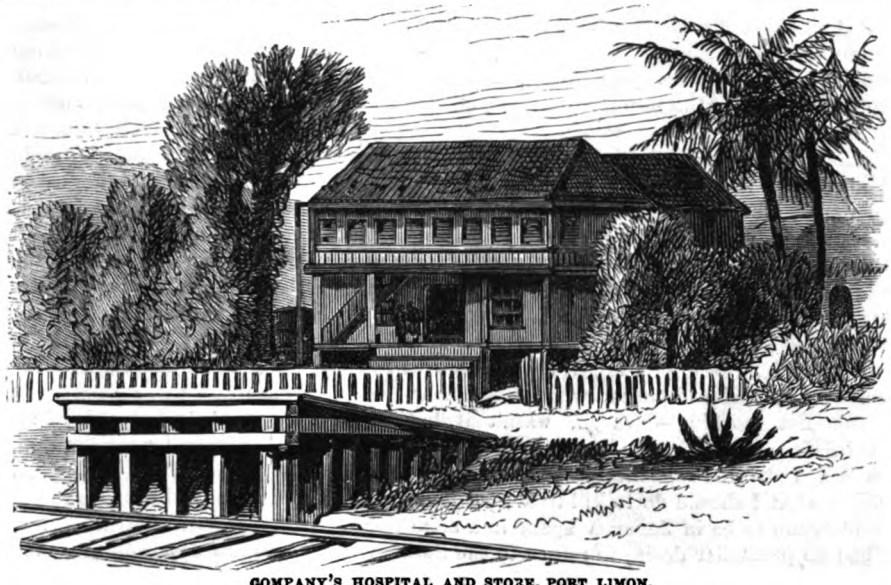
The next morning the dramatic and hitherto mysterious boarder was duly informed of the perils and necessities of the situation.

Poor fellow! he had fully believed all along that every one was perfectly aware of his business, and seemed to be rather confounded at the whole proceeding. However,

he appeared quite regardless of the tribulations of moving, and watched (I did, too, from the vantage-ground of my casement) the loading of the seven trunks, etc., with a becoming calm.

But, if the virtuous dozen were in danger while Mr. Duane, whilom lawyer, present actor, slept beneath the same roof with them, they were not very much better off when he dreamed his dreams out, six blocks off. Mr. Duane got a trick of coming round frightfully often, and, after a while nearly every day; and finally—well, we've laughed a great many times together over his "engagement," engendered in my fertile imagination, with Miss Lillie Delaplaine, who, it seems, is the wife of a Mr. Roberts, and mamma of three little Robertses.

"No intention in the world of running away with Lillie," said Mr. Duane to me, the other day; "but in spite of fifty-nine uncles and Aunt Matildas in Havana, I shall tell you, and very soon, too, Mercedes, my little darling, how you look in a wedding-dress."



COMPANY'S HOSPITAL AND STORE, PORT LIMON.

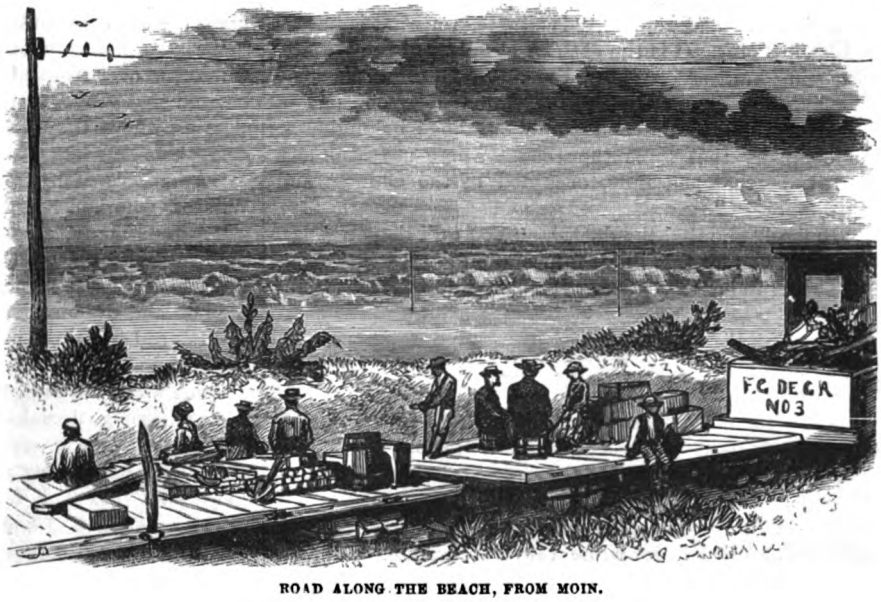
JAIL, AND MECHANICS' QUARTERS, PORT LIMON.

## A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.

By Alfred Trumble.

It is my purpose to write of a famous trip I once had over a certain portion of the Costa Rican Railroad, the proposed route now building between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. I have done a good deal of traveling in my time—have climbed Mont Blanc; been carried by Persian slaves over Khivan deserts; have broiled in China, and frozen in Iceland; have loitered along the Boulevards in Paris, and walked down Fleet Street in London; have shot buffaloes on the Western plains, and seen bull-fights in Madrid; have skated on Russian ice, and slumbered in Havanese hammocks—have been everywhere, in fact, but never enjoyed a trip so thoroughly as the one of which I shall tell.

Perhaps it was because I was in pleasant company—I do




ROAD ALONG THE BEACH, FROM MOIN.

not doubt that it was. Such an element has a great deal to do with the success of a trip, whether it be a steamboat ride to Harlem or a voyage to the moon. We have no authentic data of the latter voyage as yet, but the proposition holds true in any case.

The way I came to go to Costa Rica was in this wise: You see, I was at Kingston, Jamaica, some months ago, on commercial business; and one morning, after my business was attended to, and I had exhausted the pleasures of the town—a dreary place at the best—I came to the conclusion that I was horribly bored. I longed for excitement, and, had the opportunity offered, I believe I would have tackled a guerilla expedition to Cuba. But, luckily, I had no such chance, or I might have been shot by Spanish muskets, instead of living to write these lines.

One hot morning—Heaven, wasn't it hot!—and the identical morning that I found *ennui* had claimed me for its own, I strolled into the billiard-room of my hotel, wondering what I should do to kill time; for it was part of my commission to be in Jamaica again in a month or so, and I had no particular desire to return to the States.

A very gentlemanly fellow, dressed in spotless linen, with a broad Panama hat shading his handsome face, was quietly knocking the balls about upon one of the tables, in default of having any one to contend with. Soon as he saw me, he asked me to play. I played, and he beat me. That's how I met the doctor.

He lived at the hotel, and when the game was over I asked him up to my room. Over a bottle of wine we discussed the situation. I found that he also was weary of the inanimate existence at Kingston, and ripe for any scheme that had a ripple of excitement about it. Furthermore, he had lots of money, and nothing to do but to spend it.

It was just at the second glass that the inspiration struck me. I remembered the skipper of the trading schooner between Kingston and Port Limon, Costa Rica—his vessel was then in port, loading with stores for the railroad company—who had asked me, during an evening that we had spent together, to take a run over with him. Want of a thoroughly congenial companion had deterred me, but now was the time. Rapidly I unfolded my scheme, and then said:

"Will you go?"

The doctor's decision was worthy of Napoleon.

"I will. But where is Port Limon, and what is there to see when you get there?"

"Port Limon," I replied, "is situated on what is known as Blanco Point. It is the eastern terminus of the railroad now being built across Costa Rica. Blanco Point is some sixty miles south of Greytown. The village consists of twenty or thirty frame and stone buildings belonging to the company that owns the road. There are also any quantity of thatched huts, occupied by the Chinese and negro laborers."

"Bravo!" shouted the doctor. "You talk like an Atlas. Who gave you all this brave information?"

"The captain," I replied. "But I know more. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly."

And the doctor threw himself back on the lounge with a fresh cigar.

"Well, then, five years ago there was but one house where Port Limon stands, and that was occupied by a German trader. The railroad has called the village into existence."

"Strange things, railroads," drawled the doctor. "They make villages and cities while they are building, and kill off the inhabitants when they are built."

"No interruptions. This railroad is to connect Port Limon, on the Caribbean Sea, with Punta Arenas, on the Pacific Ocean. It was begun by General Fremont, abandoned by him, and taken up by Henry Meigs Keith, a nephew of the South American railroad man. Then the Government took hold, and are building it as rapidly as they can. Money was raised by selling bonds, principally in England. In two years the Atlantic division—one hundred and sixty miles—from Port Limon to the capital, San Jose, will be completed. The Pacific division——"

"Hold, enough!" cried the doctor. "Let's wait until we get there."

* * * * * * *

Just one week after our resolve, we took our traps on board the schooner. She was a "three-master," neatly built, and capable of speed. The cargo consisted of machinery for the road, and stores and provisions for the settlement. There were two other passengers—a Yankee named Wilkins, and his wife, to whom Captain Walters, a sunburnt mariner of English birth, introduced us. The crew consisted of some eight or nine Jamaica negroes.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the trip. We were twelve days *en route*, which were agreeably passed in reading novels, smoking cigars, and playing cards. We found Wilkins a droll sort of a chap, who could tell a capital story. His wife, a pretty little woman, sang for us occasionally, and the doctor contributed to the entertainment by narrating some wonderful tales of his adventures. He had traveled all over the world, and had been almost everywhere, he said, except Costa Rica.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted Grape Key, an islet that interposes its high and densely wooded bulk between Port Limon and the violence of the northeast wind. This protection makes the harbor one of the safest on the coast.

It was a charming morning, and, early as it was, even Mrs. Wilkins was on deck, seated on a camp-chair aft, enjoying the scene. The sky and sea were of a dazzling blue. There was a stiff, steady breeze blowing, that sent the schooner bounding through the water, tossing it aside from the prow in glittering, gem-like showers.

As we passed by the islet, and saw the flat, straggling town in the distance, the captain called my attention to the dense flocks of gulls and boobies hovering about us.

"The island," said he, pointing to it, "is alive with them. They breed among the rocks."

"What hut is that?" I asked, pointing to a shed visible upon the extreme southern point.

"That's the ranche occupied by the negro fishermen who come over from the mainland to catch turtles. Just beyond that grove, and near the centre of the islet, is a clearing where they bury all white men who die at the port."

"Are there many graves there, captain?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, who had heard the remark.

"A good many, madam. You see, Port Limon is not the healthiest place in the world, and between the fever and whisky, these men, who are forced to work all day in the hot sun, die off pretty rapidly."

"It's sad to think that they must be buried so far away from home and friends. Perhaps those lying there have anxious wives awaiting their return."

And a tear glistened in the pretty blue eyes of Mrs. Wilkins.

"And perhaps they ran away from them to better their condition," drawled Wilkins, who had sauntered up to where we stood.

"Wilkins, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will these gentlemen think?"

As she spoke, however, the charming blush that suffused her face, and the merry laugh of Wilkins, told us that, so far as this couple were concerned, the chain that bound them to each other was one of roses, and that their conversation was but the most pleasant of badinage.

By this time we were abreast of the town, and so near that we could distinguish people upon the quay. The schooner came around, her snowy wings were furled, and the anchor sank with a splash and rattle to its muddy bed. A boat was lowered, and we, the passengers, together with the captain, embarked for the town. In ten minutes more we were on *terra firma*. The captain went to the company's office; Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins to a friend's residence; while the doctor and I got tolerable quarters at the only restaurant in the place.

The accompanying sketch of the town was made several days after our arrival, and gives, I flatter myself, a correct idea of the place.

We did very little the first week except wandering around and getting introduced to the people it was desirable to know. Perhaps a few extracts from my notebook will be of interest to the American reader. Though in a great part statistical, they will be found full of interest to those who care to know anything of the people, the incidents and the surroundings of this hitherto the most unexplored of the three or four civilized lands which lie near us, almost at our very elbows.

The machinists and skilled mechanics of all sorts, who are almost without exception Americans, are provided by the company with commodious quarters in an extensive two-storied building facing the sea. They number in all perhaps a hundred.

The commissariat is on an immense scale, as beseems a business on which the entire settlement for fifty miles of the country toward the interior depends for food.

The restaurant is also an offshoot of the commissariat, and the slaughter-house is quite an important item, as in it is killed all the fresh meat consumed on the road, of course with the exception of game. Three oxen and several hogs are killed every week; while game, in the shape of venison, peccary meat, and rabbits and squirrels in innumerable quantities, with, in the season, green turtle and fish, contribute to lend variety to the *carte*.

There is an alcalde here, with a string of subordinates, all native Costa Ricans, as long as the tail of a kite. The dignity of the powers that rule is upheld, too, by a squad of twenty miserable, fever-cursed, hungry-looking, ragged soldiers, who loaf about all day, eating boiled rice and red peppers, which seem to be about the only food they ever get. These fellows are armed with old regulation muskets, with sword-bayonets as large as scythe-blades, rusted fast to the barrels. I once caught a fellow trying to cut a stick of wood with one of them, and the jar made the gun go off. It killed a dog, and the soldier was so scared by the report that it almost finished him, also. I send you a faithful portrait of the noble warrior, whom I thus caught in repose and sketched.

The Government appropriation for the support of these heroes is twelve cents a day per man. They are quartered in the old jail, of which I furnish a sketch.

They are better off than such offenders as are unlucky enough to get into the calaboose, though, for *they* get nothing to eat at all. They are usually kept in confinement until they are ready to die of starvation, and then let go till they become healthy enough to endure another dose. An Indian servant of a friend of mine was locked up there once, and he abstained even from stealing a drink out of his master's private brandy-bottle when he was released, so salutary had been the lesson.

The Government building is a large one—two stories high, with high-ceiled, cool rooms, and great galleries in front. Here the court is held. It is also the post-office, and residence of the attachés of the alcalde. That gentleman himself lives in a little cottage facing the harbor, from which he can see the vessels coming in in time to go off and dine with a strange captain before he gets a chance to be warned against him by the people ashore.

But the best idea of our section of the road itself will be conveyed, I think, by the reproduction of a personal experience of the trip over it. The distances which I shall give are those of the surveyors, and are correct, of course.

There were four of us—the doctor and myself, besides Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins, "are we to ride in cars, and be dragged by a locomotive? Why, I thought we were to have llamas, or alpacas, or merinoes, or chamois, or some sort of sure-footed goats, or some nice, pleasant, companionable donkeys, at least; but now nothing but a wretched, whistling, screaming, dirty, dusty, oily, evil-smelling engine, and a lot of cars without even any tops or sides to them! It—is—too—too—too—bad."

Whether a pout, a sulk, or a flood of tears would have been the result, cannot now be stated. Certain it is, that a few words from the doctor as to the certainty of seeing llamas by the score, a well-intentioned remark of Mr. Wilkins about his being able even then to espy some alpacas in the dim distance, with a few well-chosen sentences of my own concerning the possibility of seeing merinoes even then, if we only had a telescope long enough, soon restored the little lady to her accustomed equanimity.

At six in the morning, long before the heat had begun to be perceptible, we started on our journey. Truly we were an odd-looking party. The engine was one of those built exclusively for strength and use, without the slightest regard to elegance or beauty. The cars were merely ordinary flat freight-trucks, with no canopies, no seats, no comforts of any sort. The boxes and barrels containing stores and provisions, together with some sawed lumber which chanced to be at hand, were soon, with a Yankee ingenuity which completely astounded our Costa Rican friends, thrown together in some sort of improvised seats, so that the passengers, if not comfortable, were at least safe, and free from any danger of being pitched overboard.

Whites and colored folks, negroes, Chinamen, and other "off-color" people, were all compelled to ride on the same flat car, in a proximity most unpleasant to some of the party. The accompanying sketch will give you an idea of our "style."

So long as the sun is below the treetops, on an early trip like ours, one cannot desire a more pleasant experience. When it once gets high enough to shine directly down on one, however, the pleasure is rather mixed.

Soon, however, leaving the scattered laborers' huts behind, we rattled along through a forest of trees, the smallest of which is two hundred feet high, and branchless for half that height. On the stems, orchids, with leaves as thick as the thigh of a stout man, unfold their brilliant red or yellow or blue flowers to such straggling rays of sunlight as manage to penetrate the dense foliage above. About their roots starts almost impenetrable brush, overgrown with a curious vine having scarlet leaves, and broad-leaved wild plantains and gigantic ferns. Depending from the branches are seen vines of colossal size, intertwined with each other like immense serpents.

Mrs. Wilkins experienced a desire for some beautiful crimson blossoms with black spots in them, whereupon the obliging W. was about to leap off and get some, when one of the negroes casually remarked:

A COSTA RICA SOLDIER.

"Dem is de toad-blows. Make de warts come on yer hands bigger nor oranges."

Whereupon Mrs. W. said, "Never mind, Wilkins," and the train didn't stop for blossoms.

Soon a new sensation arises, in the shape of game of various sorts, kinds, sizes and varieties. Now a long-bodied rabbit, almost as big as a dog, scuttles into the covert from his half-finished dinner of a toothsome sarsaparilla-root. One of the negroes taps me on the shoulder, and points. By Jove! it's a wildcat, sitting on a felled tree, calmly eying the approaching train. I try a shot at her with my revolver, but she gets up slowly, as if in contempt of my want of skill, and makes her way leisurely into the thicket. They are not at all uncommon.

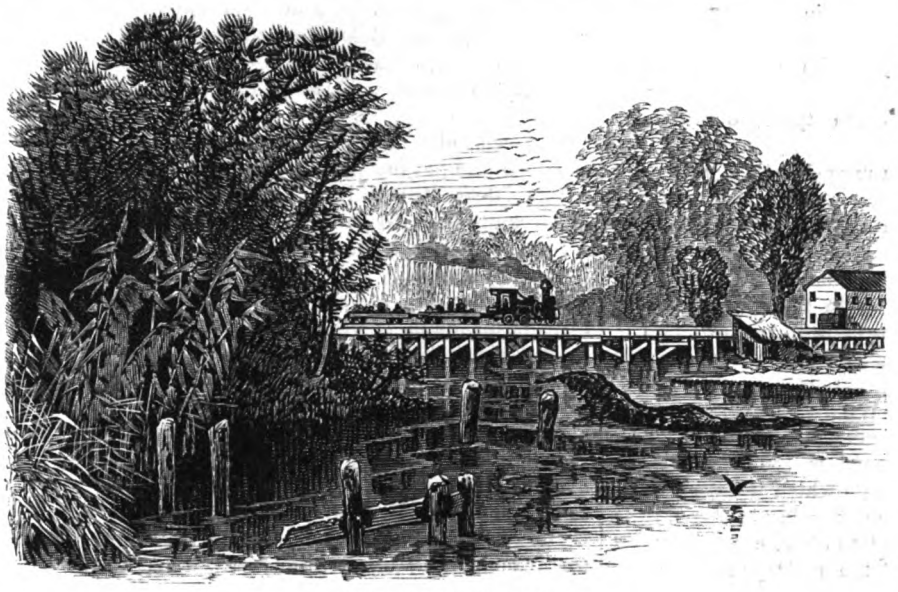
Now the locomotive shrieks a warning whistle for Camp 1. This camp is famous as the scene of a riot on the part of the Chinese laborers, which at one time threatened the safety of the entire community. A strong gang of Chinamen had been brought from Aspinwall, and were employed here, to the number of three hundred, under a camp-master named Dallas, an American, and a most fearless man. The supply of opium—the sale of which the Company had been compelled to sanction, on finding how worse than useless it was to endeavor to oppose the Celestials in their use of the drug—had been so reduced that there was barely a sufficient quantity in camp for hospital use, so the steward refused making any further sales until the arrival of a fresh supply. This move exasperated the Chinamen so that they struck work and assaulted the steward, who happened to be in camp at the time. The man was badly beaten, and Dallas, in endeavoring to rescue him, shot and killed one of his assailants. The infuriated Celestials then turned on Dallas. He fled to the house, a frame building built on a platform at an elevation of several feet from the ground. Here he and his companion, an Englishman named Roberts, entrenched themselves, and kept their assailants at bay till dark, when they managed to escape into the woods. In the meantime the news of the outbreak had reached Limon, and every one was on the *qui vive*, armed, in anticipation of trouble. The appearance of the fugitives, and their explanation of the affair, only added to the excitement. But the Chinamen, satisfied with their victory, disbanded, after ransacking the house for the coveted drug. Several of their number had been killed. After that they were scattered about, a few in each gang, over the entire road. The lesson which their combined action had taught rendered the Company too wise ever to employ them in one body again.

From Camp 1 we strain up a steep grade, in the course of which we make a curve almost at right angles to the deep cut. Here two walls of clay rise to the height of almost a hundred feet on either side of one of the bluffs, crowned with the large, barn-like quarters of the laborers employed on the section.

Passing a small swamp of half a mile in length, bright-green with its dense, fresh growth, we once more enter the forest, and whistle an alarm for Chinaman's Cut. This cut is not nearly as deep as the last described, although much longer. The earth excavated here has been used to fill up a deep gorge near by, over which the track passes.

Chinaman's Cut is a famous place for monkey-shooting, and many a black congo or chattering white-face has

KEITH'S FARM, NEAR PORT LIMON.



BRIDGE OVER THE MOIN.

fallen within sound of the laborers' voices, singing at their work upon the road. There is a tree which bears a peculiar yellow blossom of which the monkeys are very fond, and wherever these trees are in bloom, one is sure to find Jocko gorging himself. I suppose that is the reason there were always so many apes about Chinaman's Cut.

The forest begins to lighten after passing Chinaman's Cut, and of a sudden the train bursts out in sight of the sea, and thunders over the trestle-bridge across Moin River, with the strong sea-breeze caressing the cheeks of the hot and dusty travelers on the flat cars with a grateful coolness. The station of Moin is just beyond the bridge, the platform being directly in front of a neat frame building, the company's hospital and store.

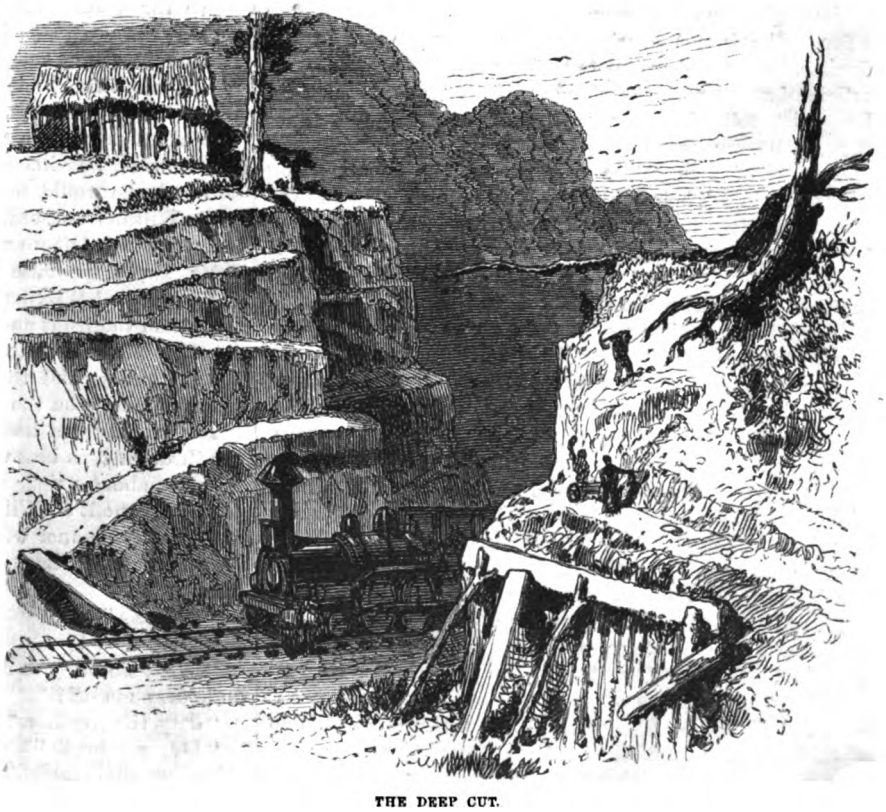
Moin is a Spanish village of at most a dozen houses, and was, before the railroad instilled the present active life into the surrounding solitude, a sort of penal settlement to which political offenders from the interior were sent. It could only be reached at that time by a ten days' journey over an Indian trail through the forest, and was merely a trading-post with the Blanco Indians. Mr. Nanne once spent a considerable period in exile at this place, which is now a station on the road over which he exercises almost unlimited control.

From Moin we go bowling along the beach. There is a quarter of a mile of breakers all along here, and in one place they beat savagely at the carcass of a ship, which must have been a very strong one to stand the rough usage it has met with since it came ashore.

The next stopping-place to Moin is Loftus Camp. Here, in the shade of a row of cocoanut-palms, whose foliage rustles in the sea-breeze playing through it, we take in water from a dripping tank, which looks so fresh and inviting in contrast with the ferocious white heat of the sun that one almost envies the naked coolie boy, whose business it is to pump the reservoir full. There is a great white hospital-tent here, in the shade of which some fever-stricken men eye us with, no doubt, a mental comparison between their parched throats and throbbing temples and our robust health outside. On the porch of the neat little cottage in which Mr. Loftus, the contractor, lives, a lady is swinging in a hammock. She salutes politely, looking up from her book. It is Mrs. Loftus, one of the negroes tells me.

The great, rough building where the laborers sleep is quiet. From one little window in the end a cadaverous black face, with eyes as big as saucers, stares at the train—a sick man, whom his comrades, now at work further up the line, have left behind. A lean native, with a bright, new bandana under his broad-brimmed straw hat, strokes his long goatee, and comments on the new-fangled style of travel to his sallow wife, who, wrapped up, in spite of the heat, in her gaudy-striped blanket, puffs a long, slender cigar.

On the beach, a native car with log wheels is plodding



THE DEEP CUT.

slowly along on the hard sand within the wash of the breakers, loaded with vegetables for the camp at Matina, eighteen miles away. The patient oxen seem to like the feeling of the water washing their legs with every breaker. Their master loiters along beside them, occasionally cracking his rawhide whip.

Far out at sea, a canoe with a ragged sail, dyed scarlet with some Indian tan-pit, is running down the coast. A flight of gulls are hovering over a spot where a school of fish are playing. Far, far away (seventy miles by the maps), hovering over all, rise the blue Cordilleras, piercing the dazzling, cloudless sky, with their graceful outlines in strong relief. The atmosphere through which one sees them is quivering with heat, like the air over a hot stove.

Once more we move on, Mrs. Wilkins heaving one last fearful sigh as the smoking beauty fades in the distance. The doctor, who has just awakened to the possibility of game being concealed in the jungle which we are leaving behind, now regrets that we are not going to stay a little longer, while I am only too glad to obey, even away out here, the mandatory request of the metropolitan policeman to "move on."

The heat is terrible, and notwithstanding the proximity of the waving trees on the one hand and the broad ocean on the other, we find little relief in the way of favoring breezes from either side. Fans would be the order of the day were anybody enterprising enough to use them. Poor Wilkins tries, for the relief of Mrs. W., but the effort makes him manifestly so very much warmer that his better-half begs him to desist, saying that his furnace-like face only broils her till she feels cooked to the bone.

We have left Loftus's now, and are running through this furnace heat, with alternating forest and swamp on one side, and a sea on the other. The thunder of breakers is in our ears. Now and then we pass ranches where such of the laborers as do not wish to sleep in the common quarters find shelter at night. Before one of these a pretty mulatto girl is cooking some mess in a filthy iron pot over a fire. She is not overburdened with modesty, for her dress is begun and completed with a single very necessary article of attire, and she stands with that raised almost to her waist, following our rapid progress with her great fiery, Southern eyes.

A party of men gallop past us on the beach, going toward Moin. Their mules are dusty and blown, and the men themselves are not particularly fresh, to judge from the short glimpse we get of them as we whirl past. It is the bi-monthly courier from San José, and his escort, with the mail. He has made his 160 miles in three days.

I am still watching a party of negroes putting up the wire of the telegraph, under the superintendence of a man on a mangy old mule, when the arches of the forest again echo the noise of our progress. This forest is under water, and is the commencement of the great swamp, which extends for twelve miles on either side of the Matina River. Another whistle, and we come to a stop at the end of the track. A gang of several hundred men is at work here, grading and laying sleepers, and the axes of the woodmen, who are cutting down trees and clearing the road ahead, ring musically through the woods.

There is a donkey-engine and a pile-driver at work, and a swarm of people ashore are busy pointing and shoeing piles, and dragging them to the place where they are required. The river is low, as it ever is in the dry season, but still fully half a mile wide. On the further bank two or three tents gleam white. It is the engineers' camp, from which they are staking off the road in advance of the construction.

There is quite a village of huts and ranches clustered about the bridge. Before one of them, an old negro with a wooden leg is cutting a boa-constrictor of twelve feet in length into sections, which he is distributing among the men.

"Wowla, him make good soup, Buckra!" one of them says, laughing at my serious inspection of the scene.

"My dear Mrs. Wilkins," said I, "do try a slice; it looks white and toothsome—quite as much so as your favorite Fulton Market eels."

But the little lady had more self-control than her great-grandmother Eve, for she refused to be tempted by the serpent, although he was cut up into small pieces, and the meat was as delicate and dainty in its looks as a chicken. I said something about not having any apples to offer her, to which she replied that it would be of no use, for she had always heard that Adam was a most superbly handsome man, and if she was going to sit down to a pomological feast with a snake and a man, the latter, at least, must be as handsome as Adam, and not——

Here I withdrew out of hearing. I feared she was going to say something uncomplimentary, if not absolutely disrespectful, and I never like to hear ladies make such remarks. She thought she had settled me. She was in error. Had I chosen, I could—but, to go on with my story.

The ranche we now approached at once awakened the admiration and the regret of the doctor. There were so many spoils of the chaise hanging about, and the good medico was so certain that if he had only had his gun-case open when we were in the jungle, he could have made some valuable additions. There could be no doubt about its belonging to hunters, for its walls were festooned with peltries of all sorts. Otter and sealskins, pumas, wild cats, and deer-hides were hanging all about. The collection of otter-skins I noticed to be especially valuable. These animals, which the Indians and negroes call "water dogs," are common on all Central American rivers.

We threw ourselves upon the charity of Captain Dick Taylor, the "boss," by whom we were cordially received. His hotel was not very elaborate, and no one in the world would ever mistake it for the Fifth Avenue; but then it was the best there was, for it was the only one. Wilkins, who had a mortal dread of panthers, wanted to get back to the train, but his pretty spouse was so tired that she declared she would not move a step until morning, and when Wilkins insisted, she stamped her dainty foot in a manner which left no room for further argument.

Mr. Taylor promised to sling extra hammocks for us, and comforted Wilkins by telling him that placards should be put on the front and rear of the ranche, warning the panthers off the premises, at which remark Mrs. W. laughed till she cried, and then mended matters graciously by kissing Wilkins on the nose.

The evening was hot and uncomfortable at first, but we got through it as best we could. The doctor told a fearful yarn about a tiger which ate a man in India, for the especial benefit of Wilkins, who enjoyed it in a clammy and ghastly manner which was perfectly ludicrous. During the recital he kept close to his wife, who at last said to him:

"Wilkins!"

"Well, dear?"

"What would you do if a horrid panther should come and carry me off?"

"Pity the panther."

"Oh, you brute!"

But we all laughed at this wit of Wilkins, for we knew under what difficulties it was evolved.

Mrs. W. sang a few songs for us as the evening deepened into night. She had a sweet, tremulous voice, that sounded doubly pleasant in that barbaric place. The songs were of the old, old style, than which none more delicious have ever been written, and touched the hearts of the listeners. The scene around us added materially to the effect. There was the blazing splendor of the tropical sky, the heavily scented air, the dark jungle about us, and the rude, open ranche in which we were gathered, with one little American lady, her winsome face upturned in the soft splendor of the moon, singing the ballads of our far-away native land.

When she had finished, and the last note had died upon the sighing breeze, there was a pause for a moment, broken at last by Wilkins, who proposed that we retire. The doctor and I pleaded the indulgence of another cigar with Mr. Taylor, and bade them good-night.

In good time we too retired, and were soon sound asleep. The breeze swept through the ranche, and gently rocked the hammocks with its fairy hands. All was quiet as the grave. Up above, the stars burned like tapers about the celestial altar—burned thus until the morning rang up the curtain of the east and admitted the gray couriers of the sun, who came anon flaming in the gorgeous attire which he dons only in such climes.

We were all up betimes, and after a breakfast of fruit, and the expression of our thanks to Mr. Taylor for his hospitality, sought our train and rattled toward Limon.

As we approached Port Limon we passed a plantation known as "Keith's Farm," said to be a most valuable pre-emption, and likely to make the owner rich in a few years. All, however, we could see from our perch on the cars was a little white hut, which seemed to be borne aloft as the strange fruit of certain bananas and other huge-leaved trees and shrubs, which appeared to be so proud of the wondrous things they had achieved that they were lifting it as high toward heaven as possible. In fact, it was so elevated that, for all I could see, Mrs. Wilkins's remark was entirely correct, that she was certain the poor man had to climb up two flights of stairs to get into his first-floor door, and that if his children should tumble out of the basement window they'd certainly break their necks, by reason of the height.

I append a sketch.

As all things come to an end, so did our pleasant trip, more enjoyable than it otherwise would have been by reason of the disadvantages surrounding it. With our arrival in Limon our acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins did not cease. For the week or so that the doctor and I remained in the town we were frequent visitors at their apartments, and often over a bottle of wine, and with the aid of jest and music, recalled the circumstances of our journey.

Some general reflections on the work already done on this railroad, and still contemplated, must complete this article.

Fighting every inch of their way through forest and swamp, the engineers of this great undertaking have now laid almost all of the hardest part of their work behind them. There is still some blasting, and one or two difficult grades to be completed between Paucoir and Cartago. On the Pacific Slope they have none of the obstacles to contend with which they have been compelled to master on this side, and the completion of that branch of the road is merely a question of a comparatively short time.

From San José, the main road advances eastward over a steep down grade to Cartago, fifteen miles away, which is the present limit; there are trains running, too, between San José and Alaguela, on a branch road. Work is being prosecuted at both ends of the main road, and the last rail will connect the tracks at about Paucoir.

The influence of the improvement is already very perceptible in the districts through which the road is already in running order. The only connection between San José and the outer world at present is by the diligence or the ox-cart, to Punta Arenas, where the coasting steamer of the Pacific Mail Company calls on its way to and from Acapulco, Mexico. Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, is at the lower extremity of the Gulf of Nicoya, and is about the best harbor Costa Rica possesses on her western coast. The principal merchants are Germans. The diligence, the mail-coach of Costa Rica, is a jangling, rattling, dusty old affair, in the style of the conveyances of the same name in France. Horseback is much the more pleasant mode of traveling, and is the one usually chosen. The method of such as travel in this manner, or in the country carts, with their covers of palm branches, and their log wheels, is to camp during the day in such shady spots as are attainable, and to take the road at night. The journey from San José to Punta Arenas, when taken in this manner, is a matter of a week, by diligence of at most three days.

Vast quantities of coffee, tobacco, cocoa, sugar, hides, as well as sarsaparilla, rubber, gum-copal, etc., find their way in these carts to the coast, where they are shipped to Panama, transferred thence to Aspinwall, and then re-shipped to their final destination.

The railroad, by opening communication between the interior and the Caribbean, will provide an outlet which, by its diminution of its present high prices, will encourage agriculture to an incalculable extent. The soil of the interior of Costa Rica is rich, and already swarms of speculative people are pre-empting and cultivating land along the line marked out as the course of the road. By the time through trains are running eastward their speculation will be ripe.

The Costa Ricans are by far the most industrious and energetic among the Central American people, and their country, which has been for years free from the unfortunate civil dissensions which have paralyzed industry in her sister States, is a very wealthy and prosperous one. The people are justly proud of their railroad, for they see the glorious future opening before them over the vista of its iron road. While the countries about her were crying for foreign aid, Costa Rica has helped herself, and she will soon begin to reap the substantial benefit of her energy and advanced ideas in a new and vigorous life such as her revolutionary neighbors never dream of in their wildest fancies. The land of progress, America, should give her "God speed."

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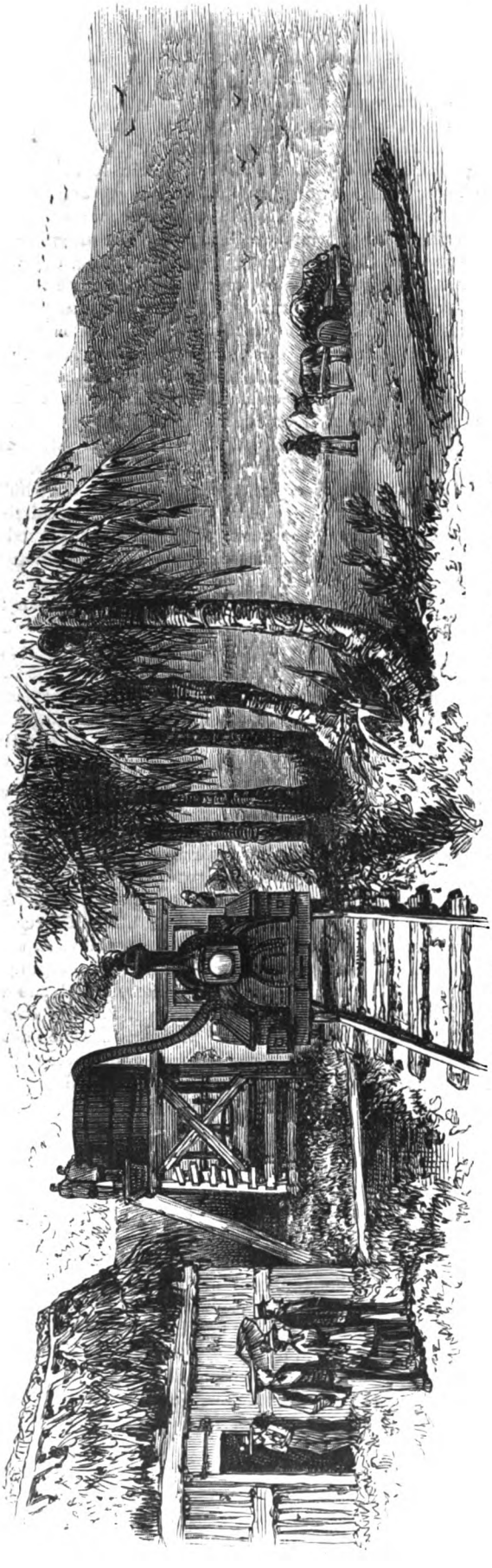
## WILLIE.

A young face (just seventeen she was), with bronze-brown eyes, a tangle of curly, jetty hair, brows and lashes inky black, too—pink cheeks, and a rosebud mouth. The Shelby beauty, the youngest of four girls—Wilhelmina they had named her; but everybody called her Willie.

The very servants at Shelby Lawns doted on Willie.

They were half Irish, this family. Mrs. Shelby had been a Moran, of Moran Castle. She eloped with her English husband against the parental will, and never went back. Afterward she came with her four daughters, a poor but ambitious widow, to America.

They soon, then, lived bountifully at Shelby Lawns, inheriting its roof and gardens from Saville Shelby. Whom should a Shelby leave his property to if not to his own brother's children?



A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.—WATERING UP, LOFTUS CAMP.—SEE PAGE 533.

It was appropriated, the servants retained—life went on there as regularly as before Saville Shelby's death. At least, the country folk saw the great Sligo hound, Bashaw, lying at the arched gate, the old pony, Titania, brought down daily to the brook to be watered, and the smoke curling peacefully up the numerous chimneys of the mansion.

It was Willie who rode her dead uncle's pony. Di and Nel were children in the nursery. Ethelind—Ethelind was the skeleton of Shelby Lawns.

Not literally a death's-head. She was blonde, and pale and beautiful, with the beauty of patience and a peace which passes all understanding. She was the eldest daughter, you see, and she had a child; and she was separated from her husband, who was in England, because she would not live with him.

Mrs. Shelby had made the match to prevent Ethelind from marrying her wild cousin, Duke Moran.

She had lived with Miser Maurice, as he was called, three months, and then she told her mother that if she did not take her back home she should kill herself. Mrs. Shelby was frightened, and bade her come. She did not quite know until then what she had done when she gave that pure, high-bred girl to that loathsome old man.

Ethelind lay in her room, with stony eyes, until her child was born. Then she spoke and moved—for the child's sake. They all knew that—for the *child's* sake. And as she hushed him, and fed him, and watched him thrive into a rosy, sturdy boy of two, she smiled sometimes, in a wan way, and was saintly kind to all who were in any trouble. But she was never, and would never be, quite herself again.

Willie rode the dapple pony. Ethelind never went out. She sat reading her Bible behind the shades of her chamber window, while Willie galloped over the hills. And yet she was only five years older.

Mrs. Kate Shelby was proud—very lively proud, some said. But it was infallibly true, that to wean her of her pride, every drop of her heart's blood would have to be drained. She had wished that her children had been sons; yet, since they were daughters, she resolved upon their making what she termed suitable marriages. And, first of all, she considered *wealth*, then birth, then that the suitor should be a good Catholic.

She ruled them—her girls. They were pliant as wax in her hands. They never thought it possible to disobey her. But Willie—Willie was the most willful. If Mrs. Shelby indulged any, it was her. For, with her jetty hair and her brown eyes, she looked like her father, the idol of her mother's life. And then she was the beauty, too, and her proud mother had most hopes of her.

They lived quietly there; there was scarcely any one good enough to visit them.

Willie, though seventeen, yet had a governess; the twins, Diana and Helen, were in the nursery; Ethelind kept her chamber. The family met entire once a day—at dinner. Life had gone on at Shelby Lawns that way for two years.

But one Winter evening they all met in the drawing-room to hear Willie play some rare pieces she had just learned—for Willie's taste was for music—when a servant came in and said that there was a gypsy-woman below who wanted to tell ladies' fortunes.

The maid expected to be sent back with a denial, but Mrs. Shelby, lying back in a velvet chair, watching Willie at the piano, was in an indulgent mood that night.

She listened to the maid's description of "a bent old woman, with her face tied up, and a red cloak on," looked around on the interested faces about her, and said:

WILLIE.—"AT MRS. SHELBY'S FEET HE LAID HIS BURDEN, AND THE SMALL WHITE FACE FELL BACK AND SHOWED WILLIE—DEAD!"
SEE PAGE 539.

"You can let her come up, Jennie."

The little girls clapped their hands, and Willie whirled around on the music-stool, laughing, and showing her bits of white teeth.

Ethelind, knitting a purse for her mother, with her baby lying asleep across her lap, scarcely looked up.

But when the fortune-teller came in, the children were half frightened. She was large, her dark face half enveloped in a white handkerchief, and a camlet cloak swept about her broad shoulders, to the floor.

"Will the leddies have their fortunes told?" she said, with a slight Irish accent.

At the sound of the voice Ethelind dropped her knitting upon the baby's white frock. It was a strong voice, deep and mellow, not the cracked tones of age.

Then the little girls struggled with each other to give their hands. The strange figure had planted itself in one of the velvet chairs, and for a moment fixed eyes dark and burning upon Ethelind, in her quiet corner.

She rose hurriedly, and put her baby off her lap, then stood uncertain; but no one noticed her.

The fortune-teller glanced at the children's palms, muttered hurriedly a rhyme for luck, then looked into Mrs. Shelby's face.

She extended her hand—a beautiful hand—small, white and dimpled, and there were jewels shining upon it.

The fortune-teller touched the palm lightly with a supple forefinger, almost as white.

"Madame, what is spoken shall be fulfilled!"

The deep voice was louder now, making them all stare.

"Your days shall be darkened, as you have darkened another's. Your pride shall be broken, the light of your life go out in darkness. So help me, God!"

She sprang to her feet. The stranger had risen, too.

They looked into each other's eyes.

"You remember me?" he muttered, for they all saw now that it was a man.

And then he turned and strode from the room, casting a piercing glance at Willie as he passed her.

Mrs. Shelby sank back in her chair, sobbing hysterically; then they saw that Ethelind had slipped down to the carpet, and lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

The excitement lasted until midnight; was talked over at breakfast. They tried, too late, to keep it from the children and the servants that the gypsy was cousin Duke Moran in disguise—the wild, handsome young Irishman who loved Ethelind, and whom she still loved. But somehow the whole story was revealed in kitchen and nursery.

Ethelind kept her room for several days, but her mother, unusually tender, nursed her carefully, and by-and-by she was tending her baby, and going about in the same silent, uncomplaining way; and the nine days' wonder ceased.

* * * * * * *

A flowery glen, a shade of arching trees, a willful-faced young girl, a dark and reckless man.

"I would like you to tell me all the story, Duke," said Willie.

He laughed bitterly.

"There is not much to tell. I had no mother or sister; I was young and wild, but I had not sold myself to the devil, and I loved Ethie; and she was an angel, and might have made anything of me. But her mother and *your* mother was set against me because I was poor. I might have been a cutthroat, and had I *money*, she would have given her to me. *I* know Kate Shelby! But she shut her up, and never rested till she was safely married to that old hound, Maurice. Does she know the work she made of my life, I wonder? She *shall* know!"

"Duke, Duke! you frighten me when your eyes glitter so! Try and forget, since it cannot be helped. I want some cardinal blossoms. Will you lead the pony for me as you did yesterday? for I must not stay much longer. I have been from home two hours now, and if mamma suspected——"

"Yes; but she does not suspect. And you will come here every day that I ask you, little one?"

"Yes; as long as I may. Poor Duke! do you know that I dream of you at night? All the time your poor face haunts me. I forget over my embroidery, and Miss Flint makes me take it out, and I stumble in my practicing. But they must not guess, must they?"

"No; keep our secret for a time. By-and-by they *shall* know."

But Willie shook her ebon curls.

"I do not see how mamma *ever* can know, Duke."

* * * * * * *

"You *are* young, Willie, but you will be eighteen in a month; and since a girl does not have such an offer twice in a lifetime, you will marry him. So let me hear no more against it."

"But, mamma, the baron has not offered himself to *me!*"

"Very certainly not. The Germans *never* address a young lady until her guardian's consent is gained. I have accepted him for you—that is sufficient. Why, what do you mean, you willful girl, opposing your mother thus? I have spoiled you—indulged you far too much, Willie. Go to your room; remain there until you can ask my pardon, and be more obedient."

Ah, flashing young eyes! hold the little dark hands over them until you are safe in your room, Willie.

A pebble against the pane! 'Tis but a step from the balcony to the weather-beaten lattice.

Before the small foot touches the ground, a strong arm enfolds the lithe waist.

Willie is away to the rendezvous!

Mrs. Shelby's step sounds softly in the hall. She listens at the closed door.

All is silent.

"I will not disturb her to-night, little baroness," she murmurs, with a proud smile. "Let her sleep, and keep bright those eyes that have won such a prize."

* * * * * * *

It was the night before the wedding. The florid baron—a man of fifty, yellow-bearded, jovial, not objectionable, only as uncongenial to the young girl he had fallen in love with—sat with Mrs. Shelby in the drawing-room. He held a jewel-case in his hand. His good-natured face was clouded.

"Why do I never see my preddy Willie alone?" he asked, sighing.

"She is a little shy—so young, you know, dear baron. But I will send her down, and you shall clasp the pearls around her neck yourself."

Radiant—for the baron's wedding-gift, a pearl necklace, was magnificent—Mrs. Shelby flitted up the staircase.

The baron sighed vocally again, left alone in the long, rich room, full of yellow damask and old portraits.

"Ah, my preddy Willie!" he murmured, getting up and walking the floor.

It was evening. A hundred wax candles burned in the chandelier above his head. The rain tapped the high, narrow windows, hidden away in folds of gleaming damask.

It was some time before Mrs. Shelby came in. Her face was pale, her breath hurried.

"She is not in her room. I cannot find her!"

Before she had ceased speaking a window was flung up; a gust of rainy air swept through the room, extinguishing

half the candles. A man stepped over the sill, bearing a drooping form in his arms.

At Mrs. Shelby's feet he laid his burden, and the small, white face fell back, and showed Willie—dead!

"I did not love her, but to-night she would have eloped with me!" said Duke Moran, in a low, terrible voice. "A hasty step—the rotten bar of a lattice caused her death. The end is the same—she is stone-dead! The light of your life has left it. Your days are darkened, as you have darkened mine. And now, farewell for ever, Kate Shelby!"

He turned on his heel, and vaulting lightly through the open window, was away through the rain and darkness.

But the wretched mother saw nothing, knew nothing, save that small, white face, framed in its ebon curls.

Ay, her pride was broken!

When she arose from her bed of terrible sickness, she sought no more worldly distinction for her daughters.

Her little girls grew up pure; each made her choice unfettered. And they were happy, and shed much sunshine on her latter days.

Through her affliction she at last learned patience and wisdom, and also—humility.

## PINS AND NEEDLES.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharaohs. Many of these useful articles were found in the tombs of her kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads and were from six to eight inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction to Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain.

The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565 by one Elias Growse. A century later one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

The first pins manufactured in England were made at Gloucester in 1626; but subsequently this industry was established in Birmingham, and that city is now the headquarters of the pin trade of Great Britain. The best English pins are of superior excellence, and are put up in green paper; but inferior pins are also put up in the same way, and are frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting purchaser as the genuine production.

When pins were first made in England, the raw material passed through fourteen different processes before completion, and each of these processes employed a separate operative. The operations consisted of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin-lengths, twisting wire for heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning, whitening, washing, polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking and putting in papers.

The business of pin-making was established in this country in 1812, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, the price rose from six cents to one dollar per paper. Invention was consequently stimulated, and pins were manufactured at Greenwich, New York, or what now constitutes that part of the metropolis in the vicinity of Christopher Street, west side. At the close of hostilities the effort was abandoned, as we could no longer compete with English cheap labor and low rates of interest. In 1820 the business was resumed at Bellevue Almshouse, but soon was again abandoned. In 1824, Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, invented and patented in England the first machine that made solid-headed pins; but the enterprise lacked encouragement, and it was nearly ten years subsequent before pins of his make were sold in London. Perfect pins by this process were manufactured during the revolution of a single wheel; and this machine, since considerably improved, is the one used at present in the largest manufactories in Birmingham.

Since 1824 several Americans have patented machines for making pins, but the most successful invention was the work of a Mr. Fowler. But the entire process is a mystery to the uninitiated, and the secret is carefully kept hidden from curious eyes. Most of the best American pins are made in Connecticut, after Fowler's process. In one establishment are eighty-five machines, which consume annually many tons of brass or iron wire, and turn out millions of pins. Brass pins are whitened by long boiling in copper vessels containing block tin. The process of making white iron pins is still a secret. There are eight pin-factories in the United States, with an annual production of about 7,000,000,000 pins.

Pin-papers are marked by the use of a molded piece of wood, which corresponds to those portions representing the small folds through which the holes are made for the pins to be secured. The pin-sticker, usually a girl, gathers two of the folds together, and places these between the jaws of a vice having grooves to serve as a guide for the entry of the pins. When filled, the paper is released and held up so that the eye of the expert at once detects every defective pin, and causes its removal.

Needles differ from pins in being made of steel, and having an eye for the reception of thread, a sharper point, and a highly polished body. English needles of the best makes are very elastic, the metal being suitably tempered, and the eyes all finely finished and burnished, so as not to cut the thread. A great many needles are spoiled while in process of tempering, as the steel of which they are made is apt to be variable in quality; and in a heated state, while undergoing chemical action, they are easily injured. Scouring is also a delicate operation, and needles when not properly hardened and polished are always of inferior strength, and quickly accumulate rust.

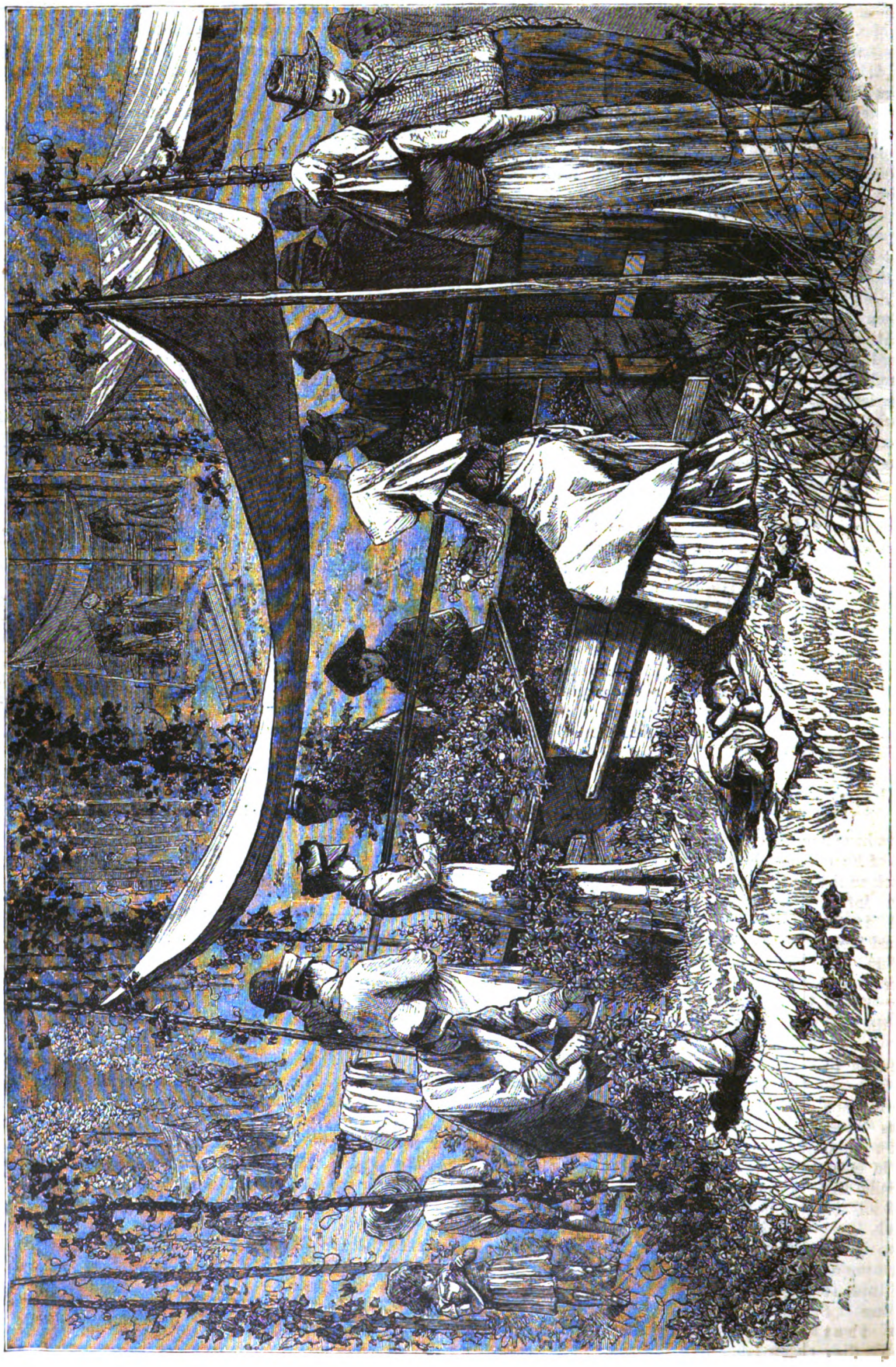
## CURIOUS FACTS.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey, and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird.

The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted for their safety in no small degree to a species of pheasants. The bird acts as the sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles—upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed.

The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns.

The writer already cited says, "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song."



SCENE IN A HOP-YARD NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—HOP-PICKERS AT WORK.

A HOP-YARD IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, N. Y.

## HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.

Hops have long been used in brewing drinks on the Continent of Europe, and have been cultivated in Germany as far back as the ninth century. They are believed to have been introduced into England from Flanders in the reign of Henry VIII., about the year 1524.

Previous to the importation of hops various bitter herbs were used in beer, especially the "ale hoof" or ground ivy, but so great was the prejudice against the use of hops that when they were introduced the city of London petitioned the King to prohibit their use "in regard they would spoyl the taste of drink and endanger the people," whereupon the King issued an injunction "not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale."

A HOP-KILN AND DRYING-HOUSE.

The bitter, aromatic taste of hops is well known, and like other vegetable bitters, they have a tonic effect upon the system, and are used in medicines. They also possess a sedative action, and are not infrequently prescribed by physicians for derangements of the digestive organs attended by nervous excitability. A narcotic property is also ascribed to the

odor of hops, and it is stated that the air of the buildings in which large quantities of them are stored has the power of producing sleep. Some medical men deny this virtue to the hop, while others consider that a pillow of hops is efficacious in conquering wakefulness, a remedy which became popular from its alleged success in the insanity of the mutton-eating King George III.

The hop is a vine, with a perennial root, from which spring up numerous annual shoots forming slender, flexible stems, angular and rough to the touch. These climb spirally upon trees or around poles to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The leaves are heart-shaped and three or five lobed. The flowers are very numerous; the staminate or male flowers are usually produced on different plants from the pistillate or female ones, though sometimes the pistillate plants, according to the investigations of Dr. Royle, produce a few staminate flowers.

When in blossom, the hop will be found to be a collection of very simple flowers, each consisting of a single pistil surrounded by a sort of membraneous covering. The fruit, botanically speaking, is the ripened pistil, which is a small nut that incloses a single seed. Around the fruit are found numerous yellow grains which are peculiar glands, and only produced in the pistillate plant. These grains are called *Lupulini*, and sometimes "lupuline glands" and "flowers of the hop." The lupuline is very resinous, adhesive and aromatic, and it is upon this that the peculiar odor, taste and other properties of the hop in a great measure depend. The greater or less abundance of lupuline in a sample of hops is one guide in judging of the quality, and in preparing them for market this is never lost sight of, as the lupuline varies from one-tenth to one-sixth of the weight of the hops.

Pills of lupuline for sedativeness are prepared by rubbing the powder in a warm mortar until it becomes plastic, and then working it into pills, which are given in doses of six to twelve grains.

The young shoots of the hopvine, especially in the low countries of Europe, are esteemed as an article of food. The tender shoots are taken when they first appear above ground, and are cooked and eaten like asparagus or greens. A dinner in Bavaria will consist of beer and the materials of which beer is made: barley boiled and seasoned as a vegetable, and the young sprouts of the hop, which are regarded as delicacies of the season.

The southeastern portion of England is particularly favorable for this crop, and in the county of Kent alone 35,000 acres have long been appropriated to it. Hop plantations are also found in other counties; but the production of Kent probably represents one-half of the whole amount raised in England.

The Belgian hops have a good reputation, but those of Bavaria are the best of all, the aroma being more perfectly preserved by the method of preparation in practice there.

In Belgium, when the hops are mature, the poles are pulled up with the vines hanging to them, and women and children gather the strobiles, which are immediately carried up to the kilns, called hop-oasts, in which they are dried upon a floor of wire or hair cloth at a heat not exceeding 180° Fah. Fumes of burning sulphur are admitted to the hops while drying, by which they are partially bleached. They are then packed tightly in bags or "pockets" with the aid of a press, and the parcels are made so compact that they may be cut into blocks with a knife.

The Bavarians, when the hops are ripe, cut off the plants close to the ground and leave them upon the poles to dry in the sun. This is considered to preserve the aroma, and the hops, though packed loosely in bags, have more strength and flavor than the English or Belgian. Of the American system we shall speak further on. The Bavarian beer is brewed to its highest perfection in Munich, Nuremburg and Bamburg. It is brewed in 5,500 breweries, producing, annually, 5,000,000 barrels.

Before we enter into the details connected with hop-raising, and as we have touched upon the subject of beer, a few words in connection with this popular but plebeian beverage may not be altogether inappropriate. Beer is a fermented liquor made from malted grain; in Europe most commonly from barley; but in this country from wheat as well, and in India from rice, corn, oats, peas—and other similar articles of food may be also used in its manufacture.. Hops and other bitter substances are added to improve the flavor, and to impart their peculiar properties to the liquor.

Beer, in some of its varieties, appears to be of great antiquity, and was probably discovered by the Egyptians. Tacitus notices it as being in common use with the Germans of his time. Pliny describes the *celia* and *ceria*, the beer of the Spaniards, and the *cerevisia* of the Gauls, made from almost every species of grain, and incidentally named after Ceres, the Goddess of Corn. Aristotle speaks of its intoxicating qualities, and Theophrastus very properly calls it the wine of the barley. Herodotus (450 years B.C.) stated that the Egyptians made their wines of barley.

An ancient description by Isidorus and Orosius of the process in use by the Britons and Celtic nations defines the liquor as not differing essentially from that made now: "The grain is steeped in water and made to germinate, by which its spirits are excited, and set at liberty; it is then dried and ground, after which it is infused in a certain quantity of water, which, being fermented, becomes a pleasant, warming, strengthening and intoxicating liquor."

Upon the introduction of hops into England, the German word, "*bier*," was also imported, and was used to distinguish the liquor made with hops from the more ancient beverage.

Porter was first made in England in 1730. Previous to that time the malt liquors in London were ale, beer, and "twopenny." It was customary to call for "half-and-half," or for "three threads." To avoid the necessity of drawing from two or three casks, a brewer named Harwood produced a beverage which was intended to embrace the qualities of the three liquors. It was called "entire," or the "entire butt"; and, being a strong, nourishing drink, suitable for laboring men and porters, it received at last the name of "porter."

We shall now return to the hop and its cultivation.

A wise man will count the cost, as there is more capital to be expended in the cultivation of hops before they will make returns than with almost any other crop. He will have to plant, plow, prune, manure, and nurse with care; he must provide poles for staking, bins for picking, kilns for drying, and bags for packing—before he can get any returns from the market.

There are many varieties of hops cultivated in this country, but English Cluster and Grape Hops succeed best. The Pompey Hop is very large, with long arms; but it is more injured by rust and insects than the first-mentioned, on which the hops hang in large clusters, and both are early varieties.

The situation for a hop-yard should be such that there is a free circulation of air—never by thick woods, or in a valley, where rust, blight, mold, and lice most abound. They should have plenty of sunshine, which is the surest preventive against the ills the hop is heir to. The soil should be dry in Winter, and have no water on the surface at any time. If not naturally rich enough, it can be made so by manuring. Any soil where good crops of corn

or potatoes can be grown is suitable, but it should be easily worked and kept mellow, as there is much cultivation to be done. Where wheat will not grow, the soil must have lime if hops are planted. In central New York they are raised on very high land, where none but the smaller varieties of corn will grow.

The best time to plant a hop-yard, according to Mr. H. C. Collins, the prizeman, is in the Spring—as early as the ground can be worked. The ground should be plowed, and made as fine and mellow as possible; then staked off and marked out with a plow or line, and the plants set with a dibble—the surest method of insuring their lives. Corn, potatoes, or any other hoed crop, can be raised the first year with the hops. The rows should never be less than eight feet apart, and on the rich bottom lands of the West, nine or ten feet. The hills should be the same distance apart both ways, and the rows perfectly straight. It is a grievous mistake to crowd the hills, as is the case in some hop-yards.

The sets for planting are runners from old vines. Care is taken to keep the sets from *male* plants separate from the others. The hop is a *diœcious* plant—that is, having the staminate or male, and the pistillate or female, flowers on separate plants. There should be about one male hill to every eight hills, each way, or one in sixty-four, making from eight to twelve the acre. These hills are marked by a stake at planting, so that they can be distinguished at a glance. The sets are cut to two pairs of eyes each, or if very short-jointed, three pairs of eyes are left, and three to four of them are put in the hill, according to their condition. The furrow in which they are planted is made by a plow, and is from two to four inches deep, as the soil is light or heavy. If planted too deep, they will not come up well. Sets are usually sold by the bushel; two or three bushels to an acre.

When yards are planted with good fresh sets, and the planting is done early, there is but little risk of failure—large yards being often planted without the loss of a single hill. When the ground is very mellow, and with but few stones, holes are dibbled just deep enough to admit of the sets being under ground.

The cultivation for the first year consists in keeping the weeds down and the ground mellow. If good sets, planted early, are used, it pays to raise a crop the first year, and the plants are all the better for it. One stake is set in each hill, and all the vines allowed to grow upon it. This stake is about eight feet long, and set one foot in the ground. If the stake is longer than eight feet, the vines will not get to the top in season to "hop" well.

It is considered best to stake the plants, because they are then out of the way while cultivating the yard, and do not get torn off. From 200 to 400 pounds of hops to the acre are raised for the first year, with little or no cost to the grower.

The stakes are generally pieces of old hop-poles, or, what is better, of one-and-a-quarter-inch square sawed wood. Gas-tar for dipping the stakes into, which costs but a dollar a barrel, is used by careful growers. It is heated in a pan, and the whole stake soused into it. This gives a fine coat of paint to the stake, protects it from the weather, and renders it exceedingly offensive to insects—the plant-louse refusing to lay its eggs on it in the Fall.

In the Autumn of the first year, a covering of two forkfuls of coarse manure is given to the hill, and the water, which is very deleterious, drained off by means of surface drains. Cattle should never be pastured in hop-yards in the Fall, especially in young yards.

Throughout the hop region of New York, young trees, brought from Canada, have been cut for many years, for use as hop-poles. Hard-wood poles last from two to five years, the best cedar poles from five to ten. A hop-pole is from eighteen to twenty feet high.

There are string-yards, and pole-yards; and in reference to their respective claims to superiority, there always exists among hop-growers a very lively altercation. A string-yard is where the poles are placed wider apart, and the hops allowed to "string" or run along extended cords, which they do at their sweet wild will, paying a mute but very appealing tribute to the picturesque, as the graceful festoons in a string-yard vie with the caressing vines one beholds in France, Italy and Spain.

In a pole-yard, two poles a foot and a half apart are placed, and upon these crutches the hop arrives at maturity. "On the string," observed a prominent hop-grower to the writer, "the hops must get more light and air, and although that yard up the hill there is a pole-yard, I reckon I've a bigger picking in this string-yard."

"Collins's Horizontal Hop-yard" is considerably used, and it is thus described by its patentee: "There is but one stake to the hill, and this is eight or nine feet long, and set one foot in the ground. The best and cheapest stakes are one-and-a-quarter-inch square sticks, sawed at any saw-mill, left rough, and entirely coated with coal-tar. Where this plan is introduced into old yards, old poles, cut in two, are used; yet it is far better to use the square stuff above described than to cut down a tree for each stake. The outer row of stakes should be eight or ten feet outside of the outer row of vines, and where next a fence, put them on the line of it. These should be two and a half inches square, or, if round, about as large as a common hop-pole, and set a little deeper than the others. For the inside hills, round stakes, an inch through, are as good as larger ones. The tops of all the stakes are connected by a twine running across the yard both ways; it is tied to the outer stakes only, and wound once around the inner ones. Use good twine—wool or broom twine, made out of hemp or linen. At the present price of twine, it is best to raise the flax and spin it, two or three threads making a small twine that will measure about 700 feet to the pound; this is strong enough, and lighter is often used, and if tarred with good pine tar it will last several years. A kind should be used that will not weigh more than twenty-five pounds to the acre, but I like best a good home-made twine, at about fifteen pounds per acre. At the male hills, put one tall pole about eighteen feet long, so that the male vines will run up it, and the wind can blow the pollen over the yard. The string should pass these poles free, so that the wind will not break the twine."

The following is a rough estimate for preparing a hop-yard in the manner recommended by Mr. Collins: 750 feet of lumber for stakes, at $15 to $20; gas-tarring stakes, $2; 25 pounds twine, at 30 cents, $7.50; setting stakes, $1; putting on twine, 50 cents; right per acre, $10. Total cost after setting vines, $36. Cost of yard with long poles: 1,400 poles, 20 cents each, $280; sharpening, $10; setting, $7. Total cost (not including hauling), after setting vines, $297.

The hop-vine having now passed the first year of its existence, we commence with the second year. Early in the Spring the yard, so soon as it is dry enough, must be grubbed, and the *débris* hoed from the hills; this without injuring the root. All the old vines are cut off smoothly with a knife, as well as all runners—the latter must never be torn off or cut with a hoe. The hill must be examined for grubs, and all insect life destroyed.

If the stakes are in the yard, they must now be set, but if not, it is considered better to plow first. In setting, a common light crowbar is used, the set being about one

HOP-PICKERS AT WORK IN THE RAIN.

prevent his stepping on the crowns. When the sets are taken out, the earth is hoed back upon the hills, and the twine is adjusted. If the stakes are but seven feet high, a man can easily adjust it from the ground, while boys or girls can manipulate it from a small stool.

The twine is carried in a basket slung over the shoulder. It is never tied except at the end stakes, and only wound once around the others, passing the tall poles of the male hills. The stakes should all be of the same length. When the vines reach their full height, they should be tied, four to each stake, except in the outer row of hills, when five or six may be tied, so as to fill the strings to the outer row of stakes.

foot deep—somewhat deeper for outside hills, and nearly twice as deep for the long pole and the male hill. The yard is then plowed out, and the runners, or sets, which are only found in the second year, and worth from fifty cents to one dollar and a half per bushel, carefully taken out. They are broken as little as possible, and it is advisable not to allow them to remain lying long in the sunshine, or to be frozen while out on the ground.

It is absolutely necessary, in setting the stakes, that they should be all on the same side of the hill, so that in plowing, the horse may be guided to

KENTISH HOP-SCENE—EARLY MORNING.

A KENTISH HOP-YARD.

If the vines are not adjusted round the stakes the way the sun goes, they will not run, and where they are obstreperous it is necessary to tie them with bass matting or old woolen yarn. The vines will need tying up as often as any leave the pole, but it must never be done on a cold day, or early in the morning. Whenever a vine gets its head broken off, another vine must be substituted.

When the smallest vines have gotten a good start—say of three feet—the refuse vines are buried at the foot of the stake, in two inches of soil, and in a few days the leaves rot, thereby creating manure.

A FRENCH HOP-YARD.

and a cheaper food for the grubs than that coiling up the stake. Air-slacked lime and unleached ashes help to keep away the grubs, a pint being deposited on each hill.

When the tallest vines reach about two feet above the tops of the stakes, they are laid on the strings and loosely wound round. The vines are put on the strings while they are growing very fast, about twice a week, or when they are two or three feet long, and they are allowed to hang down about six inches. The vine having passed the first space, is allowed to run past the stake on to the string having forward vines upon it, and when it reaches the second string it is trained to hang down like an arm. These arms should never be put on the strings, but allowed to hang down and wind round each other, as they will not break by hanging, and will be more exposed to sunshine and air; and when so long as to brush the ground they are laid upon others, where they remain.

The hop is ripe when on opening it the seed is hard

BAVARIAN PICKING-HOUSE.

and of a purple color. After that it turns brown, the seeds drop out, and there is great loss both in quality and in weight. Of course, in a large yard, all the hops cannot be picked at exactly the right time. If the yard is a large one, the hops will be ripe sooner in some parts of it than in others, and should be picked first. The picking should commence when the seed begins to get hard. In horizontal yards this is about a week earlier than when long poles are used, and as there is no cutting-off of vines, they do not bleach as in the old way.

When the hops are ready for picking the growers either send for "pickers" or depend upon stray help, principally fed by that element yclept "tramp." If a grower imports help he pays the rail fare in the coming only, or sends a team, should the distance not be considerable. He boards and lodges such of his pickers as are willing to board and lodge with him; some of them, especially the tramp element, being utterly careless as to food, raiment and roof. He pays each picker thirty cents a box, and board, or fifty cents a box, without board. The board is such as would put many professional establishments in New York to the blush, both as regards the quantity and quality of the food.

The first operation in a hop-yard that is a pole-yard is the lifting of a pole. This is done by a stalwart youth, who bears his floriated and festooned burden banner-wise on his shoulder, gently depositing its laden end upon a box. A box is four feet long, two feet deep, and eighteen and one-half inches broad.

Sacks for carrying the hops to the kiln should hold about ten or twelve bushels without packing, as the hops, if pressed in, will soon heat and turn black. The bags must never be left full of hops over night. Burlaps make good cheap sacks, and once made, they last for many years. The vines are left on the strings, so as to mature the root for another crop, until they are killed by the frost; then it is best to take them down, strip them off the strings, and burn them. In this way the eggs of the plant-lice are mostly destroyed.

Where the picking is done with boxes these are made of various sizes. They are of half-inch basswood, with handles at each end. A man (or a girl) called a "box-tender," who has a large basket, knife, and light stool, pulls off the arms from the vines (they break out easily by a pull toward the root of the vine), and with the knife cuts off the end of the main vine, which hangs down. As fast as he fills his basket he empties it on the platform, thus leaving the main vine with most of its foliage intact, and preventing injurious bleeding.

The picking is rapidly and dexterously done, especially by the nimble fingers of the fairer sex, some of whom, in the true coquettishness of womanhood, indulge in the luxury of gloves, while others wear stockings—the soles being cut away—stretching halfway up the arm.

The clatter of human voices, interspersed with occasional bursts of hearty laughter, buzz and ring through the yard, while an interchange of repartee between the "boxers" seems to plant a radiant smile upon "Labor's homely face." The "box-tender" feeds the "boxers" with hops, and when the box is filled replaces it by an empty one. Each box is numbered, the corresponding number being branded on a sack, into which the contents of the box are pressed. A certain number of sacks filled, a primitive cart, drawn by patient-looking, brown-eyed oxen, lazily appears upon the scene; the cart is laden, and its freight duly borne across hill and down dale to the drying-house. This plan of numbering boxes and sacks is essential, because in this way one can drop on a box of dirty hops, that is, hops that have been loosely picked. There is great emulation amongst the pickers to have clean boxes.

Mr. Collins thus details the manner of picking:

"First, with light willow baskets, which hold three or four bushels, commence at the ripest part of the yard. Loosen the strings from the stakes, and let them drop until held by the vines; they will then be about five feet high, and can be pulled lower as wanted. A tall girl or a man can take the strings off the stakes.

"Pick clean. Put the fingers through between the hops in the bunch, instead of around it and stripping, as is often done. Put in all the hops, but none of the large leaves, and as few of the small ones as possible. Often there is no care taken to keep out small leaves, but for a prime article very few should go in, and no bunches of more than three hops should ever be allowed in the basket."

A man who has the reputation of picking his hops clean and putting them up nicely will get an extra price for them, and find quick sale when hops are low. The difference between "fancy hops" and "common sorts" is always enough to pay the whole cost of raising the crop. The best hops alone have the advantage of a foreign market.

In drying the hops, the kiln should be proportioned to the quantity of hops to be dried. It is usually divided into four rooms. The stove-room, where the fire is made, should not be less than fourteen feet high, if sixteen or eighteen feet better still, with stone or brick walls and a soft earthen floor. If the walls are of wood they must be plastered to the top of the room. At the bottom of the walls there should be six air-holes, one foot by three feet, with doors to close them tight when same becomes necessary, and if the kiln is very large the air-holes must number more than six. The stories, usually two, are large enough to take in three-feet wood, with great bars at the bottom, and very large doors; the pipes are carried once or twice across the room, as near the heat of the stove as possible, and then enter a chimney on the outside of the building. Great care is taken that the pipes do not touch the woodwork, as the prolonged heat would kindle almost any wood. The pipe is often run several feet from the building and turned up like the smokestack of a steam-boiler, in order to make a good draft. There is a door from the stove-room into the baling-room with a light of glass, so that the man who attends the drying can ascertain the condition of the fires without entering.

The drying-room is over the stove-room. It is usual to place joists across the top of the stove-room, and wooden slats, one inch by two and a half inches apart. On this open floor there is laid a carpet, generally made of flax or hemp, with small threads, twisted hard and woven loosely, so that the spaces between them are about one-sixteenth of an inch or more, allowing the air to pass through it freely. The carpet should never be of cotton.

A kiln highly recommended is that invented by Edmund Franc. Wires, like telegraph wires, put three or four inches apart, are used instead of slats, and no joists are used, but the wires are stretched tight by a nut on the end. The hops are placed on it from a movable walk—a plank two and a half feet above the carpet, supported from the rafters by wire suspension-rods—and when the hops are on, the plank is turned on edge. When the hops are dry, the carpet is rolled off by a shaft in the store-room, so that all the hops are taken off in less than five minutes, and the carpet put back ready for a new charge, without losing the heat or letting the fires go down. No sweeping is needed with this kiln, nor does any one step on the carpet.

The store-room is next to the drying-room, but the floor is from three to eight feet lower than the carpet, so as to make plenty of room to store hops in bulk until they are ready to press. It requires but one window, which

should have a shutter to keep the room dark while the hops are deposited in it, as they will turn brown if exposed to the light. Under the store-room is the baling-room, which has a tight floor, and is used to bale the hops. Here the hop-press, together with any tools not in use, are stored.

The following are the directions for drying: At first picking, put on the hops not more than twelve inches deep, and start the fires. Use only dry wood, as more heat can be had from dry than green wood; and, where the stoves are large, the fires last better if large wood is used. Open all the air-holes, so there will be a good draft through the hops. When the fire is first made, the steam passes off from the hops very fast. Keep the temperature as regular as possible. About 180 degrees, or as near that as may be, with as good a current of air as you can get, will dry them rapidly. After making the second fire, take a pan of coals from the stove, and put on a quantity of sulphur. If the hops are nice, and free from rust or mold, one pound is enough for bleaching a kiln; but when very rusty, from two to five pounds are sometimes used. Put the pan in the centre of the room, and shut the door. The fire must be well made, for it cannot be mended for half an hour. When half the stems will break on bending them, the hops are dry enough. This will be in from eight to ten hours.

In using the common kiln, the doors are thrown open, the fire goes down, and the kiln is cooled for two hours, so that a man can go in to shovel off the hops, which he cannot do while it is hot. With a rake, shovel and broom, he throws the hops off upon the cooling-floor of the store-room, and sweeps the carpet off clean. He must wear shoes without nails, or he will tear the carpet.

Much of the flour, or lupuline, always falls through into the stove-room—sometimes two or three pounds from each kilnful. What falls on the stoves and pipes must be brushed off, or it will smoke the next charge. With the Franc kiln there is no sweeping. The hops are taken off when first dry, no flour falls through, and the hops are left whole; the next charge of hops is put on, and the heat is mostly saved, the fires not being allowed to go down at all. Two men have charge of the drying, where the kiln is run all the time, each working half the time. The hops should be left on the cooling-floor, where they are thrown, until the next charge is nearly done; they are then shoved back a little, to make room for more—and so on until they get into the bins at the end of the room.

When the hops have been neglected by the dryer going to sleep, or any other cause, they become too dry, which is known by their feeling harsh, and by the snapping of most of the stems. The plan adopted upon such an occurrence is to shut the air-holes, then to put a quart of salt upon a pan in the store-room, which is allowed to stand a short time, when the properties evolved seem to toughen the hops. Baling and pressing should be done in from four to six weeks; and it is a notable fact that hops handle best during rain.

When hops are high, almost any will sell; but when they are low, only the best sell readily. At two years old they are worth but half price, and are worthless at four or five years. It is advisable always to sell the first year. An average crop of hops is 1,000 pounds to the acre, though 1,700 and 1,800 pounds have been raised in New York State on trained strings.

The war-price of hops was sixty-five cents per pound. In 1866 Wisconsin yielded from 80,000 to 100,000 bales, and so "overdid it" that the culture became utterly unprofitable; the result of this over-production being that, in the year 1878, it yielded but 40,000, while the crop of the year 1879 yielded but 15,000 bales.

For brewing purposes, new hops are considered the best, but old crops are taken for ale purposes, while lager consumes the new crop. The value of this industry in the exceptionally low prices of the year 1878 is estimated at $4,000,000 for 260,000 bales. Fifteen cents per pound is the living price for the producer.

The best hops that come to New York City are those grown in New York State; the next best being raised in California, whose yield in 1879 was about 15,000 bales. England prefers her own hops first, and then ours. We attempted to supply Germany, but Hans failing to appreciate us, we do not now cast a thought upon him. All the domestic trade, and most of the export trade, is done through New York City, nearly fifty firms dealing exclusively in hops, and representing a large "pile" of the almighty dollar.

The increased consumption of lager beer, and its substitution for other beverages, has largely increased the demand for hops for brewing purposes; and although the ale manufacturers do not take so great a quantity as they used to do, the decrease is more than made up by the demand from the manufacturers of lager. It is beyond the region of controversy that the demand for the article has increased from year to year, and it is but fair to suppose that the increase will continue. Last year the low prices offered for hops discouraged many farmers from raising them this season; but now that the trade would seem to have righted itself, and the apprehension of a glutted market no longer to be entertained, we look forward to a considerable extension of hop-growing on this vast and prolific continent.

## SONNET—HOAR-FROST.

By Benjamin Gough.

Hardly more beautiful are woods and trees
In Summer's gay exuberance, than now,
Brightening at sunrise, while a gentle breeze
Plays through the ringlets gracing Nature's brow,
And kindling radiance glows o'er hills and leas.
The short-lived glory of the glittering rime
Illumes the weeping willow and white birch
With rich fantastic forms, and the tall lime
Is robed in affluence, while the ivied church
Wears jewels as it rings the morning chime.
The crisp white clothing, elegantly chaste,
Melts into diamonds exquisitely bright,
Flashing in sunshine brief—but falls in haste,
Thawed into genial raindrops, pure as light.

## "SENT TO SIBERIA."

For a century and a half no tidings which come from the North have been more familiar to the world than this. Since the days of Peter the Great it has been the doom of thousands—gentle and simple—high and low—criminals, the vilest—patriots, the loftiest—dreamers most imprudent. Every year it has been calculated that, on an average, over 10,000 Russian subjects cross the Oural Mountains on their way to this Asiatic land of bondage. In 1874, nearly 15,000 wended their way thither; and this year the number cannot be less, and may be more. The words convey to the mind of Southern Europe all that is most repulsive in penal banishment. Instinctively the imagination of the newspaper reader, whose eye catches the words in a telegram, recalls the "Exiles of Siberia." He pictures to himself long, dreary troops of "unfortunates" trudging through the snows, or perishing of hunger and cold and misery long before they reach the mines

of the Oural or the jasper quarries of Yekaterinburg. He hears the clank of the chains and the moans of the exiles, and the crack of the Bashkir Cossack's whip, as he drives along the victims of the "Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery" to lead a cheerless existence and die a felon's death amid the desolation of Siberia.

Even in Russia there is a dread of the name which is not altogether inspired by its penal terrors, with which the refractory subjects of the Czar are only too familiar. In reality, our ideas of Siberia are, like the majority of popular impressions transmitted by tradition, altogether beside the truth. With the Winter's snows we should contrast the flower covered plains of Summer, the luxuriant cornfields and purple vineyards of Autumn. Mines there are, and very rich mines, too; but there are also noble cities, splendid mansions, and society as polished as any in Europe.

Siberia may be described as one immense plain, bounded on the south by mountains, but gradually getting lower and lower as it approaches the north, until, along the shores of the Frozen Ocean, it is one dreary flat, little raised above the level of the sea. The region to the west of the Yenisei presents one monotonous level, unbroken by hills of any sort, covered in its northwestern part by forests, though for the greater extent this province is steppe or upland plain. Much of this consists of dry sand, salt-marshes and bogs; but the Barabinskarä Steppe, between the rivers Irtish and Obi, has large birch-groves and is well suited for agriculture, while the soil of the Abakan Steppes, which lie along the river Abakan, a tributary of the Yenisei, is so rich that it requires no manure. But even where the soil is unsuited for crops, its fine pastures afford abundance of food to the countless herds of reindeer and cattle possessed by the natives.

FROLICS IN A KENTISH HOP-YARD.

Eastern Siberia is more diversified, for in this part of the country the plains are intersected by offshoots of the Altai, Sagan, and Stanovoy ranges of mountains. Much of it is suited for agriculture, and the south is covered for the greater portion of its extent with magnificent forests. The northern portion, extending to the Arctic Ocean, is a dreary, moss-covered "tundra," or flat, on which, however, can be pastured at certain seasons of the year herds of reindeer, though the swarms of musquitoes which during the warm weather infest it render life almost intolerable to men; and the *œstrus*, which attacks the deer, combined with the recent disease which has broken out amongst them, is rapidly reducing the Samoyedes, Ostiaks, and other tribes from affluence to poverty.

The country, from the time it was first made known to Ivan the Terrible by Vasseli Yermak, an absconded Cossack criminal, has always had a smack of the hulks about it; and, indeed, it was selected as a penal settlement soon after the Russians had thoroughly succeeded in wresting it from the Tartar princes, mainly in order that its richness might be developed; for a country so far from his home could have but little voluntary attraction for the unenterprising serf, even supposing his lord cared to send him so far afield.

With the exception of the mines, its trades and manufactures are few and unimportant. Spirits and leather are, however, produced extensively; soap-boiling, tallow-melting and the making of stearine candles find employment for a good deal of capital; while cotton and wool are woven into coarse fabrics in some of the cities, which, like Irkutsh, Tobolsk, Tjumen, Omsk and Tomsk, have from 17,000 to 27,000 inhabitants.

The fisheries on the great rivers and lakes also afford occupation for many of the native Siberians, and at the

HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.—AN ALSATIAN HOP-YARD.—SEE PAGE 545.

fairs, which are periodically held, business is done with the most distant parts of Europe and Asia.

Kiakhta is the meeting-place of the Chinese and Siberian traders, and here is a school for teaching the young merchants the Chinese language. Large sums are often made by mere peasants in the gold mines, and indeed the greatest Russian fortunes have been accumulated by this means. Silver, lead, platinum, copper (especially that form called malachite), iron, coal, tin, cinnabar, zinc, bismuth, arsenic, sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac, nitre, natron and naphtha are also found in these rich regions. The topaz, hyacinth, Siberian emerald, beryl, onyx, red and green jasper, chrysolite, red garnets, lapis lazuli, bakalite and opals exist in greater or less abundance in different parts of this region. Most of these gems are polished and cut in the country. The Russian peasant has a wonderful faculty for imitating any one. He has only, it is said, to be taken into a factory, and told to go to work—to be a blacksmith, a wood-carver, a copyist of paintings, engineer, or lapidary—and he will try his hand at the occupation selected for him. He will watch the next workman to him using his saw, chisel, or file; he will cautiously imitate him, doing little by little, nothing rashly. Next day he will show more skill, until in a few weeks he becomes a first-class workman. Hence it is that in the Granilöi Fabric the visitor is astonished to find men in no way above the rank of peasant, and who indeed may be convicts under police surveillance, executing the most beautiful carvings on jasper and porphyry vases, or engraving beryl, amethysts, topaz and emeralds, with a skill which could not be exceeded, if equaled, in Amsterdam, Paris or London.

The traveler's astonishment is still further increased when he learns that these fine-art workmen are not paid more than ninety cents per *month*, with rations of a few pounds of black bread. Even the master workmen are not paid more than $55 per annum. Yet they are perfectly content, and labor on to make fortunes for the mine-owners, who inhabit magnificent mansions, living in great state.

No Government officer is allowed to own mines; but it is very generally believed that only a mere moiety of the gems discovered and cut find their way to the Imperial exchequer or into the hands of the owners. Everybody dabbles in the business. The visitors—more frequent than formerly, but still rare—are, early after their arrival, tempted with bargains in precious stones, cut and polished. Men, women and children "dodge" the new arrival at every step with these staples, either on account of the merchants who own the mines, or of lapidaries who purchase the stones at a very low price. These stones are set in gold and silver obtained from the mines in the vicinity, though generally with less taste than is displayed in the cutting of the gems.

But though there are many free settlers in Siberia, both in town and country, as well as the native Siberian tribes, the "exiles" form the most marked portion of the population; and if we take into account them and their descendants—as well as convicts whose sentences have expired, and who have remained in the country—they form the most numerous portion of the population. No traveler can have journeyed along the post-route leading from Nijnei Novgorod over the Ourals, across Siberia by way of Tjumen, Tobolsk, Tomsk or Yeniseisk, without meeting long strings of exiles, some of whom have been on the road six, eight or ten months, and sometimes—as in the case of those destined for the settlements on the Amoor River and Kamschatka—even two years. The worst are chained, but except in the vicinity of the towns through which they ay pass, great leniency is usually shown to the "unfortunates," as with kindly tolerance the exiles are styled by the country people.

The women and children—especially when they are the families of the convicts, permitted to accompany them—are usually conveyed in wagons, or, further north, in reindeer or dog-sledges; while political prisoners of rank, once they are clear of the large cities, may be seen consorting with the officers of the guard, and even sharing their meals in the block-houses along the route.

Sometimes, in passing through a fanatical village, the actual sharers in a conspiracy will be set upon, and even stoned, by the loyally ignorant peasants; but more frequently the simple-minded people will bring them presents of food and other necessaries, and ask Heaven to forgive and shelter them.

At each station on the route there are barracks for the accommodation of the prisoners. These barracks are usually outside the villages, and are surrounded by high stockades of pointed trunks of trees, over which it is impossible to climb, though the precaution is always taken of having the exiles well guarded by mounted Cossacks.

The daily march is not toilsome, and varies according to the nature of the road or the accommodation for man and beast; it is usually about fourteen or fifteen miles. Nevertheless, on the long journeys many die by the way—indeed, I have heard it affirmed by Russians well acquainted with the system, that not over four-fifths of those sent to the far North or Eastern Siberia ever reach their destination.

As soon as they arrive in Siberia, the convicts are divided into three classes. First come those condemned for the foulest crimes known to the Russian law, such as would in England entail on the criminal penal servitude for life or for a long term of years. These culprits are doomed to work in the mines, and usually have a hard lot. Such exiles are called in Siberia, *Katorshuiki*, a term no doubt derived from *kâteron*, the name given to a galley by the Byzantine historians, as well as by the Greeks on the Black Sea at the present day.

Next come the *Loslannyje na roboto*, or exiles condemned for shorter periods, and for minor offenses. Vagrants at large, rogues worthy of a sterner style of punishment than imprisonment, prisoners sentenced by the criminal courts, and, in former days, serfs condemned as refractory laborers by the Government on application by the proprietors of estates on which they lived, as well as minor political offenders, who are well out of harm's way, comprise the bulk of these "unfortunates." The place they are sent to is proportioned to their turpitude; the worst offenders being dispatched furthest from the boundaries of Russia in Europe—for instance, to the shores of the Arctic Sea, and the Eastern provinces—while the lighter culprits are permitted to settle down in Western Siberia, immediately to the west of the Ourals. This class of convicts are usually condemned only for short terms, and are designed for colonists on the expiration of their term of forced labor. Even before that date they are often employed in the Government service, more like ordinary laborers than as legal slaves.

The third and highest class of exiles are the *Loslannyje na poselenye*, who are condemned for mild crimes. In fact, they are considered to have expiated their offenses as soon as they arrive in the country, and are at once established as proper colonists, sometimes in villages already existing, at another time in new ones laid out for them.

Siberian society, constituted to a great extent of such elements as these described, is very genial, and frequently refined, but not moral. Many of the convicts are political offenders, some of the highest education and nobility of

character; but a vast number who have gained a certain amount of freedom, or, whose sentences being expired, have settled down in the country, are of quite another class. Actual criminals have no place left them for repentance; they are always under the jail ban. But offenders of the higher class, and especially political exiles, are rarely scowled on. Russian society is the most tolerant in the world, and since political exiles have increased, the front of their offending has ceased to be visible. They are, after a year or two, received into the best company, and in every way receive the treatment their rank and education would have entitled them to at home. It is only the worst offenders who are not allowed to be accompanied by their wives and families; and as many of them are people of rank, the balls, clubs and card-parties of Tobolsk or Tomsk are very different from what a similar social gathering chosen from the *détenus* of Port Arthur would have been.

There is, I am convinced, a great future for Siberia. The mighty rivers permeating the country on to the very confines of China, will, when the new Arctic route is thoroughly opened up, form great highways, down which the wool, beef, timber, wheat, wine and ores of Siberia, as well as the fossil ivory found on its shores, will find their way to Europe.

The discipline, which is as a rule firm without harshness, has had a good effect, for in no part of his dominions is the Czar more adored; and it is noted that the most turbulent characters become, after a few years of "Sibir," docile citizens and industrious farmers.

By-and-by a railway will penetrate the country, and with a cheaper mode of transit for its goods than sledges or pack-horses, Siberia will be properly appreciated in the world.

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# TO SAVE HER LIFE.

SABRINA BERTINE experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction as she reviewed the past. Her career had been brilliant—meteor-like. She could scarcely realize that she had accomplished so much in so short a time. It was like a dream to her; but that dream had been a bright and dazzling one.

With the modesty of true genius, she had thanked Heaven for the honor and profit which her indomitable will and arduous labor had brought to her; and perhaps she was right in so doing, for "Heaven helps those that help themselves!"

The swift-moving steam-car was bearing her rapidly toward her place of destination—a little village situated upon the right bank of the Hudson River—and, as the panorama of village, wood and river passed fleetly before her eyes, she forgot the companion of her journey—the loved one who sat beside her—and her thoughts lost themselves in a retrospection of the past.

She thought of the time when her parents had lived—when her father was one of the merchant-princes of New York, and she, a timid girl of seventeen, was just emerging into society. She remembered how she had been courted and flattered, and yet she could lay no claim to beauty; indeed, she was more than ordinarily plain. Her forehead was unnaturally high and protruding, her eyes large and staring, her complexion sallow, and her hair a negative color, containing no rich shades, and worn in simple bands, that might be classic, but were by no means attractive.

She was then seventeen; she was now twenty-five. In those eight years strange events had taken place. An unfortunate speculation had ruined her father. Her mother had died, crushed by this misfortune, and Sabrina had been forced to learn that sad lesson of the world's hollow friendship.

Her father had gathered together the wreck of his property, and removed to the little old homestead on the banks of the Hudson.

From this humble cottage he had started upon his life-career, an ambitious, hopeful boy, to make a fortune in the great metropolis. Success had crowned his efforts. Fortune had smiled upon him, and then juggled with him. In a day he lost what it had taken him long years to acquire.

The old homestead, which he had inherited from his father, was all that was left to him, and to this he retreated, after his sad reverses, disheartened, tired of the world and of himself. Like many another man, spoiled by early success and continuous prosperity, he had not the mental force to meet his reverses, endeavor to retrieve them, and begin the world anew. He succumbed at once to his misfortune, and abandoned the struggle.

He retired to the old homestead, to waste the balance of his life in vain repinings against cruel fortune and an ungenerous world. In his retiracy he brought with him his two daughters, Sabrina and her sister Eugenia, who was seven years younger than Sabrina; but, child as she was, she gave promise of becoming as beautiful as her elder sister was plain.

Here three years of Sabrina's life passed pleasantly enough. She had saved her piano from the auction-sale in New York of the furniture of their city residence, and with her music, her books, and the daily rambles she and Eugenia took, by the river's bank and through the woodlands, she soon ceased to regret their city home.

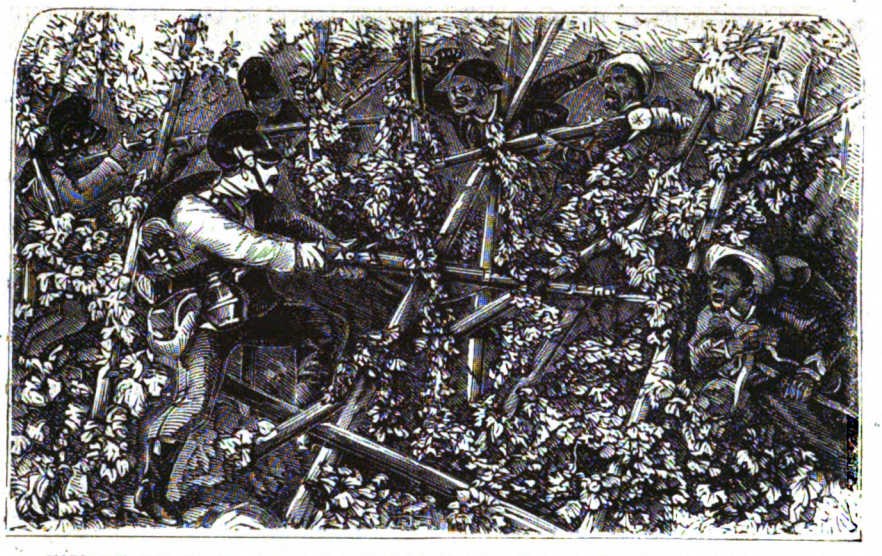
Mr. Bertine could not bring his mind to dwell contentedly upon this change in his condition. He chafed beneath it until, I verily believe, his heart broke in the struggle, and death came to his relief.

This blow fell with stunning effect upon Sabrina, but Eugenia was too young to cast much thought upon the future. Sabrina had serious cause for uneasiness. They were left two orphans, their only companion Mrs. Poynton, their nurse, who had lived in their family for twenty years, and who had followed them into exile—for Mr. Bertine had always considered his residence in the village as such.

After her father's death, all the care of their little household devolved upon Sabrina. Upon reckoning up the stock of money left by her father, she estimated that, by the most rigid economy, they could exist upon it for one year. And then—? She shuddered as this question would force itself upon her mind. The little cottage had been mortgaged by her father, and the interest of this mortgage must be duly paid, or they might lose their home—be deprived of their only shelter, and then—Heaven help them!

Many a sleepless night did Sabrina pass endeavoring to solve the dread problem of the future. What could she do? What occupation engage in that would bring in sufficient money to keep their little household? She thought of giving music-lessons, but the difficulty of obtaining pupils in that locality deterred her. She knew that the families in the neighborhood would infinitely prefer some foreign teacher, with an outlandish name, although he did not possess half her skill or knowledge.

Sabrina was an excellent pianist, but she was not so acceptable as a vocalist. There was a peculiarity in her



HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.—A HOP-YARD STORMED DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. SEE PAGE 545.

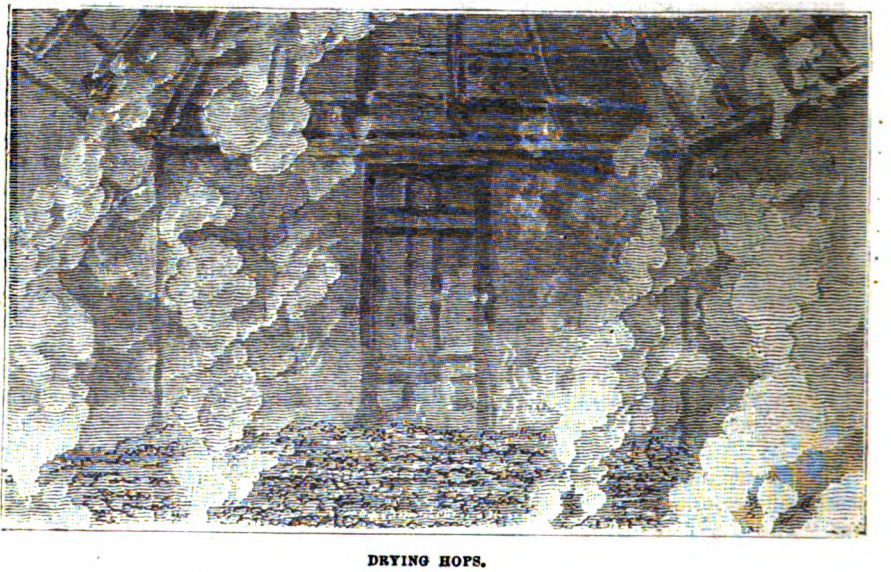
voice that marred the effect of her singing. Her voice was a deep alto, and when she sang a duet with Eugenia, singing the second part herself, their voices swelled in harmonious melody; but she could never sing the air—she made strange discord with it.

I need not linger over the innumerable schemes that Sabrina conceived and abandoned in this perplexing search for a vocation that would prove a source of profit to her. Accident solved this knotty problem for her. A traveling theatrical troupe came into the town to give performances. A neighbor's son, who had assisted the Thespians in the construction of their temporary stage, received a number of tickets, and good-naturedly invited Sabrina and Eugenia to attend the performance.

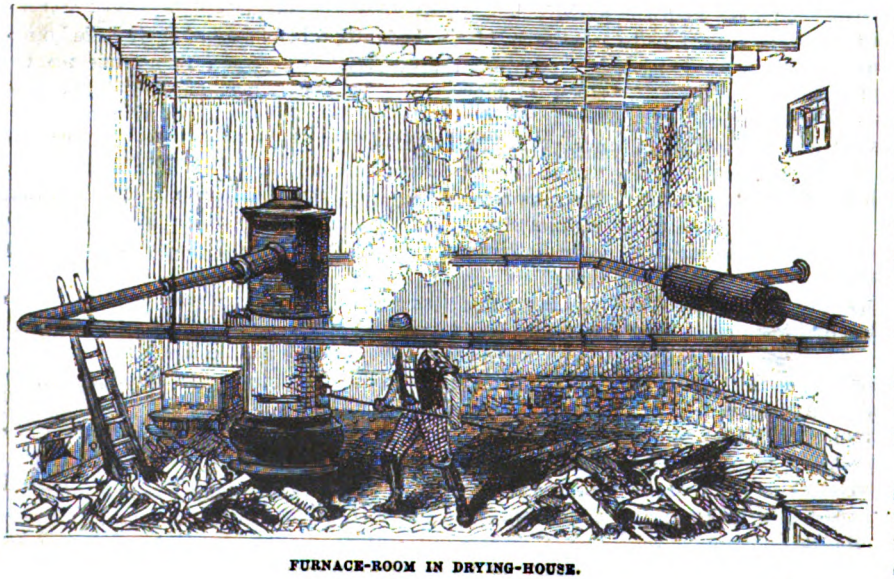
Eugenia was delighted at the idea, but Sabrina was adverse to attending.

"Oh, do go, now, Rina!" cried Eugenia, persuasively. "Don't you remember how you used to have private theatricals, when I was a little girl, and how nicely you used to play yourself? Everybody always said that you were the best one—your voice was so deep and strong."

Sabrina sighed gently to herself as she reflected upon the pleasure she had once taken in those mimic scenes. There seemed little prospect now of their ever recurring again. The future opened gloomily before them.



DRYING HOPS.



FURNACE-ROOM IN DRYING-HOUSE.

"There are sad days before us," she thought. "Why should I deny Eugenia an innocent gratification? Let her have all the joy she can, for Sorrow dogs us like a famished wolf scenting his prey." Then she added, aloud, "Since you desire it, Eugenia, we will go."

Eugenia clapped her hands delightedly.

"You are just the nicest sister that ever was!" she exclaimed. "You would do anything in the world for me."

Sabrina cast an affectionate glance upon this bright-eyed, motherless girl, and she felt that it was her duty to fill that dead mother's place. There

TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"'I SAW HIM,' CONTINUED EUGENIA—'I SAW HIM THERE!' 'WHOM?' ASKED SABRINA, THINKING HER MIND WAS WANDERING. 'MY PRESERVER.'"

was a deep well of love in her breast for this graceful being, and that love was to be tested with a bitterness worse than the sting of death.

They went that evening to the theatrical performance. The play was "The Lady of Lyons," and Sabrina soon discovered that the company was not of a superior order. Indeed, the lady who represented the character of *Pauline* did not appear to have the least conception of the haughty beauty of Lyons. Sabrina and Eugenia commented upon the performance as they walked homeward.

"I think I could play *Pauline* better than she did," remarked Sabrina.

"I know you could!" cried Eugenia, confidently. "Why, she did not appear to know what it meant!"

Sabrina grew thoughtful, and made no further remark. Their escort left them at their cottage, and the girls entered the house.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Eugenia. "You have grown awful glum, all of a sudden."

"Oh, nothing!" answered Sabrina, shaking off the fit of abstraction that had seized upon her.

Then she gave Mrs. Poynton a vivid description of the performance. She stood in the centre of the little apartment and showed her how the actress had delivered *Pauline's* speeches, mimicking her with a fidelity that excited the greatest admiration in Eugenia, and then gave her own idea of the manner in which the speeches should have been delivered, the rich, sonorous tones of her deep voice reverberating through that little apartment with a wonderful effect.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Eugenia, with girlish admiration; "what a splendid actress you would make!"

These random words made a powerful impression upon Sabrina's mind. Here was a vocation that, amid all her schemes, had never suggested itself to her. Why should she not adopt it? She remembered the pleasure she had taken in their parlor theatricals, during the days of their affluence—the ease with which she had committed the words of the different characters she had personated to memory, and the universal praise she had always received.

She was yet to learn, however, that there is a vast difference between appearing before friends in private and appearing before a mixed multitude in public, whose judgment is not swayed by friendship.

She slept little that night, for her thoughts kept her wakeful, considering this new undertaking in all its bearings. She arose in the morning with a firm determination to pursue it; but she kept her own counsel. She wished to have an interview with the manager of the theatrical company first, and learn if he would give her the opportunity she sought.

She called upon him, and found him decidedly adverse to entertaining her proposal. She was not disheartened by this. She had foreseen that obstacles would arise in the new path she had chosen, but she was resolute to surmount them. She requested permission to recite some passages from Shakespeare to him—for the works of the great playwright were very familiar to her—and he consented, but with the air of a man whose courtesy submitted to an infliction. But when the deep tones of her voice broke upon his ear, he grew suddenly interested, and listened attentively.

"Young lady," he said, nodding his head approvingly, when she had finished, "you have the first great requisite to make an actress—a good voice; in fact, a splendid voice. There's *soul* in it!"

Sabrina smiled. She felt that she had advanced one step toward her object.

"And a good study, and a retentive memory," she returned.

"Essential qualities," he replied; "and if you were only a trifle prettier—however, that is a deficiency that artificial means can overcome, as you will soon discover, when you have learned the mysteries of a theatrical toilet."

Sabrina colored painfully. Her lack of beauty had been forced upon her notice before.

"The great Rachel was not celebrated for her good looks," she answered.

"True; but her genius made you forget her face. It is not everybody who can become a Rachel." The manager shook his head oracularly. "However," he resumed, "I have a great mind to try you; but let me point out to you first the difficulties and disappointments of the life you wish to adopt."

It is needless to follow the manager through his long dissertation. He was a veteran in the business, and had experienced all its vicissitudes. No aspirant for histrionic fame was ever yet dissuaded from that vocation by the experience of others; they hope to succeed where others have failed. It is a laudable ambition, though many come to grief in pursuing it.

Sabrina heard him patiently to the end, and then frankly stated just how she was situated. He saw that she was educated and intelligent, and as he really stood in need of another lady to complete his company, he determined to give her the opportunity she sought.

She returned home with a light heart, and told Eugenia and Mrs. Poynton what she had decided upon. Eugenia was delighted at the idea—everything that Sabrina undertook to do always appeared to be right to her; but Mrs. Poynton looked dismayed.

"You become an actress, Sabrina!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if your father was alive, what *would* he say?"

"I think he would approve my decision, under the circumstances," returned Sabrina, quietly. "But as I am left to my own guidance, I must follow it with the best light I have. If I fail at this, there will be time enough to try something else."

And so Sabrina Bertine became an actress; for she did not fail. It was a toilsome life, and there were more thorns than roses in the path she was obliged to tread; but her strong will carried her resolutely onward and upward.

In time she became the star of the company in which she had entered in so humble a capacity; and she had the pleasure of making the fortune of her manager and tutor—for he had trained her assiduously; and then he evinced his appreciation of her services by procuring her a metropolitan engagement.

Her success was complete. In five years she had gained the pinnacle of fame in her profession. And now came Love to crown it all with his sweet presence. There was one who forgot the plainness of her features in the genius that ennobled them. He was her companion now in the journey to the old homestead.

The cars stopped, and aroused her from her reverie.

"We have arrived," she said.

They left the cars together.

"Shall I get a carriage?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "It is not far; we will walk."

Side by side they proceeded through the village until they emerged upon a country road, winding beside the river, and the houses grew more scattered.

She paused, and pointed to a little brown cottage, nestling beneath the hillside.

"That is the place; that is my home!" she cried; and her voice shook tremulously.

"And a charming little home it is," he answered, looking upon it with admiring eyes.

"You must not go in with me," she continued.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I cannot introduce you now," she answered, pensively. "I brought you thus far, so that you would know the place. Go to the hotel in the village, and return in an hour. I do not know in what a condition I may find my dear sister Eugenia. Death, perchance, may have come beneath yonder humble roof, and where death abides, love should not enter."

"I trust your fears deceive you," he replied; "but I will leave you, as you wish. Should your fears prove groundless, our union must no longer be delayed; but we will celebrate it beneath that very roof. Will you not consent to this, Sabrina?"

She did not answer, but glanced archly in his face. He read her consent in those eloquent eyes, the only charm of that sad, earnest face, pressed a kiss upon the lips that spoke not, and went slowly down the road.

She followed his retreating figure with a regard that spoke the depth and fervency of her love. Well might she love him, for Varian Musgrave was framed in Nature's fairest mold, and he was hers. She had won him from a score of rivals—she who could lay no claim to beauty, whose only recommendations were her high talent and her glorious voice.

She had found time to pay many long visits to Eugenia during her theatrical career, and experienced a happiness in seeing her grow into a beautiful woman, for Eugenia was now eighteen.

The hasty summons that she had received to visit her sister had alarmed her. Eugenia was ill. It was a month before the period of her usual visit, and she had looked forward to it with much pleasure, she had such glad tidings for that little household. She was returning to it an affianced bride—the bride of Varian Musgrave, a scion of one of New York's most aristocratic families—to take them both to live with her in the elegant establishment that Varian had promised to provide for her.

And now Eugenia was ill; perhaps dying. She had set forth upon this journey immediately after receiving the summons. Varian had insisted upon accompanying her—he had acquaintances in that vicinity, he said—and she could not deny him; and so they had come together.

She crossed the road to the house, opened the little gate, and walked up the path. A man, coming from the cottage porch, met her midway. The recognition between them was mutual.

"Dr. Penrose!" she exclaimed, tremulously.

"Miss Sabrina!" returned the worthy doctor.

He appeared delighted to see her, and extended his hand to her in the most cordial manner.

"Tell me," she gasped—"Eugenia—my sister—does she still live?"

The good doctor assumed his professional gravity.

"She does," he responded, and Sabrina felt a weight lifted from her heart. "Strange case, Miss Sabrina," continued the doctor; "I cannot understand it at all. Some hidden, some insidious malady, utterly beyond my skill to determine, has seized upon her. Prepare yourself, my dear girl—it would be wrong to disguise the truth from you—Eugenia is doomed! It is beyond the power of medicine to arrest the course of the destroyer. She is wasting—literally wasting away. Life in her is like the flame of the candle which has burnt to its socket. She may linger for days, perhaps months; but the least excitement, any sudden or unusual emotion, and the light of life goes out. Bear this in mind. I will see her again this evening."

He passed her, and went out at the little gate.

Sabrina's heart sank within her, and her limbs seemed almost incapable of motion, as she stepped within the little porch. She feared to enter that abode where the shadow of the dark angel's wings seemed to shut out heaven's glorious sunlight.

"Come in, Sabrina dear," said a gentle voice; "come in—I see you!"

Sabrina was amazed. Turning in the direction from whence the voice had proceeded, she saw Eugenia standing by the window, her white face looking like a spirit's as it gleamed through the leaves of the ivy-vine.

"Come, dear," continued Eugenia. "I saw you speaking to the doctor, and would have run out to welcome you, only I am so weak to-day."

Mrs. Poynton joined them, as Sabrina entered the little parlor and clasped Eugenia's wasted form to her heart.

"So you have come!" cried Mrs. Poynton, with a glad welcome in the tones of her voice. Then she turned a commiserating glance upon Eugenia. "Poor child!" she continued. "Look at her; did you ever see such a shadow?"

Sabrina did look at her. She had ever thought Eugenia lovely, but never had her beauty seemed so great as now, when the girl clung with such a feeble grasp to life. There was something almost supernatural, unearthly, in her beauty. She was clad in simple white muslin, relieved by bows of black ribbon. Her luxuriant tresses of black hair fell in tangled curls over her high forehead, and around her neck and shoulders; her black eyes, as large and full as a doe's, beamed with a gentle look of resignation, such as an artist might portray, were he depicting one of heaven's angels. Her face was colorless—pure and white as a marble statue.

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Sabrina, "why is she not in bed?"

"In bed!" echoed Mrs. Poynton. "Bless me! she's never in bed except in the night-time. She isn't a bit like other sick people, but keeps about on her feet all day, instead of lying down as she ought. But, there, you talk to her while I go and make a cup of tea for you;" and the good woman bustled out of the room.

Sabrina led Eugenia to the sofa, and they sat down together, with their arms lovingly intertwined.

"Sabrina," said Eugenia, with great affection, "how I have longed for this moment! You are the dear doctor who can best minister to a malady whose seat is in the mind."

A sudden light flashed through Sabrina's brain; she twisted her arm still closer around Eugenia's slender waist.

"Eugenia, you are not happy?" she questioned, gently.

"I do not know," returned Eugenia, pensively; "but you shall tell me what I am. Did you know I met with an accident a few months ago?"

"No!" cried Sabrina, in surprise. "You never wrote me any account of it."

"I did not think it worth while," answered Eugenia, languidly.

"But what was the accident?" asked Sabrina, anxiously.

"I will tell you. I was visiting Mrs. Dunsmore in the village. A circus had advertised to perform there, and she wished me to go with her, and so I went. During the performance a terrific thunder-storm arose, and the tent was struck by lightning. A scene of the wildest dismay instantly followed. I was upon one of the top benches, and, in the confusion and affright, I was crowded from my footing, and fell——"

"Heavens!"

"Into the arms of a young man below, who generously extended them to catch me as he saw me falling."

Sabrina smiled.

"You could not have been seriously injured?" she said.

"I was not. I could not find Mrs. Dunsmore in the crowd, and so he insisted upon escorting me to her house. He promised to call upon me the next day; and so I remained with Mrs. Dunsmore, who was seriously alarmed about me, fearing I had been severely hurt. The next day he called, as he had promised. How I received him, I cannot tell, for I felt a strange embarrassment in his presence. That evening he left the village."

"Have you ever seen him since?" inquired Sabrina.

"No," sighed Eugenia; "but his countenance and gentle voice are never absent from my imagination."

"You love him?" cried Sabrina, incredulously.

She could not understand a love so wild as this appeared to be.

"Love! Oh, yes—love!" returned Eugenia, with enthusiasm; "but so dreamy, so wild and so hopeless! Fed by my own fancy, it grew and grew, until it has filled my whole existence. It seems as if I had swallowed a sweet poison, that gave me power to assemble all the days of my life, with all their hopes and fears, in one—a bright, eternal one of sunshine, undimmed by night or clouds!"

"Be calm!" exclaimed Sabrina, anxiously, remembering the good doctor's caution.

"Fear nothing," answered Eugenia, with a placid smile. "To speak of him revives me."

"Have you ever heard of him since?" asked Sabrina, much interested in this singular disclosure.

"No," replied Eugenia, pensively. "I fear my manner must have discouraged him; and yet he might have known——" She paused abruptly, and then resumed: "Do not laugh at my folly, Sabrina, when I tell you the mad hope which animates me. Each day I expect him to appear before me—I know not how—and each day sees that hope expire, but only to be renewed by the visions of the night. I imagine even now that he has discovered my

TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"SHE CONFRONTED HIM ALMOST FIERCELY, SAYING: 'YOU LOVE HER!'"—SEE PAGE 555.

home—that he will appear before me, here, as in my dreams—tell me his love, and claim me for his own. Ah!"

This passionate outburst terminated in a stifled scream, and Eugenia sank back, pale and breathless.

Had the fatal moment arrived?

Sabrina started to her feet in alarm, to seek the assistance of Mrs. Poynton. As she did so she beheld Varian Musgrave standing in the doorway. A faint sigh from Eugenia recalled her to her side.

"You see," she whispered to Varian, "life ebbs apace; wait a few minutes in the porch. If this is the crisis, as I fear, we shall soon know the worst."

Varian obeyed her bidding.

Eugenia raised her head, opened her eyes, and looked languidly around.

"Oh, what joy!" she murmured, in tones that seemed to grow stronger with every word she said. "My life—I feel it here again—it rushes back!"

"Eugenia, dearest, be calm!" urged Sabrina.

"I saw him," continued Eugenia—"I saw him—there!"

"Whom?" asked Sabrina, thinking her mind was wandering.

"My preserver—him!"

"Where?"

"Did you not see him? He was at the door—there!"

It flashed upon Sabrina at once. This was not the frenzy of delirium. Eugenia had seen Varian! The man she loved was her affianced husband! No wonder her heart sank within her, and strong emotion choked her utterance and prevented her from replying to her sister's question. Mrs. Poynton came in at that moment, to tell her tea was ready—a timely relief. She left Eugenia in her charge, and sought Varian in the porch.

"Varian," she asked, hurriedly, "did you save a young girl at a circus here, some few months ago?"

"Yes," he answered, surprised; "though I had almost forgotten the circumstance. I called upon her the next day. A shy little thing she was, with black hair and eyes, I think."

"Varian," returned Sabrina, "that girl is my sister. Did you not recognize her? Love for her preserver—for you—has preyed upon her life. This is her malady."

He was very much astonished to hear this.

"Sabrina, it cannot be," he responded, incredulously.

"It is. She has confessed it to me, her rival. Her heart has wasted with this passion. She lives but from hour to hour, praying heaven to send you to her. She saw you, thinks her prayer has been heard, and that you are come to claim her. To undeceive her would be to kill her. A harmless deception, which surely you will consent to, for my sake, may possibly restore her to health."

"What shall I do?" he asked, in some embarrassment.

"Say 'Yes' to everything I say," she answered.

He could not repress a smile.

"Nothing could be more simple," he responded.

They entered the parlor together.

Eugenia rose to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her bosom heaving.

"It was not my disordered brain!" she cried; "it was he!"

"Eugenia," said Sabrina, "this is Mr. Varian Musgrave, and he has come here to ask your hand in marriage."

Eugenia uttered a cry of joy.

"Is it not so, Mr. Musgrave?" exclaimed Sabrina.

"Yes," answered Varian.

Eugenia hid her blushing face in Sabrina's breast.

"And now, if you are not too much in love, let us see what Mrs. Poynton has prepared for us," resumed Sabrina, "for I confess to being inordinately hungry."

She led the trembling girl to the dining-room, and Varian followed, strangely bewildered by the part he had been called upon so unexpectedly to play.

* * * * * * *

When the doctor called in the evening, he declared the crisis passed, and the danger over.

After a week's sojourn in her old home, Sabrina returned to New York to resume her professional labors. She left Varian Musgrave at the homestead, to complete by his presence the cure he had so well begun.

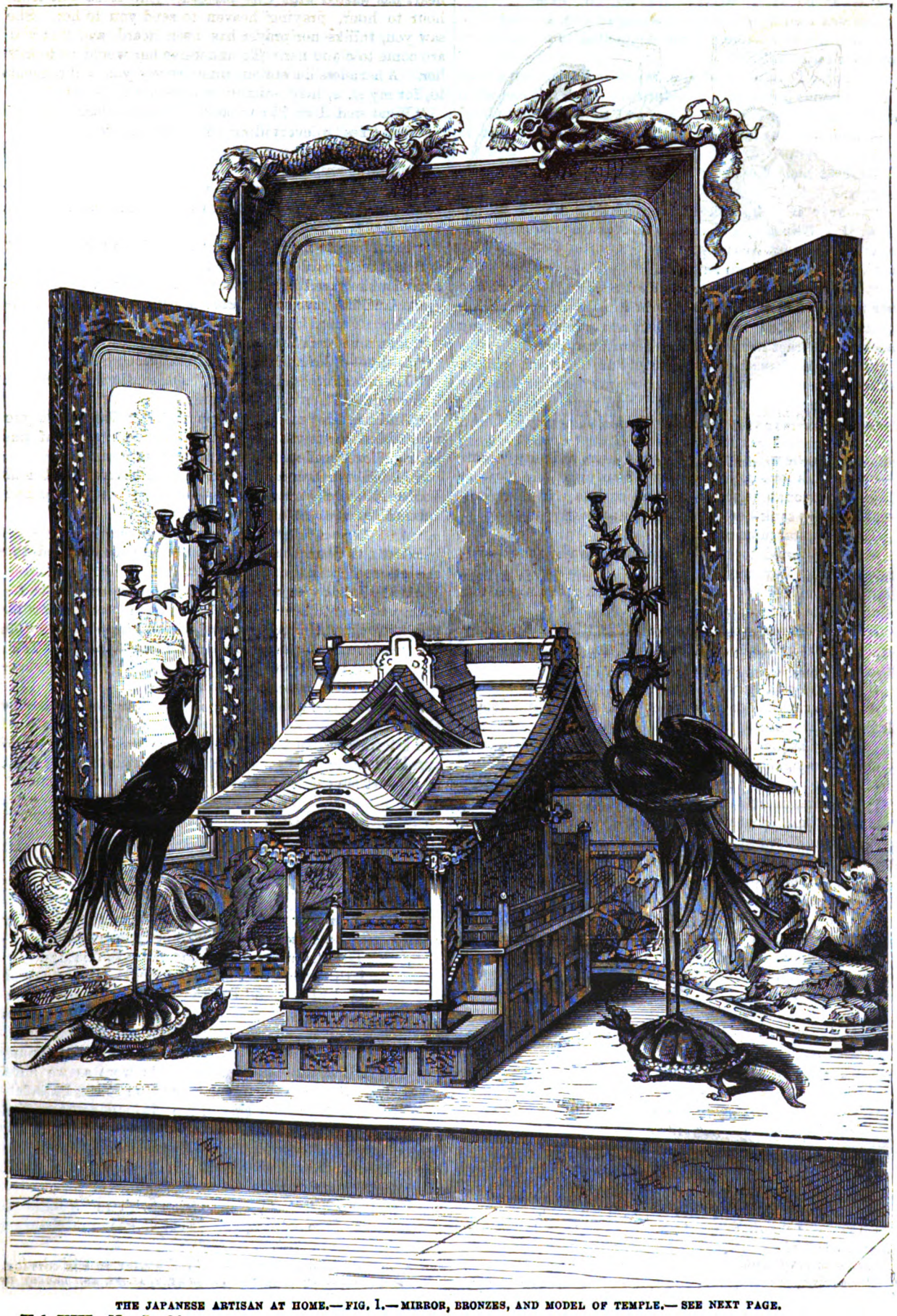
A month passed away, and brought the Summer vacation. She returned to the old homestead.

She found Varian Musgrave seated in the little arbor in the garden, tranquilly smoking a cigar. His welcome to her was not quite demonstrative enough to satisfy her exacting heart.

"Your sister is out of danger," was his first salutation.

"I know it," she answered; "but not from you. What letters you wrote me! How short—how cold!"

TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"HE WENT JOYFULLY BACK TO THE COTTAGE. SHE SANK DOWN UPON THE ARBOR-SEAT, ALONE AND DREARY IN HER DESPAIR."



THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.—FIG. 1.—MIRROR, BRONZES, AND MODEL OF TEMPLE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"What could I write?" he replied, extenuatingly. "She was ever by my side, speaking of you, leaning over my shoulder as I wrote. I was compelled to remain here, by your request."

"I know I condemned you, my dear Varian, to a most embarrassing position," she returned; "but, tell me, when danger no longer threatened her, and she was able to hear the intelligence, how did you manage to convey it to her?"

He cast away his cigar impatiently, and his brow grew cloudy.

"Convey it!" he echoed, confusedly. "I—I cannot conceal it, Sabrina; I have not had courage to make the avowal."

"No?" she cried, in surprise.

"No; when I determined to declare myself—to avow to her that for five weeks I had made her the dupe of an imposture, and then to unwind her arms from around my neck, and thrust her love aside, I could not do it."

She twirled her sunshade absently in her hand, while a strange uneasiness began to creep slowly into her heart.

"I can understand the painful trial you have endured for my sake," she responded. "To see that poor girl, and pursue a feigned passion—to be afraid that a word, a look, might betray you, and condemn her again to death."

"And then the confidence, the faith, the simplicity of her love!" added Varian, warmly.

She regarded him keenly, and he averted his eyes from her searching glance.

"You exaggerate, Varian," she answered, coldly. "To encourage in pity a love you cannot return, is a false feeling."

He was strangely agitated.

"I dare not think of what I have done," he returned, moodily; "and yet, to leave her thus—Sabrina, we are inflicting a cruel wrong upon your sister's heart."

"It cannot be helped now," she answered, gloomily. "It was to save her life. Heaven help me! I almost begin to fancy that the remedy was worse than the disease. Our marriage shall no longer be delayed. Did they receive my letter?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," he replied, absently.

Eugenia now appeared in the porch, and called to them. They went toward her, Sabrina's eyes glancing eagerly to note the change in her appearance; and it was wonderful. The bloom of health was upon her cheeks, the bright eyes sparkling with the rays of happiness, and her form, once so wasted, had developed into most exquisite proportions.

Sabrina trembled, realizing how lovely she was, when she reflected that for five weeks Varian Musgrave had been her pretended lover. What if that love should not have been all pretense?

"Tell her," she whispered in Varian's ear—"tell her at once!"

She greeted Eugenia affectionately, but lingered behind, toying restlessly with the leaves of the ivy-vine, as Varian and her sister disappeared within the cottage. An icy sensation oppressed her heart.

Presently Eugenia came out to her, with a look of dismay upon her fair, innocent face.

"Sabrina!" she exclaimed, "come in here, and just listen to this monster! Would you believe it? He wants to persuade me that our marriage is impossible!"

"Indeed!" murmured Sabrina, with emotion.

"Yes; and he really would have it so!" continued Eugenia; "but I soon convinced him of his folly. Could I exist without his love, or yours, Sabrina? And yet, I must confess that once—oh, I shall never forgive myself!—I felt—ha, ha, ha!—positively jealous!"

"Jealous!" echoed Sabrina, in surprise. "Of whom?"

"Of you."

"Of me?" responded Sabrina, with a shiver.

"Yes. As you were quitting us, a month ago, when you bade him farewell, I saw you, and you looked at him almost—I thought, at least—almost as I look."

"You—you thought so!" stammered Sabrina.

"Yes; and it haunted me so. And then I said to myself, 'Well, were it so, could I not die, and leave her to love him without remorse?'"

Sabrina stifled the emotion that swelled within her breast, and compelled the tones of her voice to assume a calmness.

"Send him to me," she said, "and let me talk to him."

She forced a smile upon her trembling lips as she turned away and retraced her steps to the little arbor.

Varian Musgrave soon joined her there.

She confronted him, almost fiercely, saying:

"You love her!"

"I—I——" he hesitated, confusedly.

"Do not attempt to deny it," she continued, "for you know you do!"

"Sabrina, hear me!" he responded. "Was it not you who forced me to receive the affectionate regards of this poor girl, whom I should never have thought of but for you? This passion which you have discovered, and I do confess, I will abjure, destroy——"

She interrupted him impatiently.

"And do you think that I would owe my happiness to her death, to your pity, and so deserve my own contempt?" she cried, impetuously. "You should know me better, Varian! I have as much self-abnegation as she, and a stronger heart to bear the trial. I resign you in her favor." She bent toward him, and kissed him tenderly. "It is the last, Varian—the 'seal upon the tomb of hope.' Take her, and God bless you both!"

He went joyfully back to the cottage.

She sank down upon the arbor-seat, alone and dreary in her despair.

"I have sacrificed my love to save her life," she murmured; "and now, in my heart, let ambition fill the vacant niche—let me think only of fame!"

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# THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.

By William Elliot Griffis,
Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

Given an insular nation, secluded from the world for many centuries, a race gifted with innate love of the beautiful, with taste trained and developed by the natural glories around them, one of the fairest lands on earth, and fingers molded by nature to achieve easy mechanical tact, and one might fairly prophesy unique and splendid results in art, mechanism and decorative skill. That these conditions were found in Japan, no traveler or student of Japanese life will deny. That the results were as we have asserted, no visitor to the Japanese section at the Philadelphia Centennial, or looker-on in the Nippon court at the Paris Exposition, will hesitate to acknowledge. Even before the precious products of Europe, the fruits of the Japanese art-workers manifest at once their originality and their perfection of workmanship.

As matter of fact, in competition with many nations, the Japanese bore off the palm for excellence in mechanism and originality in design.

Having glanced at the products of Japanese art-industry as seen in the parlors and shop-windows of our own land, let us enter the Mikado's empire and call on the native

workmen at home. As most of our readers have perhaps gained much of their knowledge of Japanese art from the exhibits at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, we shall both refresh their memories and instruct them more pleasantly if we illustrate our remarks by references to the art-works on exhibition there.

As the foundation of all art is perhaps architecture, and as that is founded on religion, let us glance at the Japanese house, or, in this case, a temple. The engraving (Fig. 1) represents an immense mirror set in a massive frame of keyaki wood carved with monkeys and dragons. The Japanese monkeys have no tails, but as the dragons have a fabulous number of yards of that caudal material, the defect of the one animal is made good by the redundancy of the other. In front of the glass are grouped two candlesticks containing five sconces held in the beak of the phœnix-bird, which rests proudly on the tortoise—symbol of longevity, and famed to live through ten milleniums. The small model of the temple represents in perfect miniature one of the many sacred edifices that nestle away amid the camphor-groves of Japan. The material used for the upper works of pagodas, shrines and palaces is the far-famed *hinoki* (sun or fire wood). It is so named because anciently—before the introduction of flint-and-steel, not to say of safety-matches—the subjects of the Mikado struck a light by the use of a fire-drill and shavings of this wood. This interesting coincidence of identical means for producing fire with the method in vogue among the North American Indians will be noted at once. This precious *hinoki* wood is generally free from knots, does not split, warp or easily decay, and has a texture like satin.

In a Japanese building, the walls are of no structural importance. Four or more solid posts support the roof, and the walls are like an envelope of paper round a sugar-loaf, and are made of thin boards. The roof is usually of massive proportions, and made purposely as heavy as the beams will bear. Indeed, the foreigner will often see mere stripling timbers used for supports, and then view with astonishment a framework of heavy logs on which the roof-slats and shingles are to be laid. Or, perhaps, many tons of soft, viscous mud are spread over the top-boards, on which many more tons of heavy, inch-thick tiles are to be jointed and laid.

"Why all this ponderous mass, that must produce top-heaviness?" one will say.

"Well, there is science in it," say the Japanese; and in this opinion, based on observation, some Americans will agree. Japan is an earthquake country, and the lively rockings which Japanese real estate must undergo, are of a kind to suggest chills and fever on a cosmic scale. Now, Japanese earthquakes come not with a prolonged swell and roll, but with a quick, sudden shock, producing a snapping motion which would quickly knock an American house "off its pins." But, given a tremendous inertia at the top with limber supports, and the shock will be over before motion is communicated to the roof; so that, while the posts are drunk with motion, the steady roof begins to sway only after the shock has passed. A brief study of the wood-cut will show how massive is the roof in comparison with the frame of the structure.

An interesting custom is noticed on the erection of a house, when the frame is up and the roof on, but the inside not finished. A platform of bamboo, roped together with heavy rice-straw twine, is erected on the roof. On this are arranged the emblems of the Shinto faith, which is the primitive national cult of the Japanese. Several wands, from which hang strips of notched, folded white paper cut in squares, are set upright, surmounted by three poles, on which is the image of the sun.

More white paper, and flowing streamers of the same material. On these the good spirits are supposed to come and dwell. On the tall beams at the extreme right and left are fastened two bows and arrows, to shoot the evil spirits, or *oni*, that are supposed to hover around.

In medieval Japanese warfare, there were two kinds of arrows used. The "turnip-top," or "singing arrow," which made a musical sound as it sped through the air, was first shot by the party joining battle, to signify the beginning of a combat. The second sort had a forked blade of steel, with which a clever archer could sever a flagstaff, halyard or helmet-lacing.

In process of time, from lack of use in war, these symbols of battle became objects of conventional art, and the emblems of the carpenters' guild. The reader may discover them in Fig. 2, tied to the posts; while in Fig. 3 they may be seen again, the one wreathed in flowers, the other set in a dragon's mouth, encircled with clouds. In the centre, crossing them, is the old war-mallet with which soldiers battered down the castle-gates of the enemy, but now used to knock mortice and tenon together. Half the feathers of the arrow being removed, leads some of our people to think them keys. On the mallet are inscribed symbols of long life and prosperity.

Besides the religious emblems at the house-warming. there are the offerings to the gods, of fish, cake, rolls of rice-dough and folded paper, in urns or on ceremonial trays.

The fun most relished by the crowd which always gathers on these occasions, is the distribution of the cakes. Arrayed in festal dress of blue hempen cloth, sword in girdle, and topknot well waxed, the host mounts the stage with a huge bucketful of rice-cakes. These he laughingly throws down to his friends and neighbors below, who catch them "on the fly," or scramble good-naturedly for them. The house is then ready for finishing and occupancy.

Every dwelling of any pretension has a veranda running round two or three of the four sides. A Japanese house is cool, clean and airy in Summer, and then makes a delightful residence; but in Winter, the denizen of comfortable civilized homes longs for the air-tight, carpeted and warmed dwellings of his native land.

My memories of Japanese houses in Winter are usually accompanied by an instinctive chatter of teeth and shiver of the frame, from which, in my days of visiting, not all the politeness I could freeze myself into could preserve me. Nevertheless, the natives do not suffer severely in their own dwellings. All parts of a civilization grow together. No sooner does the snow fall and the mercury slide nearer the bulb, than the Japanese don thicker and more numerous garments. These are of silk or cotton, wadded until they are like bed-comforters. A native measures the cold, not by degrees of mercury, but by the number of garments donned. "It is one coat cool," "two coats cold," "three coats cold," etc., are common Winter expressions. As the whole body is usually covered except hands and feet, and they kneel in sitting, their garments keep their bodies and lower limbs warm, so that only their hands are exposed; and these they toast over a brazier, found in every house, and called a *hibachi* (fire-bowl). These are of wood, porcelain, clay or metal, and often highly ornamented. Some of the costly works of art represented in Fig. 6 are *hibachis*.

A glance at the costume and tools of a Japanese workman will introduce us to a frugal Mr. Denkichi, or Hachibei, or Toranosuké, or Ban, or Sahei. The wages of a skilled carpenter range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a day, the average being about thirty-five cents; food being much cheaper in Japan than in our country.

Whoever looks on Fig. 5, or whoever watches a Japanese on our streets, or at work (I do not mean the Chinese, who are a very different people, and not one bit "just the same"), will say "How solemn his face! Do they all look so serious always?" Yet nearly every one who sits to have his photograph taken unconsciously lets his face fall into a solemn or set expression. At home in their own country, the Japanese are a jolly, lively people, good-natured, full of fun, and with as many moods as the weather.

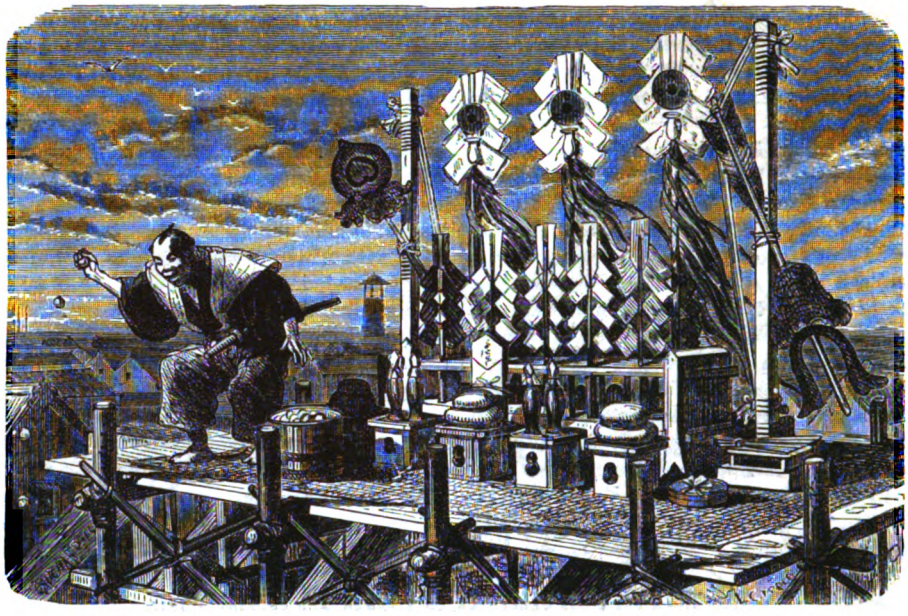


FIG. 2.—CEREMONY ON COMPLETING A HOUSE—TOSSING OUT THE CAKES.

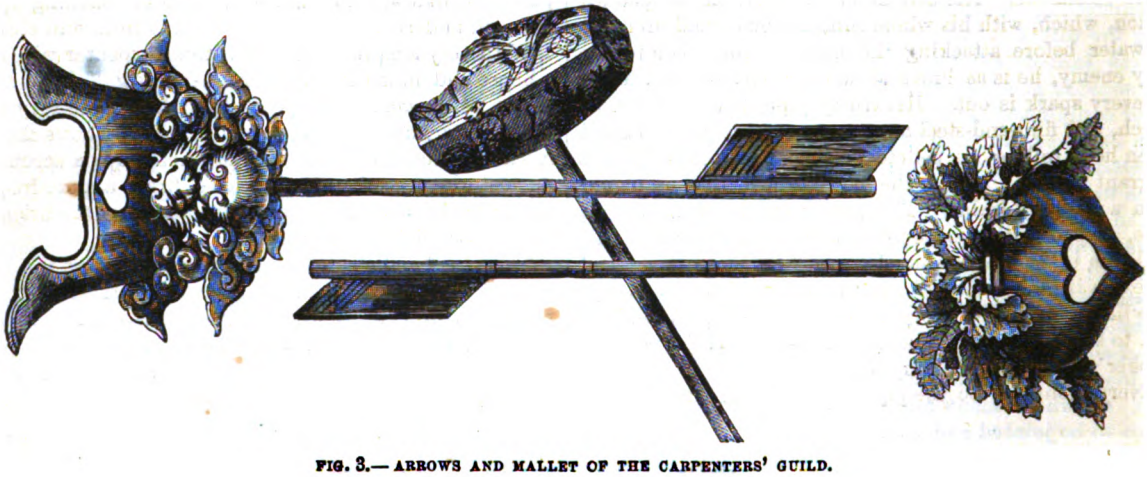


FIG. 3.—ARROWS AND MALLET OF THE CARPENTERS' GUILD.

Abroad, with curious eyes upon him, his visage is without smile or ease—he is having his picture taken. So let us not think the man in the cut is either stupid or solemn. He can crack a joke like his comrades, and enjoys a good laugh. He is a carpenter, and dresses in cheap cotton garments, consisting of tunic, and trousers as tight as drawers, for the sake of economy, and because it is the proper thing for artisans to wear. Formerly in Japan the dress of each class was rigidly fixed by law. The gentry, or *samurai*, wore trousers as wide and baggy as a Turk's or a zouave's. To don this garment was forbidden to the lower classes.

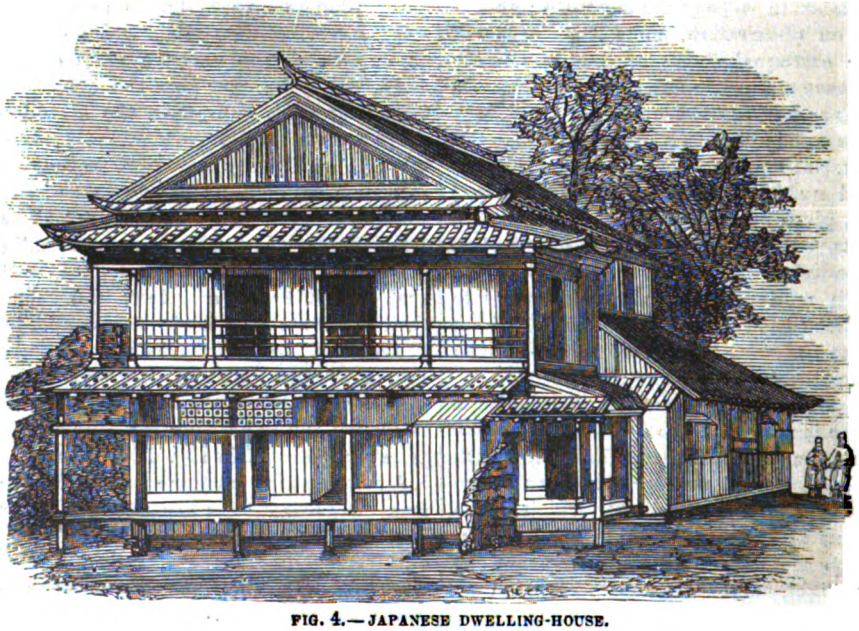


FIG. 4.—JAPANESE DWELLING-HOUSE.

Just now our carpenter is equipped for a fire, and is about to seize ladder, lantern, banner or fire-hook, and run with his company, named *i, ro, ha, ni, he*, or

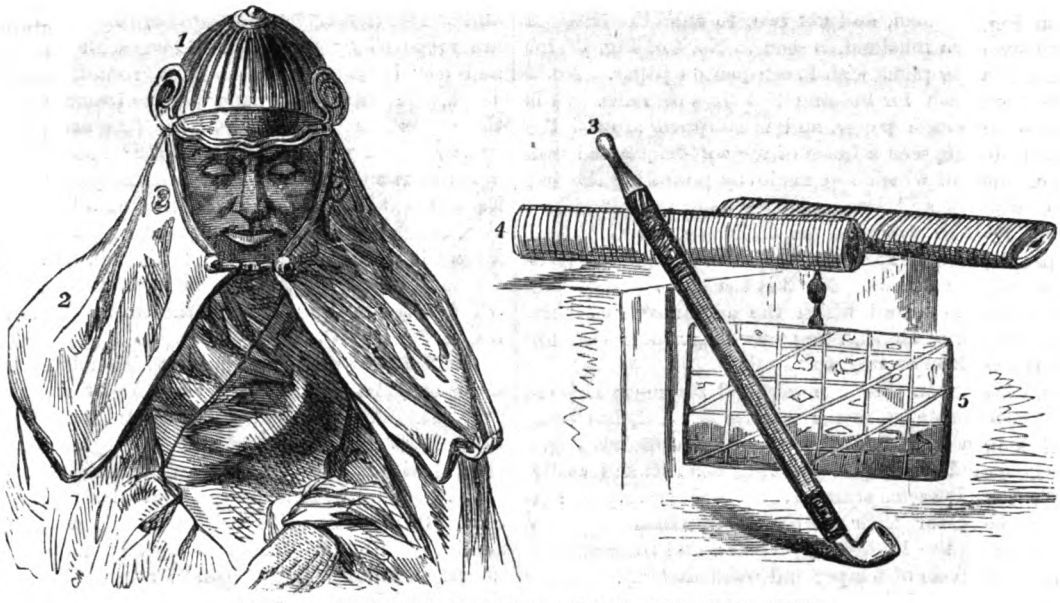



FIG. 5.—A JAPANESE CARPENTER, OR FIREMAN, AND SMOKING OUTFIT.

from some other letter of the Japanese alphabet of forty-seven characters. His helmet and havelock are of padded cotton, which, with his whole suit, he souses and drenches in water before attacking the flames. Once before the fiery enemy, he is as brave as a tiger, and will not flinch till every spark is out. His trusty pipe, fine-cut tobacco-pouch, and flint-and-steel bag are ever at his girdle, except when he is rolling up pellets of the fine shreds to form a fragrant pill for his pipe, the bowl of which is no bigger than a baby's thimble. The pipe consists of a bamboo tube, tipped with mouthpiece, and bowl of brass. His wallet is of leather, stamped paper, or wicker-work ; and if he is a little of a *date-sha*, or the faintest bit of a dandy, he will have a carved ivory or wood *netsuké*, or knob-button, to slip up under his belt. This will hold the pendent smoker's outfit, which every Japanese owns.

Every month or so the pipe-cleaner comes around, like an itinerant smith, and smooths and cleanses the tube by pulling it like wire through a drawplate, polishing up cap or bowl, and scouring out all until it is fresh and clean.

With very simple tools, the native carpenter will build a house and finish it like a cabinet. Fig. 7 is an actual sketch of the *daiku's* (carpenter's) outfit. The very name of carpenter, *daiku* (great, or chief worker) shows the estimation in which his craft is held—not only on account of its historic necessity, but because fire is a more frequent visitor in the land of timber houses than in the brick and stone cities of Europe or America.

The wheel and stringed instrument (No. 1) is the "ink-wheel," or marker. As the Japanese seem to be the opposites in everything with us, the "chalk-line" is black. On the wheel, or windlass, is coiled a cord, which passes through a reservoir filled with sponge and India or Japanese ink, which sufficiently blackens the line. At the end

FIG. 6.—GOLD-LACQUERED BOWLS AND FIRE-BRAZIERS.

of the cord is a skewer or pin to fasten in the timber, thus requiring but one man, and not two, to snap the line. A belt, or waist horn inkstand, is seen in No. 4 of Fig. 17, for writing, or tracing plans with brush-pen on paper. No. 2 is the double pouch for holding two sizes of nails. It is made of oiled tough paper, and is strapped around the waist. At No. 7 is seen a brace of the soft-hammered iron nails, the heads of which are made by pounding the end on to a thin sheet, and bending over so as to make a hollow loop. Though excellent for clinching, riveting, and use in soft wood, they are for most purposes greatly inferior to American-cut nails. No. 3 is the jack-plane, which has a very low stock, and which the artisan pulls *toward* him. The blade, or chisel, like many other tools used for wood, is of fine iron or very soft steel.

Many an American who has engaged Japanese carpenters, and is in haste to have his house finished, has been exasperated to a high degree by seeing the useless waste of time consumed in frequent honing the soft and easily dulled blades. It seems strange that the Japanese do not use harder steel for their cutting-tools, since they are metal-workers of the highest expertness, and their swords (Fig. 17) are marvels of temper and workmanship.

The cleaver-shaped instrument in No. 4 is a saw, at which the workman uses both hands. The teeth of the saw, it will be observed, are set toward the handle. Before the Centennial Exhibition opened, a gang of Philadelphia roughs stole most of the saws and other tools of the Japanese carpenters; and some visitors may recollect their using our saws with considerable trouble, owing to their short, one-handed handles.

No. 5 is an adz, which has a crooked stock like a hoe, instead of being inserted straight in the centre like our own. It is enough to make even a strong man nervous to see a native use this tool, who does it without cutting his toes off, or slicing his instep. Yet, after four years' observation in Japan, I never saw or knew of a slip that drew blood. No. 6 is a chisel, and, last of all, at No. 8 is the pipe, pouch, and weed, without which no Japanese costume is complete.

A glance at some of the minor art industries will show us that the nimble fingers of women come into play. Their chief works of skill are not with the needle, nor at embroidery, which is mostly done by the men, but in making fans. Many millions of these useful articles now leave Japan every year to agitate the atmosphere of many lands. Seated—for nearly all work-people in Japan sit instead of standing—on the matting-covered floor, the girls receive the segments of mulberry paper, which are already printed or decorated by the artists. They fold them in the requisite shapes on oiled paper, for the *ogi*, or fans which open and shut. For the flat fans, or *uchiwa*, the handles and splints are prepared by the men. Then, with her wide brush and tray of rice paste, using a round, smooth wooden block, she affixes the paper to the frame. After drying, the edges are trimmed, and the fans are piled on poles or packed in paper-covered wooden boxes for export.

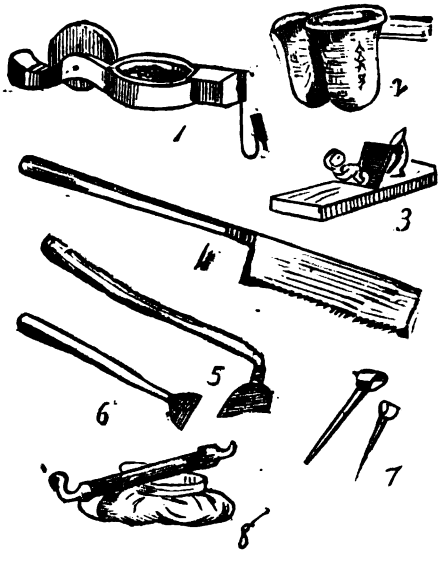


FIG. 7.—CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

Japan is emphatically the fan-country, for here the folding fan was invented, the model being a bat's wing. Here, also, all classes wear or use the breeze-compelling article. Even the workman, pausing at his toil, will whip out his fan and evaporate some of the moisture on his brow, in which, even in the "Land of the Gods," he must earn his bread.

Besides the making of fans, which advertise Japan to the world, the paper industry is one of multifarious proportions. Paper is the staple material for wall-decoration, umbrellas, rain-coats, lanterns, bags, napkins, handkerchiefs, twine, tea-firing trays, dustpans, grain measures, etc., and it is put to many other wonderful and incredible uses. In a country in which the streets were formerly not lighted at night, but instead every one was by law required to carry a lantern, under pain of arrest, the maker of *chochins* (hand-lanterns) is a man of importance. Oiled paper takes the place of horn, perforated tin or glass with us. A cylinder or globe of fine bamboo hoops is the frame on which the paper, rendered translucent and waterproof by *sesamum* oil, is stretched and pasted. Our top-knotted friend in the picture is adjusting the upper rim of wood to the paper body. Into a metal band over the top is inserted the ring of the handle, so that the lantern, held in the hand by a short stick, swings easily. The wearer's name, business, family or government office is usually painted on the outside, so that at night the holder can advertise himself easily. The firemen's lanterns are usually eight feet long, while the balloon-like lanterns suspended from some of the ceilings of the great temples remind one of an elephant, or the roc's egg of Arabian story.

In bending the tough, hard wood selected for lanterns and other work requiring curves, the wood-workers, like the bow-makers, use fire and the steam of burning wet wood to secure the proper bent.

In no one branch of useful or artistic industry do the Japanese excel more than in the working of metals. From the most ancient times their swords have been renowned in poetry, literature and war. Yet there was a known time in their island empire when iron (Japanese *kurogane*, "black metal") was unknown, and copper only was used for bells, mirrors, spears, knives and jewelry. Like the North American Indians, they possessed the art of hardening and tempering bronze until it cut like iron. The first discovery of native copper was signalized by naming the chronological period *Wado* (native or Japanese copper).

Next to weapons of war, mirrors were the first of peaceful implements manufactured. With some of their most beautiful legends of mythology the mirror is connected. To this day in most Shinto temples a mirror—emblem of the sun and sun-goddess, and of rectitude of life—stands enshrined in the place of honor, or, encased in cloth-of-gold, is sacredly guarded in secret. The lady's toilet-mirror, in which she daily reflects her charms, is made of a composition bronze, which is polished flat and then silvered and burnished. In the cut, the itinerant bronze-smith has been sent for, and, in presence of the proud beauty whose coiffure and dress betoken rank, is renovating its silver face, while both chat merrily together. In spite of pride, the barriers of rank, and seasons of stiff etiquette, there is many a by-play of social freedom of which transient travelers scarcely dream.

One of the bright lights in the humble life of the Japanese art-workman of former days was that he was paid not only in wages of money, but by social privileges, and the personal favor of his lord or patron, to which the richest traders were strangers. As popes and kings, cardinals and dukes, visited, rewarded, smiled upon and personally honored Cellini and the medieval artificers, so in Japan the *daimio*, who mailed himself in pride and steel-like etiquette before mere wealth, unbent in easy chat and smiled favor on the skilled artisan.

Thus stimulated by the thought of admittance to the presence of his feudal lord, the workman toiled for honor rather than gold, and excelled in skill where now the incentive of the workman is merely the wages due. Who can fail to see that the old atmosphere of art-production in Japan was more favorable to originality and perfection of workmanship than under its now changed conditions?

The greatest charm of Japanese work is its loving imitation of Nature as the Japanese artist sees her. The farmer sees one side of Nature—he looks upon her face in one mood. The artist beholds Nature in her beauty which comes by glimpses, by starts, and in vanishing points—here one moment, gone the next. It is these moments of beauty—the smile of a second of time, or the frowning gloom of a moment, that the native artist catches, photographs in his memory, and reproduces in gold, lacquer, and color, by brush, mold, or chisel. Even in the humble shop of the ordinary artisan, this love of fresh Nature is seen. The *kane-ya* (metal-worker), who has to decorate with punch-work a lot of silver-plated clasps and clamps for a cabinet, will often pluck his own flowers—the peony, the camellia, or the wistaria; and, with them before him as models, will, with pencil, trace out the design, which the chisel will indelibly cut into the metal.

A mat, and his knees and heels for a seat, a low table of oak, a hammer, and a few simple tools, with a forge, borax, and blowpipe, complete the equipment of his *atelier*, in which will be turned out the work that will bear off the palm at Paris or at Philadelphia. Perhaps at the same fire that holds his crucible or heats his bar, the family rice-pot will be boiled as it hangs pendent from the sliding rope and wooden hooks. Himself and his son, or nephew, perhaps his daughter, usually constitute the force of the establishment. Let the visitor fresh from Tiffany's, or the splendid Broadway store of the First Manufacturing and Trading Company of Tokio, where Japanese gems of art-work shine and command prices that scare the modest buyer—go to Japan, and visit a bronze-caster's establishment. He arrives, doubtless, expecting to see splendid buildings, troops of artisans, and grand machinery. He will probably find in a weather-beaten, paper-windowed shanty, a spectacled, dried-up old man, with horn-rimmed goggles astride his nose, with one apprentice, and perhaps his wife and daughter assisting. These comprise the entire force.

An order for a temple bell is usually the signal for great joy in the metal-worker's household. Consultation with the shaven-pated and silk-gowned priests, and extra careful preparation of mold, tools, and ingredients, are the order of the day. Tin, copper, and a little gold compose the alloy of a temple bell, which has no tongue, but is struck on the outside by a beam of wood swung from the belfry roof. Two dragons—the guardian spirits of the bell—which grasp it in their mouths, join their necks together for the yoke, leaving an orifice at the top representing the pear-shaped "Jewel of the Holy Law." As the Buddhist religion came from India, the Sanskrit is the original sacred language of their holy books. One of the letters of that archaic alphabet is usually seen at the top above the frieze of Chinese characters cast in relief. This latter is usually a passage from the sacred books, or a prayer. Below is an image of the glorified Buddha resting feet and soles upward on the lotus flower—the sacred emblem of Paradise. Clouds of glory suffuse the rapt sage. Though Buddha was the son of an Aryan prince, in India, yet the oblique-eyed people of China and Japan have conventionalized his eyelids into the shape of their own. On the left is an angel of the Buddhist heaven—a female figure, as all Buddhist angels are, floating in zephyr-swayed drapery in the golden clouds of heaven, far above the twinkling sea.

The casting of the bell is always a scene of public festal joy, the people assembling as for a picnic, and the workmen dressing in uniform for the occasion. The furnace, crucibles, etc., are in sight, and at the pouring of the molten fluid the excitement reaches its height. Some of the temple bells in Japan are ten feet in height, and weigh many tons.

The temples and monasteries are among the chief patrons of art in Japan, and to their fostering care is largely due the development of the art and art-industries of Japan. Next to orders from the temples, and bonzes, comes the patronage of the court and nobles. Many of the grandees and princes under the old *régime* were diligent and enthusiastic patrons and collectors of *bric-à-brac*, swords, *kin-gin* (gold and silver *repoussé*, intaglio and jewelry), porcelain, bronze, manuscripts, albums, musical instruments, etc.

In Fig. 18 we see two cap-makers engaged in lacquering a pair of *tocques*, or caps, such as the *Kugé*, or court nobles of Kioto, formerly wore. These caps, which are perched on the top of the head like bricks, are made of stiff paper, on which are spread many coats of *urushi*, or lacquer. This lacquer is the inspissated juice of the varnish-bearing oak indigenous to Japan. When first collected in drops from the punctured tree, the sap is milk-white, but by exposure and agitation in the air it turns to a thick, dark fluid, which by pigments may be colored to any tint. It may be applied to wood, metals, porcelain, leather, and a variety of materials, and when dry is very hard, resisting alcohol, hot water, alkalies, and most acids. Many of the dishes in Japan are of lacquered wood. When applied to musical instruments, cabinets and boxes, it is usually thickly crusted with gold dust or foil, wrought into artistic patterns or pictures.

In Fig. 9, which represents the Imperial court musicians performing, all the instruments are of lacquered wood or leather. Even saddlery and stirrups are gorgeously ornamented with designs in gold, inlaid pearl and various colored lacquers.

In Fig. 6 are some of the most splendid specimens of the lacquerer's art. For such work, the finest wood is selected, and baked in an oven, and after carving is polished smooth with pumice-stone. The "priming" is of crude lacquer, which is charcoaled smooth again. Coat after coat is then laid on, and after each operation is baked dry in an oven, until, in the finest specimens, there may be as many as a score, or even two scores, of layers.

The art of lacquering was first discovered in Japan in the eighth century, and many choice specimens are preserved in the temples and museums that have kept their lustre during six, eight and ten centuries. Several masterpieces from the Vienna Exposition lay under the salt water fourteen months in the wrecked steamer *Nil*, and when fished up by the divers showed no material injury.

In the old days of feudalism, the most honored of all the trades was that of armorer, and a first-class swordsmith commanded enormous wages, and was rewarded with the friendship of nobles and princes. For horsemen, the

saddler was a very important personage, and the gentry spent vast sums in the equipment of their chargers. The saddles were enormous affairs, the saddle-cloth being of leather, heavily stamped with gold in brocade designs, with the emblems of the wild geese for celerity and grace, and the crane for longevity. The stirrup was a ponderous affair, of wrought brass, in which the rider placed the entire sole of his foot. I have in my possession a pair of these stirrups, given me by the Prince of Echizen, which turn the scale at thirteen pounds avoirdupois. The reader may smile when he is told that the dipper at the left of the picture is a horse's drinking-cup; this utensil, instead of a bucket, being offered to a thirsty horse.

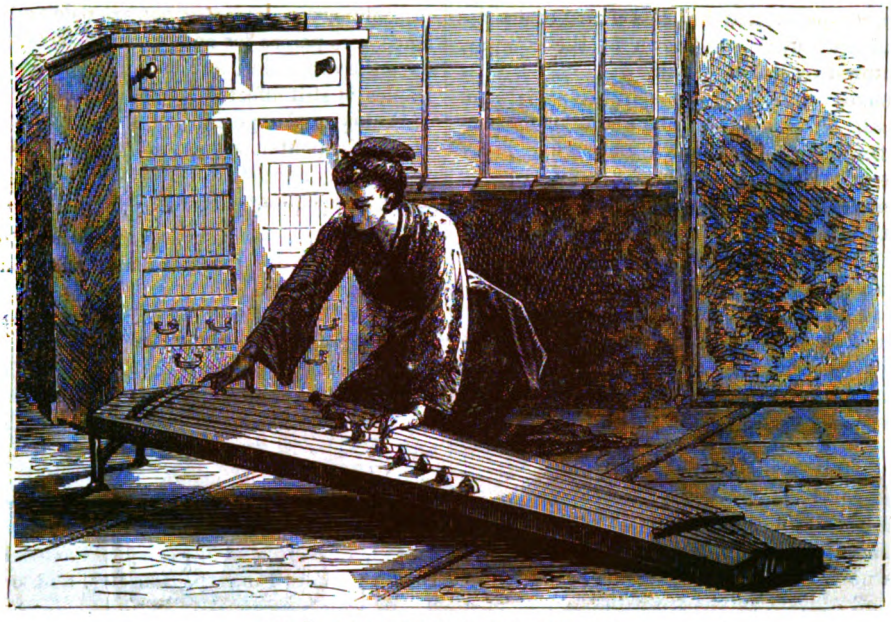


FIG. 8.—YOUNG LADY PLAYING THE KOTO.

With the opening of the country to American and European commerce, capital and competition, a revolution in industry and methods has taken place. The swordsmen's and armorers' trades are nearly extinct, and the old-fashioned equipment-maker's occupation is gone. Instead, however, new handicrafts and occupations have sprung up. Felt and straw hats, leather shoes and cloth clothing, once

FIG. 9.—THE MIKADO'S BAND OF COURT MUSICIANS.

unknown in Japan, are now made in large quantities. Carpets, stoves, glass, rag-paper, matches, and a host of articles new to Japan, and once utterly unknown in the country, are now manufactured by native workmen.

With these changes come revolutions in the social condition of the artisan. No longer working singly, or in families of two or three, large companies, employing many hands, are in operation; and centralized capital is being pitted against, or working in harmony with, labor, and turning out work in quantities.

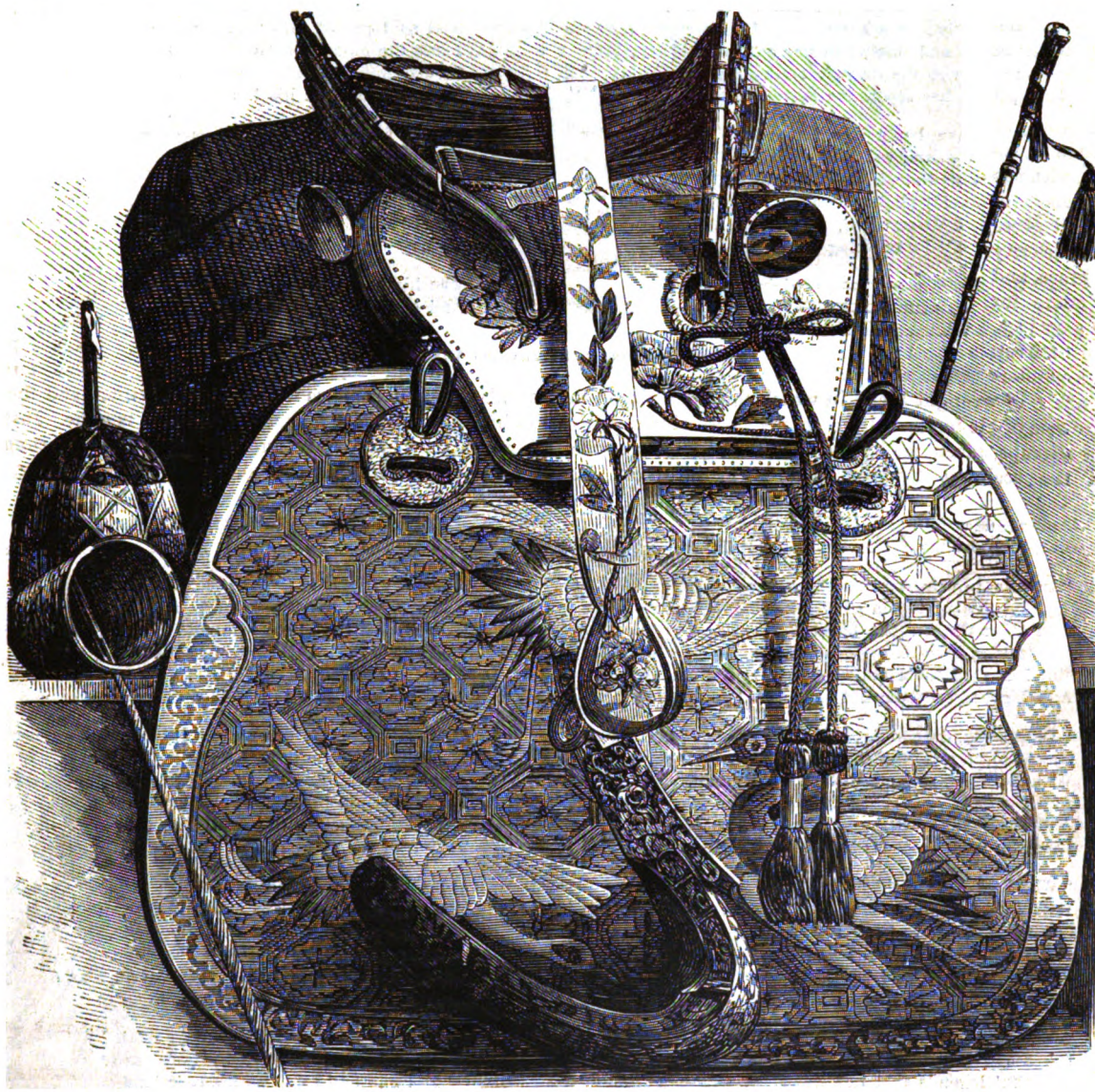


FIG. 10.— DAIMIO'S STIRRUPS, SADDLE, WHIP AND HORSE'S DRINKING-CUP.

"Japanese art," strictly so-called, is perhaps a thing of the past; but characteristic art-industries will flourish in the Mikado's empire, and works of use and beauty will still be produced by the nimble-fingered Japanese workmen, which, in competition with the products of the world, will not make their makers ashamed

## NEAPOLITAN WOMEN.

At Naples, the men are a handsome race, but the women possess much less beauty than throughout the rest of Italy. Very few pretty females are found, and in general the expression of their countenance is far from being agreeable. Their gaze is too bold, their voice harsh and masculine, their complexions are pale and yellow. Corpulence here passes for an appendage to beauty. The Moors have the same idea, and on this point, as on many others, Naples is still affected by its African vicinity. The want of beauty, and especially of grace, among the greater part of the Neapolitan women is traceable to the gross food on which they subsist, the violence of their passions, their entirely sedentary life, and the little care they take of themselves.

The Neapolitans, however, are perfectly contented with their native women; young or old, pretty or ugly, there is none without an admirer. In this respect Naples may pass for the paradise of the ladies. It must be confessed, also, that the heat of the climate, and the volcanic sulphureous atmosphere of Naples, cannot but deprive them of their personal charms.

A woman is old at thirty; at fourteen she is all that she can be. But neither the climate nor the mode of life can deprive them of the lustre of their black eyes; the charming expression of their lips, when not disfigured by their drawling and affected pronunciation; and the perfection of their hands and feet.

# THE LOVES AND THE FATE OF THE DRAGON-FLY AND THE WATER-LILY.

By Fitz-James O'Brien.

On a lake whose bosom the sunbeams kiss'd
When they pierced the morning's gathering mist,
And round whose edge in profusion grew
The laughing eyebright's star of blue,
Couch'd on her leaf in the evening's ray,
A water-lily in beauty lay.

Fair as the snow was her scallop'd cup,
When on her green shield it was folded up:
And brilliantly shone her centre of gold
As it burn'd and flamed in her chalice cold;
And sweet were the delicate streaks of green
That peep'd her moon-like leaves between.

Presently, then, her golden tongue
Against her waxen white lips rung,
And her song stole forth in a low, sweet tone—
A flower-melody all her own;
Musical as a distant bell,
Soft as the wind's expiring swell.

And the mortal ears that heard her chime,
So sweet, so sad in that evening-time,
Thought it was but the rustling sigh
Of the lake tossed reeds when the breeze swept by;
But each neighbor flower held its breath,
And listen'd in stillness like to death.

"Dragon-fly, dragon-fly, warrior mine!
The sun's last rays on the lake-waves shine;
Each flower lies hid in its leafy cell,
And slumbers the tell-tale pimpernel;
And the May-fly floats on the waters clear,
But, faithless lover, *thou* art not here!

"In vain, in vain through the weary day,
Waiting thy coming in grief I lay,
And other dragon-flies hover'd near,
Whispering love-tales in mine ear;
But I heeded them not, though they flattered me,
And I gazed on them not—I watched for thee!

"Dragon-fly, dragon-fly, lord of my heart!
Beautiful as a dream thou art;
With thy slender form of burnish'd green,
And thy cuirass all blazing with golden sheen,
And thy air-woven, gauzy wings, that seem
Like the meadow-webs in the morning's gleam!

"Why hast thou staid from my longing side?
Hast thou forgotten thine own pure bride?
Oh, can it be that with artful wiles
My yellow sister thy time beguiles?"—
And here her leaflets one might see
Trembling with gentle jealousy.

"Oh, come again, love, and I will sing
Sohgs sweet as the chimes that the harebells ring;
Beautiful legends that raindrops tell
Of the starry home from whence they fell;
And how each hung like a radiant gem
On the rainbow's glowing diadem!"

Her song was hush'd, for a tremulous sound
Swept on the air, and whisper'd around,
And the flower knew, in her heart's deep core,
That her lover was coming, to part no more;
And soon, like a sparkle of emerald light,
He shot from the air to her chalice white.

"Lily love, dearest one, chide me not so!"
'Twas thus that he sang on her brow of snow—
"No false love kept me from thy side,
For thou art dearer than all, sweet bride;
But danger is on the wing to-night,
And it threatens thee, my mistress bright.

"As homeward at eve o'erjoy'd I flew,
Weaving sweet dreams of love and you,
I met the spirit whose wandering light
Leads mortals astray in the darksome night,
And he told me that a mighty storm
Was hovering over the mountain's form.

"Then I flew, and flew up the hill's dark side
To the cave where the tempest-voices cried;
And as I peep'd into that dreary place,
I saw the cloud-spirit's gloomy face;
And I heard the wind-monarch laugh with glee
As he thought on his hour of liberty.

"Then I hasten'd back to thee, dear bride,
In danger's hour to guard thy side;
Through the long night to calm thy fear
When the fierce whirlwind swept too near:
Or, should the storm destructive be,
To kiss thy cheek and die with thee!"

The lily heard his love-breathing tale,
And she murmur'd his pardon with lips all pale;
And she bathed his wings in her secret dew,
While he sang of his heart so firm and true;
And all that long eve the flow'rets near
Their whisperings of love could hear.

* * * *

Fearfully, fearfully rang the storm;
Awfully shone the mountain's form;
The lightning's red wreaths his temples bound,
And with eddying clouds his brow was crown'd;
And his words came forth in a thunder-tone,
As they rattled between his lips of stone.

Over the meadow, over the lake,
Furiously did the tempest break;
The billows leap'd up in a cold, white spray,
And the mightiest trees were borne away;
And the peasant crouch'd in his cabin warm,
As he heard the c'ang of that midnight storm.

* * * *

In a holy stillness came on the day,
While the fond sun wooed her with his ray;
And her cheek grew red, and her eyes grew bright,
As she bathed in her lover's glances of light;
Till link'd together in beauty and love
They trod the azure plains above.

But all along the landscape's face
The tempest's track the eye could trace;
And though the still lake calmly shone,
And though the snowy spray was gone,
Yet the broken flowers and leaf-strewn shore
Told of the step that came before.

But where was the lily, so fond, so fair?
Was she hidden away by a lover's care?
Or had she fled to some kindlier land,
Where flowers are only by zephyrs fann'd?
No sign upon the wave was seen
Where she sate enthroned like a virgin queen.

There, dashing against the rugged shore,
Lay the lifeless lily, but fair no more;
And a shapeless mass by her shatter'd side
Was all that remain'd of her lover's pride:
His gleaming wings and her chalice bright,
Were quench'd in death on that fatal night.

And other lilies soon flourish'd there,
But none were so true, or none so fair;
And the pitying flowers that near them grew,
The meadow-sweet tall, and eyebright blue,
Dropp'd many a tear the grave above
Of the Dragon-fly and his Flower Love!

# SNOWED UP.

By the Author of "A Race for Life."

"I BELIEVE I am the most unlucky fellow in the world," said Bertie Tyrrel half aloud, as he tied his white tie.

"Why so, my dear fellow?" inquired a cheery voice at the door.

Bertie turned, still holding his *chef-d'œuvre* at his throat, and said, "Oh, Charley, is that you? Come in; I shall be ready in five minutes." Having arranged his tie to his satisfaction, he repeated, "Yes; I believe I *am* the most unlucky fellow in London, at any rate."

"What's the matter?" inquired his friend, rather earnestly.

"Well, you see," replied Bertie, "I've just had a letter from my sister, saying that Miss Patterson is about to leave Marchmont and proceed to the south of France. Mother's not well, I believe. You know I intended to go down this week and put myself out of my pain. Charley, I love that girl, and, Charley, I must marry her!"

"Well?"

"But it is *not* well. Charles Fletcher, you are a fish, a cold-blooded animal. How can you talk like that when I am really, truly and madly in love?"

"My dear Bertie, I should wait till the lady and party come to London, and then see her, and ascertain your chance."

"They do not come to London, I believe; at least, not to stay; so I am completely upset."

"It will all come right, old fellow. Are you ready?"

"Yes; it is time to be off. I do not feel at all inclined to go, though," said Bertie, mournfully.

A dinner-party was given by a Mrs. Arteman, in whose husband's office Bertie Tyrrel was, or flattered himself he was, a shining light. Mr. Arteman and Bertie's family had been friendly for years, and the young man was rapidly making his way to a junior partnership. He had the credit of being very trustworthy and quick at business—qualities which he took care to cultivate.

Many people came in the evening, also, and just before the carriages were announced, Mr. Arteman entered the room and gazed anxiously round. For some minutes he was unable to descry the object of his quest, but at last found him out, and, touching young Tyrrel on the arm as he sat in a corner of the room, beckoned him aside.

Hastily apologizing to his fair companion, Bertie rejoined Mr. Arteman in the empty dining-room.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Bertie, I am afraid there is. Read that."

Mr. Arteman put a telegram into his junior's hands as he spoke.

"This looks serious," said Bertie, as he returned the paper. "What do you intend to do, sir? How can we restore confidence in the Manchester office?"

"By sending you down," replied his chief, quietly.

"But to-morrow will be too late," said Bertie.

"Therefore you must go to-night, my lad."

"To-night—go to Manchester to-night!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "The thing's impossible!"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Mr. Arteman, coolly. "I have had your bag packed already. I took the liberty to send Collins to your lodgings for your morning dress. I have a cab at the door. Here are ten pounds in gold. Run upstairs and change—take a bit of supper first, though. The Pullman train from St. Pancras starts at midnight."

"And it is now eleven," said Bertie, looking at his watch. "What sort of a night is it, Collins?"

"Snows fast, sir," replied the man.

"Snows, does it!" exclaimed Bertie. "Better fill up the flask then, and put a half-dozen cigars in my coat-pocket—and, I say, Collins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Cut me a couple of ham sandwiches while I dress."

In fifteen minutes Bertie had received his last instructions from Mr. Arteman, and was bowling along the Euston Road to the Midland Station.

That immense terminus looked warm and comfortable in comparison with the wet and chilly night outside. The Pullman train was at the platform, ready to start. There were very few passengers. Bertie took a sleeping-car ticket, and without loss of time tucked himself up comfortably in his berth. The train started soon after this, and Bertie Tyrrel was whirled into the land of dreams.

But his dreams were pleasant dreams, and if he had not been conscious of the penetrating cold, he would have enjoyed a good night's rest. He shivered and awoke. The lamp was burning dimly. The steady "whirr" of the fast-flying wheels told him that the train was rushing still on through the stormy night. Something fell on the lamp—there it was again. It came in through the lattice over his bed. It was snow!

"Pleasant night!" thought our traveler. "I'll have another nap."

Easier said than done. No efforts of his could induce Somnus to pay him a second visit. The chill feeling he had before experienced compelled him to put on all his wraps. Then he got up, took a sip of brandy, and went out upon the platform of the carriage to smoke.

Oh, the cold, nipping wind, how it darted in between the carriages! Bertie had to hold on to the handrail tightly. But what a scene it was! A vast white sheet had been spread over Nature's face, and she lay as if dead beneath it. Every now and then a gentle swell or undulation in the surface looked like a heaving breast, as the fiery monster hurried past. The invisible flakes fell thick and fast, and, borne upon the angry blast, the white vail closed around them. They knew it not, but as surely as the clouds were overhead, the mighty engine was rushing into a trap laid by Winter, and the pure, white, gentle flakes of soft snow.

As the train flew along the track, little snow-storms came up from all the wheels in clouds of powdered dust. Bertie was fascinated. Past sleeping towns and villages, past black chimneys rising into the murky sky from white unsullied roofs, past close-shut windows beneath whose sashes the yielding but resistless snow wormed itself like herring-bones, and hung outside in slow-dissolving flakes for King Frost to weld closer. Past a huddled heap of humanity beneath the shelter of the embankment, on which the merciless though tender falling winding-sheet was surely wrapped. Past all these, and many more sights, did the Pullman carriage rush and scream, and yet no stopping for the train.

But ten miles further on the trap was laid. In a deep cutting, the northern wind and drifting cloud conspired to do battle with the boasted power of man. Lie closer still, oh drift! blow fiercer still, oh wind! Ye wait the daring monster who boasts he can outstrip the wind, and rattle wildly o'er the snow-clad fields.

A roar through a tunnel—Bertie had once again turned in—the train emerged—it slackened speed—a long deep whistle. The engine stopped dead short, and pulled up in a six-foot mound of snow, melting it for one brief half-minute; the water dashed at its enemy fire, and hissed its

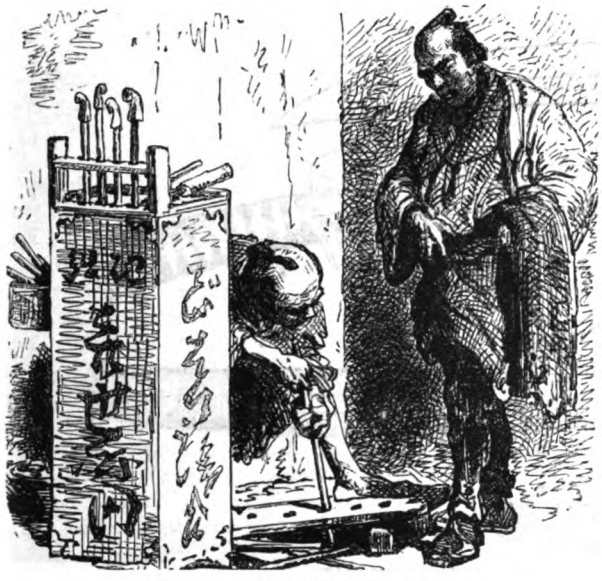


FIG. 11.—CLEANING THE PIPE.

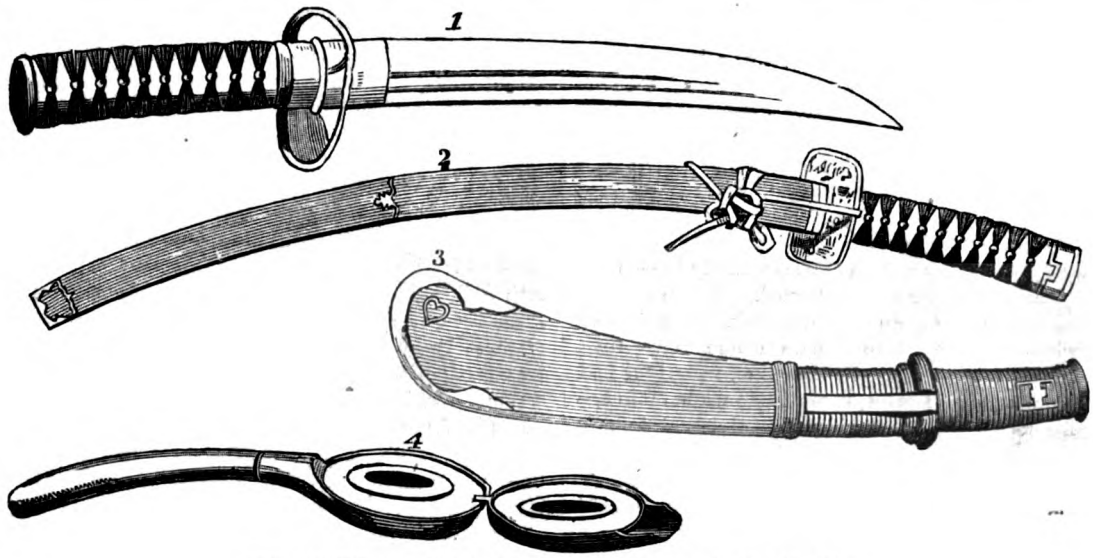
FIG. 12.—SMITH—BENDING THE BOW.

FIG. 13.—KIOTO GIRLS MAKING FANS.

FIG. 14.—CHASING ON METAL.

FIG. 15.—MAKING LANTERNS.

FIG. 16.—POLISHING THE MIRROR.




THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.—FIG. 17.—SWORDS AND INK-CASE.

vengeance in its burning ears. The fiery foe collapsed, the mighty monster lay imbedded in the drift, harmless as a fettered giant, but still noisy in its protests.

Clouds of steam, anxious to be free from that fatal cutting, rushed upward and disappeared; or, unable to escape, fell in warm tear-drops on the virgin snow-white carpet. The engineer let the boiler run empty, and sent his fireman back to the last station for assistance. Man was powerless against the snow.

The soft, the gentle snow!

The passengers awoke, and, shivering, came one by one out at the end of the platform of the train, asking questions and not waiting for replies. No need to ask what was the matter a second time. The helpless lighted train glowed like a long lighthouse beneath the snow-clad embankment. A bank in front, a tunnel behind yawning darkly like an immense hole cut in white paper, a biting wind and driving snow, told the tale all too clearly.

SNOWED UP! Not a doubt of it. When could assistance arrive? Were there any ladies in the train? No ladies; only twenty-two travelers, and all men.

FIG. 18.—CAP-MAKERS.

An hour passed. A scout who had gone ahead reported the drift almost impassable even on foot, and the wind at the end of the cutting rendered progress highly dangerous. They must camp where they were till daylight, at least. Better in the Pullman sleeping-car than upon the slopes of that fatal snow-drift, that Winter night.

But Bertie was due at his Manchester office at nine o'clock that morning. It was now about a quarter to four. He must get on, and he expressed his determination aloud to his fellow-passengers.

"I will accompany you. Where are we, guard?"

"Atween Ambergate and Matlock—but don't know where, though, gentlemen, exactly. Ask Ben."

"Ben," the engine-driver, informed them that they were about an hour-and-a-quarter's run from Manchester, and added a word of caution. But Bertie was determined to push on, and, accompanied by two other passengers, he started on his venturesome expedition.

Once out of the cutting, they trusted to be free. Surely the stoppage of the line would be telegraphed by this time, and, perhaps, a train in waiting to take them on. So they stepped manfully out, sinking deeply at every step, but still making progress.

The snow had ceased; the sky was clearing fast, and

FIG. 19.—TEMPLE BELL.

frosty-looking stars peeped out to view the desolation. The wind was bitterly cold. Every now and then the snow would be dashed in their faces, as by handfuls caught up by spirit-fingers to obstruct their progress.

For awhile they kept side by side. Struggling against the blast they pressed on till, unknowingly, they mounted the side of the cutting, and wandered far away across a level field, and over the distant hedge, covered up with newly-fallen snow.

The sudden ease with which they stepped now had the very opposite effect to what might reasonably have been expected. They knew they had strayed. Where was the railroad? They must regain it at any risk. But the two older travelers determined to remain where they were, sheltered comparatively behind the hedge, in only a foot of snow, till daybreak. Bertie rashly made up his mind to return in his tracks, which were plainly discernible, and against the advice of his comrades he acted upon his resolution.

His one idea was to reach Manchester. If he did not succeed in averting the impending crash there, all his prospects would be ruined. His hopes of ever winning his lady-love would be completely shattered, and what was life without love? He must succeed, though he perished in the attempt; he would do his duty, whatever happened.

So he manfully struggled on—at times up to his knees in snow; once completely buried in the drift; he fell down, down, until nothing but a small star was visible overhead. The snow kept closing in. He breathed hard upward toward the hole. His hands were fastened to his sides by pressure of the drift. By breathing hard at the tiny hole, it became larger and larger. The snow melted quickly, and he got a hand free. At length he got his head out, and after a severe struggle he fell forward, half insensible from cold and nervous exhaustion. He rolled over the harder snow for a space; down, down—it seemed as if he would never stop—a hard substance received him—a crash of glass, or ice, a moment afterward fell upon his half-unconscious ears, and he lay insensible on the ground. A light was burning steadily over his head.

* * * * * * *

The spirit remained in the body, but the clay tenement refused to acknowledge the presence of the master. Sense lay wrapped within the brain and behind the sullenly closed lids. Speech was there, but somehow it could not force its way through the stubborn lips. The ears were open to catch the slightest sound, and eagerly they drank it in; but the shaken nerves refused to listen, or, at best, only grudgingly, as yet.

And thus lay Bertie in a trance—dead, and yet alive; ready to speak, dying to utter his thoughts, and yet dying because his speech was locked; the pressure on the brain was not yet unloosed, and Bertie lay there, almost as he fell, it seemed to him.

But yet things were curiously mixed up around him. He could move his hands, and could feel he was lying upon soft cushions. Dull to his ears arose the sound of those horrible whirring carriage-wheels. It seemed to him as if he were back again in the railway-carriage, *en route* to Manchester.

Still, people were about him. Feminine fingers ministered to him—that gentle touch just now was very different from the other tender finger-tips of some good Samaritan, probably a doctor.

The subtle odor of a lady's presence clung sweetly around Bertie as he lay sensible to what passed, but unable to form a word, or look his thanks, or even recognize the gentle care.

Once he essayed to open his eyes, and oh, how the vision of that one fair face he loved hung over his half-conscious brows, and was for a second photographed upon his brain! No—it was gone—a moment more, and the dull whirr of the revolving wheels, the even motion of the Pullman car, all seemed to hold him in thrall as he lay supine on the soft cushions.

But this could not last. By slow degrees the brain resumed its sway. He opened his eyes. Things were very dim to him, and the cold, chill hand of Death apparently was on him. He could not move his head, but as he gazed with dull, half-open eyes, the vision of his love rose up to bid him welcome. Oh, lovely vision! it came nearer and nearer—it would touch him! yes, it bent down, and, breathing a soft petition for his recovery, vanished.

Whirr—whirr—whirr!

Did he dream still? No; voices distinctly fell upon his ears. Where was he? A shrill whistle broke the monotonous sound; the undulating movement of the car he had felt, or fancied, seemed to cease.

"Hush!" some one spoke. Bertie opened his eyes. He was dreaming still. . . . He lay upon a cushioned berth in a Pullman palace car. The lamp burned very dimly overhead. Daylight penetrated the curtains round him. He felt very weak and very cold, but he was not dreaming. How had he got there?—what had happened?—where was the snow?

He called out. A gentleman entered softly.

"Where am I?" inquired Bertie, faintly.

"Hush, hush! quite safe; do not agitate yourself," replied the doctor, as Bertie fancied the newcomer to be. "We have got you round nicely."

"But where am I?" persisted Bertie.

"You are at Ambergate Junction."

"I must go to Manchester at once. Help me up, please."

"My dear sir, it is quite impossible to move you. You have had a very severe fall, and must be kept quite quiet. We have telegraphed particulars to Mr. Arteman. You cannot be moved."

This was decisive, and the doctor left the berth. Yet, as soon as his back was turned, Bertie made an effort to rise. With difficulty he repressed a scream; the pain was acute. He at once perceived that movement, even in bed, was out of the question at present, so wisely he determined to await events. His thoughts naturally dwelt upon the happy vision he had seen, and he foolishly accepted this as an omen favorable to his ultimate happiness. At length he fell asleep.

He awoke very hungry, and saw the doctor at his side. He put out his hand, which Bertie took and clasped warmly in his own. The kind doctor made a careful examination of his patient, and then said:

"You are much better this evening, I am glad to tell you, and as soon as the stiffness wears off you will be all right again. I may tell you now that we have had a telegram from Mr. Arteman. He is at Manchester; so your natural anxiety may be allayed."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Bertie, with fervor. "You have indeed put my mind at ease."

"I was enabled to tell him there was no danger, so he went on this afternoon. He saw you while you were asleep." Bertie stared, as well he might. "Yes," continued the doctor, "you have slept for thirteen hours."

"Indeed!" was the patient's only reply. "But, I say," he added, "how did I get here? I remember being in the snow, and I think I fell——"

"I should think you did," replied the doctor. "You came plump into this car—rolling in snow."

"I am afraid I am still confused, doctor, for I do not understand you now"

"You rolled down the embankment into the windows. We were snowed-up in the great cutting on the up-line. Another train, yours probably, was at the other end. You, in your excursion, tumbled into our windows. It was very fortunate for you that you didn't roll over the parapet into the river, my lad."

"And very lucky," said Bertie, graciously, "that you happened to be in the train, doctor."

"You have not to thank me so much as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, sir; and they telegraphed to Mr. Arteman."

"Mr. and Mrs. who?" exclaimed Bertie, sitting up, quite regardless of his bruises. "Patterson, did you say?"

"Yes; do you know them? They did not appear to recognize you."

"Yes—no—I know a Miss Patterson—I——"

"Whew!" was all the doctor's answer.

"What! Is there a Miss Patterson? Is she here? Is she—was she in the train? Alice is her name."

"That is the lady; she nursed you until I came. Her mother is an invalid, rather. They were caught in the drift last night like yourself."

"Where is she, doctor? Did she leave a message?"

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"Well, not exactly, but she gave me special directions to let her papa know how you were. This is the address."

He took an envelope from his pocketbook and handed it to Bertie, who read, "Harvey Patterson, Esq., at ——— Hotel, London, till Friday afternoon."

"What's to-day?" inquired Bertie, hastily.

"This is Thursday. It is seven o'clock, P. M."

"Doctor!" exclaimed Bertie, as he recalled the vision of the day before, while he lay half insensible, "I shall go to London to-morrow!"

The doctor smiled.

"What, and leave Manchester business? But, seriously, I think you scarcely fit to travel. Well—well, we shall see," he continued, as Bertie moved his head impatiently. "We shall see. Keep quiet now, and I dare say you will be well enough to go to London. Good-night."

"Good-night." And then Bertie resigned himself to blissful thoughts and happy anticipations for the morrow.

* * * * * * *

Two o'clock was striking at Westminster when Mr. Bertie Tyrrel's card was taken into a private sitting-room at the ——— Hotel. There was only one occupant of the spacious room—a young lady, whose good, sensible and bright face lighted up with a softer expression as she read the name of her visitor.

"Show him in, please," she said, calmly, yet the palpitation beneath the well-fitting traveling-dress to a woman's eye would have betrayed a secret.

The waiter ushered Bertie in and quickly retired. The young man waited till the door was closed, and as Miss Patterson stood up with outstretched hand, he clasped it warmly. No word of greeting did he speak. He only gazed for one moment into those eyes of liquid blue—the eyes grew tender, and then the shading lashes trembled, but only for a second. But Bertie could read.

Without a word he clasped Miss Patterson in his arms. "My darling!" was all he said.

She struggled to free herself, strongly at first; but as he whispered something in the crimson, shell-like ear close to his trembling lips, the pretty head sank upon his shoulder, and the silence that gives such sweet consent told all the rest!

When Mr. Patterson came, half an hour afterward, he found a prospective son-in-law seated on the sofa, holding his daughter's hand.

Explanation ensued; the upshot of it being that Bertie's health required a change to the south of France. He was married in the ensuing Summer; and he always considers that he owes his present happiness to having been snowed-up.

## A "COUNTRY BRIDAL" IN QUEEN BESS'S TIME.

LANEHAM, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," gives an amusing description of a "country bridal" which the Virgin Queen witnessed when she was at Kenilworth in 1575:

After the wedding there "was set up in the castle a comely quintane for feats at arms, where, in a great company of young men and lasses, the bridegroom had the first course at the quintane, and broke his spear very boldly. But his mare in his manage did a little stumble, that much ado had his manhood to sit in his saddle. But, after the bridegroom had made his course, ran the rest of the band a while in some order, but soon after tag and rag, cut and long tail, where the specialty of the sport was to see how some for his slackness had a good bob with the bag, and some for his haste to topple downright and came tumbling to the post; some striving so much at the first setting out, that it seemed a question between man and beast whether the race should be performed on horseback or on foot; and some put forth with spurs, and would run his horse bias, among the thickest of the throng, that down they came together, hand over head. Another, while he directed his course to the quintane, his judgment would carry him to a mare among the people; another would run, and miss the quintane with his staff, and hit the board with his head."

This interesting old wedding custom continued to be observed at marriages down to comparatively recent times. It is possible that it may still hold a place among the bridal rejoicings in the principality; at any rate, Mr. John Strange, writing in 1796, ("Archæologia," Vol. I., page 303), says that "this sport is still practiced at weddings among the better sort of freeholders in Brecknockshire"; and then goes on to describe the variety of the pastime in use there—a few flat planks erected on a green, against which the young men tilt with long, thick sticks, "striking the stick against the planks with the utmost force, in order to break it, when the diversion ends"; a variety of the quintane very like "the cane game," at which Richard Cœur de Lion lost his temper on Sunday afternoon, outside the walls of Messina, in Sicily, while on his way to the Holy Land.

## HOW THE CHINESE FISH.

A THOUSAND years ago, the Chinese had the same ideas in regard to the catching of fish and the working of nets as they have at the present. On the coast, however, the generally accepted system of procuring fish is in vogue.

The lakes and rivers in China, especially those in the north, are so abundantly stocked that the fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing the fish out of the water with their hands. The man goes into the stream, half swimming, half walking, raising his hands above his head and letting them drop, striking the surface. Meanwhile his feet are rapidly moving on the muddy bottom. Making a rapid dive, he brings up a fish in his hands. Striking the surface frightens the fish, who sink below, and thereby are felt by the feet and secured.

Another curious method is sometimes practiced on several

of the great rivers. A man sits at the stern of a long, narrow boat, and steers her with a paddle to the middle of the river. A narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched along the side of the boat, and along the other side a net is fastened so as to form a barrier of two or three feet in height. The man keeps perfectly still, while the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and are caught in the net. The fishing cormorant is often trained in this country to catch fish, and is a diligent worker, obeying promptly the call of its master. On the rivers and canals near Ning Po, Shanghai and Foo Chow Foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight, but they are never to be seen fishing in the Summer months, their work being in the Winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have, of course, to be trained, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghai.

## THE LARK.

I WATCH'D thee, lessening, lessening to the sight;
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing,
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light;
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguish'd part of the bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home.
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolvèd, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.—"WHAT WONDER THAT HIS EYES HAVE AN UNCOMMON GLARE AS HE LOOKS AROUND—LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE SHUTS THE DOOR NOISELESSLY BEHIND HIM."

# TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

## Chapter V.—Flowers.

The Summer is now a full-grown girl, a woman, indeed, blushing just a little at her own beauty, perhaps; for here and there the beech, like the banner of an advancing army, lifts its branches of fire, and the dogwood drops a leaf now and then—a red letter to the lower world, hinting that early Autumn is not far away.

John Logan walks with Sylvia Fields in the deep wood by the banks of the Massassinena. He is very happy, and full of hope and heart. He looks on her and only her. She is a little cold and cautious, and gazes down in the deep river, or up at the splendid coloring of the woods.

He is plainly but very neatly dressed. She is more gayly clad, with a preference for color. Yet not too loud, or in a manner unbecoming a country squire's daughter.

"It's a pretty fan, Sylvia." He stops as he flutters her fan and walks beside her.

"Yes; father got it in town last week. Oh, dear! I do wish it wasn't so far to town. Forty miles to town. That town's awful far away from here, John. It can't ever be much of a town, can it? And, do you know, we saw old Dr. Calvin? Yes, we did; and a real fine-looking old man he is, too; and awful rich! Oh, my, how rich he is!"

"Ah, yes; the eccentric Dr. Calvin, the land speculator!"

"Yes; all the settlers fear him; he's awfully rich, and owns all the land in the settlement. I'm glad father ain't a settler."

John Logan says, as to himself:

"He is a hard, miserly old man; the poor, unhappy settlers are not far wrong in their hatred, and had he not been an old man and a stranger"—he checks himself, and turning to Sylvia, says, "Yes, he owns all the land of the settlers;

he owns the land that my mother settled on—the land that my mother is buried on."

"Oh, his mother—always talking of his old Indian mother," inwardly sneers the girl. "Yes, he was asking about you, John Logan. He says you saved his life. I shouldn't wonder if he did something splendid for you. Oh, he's awfully rich."

"Yes, he is rich."

"He has been afraid to come to the settlement all the time. Why, he didn't even dare come to the edge of the settlement to see father. But now that the Government has sent soldiers with a sheriff, I expect he'll come down right off. Oh, he's awfully rich, and right good-looking, too, for an old coon." The country maiden takes her fan, flutters it, and looks up from under her straw hat, and says, half jestingly, half in earnest, "Oh, he said some of the nicest things to me! And he's so awfully rich, too."

"And what do you call nice things, Sylvia? What did he say?" asks Logan.

"Well, he said I was pretty—ain't that a nice thing?"

And again the fan is fluttered, and the girl looks archly at her companion from under her broad straw hat.

"Yes, that is nice; and, what is more, it is true. What else did he say that was nice?"

"Well, he said that I was pretty, and that—and that he liked the looks of me, and—and so on."

"Yes? And all that is nice. And what else did he say?"

"Well, he said I was pretty, and that—that—that it was very fine weather, and so on."

"Yes, yes, that was all very true. And what else?"

"Well, he said that I was very pretty, and that he was very rich, and that it was very fine weather, and so on."

As the girl says this, in a half-serious, half-playful way, she pulls her broad hat from her rich hair, and, approaching a fallen mossy log, sits down, and swings her hat by the ribbons.

The man is thoughtful, and stands before her and looks at her in silence. Shouts of children are heard in the woods; little, bushy-tailed squirrels run chattering along the logs, and the birds sing overhead, as if no one was near; for the man has been silent for so long, standing there before the country girl swinging her hat by the ribbons, that these first little dwellers of the wilderness seem to forget the presence of these intruders.

"Sylvia, you are indeed very pretty," says Logan, at length. "Let me call you Sylvia, will you not? It means the woods, and sounds to me like the rustle of the silver leaves of Summer."

"Why, certainly; call me Sylvia, if you like. He calls me Sylvia—Dr. Calvin." She swings her hat gayly, laughs just a little, and says, as if to herself, "Oh, he's so awfully rich."

"Sylvia, don't speak of him!" And, turning aside, Logan says: "Have I saved this man's life that he may take mine? Sylvia, hear me. I have grown up here on the edge of the settlement, and in yonder cabin, poor, nameless and alone. The mention of this rich and traveled man of the world maddens me. He flatters you, he lies to you. God pity me! I must tell you the truth. I love you! and maybe it is because I love you so that I hate him so bitterly. No, do not start. You do not fear me. We have grown up almost together in the shadow of the woods, and you know well that I would die for you. Sylvia, my mother has gone and left me—left me with this tinge of red man's blood on my tawny brow, and left me with no name but that of a tribe. The vast lands of this valley are another's now, and strangers will plow the very spot where she is buried. It is hard, but I must remain here. Even if I could go away, there is no power on earth that could compel me to leave her resting-place. Nay, hear me! I love you, and with you this would be the garden of the world—a paradise before the fall of man."

Sylvia's broad hat swings less vigorously now. She taps the leaves with her foot a little, and lifts her eyes.

"But you know how proud father is. Dr. Pierre Calvin is—you know he is awfully, awfully rich. And what would the neighbors say, if——"

"If what?"

"If I married a man——"

"If you married a man who is of a race of ancient warriors—whose people once possessed this broad and boundless land!"

"No, no; I do not mean that. But that other—that—that——"

"That other! That I have known no father! Oh, this is too terrible! May the wrath of Heaven fall upon and follow him, wherever and whomsoever he may be! May he be cursed, cursed, cursed for ever—cursed as I am now!"

The man's arms are in the air, his body writhing like that of a wild beast in its death-agony. With a prodigious effort, he at last masters himself, and turning to her, where she slowly swings the hat by the ribbons and nervously taps the leaves with her foot, pale and pitiful, stands before her.

"Come!" he says, hoarsely. She arises and takes his arm. "Let it all be forgotten. Let this hour be to me as some dreadful dream. No; do not answer. It is over. I will take you to your father now, and then return to my cabin—to my cabin, as cold and empty as the home of the dead!"

As with bowed heads the two slowly disappear down the trail, Carrie, with her hand full of flowers, Dr. Calvin at her side, is coming up the trail from the other direction, preceded by Stumps, who, with shouts of laughter, dashes ahead of them, wearing the doctor's beaver hat and flourishing a gold-headed cane as a war-club. He cocks his head stiffly, after the fashion of the doctor; and, imitating the old man, walks up and down before them.

"Johnny—Johnny! Do give the doctor his hat!" cries Carrie.

"Well, here you are, old Persimmons."

"There, there—that's all right. Now run along, youngster."

Stumps licks out his tongue, starts, turns, and comes back; and, looking sharply in the doctor's face, says:

"I say! What have you got two horses for? That's what I want to know. And I don't want you to talk to my sister, no how, about going to town. *Savé?*"

"And you say I can go with you and your party to-night to town—anywhere; anywhere away from here?" says Carrie.

The girl is very unhappy. She is no more the wild, careless girl of the woods. Her unkempt hair is subdued; her lithe, beautiful figure is prettily but plainly clad; and, although you would say she is very poor, yet you would see and say at once, she is not only by nature a lady, but a very beautiful one.

"I must go! He is with her. He loves her. What is left to me?" she thinks, bitterly, as she pulls at the flowers. "I cannot bear them now! The woods that were so bright and beautiful, are now dull and dreadful. I cannot—I will not look on them again!"

"There is a horse ready," says Dr. Calvin. "You can and you shall go, and under my protection, mademoiselle! The sheriff and party came, and will return with me."

Carrie eagerly and half-desperately turns to the man.

"I will, I must go—I will go with you to-night."

"You go!" Then turning to the boy, he says, "I've got something for you. Oh, don't eat chestnuts all ze time; it is so Western! I will tell you a story, a nice story, if you will run along."

"A nice story?"

"A nice, new story; and I will tell it to you now if you will just run along and mind your business; I want to talk to your sister. There, don't lick out your tongue; it's so Western. Well, I was once doctor to an expedition to ze North Pole. Men got sick, down with ze scurvy; medicine would do no good. We land on an island covered with woods and wolves. I resolve to try a last, desperate experiment. I had read of ze good effects of ze fresh earth apphed to ze afflicted human body. Well, I had twelve deep holes dug, all in a row, under ze pine trees on a hill; and at night I had twelve men stripped naked and plant like posts, up to ze chin, in these holes. Then I had ze earth filled in tight around zem; only ze tops of zeir heads and zeir noses were to be see above ground. I go away, and come back ze next morning and——"

"And found 'em all got well," interrupts Stumps.

"No, Stumps, no; ze wolves came down and ate off every head level with ze ground! Don't scratch your head zat way; it's so Western!"

"Now, Mr. Doctor, you look here. Don't you lie in that way. It's so Eastern!" And with that the boy again licks out his tongue over his shoulder and disappears down the trail.

"You will go at dusk—as soon as it is fairly dark; and you must go now or not at all. For now zat I have taken possession of my land, I shall not to come back. I've had enough of zese savage settlers, and I shall not to come back soon."

"To go and leave him—to leave it all!" thinks Carrie, as she clasps her hands and turns away.

"A beauty—as a man of the world, I must say she's a beauty, sure enough. I must get her to ze city; there's a fortune in zat red hair of hers zere," cogitates Dr. Calvin.

Carrie, turning to the doctor, asks desperately:

"And you say you saw him there with Sylvia to-day?"

"Oh, yes; I'm a great friend of ze squire's, and I always stop zere when I can, and she and zis John Logan is awfully thick, as you say out West. What? why, what is ze matter? And you love him?"

"No, no, no; I do not love him! I am not good enough to love him, and he loves Sylvia Fields!"

"Oh, ho! and she's in love with him! Well, I know ze cure for zat. Let me see—— No, no! I don't exactly know ze cure for zat; but, like zat other doctor, I can throw her into fits, and zen cure ze fits."

Stumps enters hastily.

"And doctor, did you say that if a man had his nose bit off that you could take a piece of live chicken and put it on again?"

"Confound the boy!" to himself, angrily. "Yes, yes; I said so. Now run along."

"And you really do say that if a man got his nose bitten off you could take a live chicken and make him another nose?"

"Yes, yes. There's a dollar for you. Now you go!"

And again the boy disappears down the trail. The doctor turns to the girl and says:

"Come, you must get yourself ready. And do you know, he laughs at you, this John Logan. He is going to marry Sylvia Fields, I tell you, and it is to be—to-morrow."

Carrie starts, turns aside; her hands are to her face, and tears are stealing through her fingers.

"Got something in your eye? Blow in it. Get Stumps to blow in it. Let me blow in it No?"

She turns aside as he approaches her.

Stumps, returning hastily, cries:

"And doctor, if you did put on a man's nose out of live chicken, and it growed on all right, why wouldn't it come out feathers?"

"Now, what brought you back here?" demands the doctor.

"My legs brought me back here." And again he licks out his tongue and makes a face. "Do you know keerds? If you do, ante and pass the buck." The doctor reaches after him, and he, retreating, says: "I say, doctor, would his nose come out with feathers on it?"

"Yes, yes, there would be feathers on it, I suppose."

"Oh, that's all right, then. You are awfully sensitive on that point, ain't you?" And he taps his nose with his finger, as he looks back over his shoulder.

The doctor has approached the girl, and is about to take her hand, when the boy again appears, and shouts out:

"I say, doctor, if feathers did come out, and it was a rooster, would the man wake up in the night and want to crow?"

The doctor is furious, and again starts for the boy; but the latter, wriggling his fingers in the air and darting out his tongue, disappears as he came; and again the doctor approaches the girl.

"I am a man of ze world, a gay man of ze world"—and he shrugs his shoulders—"a bad man of ze world, people will tell you; and perhaps zey are right. But I must not be too bad. Go or stay—I do not want to persuade you; but, as a man of ze world, I would say, go. Water finds its level. If you are bright and beautiful, you will find your way to ze capitals of ze world soon enough. If you belong in a hut, in a hut you will live. Now, if you say go, zere is an extra horse, and go you shall."

The girl stands still. The man approaches, and says gayly in her ear:

"Silks, laces, ribbons, and ze great, gay world."

Still she does not move.

"John Logan will be married to-morrow to Sylvia Fields."

The girl starts violently, as she whispers, hoarsely:

"I am ready. I will go."

"You are a wise little woman; and when once fairly out in ze world, you will remember with pity those who can be contented here, and you will wonder zat you stay a day longer in ze woods zan you could help."

"I am ready." And she approaches him and takes his arm, as if she would follow wherever he would lead. Suddenly she stops. "But my father and my little brother?"

"Will you go, or stay? Maybe you would like to stay for ze wedding?"

Again the girl is resolved.

"And can I earn money—money for *them*—if I go?"

"You can certainly earn more money zere zan you can here. Ze sheriff and party come down zis trail soon, and we can all go together."

"Then I will send them money, plenty of money—my own honestly earned money." And she says to herself, aside, "And they will think of me, and be glad that I remember them. And they will pity me sometimes, when the woods are full of the gold and glory of the Autumn time. And by my mother's grave they will name my name with hers; for I too will be dead—as dead to them as she."

"Come; we must be off at dusk," says the doctor.

The girl starts, and looks about her in the gathering gloom, bewildered.

"At dusk! So soon as that? No, no; I cannot go at

dusk. But after all is over, when all are asleep, then take me—take me to the furthest corner of the world; for, oh, I am so wretched! There is no more color, no more sunlight nor moonlight, nor anything that is beautiful in the woods, for me!" She approaches, and says, softly and tenderly, to the iron man of the world: "His mother and my mother are buried together in the hill there, and Johnny and father and I are to go there and place wild flowers on her grave, for it's just a year ago to-night since we laid her there."

Dr. Calvin's hands twitch nervously, and he is evidently annoyed.

"Oh, there you go again with your mother's grave! Why must girls have mothers' graves? You must get over this. Let the dead bury their dead. Once out in ze gay, busy world, you will never think of your mother's grave again. Come! Will you go or stay?"

The girl does not move. She lifts her large eyes full of tears to his, in a helpless fashion, and wrings her hands. The cunning old man knows the key to unlock her lips, and says, half-laughingly:

"Now, I'll warrant you, John Logan don't talk to his sweet-heart, Sylvia Fields, about his mother's grave. No?"

He puts his arm around her waist, but Carrie, starting from his embrace, and stung to desperation by his words, cries:

"I am ready to go—to go now! Give me but a few minutes to place these flowers there on her grave, and his mother's grave?"

The twilight begins to sift soft and tender through the trees. It is that time which the Latins called "between the wolf and the dog."

"In a few moments, and I must be gone."

"I ask but a few moments."

"Then I will await you here, until the sheriff and party come."

He shrugs his shoulders, takes a cigar and lights it, and turns to the river; then he produces a book from his breast-pocket, which he is accustomed to carry there. For men in the woods read much more than the world supposes, where there are so few of their kind to talk to.

He thrums the leaves, and turns, as if to catch the light. Perhaps it is too dark, for he does not read. He only walks further away, leisurely smoking as the boy approaches his sister.

"I want you to go with me, Johnny," says Carrie to Stumps. "Now—right off, and put these flowers on mother's grave, and on *his* mother's grave."

And she divides the flowers with him, as she says, as if to herself, "on *his* mother's grave."

"Yes; on his mother's grave. Yes, I will put them on her grave—I will, so help me! because she didn't sick 'Bose' on me." And then the boy shivers, and says, as he creeps close to his sister: "And then I want to go home, for I am getting cold and chilly, sister."

Carrie draws him close and tries to warm him with her dress.

"Yes, Johnny; yes, you can go then—go in a moment after you have made me a promise. Johnny, I want you to promise me to come here at this very hour next year, and put them on our mother's grave there. And bring wild flowers, like these—the wild flowers of the woods, that she liked so well, and always likened us to—her wild, untaught children of the woods."

"I will—I will, sister; so—so——" his hand is lifted, as if about to say, "So help me," but remembering the solemnity of the place, his hand falls to his side, and he says, with fervor: "I will. I promise you I will come with you and father, and bring flowers—the wild wood flowers, like these, and put them on her grave in just one year, sister!"

"But promise me to come, whether I come or not. Promise me—promise me to come, whether I come with you or not. For I—I may not come with you, Johnny."

"You may not come with me, sister? You may not come with me?"

"Yes—yes—yes. I may be sick, or something may happen to me. I may not be able to come, Johnny. But you—you will come—you can come; you are strong—you are a man. You can, and you will come, Johnny. Promise me you will!"

"I can come, and I will come, so——" Stops and scratches his head. "I can and I will come, sister!"

"Thank you—thank you!" and she folds him to her heart. "I knew you would promise me, and I know you will keep your promise. And you will put them on her grave with your own hand—with this brown, brave little hand; won't you, Johnny? And you will bring some flowers for her grave—*his* mother's grave?"

Stumps starts a little and looks around, as if he was afraid he might see her looking at him, and says:

"The poor dead woman with the holler eyes. Yes, I will. I will do it, sister, so—so—— Sure I will! Because, because she didn't sick 'Bose' on me."

"God bless you, my brave, little brother! And now, here"—she leads him aside, and points up the hillside to the graves—"do you see that moonbeam falling there, white as our tired mother's face, and just across her grave through the trees?"

"I do, sister."

"And you see the shadow of the tall poplar falling across *his* mother's grave? And do you see the long white moonbeam pointing there, like God's finger, never forgetting His dead?"

"I see, sister."

"Then promise me on this night, at this moment, when you see that shadow fall, and that long white beam of moonlight pointing out the graves, that you will come and kneel there—there, on this side, and pray—pray for me, your unhappy sister!"

"Why, sister—sister!"

"Oh, promise—promise me!" cries Carrie, in a tear-laden voice.

"I will—I will! I will kneel there with wild flowers in my hand. Yes, I will kneel there, lift my face on this side of the grave, with the moonlight on my face, and pray for you, sister, if I live!"

"And if I live—if I live, so help me, Heaven!—wherever I am and whatever I am, I will come and kneel on the other side; and, over my mother's grave, look you in the face, brother."

The man with the cigar turns back from the river, as if impatient. Carrie seizes her brother's arm, and cries: "The time has arrived!" as she hurries him away. "Come; let us leave the flowers on the graves, and you must go—and I too must go!"

And they disappear in the gloaming

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## CHAPTER VI.

### I SHOULD HAVE MURDERED HIM.

As Carrie and her brother leave the presence of Dr. Calvin, "the man of the world," he turns back a few steps, thrums the leaves of his book, and brushes the ashes from his cigar.

Complacently he watches the ripples in the river, as he stands there in the twilight awaiting the return of Carrie, and smoking his cigar—this man of the world. A man

without a hope or a purpose save the selfish and reckless pursuit of his own coarse pleasure—a most miserable man. And yet, withal, a man who had the sense and sensibility to know that he was miserable at heart, if he only dared look into his heart. He could not do that. He was as a man who had been on a long and protracted dissipation, who dared not become sober. He had been in the habit of saying for many years, "I will reform to-morrow." He was a bad man, and he knew it. When a bad man knows he is bad, there is hope for him. He is not nearly so bad as a man far less wicked than himself, who asserts to himself and to the world that he is really good.

As he stands there, a dark figure, in a coonskin cap and a leather coat, creeps cautiously up the river's bank. It is Phin Emens. Behind him comes Gar Dosson. Phin Emens raises his gun.

"No!" says Gar Dosson, putting the gun gently aside with his hand. "If he must die, I suppose he must, but not with that;" and he taps the gun with his finger. "They mustn't hear the dog bark." As he says this he again taps the gun with his finger. Evidently the gun is the dog referred to, and he fears to have the neighbors hear the report of it.

Phin Emens looks at him savagely, and says:

"I won't be balked again. I tell you I won't be fooled with any more. If he gets away this time, he gets the law on us. Stand back!" And again his gun is drawn to his face.

"No, no—not that. That!" and Gar Dosson again pushes the gun-barrel gently aside, and, looking his neighbor firmly in the face, taps the bowie-knife in his belt and repeats "That! That is the medicine for that man!"

"Pardner, you are right! the dog does bark loud on the bank of a river," mutters Phin Emens between his teeth. Dropping the muzzle of his gun, he hesitates a moment; then reaching his rifle to his companion, he stealthily draws his knife. He makes a step forward, bares his arm in the moonlight, and lifting his knife, moves with all the savage cunning of a tiger upon the old man.

Very calmly "the man of the world" smokes at his cigar, utterly unconscious of peril, as he stands with his back to his deadly enemies and gazes into the river that rolls between its woody banks.

Very near is the stealthy tiger now, this wild beast of the jungle. The old man takes the cigar from his mouth, lifts his head, and looks idly about, and up and down the river. He does not see his assassin. But is there a subtle something that tells him that all is not well? The stealthy assassin steps back. The man of the world again puts his cigar between his teeth, and begins to puff leisurely and calmly as before. Surely he does not suspect.

Again the tiger of the jungle advances with gleaming knife. He is almost within reach. The arm is bared, the knife is lifted, as if to be buried between the shoulders.

Suddenly down the trail, out of the dense woods, steps John Logan.

"Curse him!" mutters Phin Emens between his teeth, as he glides back to cover.

"Shoo! It's John Logan going down the trail to his cabin. He won't stay long. The old un will be alone again in a minute, and then go for him."

Pale and dejected, John Logan, with head down, comes upon the old man, and they stand face to face.

"The man who saved my life," mutters Calvin. "Sir, I am more than glad to meet you," and he grasps his hand and shakes it heartily. "Come, now, I want to do somezing for you—somezing grand and handsome. You are a brave, good fellow, modest and full of merit, and you must let me do somezing for you. But you must get out of this," and the old man looks contemptuously around. "Get out of the wilderness. I am a man of ze world, my boy, and I believe in life, love, wine, women! Get out into ze world."

"No; I must be content here."

"What, content here?"

"Believe me, this is best. When I stand, as I stood just now, on the little hill in yonder clearing, in the little graveyard that we have started out here, where thousands and thousands are to lie down and rest"—here the old man starts just a little—"when I stand there and see the bent blue skies shutting down around me, the earth and the sky closing together, as it were—closing together as a book that is read—then I see the bound and limit of my life."

"And you will stay here? And I can do nothing for you? Stay here in ze wilderness and never see ze world?"

"Yes. Here God has set me down, and here I must remain at my post bravely to the end, till the great Captain who placed me in the front lines of the battle of life calls me to rest."

"What a strange, unselfish fellow it is!" mutters the doctor. Then he turns to the young man and says, gayly: "Nonsense, nonsense, my boy! The world is an oyster—open and eat!"

"Doctor, listen to me," says Logan, gravely. "Where are the workers of the world? In the country, in the wilderness, at work; silently subduing the earth, as God commanded; throwing their strength against the great forest; hewing out the way for the civilized world to come after them; bravely and silently accepting the great primal curse—'By the sweat of your brow you shall eat your bread, all the days of your life'; toiling there, starving there, soul and body, these brave millions, dying in obscurity, that you few of the cities may live in luxury and leisure. Point not the finger of scorn and derision at these, for they too have souls, to feel, to pant, to aspire to something grand and good."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaims inwardly the man of the world, as he shrugs his shoulders violently, cocks his head, steps back a little, and looks embarrassed. "Have I found an honest man, and in this dark place, without a lantern? I have! The very man I want, too, to attend to my land. I can't risk coming down here; these savage settlers would murder me sooner than ze Indians would. I will trust him;" and then the suspicious man of the world shakes his head. "No, I will try him before I trust him. You are a handsome fellow; did you ever hear of Lothario?"

The young man looks him in the face, and shakes his head.

"Well, Lothario loved the world, he loved women; he was a gay man, was Lothario, and a great lover; but at last he wearied of love and resolved to marry."

"I have done with woman."

"Ha, ha! A boy, and done with woman! See ze world, my boy, and you will get over that. Woman! Why, woman is ze world! Woman! she makes us twice happy. She makes a man happy to get her—and happy to get rid of her!" and the merry old man of the world laughs a little at his own bitterness, and turning to the other says, "You will go out into ze world with me, or you will, at least, let me reward you for what you have done?"

"I have had my reward, sir, in doing my duty to my fellow-man. It is some satisfaction to know that you have saved a man's life—however low and contemptible that man may have been." And the young man said this slowly and bitterly, and taking a step forward, and lifting his hat, he says, "and now let me bid you good-night."

"By the saints! this is strange talk for one so young. What can he mean? and who can he be?" Then aloud says the doctor, "Stay! Whose son are you?"

"I do not know," dejectedly.

"Do not know?"

"I do not know." And he comes up to the other, cold, earnest and severe, and looks him almost savagely in the face. "You press me on a point which is none of your business. But I am not a coward; I am not ashamed of my mother's name! She lies buried on yonder hill, sir. I never knew my father!" The young man puts his hand to his face, to his throat, as if choking with agony. "I never knew who my father was. She died when I was not by her side, and she carried the awful secret of her sad life with her to yonder grave. I know that she was an angel on earth, as she is in heaven. She was the last of the Royal Miammas, and——'

"Ze Royal Miammas? Did you say the last of ze Royal Miammas? And her name—her name?" The cigar is thrown away, and the old man's levity with it. He is terribly excited, terribly in earnest. But he tries hard to repress his emotion. "Her name?"

"Marie Logan. She had been betrayed and abandoned; she could not prove her marriage; her tribe thought her untrue, and abandoned her, as he had abandoned her. She left the Miamma, and stole away here to the deep wilderness, to hide her sorrow and her shame."

The old man drops the book which he has held in his left hand, as with ashen lips he mutters:

"It is my son! It is my son! and so noble, so brave, so true. I must, I will reform! The outcast son shall teach and lead his father to a nobler life." All this he says with pale lips and to himself, and then, as if no longer capable of restraint, he turns and cries, as the young man is walking away, with reaching arms, "My son!" and, starting back, he says again, "No, no, no! I must not betray my secret now. And then, what if he should deny me?—as I denied him through all these years." The young man has turned, and the other continues: "Your story interests me more than you can understand. Tell me—please to tell me all."

"There is little else to tell. My mother, disgraced, abandoned, came out here and built her cabin, and, hiding away from the world, taught me all the missionaries had taught her, and reared me as best she could in the ways of the white man. That is all—a brief and a bitter tale."

"But she—I thought—she should have stayed with her tribe."

"With her tribe? She was a proud woman. She had been abandoned; she was disgraced: her heart was broken. She lived and died alone—alone as I am now."

"What have I done? I am ze base, blackest of men! I must make amends before I die, or I cannot rest in my grave." Then, turning wildly to the young man, he cries: "If your father should come to you—come to you now?"

"What do you mean, sir?" asks John Logan, coldly and bitterly.

"Hear me—hear me! I—I have been reading a story—a story in that book. It is of a man who secretly married a brave, true woman of the wilderness. But he was proud, ambitious, fond of the world. He denied ze secret marriage, abandoned her, and went back to ze world he loved. Years rolled by. The man grew gray, and wearied of it all. He found the world false and hollow and insincere. He longed for rest—for peace. He can find no rest, no peace but in dissipation; his friends, his relations—all have pass away. He is alone—alone. He is an old man, with nothing in the world to love—nothing but dissipation and pleasure. At last in despair he returns to ze wilderness. There suddenly one day he finds he is not alone. There is some one for him to love. His son, a noble man—braver, truer, better, a thousand times better than him. His heart hungers and cries out to him for pity and sympathy in his old age and his desolation. He reaches him his open arms. He offers him all—fortune, fame, position before ze world—all—all that he has to give. What—what would you do? what would you have done had you been zat son?" panting and eager, almost with outstretched arms?"

"I? What would I have done?" He steps back a little, and answers, bitterly and between his teeth. "One word at a time!"

There is a strange lustre in his eye, and he seems to grow as he stands there, to tower up and to partake something of the savage grandeur of the mighty trees that surround him. It is night, and the dark man looks almost terrible. All the Indian nature begins to assert itself. He seems to remember all the wrongs of his race.

"What would I have done had I been that son? I should have remembered my mother's simple trust in the man who came with all the arts and advantages of civilized life; I should have recalled her betrayal and desertion to him; I should have remembered the bitter, bitter years of waiting—waiting; I should have remembered when her child came to ask her where and who was his father!"

The old man starts as if struck by a blow. He has been retreating all this time, and the young man has been following him up and hissing the words in his face.

"I should have remembered the long and lonely Winters of that abandoned mother and child by the cabin fireside, while the betrayer ranged the world in plenty and in pleasure. I should have remembered when she fell ill and lay there alone, while the boy went forth day after day, year after year, to earn her bread. I should have remembered when she lay there, at last, in want, dying—dead! I should have remembered all, all this. And when he, her betrayer, my father, weary at last of the world he loved, came to me crying for love, I should have remembered my mother and her wrongs, my own dark and desolate life, and I should have murdered him!"

They reach the bank of the river, in the old man's retreat, before the bitter denunciation. John Logan fairly screams these last words in his ears, and the old man, throwing up his hands and still attempting to retreat, falls back, with a shriek, into the river.

There is a plash in the water, and then all for a moment is still. Phin Emens and Gar Dosson step forth, but as they do so the sheriff and two men come down the trail, their business being to put Dr. Calvin into legal possession of his land.

"You have murdered him, and you are my prisoner."

The strong hand of the sheriff reaches out for the shoulder of the young man, but he steps back and glares at the officer. The rage of battle is on him. Will he be taken alive?

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## CHAPTER VII.

### A MAN-HUNT.

MIDWINTER, and the mighty trees knock their naked arms together, and creak and cry wildly in the wind. In Major Brown's wretched log-cabin, by a flickering log-fire, Carrie Brown sits listlessly alone. The wind howls horribly; the door creaks, and the fire snaps wickedly; the wind roars, now the roar of a far-off sea, and now it smites the cabin in shocks, and sifts and shakes the snow through the shingle. The girl draws her tattered shawl tighter about her, and sits a little closer to the fire. Now there is a sudden, savage gust of wind, wilder, fiercer than before,

and a storm of snow blows in through a crack in the door and dances over the floor.

"What a terrible storm!" exclaims the girl, as she rises up, looks about, and then takes the shawl from her shoulders and stuffs it in the crack of the door.

She listens, looks about again, and then, going up to the little glass tacked beside the fireplace, carefully arranges her splendid hair, that droops down over her shoulders in the careless yet perfect fashion of Evangeline.

"Heaven help any one who is out in this storm tonight!"

Then she takes another stick from the corner and places it on the fire.

"Father will be here soon, and Johnny—Johnny with news about him—about poor John Logan."

She shakes her head and clasps her hands.

"It's nearly half a year since that awful night when he drowned the old doctor. They couldn't take him—they dared not take him then. He got away, but they have been after him ever since. They are hunting him—hunting him in this storm—hunting him from thicket to thicket, as if he were a wild beast. He hides with the cattle in the sheds, with the very hogs in their pens. They come upon him there; he starts from his sleep and dashes away across the fields, while they follow, and track him by the blood of his feet in the snow."

The girl springs to her feet in her excitement, shrinks closer to the fire, as if afraid of the darkness.

"Oh, how terrible it is to be a murderer! and then his own father, too! And to think this hunted, hounded man should be brave, gentle John Logan! I must not think of it; I will go mad."

She turns to the door and listens. She draws back the ragged curtains from the window and tries to look out into the storm. She can hear and see nothing, and she walks back again to the fire.

"I must set them their supper." As she says this she goes to a little cupboard and takes a piece of bread, puts it on a plate and sets it on the table. Then she places two plates and two cups of water. "They will be here soon, and they must have their suppers. Oh, that grocery!"—she shudders as she says this—"and Johnny will bring me news of him—of John Logan, in his flight for his life. Oh, this dreadful chase of man after his fellow-man! It is too terrible! What's that?"

She springs to the door, lifts the latch, and Stumps steals in, brushing the snow from his neck and shoulders. He has a club in his hand, and looks back and about him as he shuts the door.

"Oh, sister, it's awful! I tell you it's too awful!"

"Brother—brother! what has happened? Where is father? What is awful? What is it, Johnny? And he, John Logan?"

"He's been there!" The boy shudders and points in a half-frightened manner out of the window toward the little hill. "Yes, he has; he's been up there on the little hill by his mother's grave; and he's been to Squire Fields's house—yes, he has, and he couldn't get in, for they had a big dog tied to the gate; and now they have got another dog tied to the gate. Yes, and they tracked him all around by the blood in the snow!"

"Oh, brother! don't, don't!" clasping her hands.

"Don't be afraid, sister; he has gone away now. Oh, if he would only go away and stay away—far away, and they couldn't catch him, I'd be just as glad as I could be! Yes, I would; so help me I would!"

"And he has been up there, and in this storm!" She speaks this to herself, as she goes to the window and attempts to look out.

"Poor, poor John Logan! I wish his mother was alive; I do, so help me. She was a good woman, she was; she didn't sick Bose on me, she didn't."

As the boy says this, he stands his club in the corner, and looks with his sister for a moment sadly into the fire; and then suddenly says:

"I'm hungry. Sister, ain't you got something to eat? Father he's down to the grocery, and Phin Emens he's down to the grocery too, and he swears awfully about John Logan, and he says it's the Injun that's in him that made him kill the old man. Do you think it's the Injun that's in him, sister?"

As the boy says this, the girl turns silently to the little table and pushes it to the fire.

"There, Johnny, that's all there is. You must leave some for father."

"Poor, poor John Logan!"

He eats greedily for a moment, then stops suddenly, and looks into the fire.

Carrie, also looking into the fire, murmurs:

"And Sylvia Fields let them tie a dog there to keep him away. I would have killed that dog first. If John Logan should come here in his flight, bleeding, starving, dying, I would open that door to him. Bloody as his hands may be with his father's blood, I would open that door to him!"—There is a dark and terrified face at the window—"And, by my mother's memory, I would give him bread to eat, and let him sit by this fire and get strength to fly again!"

"And I would too—so help me, I would!" The boy pushes back the bread, and rises and goes up to his sister. "Yes, I would. I don't care what the settlement, or Phin Emens, or anybody says; for his mother did not sick 'Bose' at me, she didn't!"

The pale and pitiful face at the window begins to brighten. There is snow in the long, matted, black locks that fall to his shoulders. For nearly half a year this man has fled from his fellow-man, a hunted grizzly, a hunted tiger of the jungle.

What wonder that his step is stealthy as he lifts the latch and enters? What wonder that his eyes have an uncommon glare as he looks around, looks back over his shoulder as he shuts the door noiselessly behind him? What wonder that his clothes hang in shreds about him, and his feet and legs are bound in thongs; that his arms are almost bare; that his pale and bloodless face is half hidden in black and shaggy beard?

"Carrie, I have come to you. Yours is the only door that will open to me now."

John Logan! She starts; the boy too utters a low, stifled cry. Then they draw near the miserable man. For they are born of the woods, and have nerves of iron, and they know the need and the power of silence, too.

"*You* here, John Logan?" Carrie whispers, with a shudder.

"Ay, I am here, starving, dying!"

The boy takes up the bread he had dropped, and places it on the table before Logan. The hunted outcast sits down wearily and begins to eat with the greediness of a starved beast. The girl timidly brushes the snow from his hair, and takes a pin from her breast and begins to pin up a great rent in his shirt that shows his naked shoulder.

The boy is glad and full of heart and of indescribable delight that he has given his bread to the starving man. He stands up, brightly, with his back to the fire for a moment, and then goes back and brushes off the snow; then back to the fire before the man.

"I'm awful glad to see you eat, Mr. John Logan," says Stumps. "I wish there was more, I do," and he rocks

on his foot, and wags his head from shoulder to shoulder, gleefully. "It ain't much—it ain't much, Mr. John Logan; but it is all there is."

"All there is, and they were eating it?" The man says this aside to himself, and he hides his face for a moment, as if he would conceal a tear. Then, after a time, he seems to recover himself, and he lays the bread down on the table tenderly, silently, carefully indeed, as if it were the most delicate and precious thing on earth. Then, lifting his face, looks at them with an effort to be cheerful, and says:

"I—I really forgot; I—I am not hungry. I have had my dinner. I—I, oh, yes; I have been eating a great deal. Oh, no, no, no; I'm not hungry—not hungry!"

As the man says this, he rises and stands between the others at the fire. He puts his hands over their heads, and looks alternately in their uplifted faces. There is a long silence.

"Carrie, they have tied a dog to that door, over yonder."

"There is no dog tied to this door, John Logan." Low and tender with love, yet very firm and earnest is her voice. And her eyes are lifted to his. He looks down into her soul, and there is an understanding between them. There is a conversation of the eyes too refined for words; too subtle, too sweet, too swift for the world to catch or comprehend.

They stand together but a moment there, soul flowing into soul and tiding forth, and to and fro; but it was as if they had talked together for hours. He leans his head, kisses her lifted and unresisting lips, says "God bless you," and that is all.

It is her first kiss, the imprint, the mint-mark on this virgin gold; and this maiden of a moment since is a woman now. Again there is silence.

"Do you know that they are after you?" The girl says this in a sort of wild whisper, as she looks toward the door.

"Do I know that they are after me? Father in heaven, who should know it better than I? The man throws up his arms, and totters back and falls into a seat from very weakness. "Do I know that they are after me? For more than half a year I have fled; night and day, and day and night I have fled, hidden away, starting up at midnight from down among the cattle, where I had crept to keep warm; and then on, on and on, out into the snow, the storm, over the frozen ground, to the deep jungle and dark woods, where, naked and bleeding, hunted like a wild beast, I disputed with the bear for his bed in the hollow tree."

"Oh, how terrible it is to be a murderer!"

"Murderer! Who said murderer? I know I am accused—oh, how terribly accused! I know that all believe me guilty; I know that men will stand up and swear that I, with this hand, threw him down into the river; I know that if taken I must die—die a felon's death. But no, no, no, I am not a murderer. Yes, Carrie, I swear—I swear by the grave of my mother yonder that this hand is as white as the snow that covers her!"

"And, John Logan, I believe you. Before and against all the world I believe you!" and the brave girl thrusts her two hands out to his. The boy has sprung to the door. Is it the storm that is tugging and rattling at the latch?

"Thank Heaven for that! Thank Heaven for one true heart, and one true hand to help when all the world is against me! Carrie, I could die now content. The bitterness of my heart passes away, and the wild, mad nature that made me an Ishmaelite, with every man's hand against me, and my hand against all, is gone. I am another being; I could die now content;" and he bows his head in his hands.

"But you must not, you shall not die! If you are not guilty, and I—I know you are not guilty, you shall not die. You must fly—fly far away; why hover about this place?"

"I do not know. But yonder lies the only being who ever befriended me before this night, and somehow I get lonesome when I get far away from her grave. And I go round and round, like the sun around the world, and come back to where I started from."

"But you must go—go far away—go now."

"Do you know what you are saying? I was never outside of this, the bent purple of the heavens that environ us. All would be strange—I would be lost, lost, there. And then, do you not imagine they are waiting for me there, everywhere? Look at my face! This tinge of Indian blood, that all Western men abhor and fear, and call treacherous and bloody! Across my brow at my birth was drawn a brand that marks me for ever—a brand—a brand as if it were the burning brand of Cain."

The man bows his head and turns away.

Slowly and timidly Carrie approaches him, and says, with a voice hollow and strange with horror, as she lays her hand on his arm and looks in his face:

"Did you know that it was your father?"

The boy still watches by the door.

"I did!" he starts and says, with a husky voice. "At the last I did. Even as he spoke, the truth flashed suddenly over my mind that this was the man to whom my mother owed all her misery. And then to tell me this at such a time, at such a place! Carrie, as he stood before me there, all my mother's wrongs, her desolation, her death—all my wrongs, the scorn and the persecution—all my Indian nature sprang up, and I felt that I could murder him!"

"But you did not?"

"I did not; and now that he is dead, I feel that I ought to have forgiven him when he asked me to. And, Carrie, I have forgiven him—I have forgiven him, as I hope to be forgiven."

And the wretched man clasps his hands and lifts his face.

"But you will fly from here?" She takes his hand as it falls, and presses it to her lips. His arm droops over her hair, down to her shoulder, and he draws her to his breast, as she looks up tenderly in his face, and pleads: "You will fly, now—at once? for you will die here."

"Ah, I will die here." He says this with a calm and dogged determination. "Carrie, I have one wish, one request—only one. I know you are weak and helpless yourself, and can't do much, and I ought not to ask you to do anything."

Stumps has left the door as he hears the man mention that there is something to be done, and stands by their side. The man stands between them, and his hands fall down over their shoulders.

"Whatever it is you ask, John Logan, we will do it—we will do it if it is possible."

The girl says this with a fierceness and determination that convince him that it will be done.

"We will do it—we will do it—so help me, we will do it!" blubbers Stumps.

"What is it, John Logan, we can do?"

"I will not fly from here." He looks down tenderly into their faces. Then he lifts his face. It is dark and terrible, and his lips are set with resolution. "I will die here. It may be to-night, it may be to-morrow. It may be as I turn to go out at that door they will send their

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bullets through my heart. It may be while I kneel bleeding in the snow at my mother's grave. But, sooner or later, it will come—it will come!"

"But please, John Logan, what is it we can do?"

Her voice is tremulous, and her eyes stream with tears.

"Carrie, I am a man—a strong man—and ought not to ask anything of a helpless girl. But I have no other friend. I have had no friends. All the days of my life have been dark and unlovely. And now I am about to die, I want you to see that I am buried by my mother, yonder. I am so weary, and I could rest there. And then she, poor broken-hearted mother, she might not be so lonesome there. Do you promise?"

"I do promise!" and the boy echoes this scarcely audible but determined answer.

"Thank you—thank you! And now, good-night. I must be going, lest I draw suspicion on you and your father. Good-night—good-night; God bless you, Carrie!"

He presses her wildly to his heart, hastily embraces her, and, tearing himself away, stoops and kisses the boy as he passes to the door, and, drawing his tattered shirt closer about his shoulders hastily, and hiding his face as if to conceal his terrible emotion, lays his hand upon the latch, as if to suddenly dart forth.

Two dark figures pass the window, and in a moment more the latch-string is clutched by a rough, unsteady hand from without.

"Here, here!" cries the girl, as she springs with the swiftness of a leopard back to the dingy curtain that divides off a portion of the cabin into a bedroom. "Here!—in here! Quick! quick!" as she draws the curtain aside, and lets it fall again over the retreating fugitive. Her father and Phin Emens enter. Old Major Brown is drunk, and therefore dignified and silent. His companion is drunk, and therefore garrulous and familiar. Wine floats a man's real nature nearly to the surface.

The major lifts his hat, bows politely and respectfully to his children, brushes his beaver with his elbow as he meanders across the floor to the peg in the wall; but cannot quite trust himself to speak.

"Hullo, Carrots!" cries Phin Emens, as he chucks her under the chin. "Knowed I was coming, didn't you? Got yourself fixed up. The bouncingest girl that ever sucked a pawpaw. Pretty, ain't she?" and he winks a bloodshot eye toward Stumps. "And when is it going to be my Carrots? Pretty soon now—eh, old Blossom Nose?" And he walks, or rather totters aside, and says to himself, "Pretty soon now, I guess; now that I've got rid of that cussed Injun."

"Umph! I have got 'em again, Carrie. Fly around and get us something to eat. Fly around, Carrie, fly around! Oh, I've got the shakes again!" groans the major.

"Poor old boy!" and she brushes the snow from his beard and his tattered coat. "Why, father, you're shaking like a leaf!"

"He's drunk—that's what's the matter with him," grunts Phin Emens, and growls this out between his teeth as he sets his gun in the corner.

"He's not drunk! It's the ager!" retorts Stumps, fiercely.

Phin Emens, glaring at the boy, steadies himself on his right leg, and diving deep in his left-hand pocket, draws forth a large bill, or poster. With both hands he manages to spread this out, and staggering up to the wall near the window, he hangs it on two pegs that are there to receive coats or hats.

"Look at that!" And he crookedly points with his crooked fingers at the large letters, and reads: 'One thousand dollars (hic) dollars reward for the capture of John Logan Calvin; indicted (hic) for the murder of his father (hic), Dr. Pierre Calvin.' What do you say to that, Carrots? That's a fine fellow to have for a lover, now ain't it? That's a waluable lover, now ain't it? Worth a thousand dollars! Oh, don't I wish he was a-hanging around here now! Wouldn't I sell him, and get a thousand dollars, eh? Yes, I would. I just want that thousand dollars. And I'm the man that's going to get it, too! Eh, old Blossom Nose?"

Major Brown jerks back his dignified head as the bully gesticulates violently under his nose.

"You will, will you? Well, maybe you will (hic), but if you do—but if you get a cent of that money (hic) for catching that man, you don't enter that door again; no, you don't lift that latch-string again as long as old Major Brown has a fist to lift!" and he thrusts his doubled hand hard into the boaster's face.

"Good for you, father!" cries Carrie. "Dear, good, brave old father! I like you—I love you!" And the girl embraces him, while the boy flourishes his club at the back of the bully.

"No, sah; don't you hit a man when he's down, sah," continues Brown. "That's the true doctrine of a gentleman, sah—the true doctrine of a gentleman, sah." The major flourishes his hand, totters forward, totters back, and hesitates. "The true doctrine of a gentleman, sah. The little horse in the horse-race, sah—the bottom dog in the dog-fight, sah. The——"

And the poor old man totters back and falls helplessly in the great, home-made chair near the corner where stands Phin Emens's gun.

"The true instincts of a gentleman!" snaps Emens; and he throws out a big hand toward the drooping head of the major, and chuckles, "Old Blossom Nose!" Then turning to Carrie: "The sheriff's a-coming; he gave me that 'ere bill—yes, he did. He's down to the grocery, now. He's going around to all the houses in the settlement, and a-swearing 'em on a book that they don't know nothing about John Logan. The sheriff, he's a-comin' here, Carrots, right off."

There's a rift in the curtain, and the pitiful face of the fugitive starts forth.

"The sheriff coming here!" He turns, feels the wall, and tries the logs with his hands. "Not a door, not a window. Solid as the solid earth. There's no hope."

"Coming here? But what is he coming here for?" demands Carrie.

"Coming here to find out what you know about John Logan. Oh, he's close after him."

"Close after me!" gasps Logan. The man feels along the wall for something to lay hand upon by which to defend himself. "I will not be taken alive; I will die here!" He clutches at last, above the bed, a gun. "Saved, saved!" He holds it tenderly, as if a child, or something dearly loved. He takes it to the light and looks at the lock; he blows in the barrel; he mournfully shakes his head. "It is not loaded! Well, no matter. I can but die;" and he clubs the gun and prepares for mortal combat.

"Oh, come, Carrots," cries Phin Emens, "let's have a little frolic before the sheriff comes—a kiss, eh? come, my beauty!"

The rough man has all this time been stealing up, as nearly as he could to the girl, and thrown his arm about her neck.

"Shall I break forth and brain him—be a murderer, indeed?"

All the Indian is again aroused, and John Logan seems more terrible, and more determined to save her than to defend his own life.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!" shouted the girl. She

attempts to throw him off, but his powerful arm is about her neck. "Father! father! Help!" but the old man is unconscious.

John Logan is about to start from his corner.

"Take that, you brute! and that!" and Stumps whirls his club and thunders against the ribs of the ruffian.

"You devil!—you brat! What do you mean?"

Mad with disappointment and pain, he throws the girl from him and turns upon the boy. He clutches him by the back of the neck as he starts to escape, and bears him to the ground.

"Look 'ere, do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to break your back across my knee—yes, I am;" and he glares about terribly.

Carrie shrinks back to the side of her helpless father.

"Oh, father! father! help! He will murder him! He will kill him!"

"Oh, you beauty! I'll have you, and I'll have you now! No, I won't murder you, you brat; but I'll chuck you out in that snow and let you cool off, while I have your sister all to myself. Come here—give me your ear!" and the great, strong ruffian seizes his ear and fairly carries him along by it toward the door. "Give me your ear!"

"Oh, sister, sister, save me! He will kill me!" howls Stumps.

"Father, father! save us—we will be murdered."

"Come, I say; give me your ear!" thunders the brute, as he fairly draws the boy still toward the door.

"Stop that or die!"

The frenzied girl, failing to arouse her father, has caught up the gun from the corner, and brought the muzzle to the ruffian's breast. He totters back, and throws up his arms.

"Go back there and sit down, or I will kill you!"

"Give me your ear! Come!" roars Stumps—it is now his turn. "Give me your ear!" He reaches up and takes that red organ in his hand, and nearly wrenches it from the brute's head, as he leads him back, with many twists and gyrations, slowly to a low seat at the other side of the cabin.

Still holding the gun in level, and in dangerous proximity to the man's breast, Carrie cries:

"Now, if you attempt to move you are a dead man!"

"Give me your ear!" and Stumps wrenches it again, as he sits the man firmly on his low stool, with his red face making mad distortions from the pain.

"John Logan, come!" calls the girl. "No, don't you start, Phin Emens. Don't you lift a finger; if you do, you die!"

"Oh, is he here—my neighbor, John Logan? Now, I always liked John Logan. Oh, he will murder me!" and the man shudders to himself. "But it was bad taste of him to go around murdering his fathers wherever he could find them, that way. But he's a good man, and I love him tremendously, and——"

"Oh, you shut up!" roars Stumps. "Give me your ear, you old liar!" and again he wrenches the ear. "Yes, you are an old liar, for there ain't enough truth in the United States to keep your tongue a-going all the time like that."

"Come!" cries Carrie. The curtains are parted, and John Logan starts forth, "Go, go! there's not a moment to lose. The sheriff will be here; they are coming! Quick! Go at once! I hear—I hear them coming!"

The man springs to the door; the latch is lifted; a moment more and he is free—safe, at least, for the night. Out into the friendly darkness, where man and beast, where pursuer and pursued, are equal, and equally helpless.

There is a crushing of snow, a stamping of feet, and one, two, three, four, five!—five forms hurriedly pass the window. The latch is lifted, and, as John Logan again darts back under cover, the party, brushing the snow from their fur coats and grizzled beards, hastily enter the cabin.

Two of these men wear boots and spurs, and are better dressed than the others. They are evidently strangers. They stand well back in the shadow. Both are silent.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE REMAINS OF DR. CALVIN.

"FLY around, Carrie, fly around! fix yourself up!" The fresh gust of wind and storm from the door just opened fans the glimmering spark of consciousness in Major Brown into sudden flame, and he springs up, perfectly erect, perfectly dignified—a perfect Virginia major of the old, and now almost extinguished, school. "Fly around Carrie, fly around; fix yourself up. The sheriff is coming—fly around!"

The girl gracefully drops Phin Emens's gun in the corner where she had found it, and stands before her father, smoothing down her apron, and letting her eyes fall on the floor timidly and in a childlike way, as if these little hands of hers had never known a harder task than their present employment of smoothing down that apron.

The boy gives the big red ear a final twist, and Phin Emens springs up before the sheriff. He rubs his eyes and he looks about as if he just been startled from some ugly dream. He wonders indeed if he has seen John Logan at all. Again he rubs his eyes, and then, looking at his knuckles, says in a deep, guttural fashion to himself:

"Jim-jams, by gol! I thought I'd seed John Logan!"

Then he suddenly discovers the two strangers, and starts back. Then he puts his hand to his face, leans forward, and looks curiously.

"Ah, Major Brown!" says the sheriff. "Sorry to disturb you, major, and you, miss; and good-evening to you, sir; and good-evening to you, sir, Mr. Phin Emens," and the honest sheriff bows to each, and brushes the snow from his fur cap as he speaks.

Gar Dosson advances with that stealthy old tiger step so familiar to them both, and, laying his hand on Phin Emens's shoulder, they move aside.

"Then it's not the jim-jams," mutters Emens. "I've not got them, then!"

He stops, pinches himself, looks at his hands, and mutters to himself. Then he lifts his hand to his ear.

"Look at it again, Gar Dosson." Gar Dosson looks at the ear. "It's red, ain't it? Oh, it feels red—it feels like fire! Then I've not got them, and he is here. Hist! Come here! We want that thousand dollars all to ourselves. Them two strangers wants to git a part of the thousand dollars—that's what they want."

He plucks his companion further to one side. They talk and gesticulate together, while now and then a big red rough hand is thrust out savagely toward the curtain.

"Sorry indeed to disturb you, major," observes the sheriff; "but you see, I've been searching and a-swearing of 'em all, and it's only fair to serve all alike."

"Sah, you honor me with your presence. But, sah, he is not here. Upon the honor of a Virginia gentleman, he is not here."

"He is here!" howls Emens; and the tremendous man, with the tremendous voice and tremendous manner, bolts up before the sheriff. "He is here; and I, as an honest man, am going to earn a thousand dollars, for the sake of justice. I have found him—found him all by myself; and them two fellers can't have no hand in my find." And Phin Emens holds up John Logan's cap, which had been knocked from his head in his hasty retreat to cover; and he rolls his red eyes toward the bed, takes a step in that direction, reaches a hand, lays hold of the curtain, and is about to dash it aside.

"That's my sister's bed! and if you go to look in there, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" yells Stumps.

"Right, my boy—right!" cries the major. "The sheriff is the only man that shall search Major Brown's house."

One of the strangers here plucks the other down to the side of Stumps, as if they too will take sides with the boy. They are both still silent, but they are intensely interested.

"Quite right, Major Brown, quite right. But what is there there?"

"John Logan is there!" shrieks Emens, and again the curtain is clutched, and he is about to dash it aside. Does he dream of what is beyond? If he could only see the panting, breathless wretch that leans there eagerly, with lifted gun, ready to brain him—waiting, waiting for him to come, even wishing that he only would come—he would start back with terror to the other side. "He is here! I have found him! Come!"

The curtain is clutched tighter. It is moved just a little.

"Move that curtain if you dare, and I will murder you! I will snatch that powder-horn from the hook, and blow you to eternity!" howls Stumps.

Carrie, springing forward from her posture of anxiety and terror, grasps the horn, jerks out the stopple with her teeth, and, holding it over the fire, cries, with desperation:

"Move, if you dare! This horn is full of powder, and if any man here dares move that curtain, I'll blow you all into burning hell!" The man loosens his hold on the curtain, and totters back. He is sober enough to know how terrible is the situation, and he knows her well enough to believe she will do precisely what she says she will do. "Yes, I will! We will all go to the next world together; and now let us see who is best ready to die!"

"Bravo!" shouts one of the strangers, in his admiration; but, remembering himself, is again silent.

The sheriff and his men have been moving back slowly; and, terrified, they all move away from the inspired girl, standing there so fiercely by the door of death.

At last Phin Emens steals around by the sheriff.

"But he is here, Mr. Sheriff," he says. "I tell you he is here in this house. There! for here is his cap. I found it—I found him—and I want him, and I want that thousand dollars. Search!"

"And I tell you he is not here!" cries the girl, "and you shall not search!"

And the horn is lifted menacingly over the fire.

"Won't you take my word?"

"You shall take *my* word."

"I will take your single word, miss, against a thousand such men."

And the sheriff puts on his cap, turns, and is about to go.

"But he is here! The thousand dollars, Mr. Sheriff!" cries Emens.

"Hold your tongue, you brute! Miss, officers sometimes have duties that are more unpleasant to them than to the parties most concerned. You say he is not here?"

"On the honor of a Virginia gentleman, I say that the man is not within my mansion, sah," says the major, addressing the sheriff.

"He is not here, Mr. Sheriff; he is not here!" cries Carrie.

"On *your* honor also, Miss?"

And the sheriff twists his cap on his head, and very gallantly endeavors to make it as binding as may be consistent with his admiration for the brave girl.

"On my *honor*—ay, on my *oath!*"

"And you will be sworn as the others were?" says the sheriff. "So much the better; and that will be quite satisfactory. Ah, here is the Bible at your hand."

And he takes it from the little book-shelf of scant and tattered leaves. The girl stands still as stone, with the engine of death in her hand. The officer bows, smiles, reaches the book with his left hand, lays his cap on the table, and lifts his right hand in the air. Her little fingers reach out firmly, fearlessly, and rest on the book. Her eyes are looking straight into his.

"It may be my duty, miss, to search the house, after what that 'un has said; and, miss, I expect it is my duty. But, miss, I is not the man to expose you before a man as might like to see you exposed. And then that poor devil that come back here, miss, on bleeding feet—crawling back here on his hands and knees, to die at his mother's grave——"

The voice is tremulous; the hand that is raised in the air comes down and crosses the officer's eyes. Then lifting it again he says, resolutely: "Swear, miss!"

All are looking—leaning with the profoundest interest. There is a dark, strange face peering through a rift in the half-opened curtain.

"God bless her! God bless her! She can, and she will!" mutters the stranger, wringing his hands.

"She can't!" cries Emens. "She believes in the book, and, by gol, she can't!"

The man says this over his shoulder, and in a husky whisper, to Gar Dosson, as the girl seems to pause.

"Hold your hand on the book and swear as I shall tell you," says the sheriff.

She only holds more firmly to the book; her eyes are fixed more steadily on his.

"Say it as I say it. I do solemnly swear."

"I do solemnly swear."

"That John Logan Calvin."

"That John Logan Calvin."

"Is not here."

"*Is*——"

"*Is here!*"

The curtain is thrown back, and the fugitive dashes in their midst. The powder-horn is thrown to the middle of the floor, the book falls from the sheriff's hand, and there is a murmur of amazement from every one there assembled.

"God bless you, my girl!" The man folds her to his heart, and there is the stillness of a Sabbath morning over all. "God bless you; and God will reward you for this, for I cannot. You have made me another being, Carrie. I have lost my life, but you have saved my soul!" And turning cheerfully to the sheriff, he reaches his hands. "Now, sir, I am ready to die."

The two strangers start back. Then they confer a moment together. Then they come forward resolutely together. They are armed and, as I have said before, booted and spurred, and have ridden far and fast.

"We want John Logan," says the first man, stepping hastily to the front.

Are they regulators? and do they mean to take him from the sheriff and hang him in the woods?

"I am here!" says Logan.

"You want the thousand dollars—that's what you want. But it's mine; I found him, and it's mine—it's all mine! Do you mind that, Mr. Sheriff; all mine!" howls Phin Emens.

The second stranger shrinks back in the dark, as if not willing to be seen in the full light. The first stranger turns back hastily, and confers with him.

"Put Logan in chains!"

And John Logan is instantly handcuffed.

"Hold!" cries the first stranger; "not too fast!" And he approaches the sheriff and points to the bill on the wall. "And it was you, sheriff, that offered the reward?"

"I offered the reward. It was duty, sir, duty. I am almost ashamed of it. Damn me, sir, if I had not rather be a coal-heaver than to hound down men like this, sir! But you see, sir, this young man murdered his father, Dr. Calvin." The second stranger starts.

"How do you know he murdered Dr. Calvin? How do you know that old Dr. Calvin is dead?"

"Well, sir, I came with Dr. Calvin to put him in legal possession of his lands. Once, when we were about ready to go back to town, I came upon him and this man by the bank of the river at dusk, and I saw him throw Dr. Calvin into the river—murder him—I saw it."

Phin Emens, pressing forward:

"And I seed it, too. Oh, he's dead."

"And I seed it. Oh, he's dead—dead as a door-nail," adds Gar Dosson.

"But did you find the remains?"

The first stranger and the second stranger confer together once more back in the dim light, and Gar Dosson and Phin Emens, each hooking their fingers together now and then, and now and then throwing their great arms out in gesticulation, hastily conclude their conference and come forward.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff," says the first stranger, "tell me, on the honor of an officer, might not this Dr. Calvin be still alive? Might he not have crept out, or hid in the deep wood, or been picked up by a friendly canoe—been saved, indeed, by a thousand possible ways? But, finding the settlement, finding his own son, bitter against him, might he not have preferred leaving the country and all behind him? *Can* you hang this man? What evidence have you that Dr. Calvin is dead?"

Phin Emens approaches, and cries over his shoulder to Gar Dosson:

"He's dead. Dang him, he's got to be dead! We lose the land? we lose a thousand dollars? If he's left the country again for good, that's all right. But he's dead. We seed the remains, too; yes we did—Gar and me. Didn't we, Gar?"

Gar Dosson takes a chew of tobacco with great labor, twists it about in his mouth, and then pecks his head most emphatically, twice.

"And where did you see the remains?" asks the first stranger.

"On a sandbar down below, by gum. Didn't we, Gar?" Again Gar Dosson bows his ponderous bows. "Yes, down *below*, by gum. You didn't suppose we'd see the remains up *above*, did you? Yes, on a sandbar, by gum. Eh, Gar?"

"And you left the remains there? Do you not know that it is a crime to not report such things to the authorities? And are the remains there now? Come! I am a lawyer, and you shall answer me."

"Well, he was so——" and the man is terribly embarrassed—"well, he was so danged dead, that there wasn't any remains left."

The first stranger advances to the sheriff.

"Sir, I believe Dr. Calvin is still alive. Hear me. I was the eccentric old man's lawyer. Sir, he deeded all his land to his son, to this man, John Logan Calvin." There is a start and an exclamation everywhere. "Yes, and I believe the doctor is still alive."

"It's a lie! it's a downright, outrageous lie! He's dead, and this man murdered him, and he's got to hang for it. And I say hang him now! Gar, if he lives, *he* gets the land! Hang him now! hang him now!" yells Emens.

"Yes, lynch him! hang him! and then, neighbors, we are safe!" cries Gar Dosson.

The two men rush forward, crying:

"Hang him! hang him! He murdered his father!"

The door is filling with settlers, and they crowd on the side of Gar Dosson and Phin Emens, crying:

"Hang him! hang him! Yes, for if he lives he gets the land!"

"Yes, hang him! hang him now!" cries Gar Dosson.

Major Brown has long since settled back in his chair, asleep. Carrie stands terrified over him, and Stumps crouches at her side, as the crowd fills the cabin.

"Hang him! hang him!" echoes through the rafters.

"Take off these!" cries John Logan, fiercely, "and give me a chance to fight—to die like a man!"

"You *shall* have a chance to fight—there!" and the sheriff tears off the manacles.

"How dare you turn the man loose?" howls Emens, and the great giant and Gar Dosson seize the sheriff from behind, and bear him to the floor. "Now, come on, men!" and he leads the settlers against John Logan, who stands alone, preparing to fight to the last.

"Hold! What are you about to do? That man can scarcely stand on his feet."

"Hang him! hang him for the murder of his father!"

"I am his father, Dr. Calvin!" And the second stranger with his left hand tears away the disguise and throws back the heavy cloak, while the right flashes a pistol in the face of Phin Emens. "I am his father. Now, come on, coward, if you dare—come on, the whole raft of you!"

"Fly around, Carrie—fly around!"

The commotion has disturbed the Virginia gentleman. Springing up, he takes in the situation at once, and grasps his sabre from over the mantel-piece, and dashes into the middle of the fray. "Come on, the whole raft of you!"

"Give me your ear!" yells Stumps; and he is even bolder than his father, for he takes Phin Emens by the ear, and leads him back to his seat.

"The game's up, Gar!" hoarsely whispers Emens; and Gar only chews and chews more desperately than before, but does not even deign to bow to his fallen neighbor.

The sheriff quietly manacles Emens, saying:

"That will keep you quiet, and I'll know where to find you when I want you."

But the old man of the world and the young man of the wilderness fall silently into each other's arms.

"My son, my son! Can you forgive me?" gasps Dr. Calvin.

"My father, can you forgive *me?*"

"Let me take you to my heart for ever, my true, true boy!"

Carrie is at John Logan's side, her hand is in his.

"And she, too?"

"And she, too," weeps the doctor—"the girl zat opened her door to you; that would have died for you; that gave you bread when all the world was against you—my brave, brave boy! She is yours; and all ze land is yours—it's all yours. Yes, I've deeded all ze land to you. Yet, I thought you hated me, and I left ze country. But

when I heard that you were in danger, I came; and, thank God here I am. And here with you, my children, I shall end my days in peace."

"Oh, I'm so happy, John Logan!" cries Carrie, blushing a rosy red.

"And I am too, sister—I am, so help me!" And his rugged little arms wind around John Logan and his sister together, as he weeps with joy.

"Bless you, my children!" solemnly utters the major—"bless you! She's of good family, sah—my daughter, sah. My only daughter, sah, and good—as good as gold."

THE END.

## DREAM AND WAKING.

BY G. A. DAVIS.

ONE weary day, when all was sad and still,
I shut mine eyes, and dreamed that you were dead,
And that I saw your warm hands folded chill,
And saw the lid close o'er your dreamless head—
And that the bearers bore you from the door.

I knew that all between us evermore
Was said and done; morning had lost its chance,
And night its hope of morning; I could sit
A whole long day, nor ever turn to glance
Down the long street, and see you gladden it
Only by passing, silent and apart;

The closing door no longer made me start.
I knew you could not come, though hour by hour
The old, unceasing footsteps went and came,
And every sound and sign had lost its power.
But sometimes still I heard them speak your name,
And, with a shudder, all my veins ran cold,

Hearing that echo from the days of old—
The days, O God! that no one mourned save me!
Gone was your face for ever; dust to dust
The old, sweet smile mine eyes so yearned to see—
The voice so surely answering to my trust,
Mute as the song of birds in last year's May!

This was my dream, that still and lonely day,
When I sat waiting, sadly and in vain;
But as I wakened, with a sudden thrill—
A wild, hot throb of ecstasy, half pain—
I looked, and saw you, warm and living still!
What did I care for all of life beside,

Who went or came, who lived or loved or died,
So that *you* staid? Although you never turned,
Where once your lingering footsteps used to stay—
Though all the signs of change that I had learned
Slowly by heart through many a silent day,
Were fixed as death upon your quiet face,

The world no longer seemed a sunless place,
But all heaven's light and gladness poured on me
In that one moment's waking! Well content
Only your shadow on the ground to see—
Only to hear your footstep as you went—

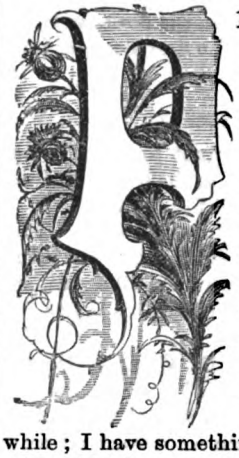
Only to know that in the world's wide space
There was no room for any grave of thine,
But that the wind could blow, the sunbeams shine
Upon us both, nor yet your presence miss—
I found enough of comfort, finding *this!*

MOLIÈRE was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen. "It is," answered Molière, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

# QUITE IN THE DARK.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

## CHAPTER I.



PROFESSOR MASQUE, with his oblique eyebrows and hooked nose, round lips and humorous smile, stood just now at the top of the staircase. The candle in his hand projected a tall and grotesque shadow of himself, in his long dressing-gown, on the wall, which was suddenly dissolved by his turning round to say to his companion, Mr. Harold Sildyke, the secretary, with the forefinger of his disengaged hand held slyly to his chin, and his right eye waggishly closed:

"Come to my room for a little while; I have something to ask you."

Mr. Sildyke seemed rather surprised. The one, secretary here at Ashley's Hope, as the beautiful estate was called; the other, music-tutor; yet neither had ever displayed any disposition toward a closer relation than the ordinary courtesy natural to two people residing for the most part in the same house.

Mr. Sildyke was a good-looking and accomplished, but rather melancholy, young man, fond of solitary walks and lonely musings in his own room. His position left him with a good deal of spare time on his hands, which others thought he must find hard to dispose of. They did not know that he wrote verses, very exquisite some of them, in those odd hours, and dreamed, perhaps, of fame.

But Professor Masque was a French gentleman—Miss Mildred Chaddock's music-tutor—and, upon the whole, mysterious. Those who should know—Jenkins, the butler, and Jane Grice, the pretty chambermaid—said the professor was in reality an ecclesiastic; else why that little oratory in his chamber, with its fresh flowers from the conservatory every day, and the candles, and so on—and why those crucifixes and sacred paintings? And among that little pile of books on the professor's table, were there not a breviary and a missal? But just now, be these suspicions as they might, correct or otherwise, this tall and dark gentleman, with his snuff and his music-sheets, was nothing more than Miss Mildred's tutor. Under his direction since the last six months she had made very great progress; and correspondingly delighted was her father, that haughty and cynical feudal-type baron, Mr. Maxwell Chaddock, the proprietor of these beautiful lands and majestic buildings that had so long been known, from some forgotten legend, as Ashley's Hope. Now, as the professor stood thus, with that rather jocular smirk on his dark features, Harold Sildyke eyed him with no little wonder.

"Come, Mr. Sildyke, I really do wish to speak to you."

The secretary followed his conductor curiously along the corridor until they came to a chamber on the left, just by the great clock that stood at the head of the back stairs. They entered this apartment, which was the musician's sleeping-room, study and chapel. In the corner by the window facing westward stood a desk, beneath a small bookcase, and by it an armchair. There was a bedstead in the other corner, and against the wall, midway between windows and door, was erected that pretty altar so mysteriously discoursed about among the servants.

Professor Masque politely tendered his visitor a seat, and then took one himself.

"You smoke, Mr. Sildyke—no? Well, you have no objection to the odor of tobacco," said he, lighting a pipe, and filling the air with the powerful vapor. "Now, why is it that you and I, living together in the same house, following very nearly the same pursuits, and with such sympathetic tastes, have never known each other better? Two little sticks in a bowl of water will be attracted together; but hitherto not you and I, eh?"

Harold smiled.

"I supposed you were absorbed in your own affairs, professor, and did not wish to be intruded upon."

"You think my music occupies my thoughts entirely, then? No; I have leisure to observe a great many things besides, Mr. Sildyke. Perched upon my bough, and very little noticed myself, I yet have a keen eye to survey the country round. For example, I have detected since the last few days that you are troubled with some secret anxiety or grief."

The younger man flushed a little, and the smile vanished. His companion smoked for some minutes in silence; then, in his low, metallic tones, he said:

"You go twice a day to the post-office. Yesterday afternoon you received a letter containing bad news. The handwriting was an old lady's. Some calamity hangs over her and you, and in a day or two more the blow will have fallen. Am I right? I think so."

Harold glanced at him in considerable surprise.

"You threw away the envelope, and I saw no reason why I should not pick it up," pursued the other. "The penmanship was very tremulous and crooked, and the little red seal was indented with the head of a thimble. The envelope was yellow—a *young* lady would have used a white one. The address was simply, 'Harold Sildyke'; any one but a near relative would have remembered to add the title of courtesy. In a word, I suspect the letter was from your mother."

"You have conjectured correctly," said Harold; but was not, he thought, all this a little impertinent?

"You went to the post-office again to-day, and received another letter, confirming the bad news of the first, eh? Do not misunderstand an old man who takes an interest in you, Mr. Sildyke. I should like to be of service to you, if possible. Come, be frank."

"There is nothing to conceal," said the secretary, with some faint *hauteur*. "My mother and sister live at A——, on a little farm that has been in our family for years. For some time it has paid nothing, and has groaned under a mortgage, the interest upon which is now due. We can't pay it. The gentleman who holds this instrument has long coveted our little place, and I fear, sir"—his voice trembled somewhat—"it must go."

"And your mother and sister?" asked the professor, having listened, as the old writers say, "most intentively."

"They will be thrown upon the world. I have already overdrawn my salary here, and cannot help them. Now, Professor Masque, you understand the reason of my dejection and reserve. You may have known grief, but never the heartache that I suffer night and day."

The professor put down his pipe and stretched out a brown, slim hand.

"A treaty, my young friend," he said, as Harold took it. "I will save your mother and sister, your farm, everything; but you must do me a service in return."

"Anything in my power, sir; but——"

"You doubt if I have the means, eh? *Nous verrons*, all in good time; but meanwhile let us come to an understanding. First of all, you are a good hand at the oar, and know your way, by day or night, across the Stannard Pool."

"Every inch of it. I row there often enough."

"But the eddy is very dangerous. Could you, do you think, cross to the opposite shore in the dark?"

"I should not be afraid to attempt it."

"Even if the water were rough?"

"Even in that case."

"The service I should demand of you as the price of my assistance in releasing your mother and sister from the calamity which threatens them, is one requiring caution, skill, secrecy and good faith."

"I could exercise all of these; but, pardon me, I really do not see——"

"Patience!" said the music-tutor. "Within a day or two a gentleman returns to this neighborhood, as you are aware, from his travels abroad. He is the proprietor of that magnificent mansion whose roof we see from my window rising above the tops of the highest trees that surround it. He is a larger landowner than even Mr. Chaddock himself. Are you aware that the return of this gentleman is contemplated by one person in this house with something of the same dread which animates you when you think of the approach of that period which will drive your mother and sister into the pitiless world, beggars?" Harold Sildyke seemed embarrassed.

"I have no right to notice such things; but, sir, you force me to say that I believe Miss Mildred Chaddock is very unhappy for the reason you state."

"Because she is betrothed to this gentleman who is coming back—this Mr. Rokeshaw—and—well, let us be plain—has learned since his absence to love some one else."

The secretary was silent. He knew that beautiful Mildred Chaddock was just now suffering with a secret dejection, and he was also aware that she had been in the habit, for many months, of clandestinely meeting a very handsome young man in the Ashley Oaks—that grand clump of timber about a mile beyond, and just a little this side of the famous Stannard Pool.

But all this was neither the professor's business nor Harold Sildyke's, and the secretary felt a natural repugnance to discussing it.

"I will make my proposition to you, Mr. Sildyke," said the professor. "You may accept or reject it, as you please. But, before you learn what it is, I must have your word of honor (which I will take as willingly as your oath) that not one word of what I say shall ever be revealed until you have my permission to open your lips."

There was a pause.

"Think well, my friend," continued the musician, in his deep, stern voice. "Choose so that you may not regret."

"I am willing to hear your proposition," said Harold, after reflection. "I give you my word of honor that your confidence shall be kept."

It was then that the young man heard the other's secret, spoken in low whispers and with great emphasis. He listened with increasing surprise until the end. He rose.

"I must decline," he answered, blankly.

"Very well," replied Professor Masque, without either disappointment or anger, but calmly refilling his pipe; "but you had better take a little further time for reflection—say, until to-morrow morning. Sleep on it, Mr. Sildyke."

"I do not believe I shall change my mind," replied Harold; "but to-morrow be it. You shall then have my final decision."

"Good! Only take care to remember that if you owe Mr. Chaddock something as your employer, you owe your mother more, as her son—your sister more, as her only brother. Duty, as well as charity, begins at home."

Painfully agitated by this reminder, sudden as it was full of truth, Harold Sildyke left the room.

Passing along the corridor in the direction of his own room, he saw some one approaching from the picture-gallery, which was in the same neighborhood. It was Miss Mildred Chaddock. In her hand she held a lamp, whose light, reflected upon her lovely face, enabled the secretary to perceive that she had been shedding tears. He would have passed with a simple inclination of the head, but she detained him.

"How very unhappy you have looked since the last few days, Mr. Sildyke!" she said, with some compassion. "I hope you have no deep grief?"

"We all have our little sorrows, Miss Chaddock," he replied. "I must share the general lot, you know."

WILLIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Yes," she sighed, thoughtfully; "but some have greater trials than others. *I* am not exempt, and—I don't know—but women feel suffering more than men, I think," she continued, in her melancholy reverie, placing her finger on his arm and looking down. "It is so hard to have no

QUITE IN THE DARK.—"HE WOULD HAVE PASSED WITH A SIMPLE INCLINATION OF THE HEAD, BUT SHE DETAINED HIM. 'HOW VERY UNHAPPY YOU HAVE LOOKED SINCE THE LAST FEW DAYS, MR. SILDYKE,' SHE SAID, WITH SOME COMPASSION."—SEE PAGE 590.

one to whom you can tell your troubles—is it not? If I had a brother, how I should love and trust him!"

Her words touched him; he thought of his own sister. Did not *she* love and trust him?

"But," said Miss Mildred, suddenly recollecting herself, and smiling ever so beautifully, "I am cruel to talk in this moping fashion to you—I am sure you think so, Mr. Sildyke. And have you a sister?"

"Yes, Miss Chaddock."

"Be a good brother, then," she said, still smiling, and gently tapping his arm; "and guard her happiness."

The young lady then went on her way.

The secretary followed to his room, but abruptly turned back as soon as he had entered it.

"My duty belongs to my mother and sister," he said.

A few minutes afterward he was again standing in the presence of Professor Masque.

"You accept my terms?" said that old gentleman.

"Yes."

"I had no doubt that you would from the beginning. And now, if you will sit down, we may arrange our little business without further delay."

Harold took a chair, and his companion, resuming his low, quiet tone, unfolded his plans; and thus they sat, the one discoursing and the other listening, sometimes asking a question or two, far into the night.

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## Chapter II.

Next day, Mr. Rokeshaw, having duly arrived, paid his respects at Ashley's Hope. He made his appearance about noon, attended by his foreign servant; and Harold Sildyke had his first glimpse of them both as he came up the avenue on his return from the village, whither he had been on business for himself since breakfast.

Mr. Rokeshaw was a rather tall, stout, blonde gentleman, of something over thirty. His appearance was unquestionably *distingué;* but was there not besides in his bearing a sort of *hauteur* and arrogance, as if he were at no moment forgetful of his wealth and position? This, at any rate, Harold fancied.

The servant was a sleek, deferential gentleman in black—rather foreign in appearance—slim and glossy. He might have been taken for an aristocratic undertaker, he spoke so low, and with so many inclinations of the body.

Harold Sildyke had that morning written a letter to his mother. Its tone was rather more hopeful; but he was careful to say: "Do not attach too much importance to these seeming good prospects. I can help you at a great cost, and last night I accepted the sacrifice; but to-day I am again undecided. There is still time to recall my decision. Could I see any means of obtaining the money we so much need other than those held out to me—even if the alternative were robbery itself—I believe I should be tempted to choose the latter as the less unworthy."

For a long time he pondered over these sentences, but at last resolved to let them stand. Then, having posted his letter, he returned to the Hope in the expectation of seeing Professor Masque again.

But the professor had been up and away long before his own time of rising. He had not returned when the bell rang for luncheon, and Harold attended that rather formal refection in a somewhat gloomy mood.

Maxwell Chaddock, being fond of good living, but rather dyspeptic, was forbidden to eat his dinner after three in the afternoon, and for this reason luncheon at the Hope was a decidedly substantial meal.

Harold was a trifle late, and upon entering found everybody seated. This day there were, probably in honor of Mr. Rokeshaw, some guests—Rev. Dr. Credence, who wrote those able articles on Ritualism which Mr. Chaddock so much admired, now of this parish; old Captain Disney and his son, and the two Misses Spatterdash. Mr. Rokeshaw, who was of course present, was seated next to Miss Mildred. Altogether, it was actually a dinner-party, except in name.

It was not long before there was abundant evidence that Mr. Rokeshaw had anything but a poor opinion of himself. Harold thought him egotistical, vain and supercilious. He talked a great deal; but it was always upon that subject about which, as Byron has said, every man is fluent and few agreeable—himself.

Mildred was cold and silent, and her father, for this reason perhaps, just a little vexed. Once or twice he attempted to interest her in the discussions going forward by asking her opinions—always with a meaning smile playing about his mouth; but Miss Julia Spatterdash was rather surprised to note at the same time a fierce stare of anger flashing from her dark eyes.

Mr. Rokeshaw spoke of his travels, calling now and then for confirmation of dates and such things, when his memory slipped, upon his servant Skettles, who waited; and always upon these occasions he repaid Mr. Skettles's service with public eulogy.

"Skettles knows," he would say, over his shoulder; and then, having received the lift into his stirrup once more, he would go on: "Astonishing what a memory Skettles has! Where do you think I picked him up? In a London opium-den! He was a different-looking fellow then, I can assure you." Skettles's face wrinkled into a curious smile, showing his long, thin teeth, like the fangs of a rat. "He told me his story—very sad—poverty and prisons—liquor and laudanum, and all that—and I became interested. I took him into my service, by way of experiment. He said he was lost beyond redemption. I doubted it. With a little management, see the change I made!"

But only a single incident occurred during this luncheon that might have been thought a little awkward. Harold had sat perfectly still, resigned under Mr. Rokeshaw's fatiguing egotism, until, in the course of his conversation, he came to speak of pictures. There is a picture in the hall at Ashley's Hope, unless it has been taken away in the last few years, called "The Last Day of the Condemned Man"—a very well-known work by a Hungarian. Mr. Chaddock was proud of it, and spoke highly; but his guest, who affected to be a connoisseur, condemned the painting. He pointed out faults; Mr. Chaddock denied them.

The situation was unpleasant—everybody quiet except Mildred, who was flushed and vexed. Very impulsively the secretary entered the list, and spoke with effect and truth, silencing the critic easily. Mr. Rokeshaw was mortified and enraged, but Mildred's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The interval was short, but to Harold Sildyke delightful in many respects. It was one of those moments so rarely met with, which replace things in their natural order, and revenge the depressed for the injuries of fortune.

He did not know he had made an enemy, nor think of the consequences. The matter for the time dropped, Professor Masque entering upon the last word, almost as if it were his cue.

He was immediately rather boisterously pressed by the young ladies—except Mildred—to give an account of himself.

"Ah," he sighed, "I have had a long ride, and it ended sadly, for just as I entered the forest, I met some laborers carrying a poor man on a litter who had been hurt on the railway above."

"The train ran off, of course?" said Mr. Rokeshaw. "I suppose they never will repair the track, and it is not a comfortable reflection, for I am to take a little journey to-night."

"To-night?" said Professor Masque, starting somewhat.

"Yes; on important business, too. I shall have a lot of money with me, and, as I am intending to walk to the station, a highwayman would have a good opportunity, if he were to lie in wait on the road."

"There really *is* danger, sir," said the professor, earnestly, "if you let it be known that you mean to carry money on your person."

Mr. Rokeshaw smiled with a superior air.

"I shall take the risk, in order to have the night journey, which I prefer to day traveling. The train stops at 10:20, I think—too early for a highwayman."

And so, after much more desultory conversation, luncheon ended. The professor sought his opportunity, and took Harold with him out into the grounds, and there, in the pretty rose-garden, they talked long together.

Harold presently was left to his reflections. He seemed thoughtful, disturbed, suffering some mental anguish. From his reverie he was roused by the abrupt appearance of Mr. Rokeshaw.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," said that gentleman, in a very odd tone, as he advanced. "I wish some explanation of your conduct at luncheon."

"I don't understand you!" said Harold, amazed.

"I was not addressing you when I criticised Mr. Chaddock's picture, and your interruption was impertinent—perhaps meant to be so. At any rate, you must apologize!"

Harold burst out laughing.

"You cannot be serious, Mr. Rokeshaw!"

"I shall prove that to your satisfaction, I hope. You designed to make me ridiculous before Miss Chaddock. For that I must have an apology."

"You are quite mistaken if you think what you profess to think, sir," said the secretary, quietly. "I see no reason why I should apologize for a fault I have never committed."

The next instant Mr. Rokeshaw struck him. A very ungentlemanly fracas might have ensued, had not a third figure now come between. Professor Masque suddenly appeared.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he said.

Mr. Rokeshaw waved his hand with a theatrical air, and slowly sauntered off.

Soon afterward Harold Sildyke went to his room. He did not appear at dinner.

Mr. Rokeshaw left the Hope before five o'clock. Professor Masque, at seven, was heard in the music-room, playing on the organ; Mildred was there also, listening to the glorious melody evoked by his wondrous touch. When darkness had fallen, all that vast mansion was silent.

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## Chapter III.

At daybreak on the following morning some laborers, on their way to work, found Mr. Rokeshaw in the forest which has been described as on this side of Stannard Pool, and he lay bleeding and nearly senseless.

They brought him at once to the Hope, where his arrival in this condition created great surprise and consternation. Maxwell Chaddock sent off immediately for medical aid; but Professor Masque, who presently appeared in the library where Rokeshaw was lying, saw that matters were very serious indeed. His fears were not relieved when he examined Mr. Rokeshaw's wounds—one in the arm, very trifling, and one in the breast, deep, gaping and highly dangerous.

"How did this happen?" he asked, scrutinizing sharply.

"Last night, between nine and ten, I was on my way through the wood to the railway station. I met a man, but he passed me hurriedly, without speaking. Five minutes afterward, the very same man, as I believe, who had been following me without my knowledge, stepped from behind a tree and stabbed me twice. Between the first blow, which drove the knife into my arm, and the second, I had sufficient opportunity to draw and fire my revolver. The bullet struck my enemy's hand, for he nearly dropped his knife, but immediately recovered, and delivered a second blow, which sent the dagger, or whatever it was, into my breast, as you see."

The room was full of people—laborers, servants, and one or two stragglers from the village, who, passing the Hope, and hearing the news, had come in—and now a murmur went round, partly sympathetic, partly expressive of amazement; for attempted murders were rare hereabouts.

Professor Masque, who had been leaning over, stood erect.

"You say the very same man who passed you without speaking was the one, as you believe, who afterward stabbed you. Why are you not certain?"

"Because the second time he had a crape mask over his face," replied Mr. Rokeshaw, speaking, as before, with great pain and difficulty. "But his height and figure betrayed him."

"Was his object robbery?"

"I had money about me; but I am uncertain. At all events, he seemed to imagine he heard footsteps approaching, for he ran off without completing his work; and that is the last I remember, for I lost consciousness."

"Did you know the man you met the first time?" asked Mr. Chaddock.

"Yes," said Rokeshaw.

"Who was it?"

There was a pause. The crowd listened attentively for the reply.

The wounded man seemed to consider. At that instant the door opened, and Harold Sildyke appeared.

"There is the man," said Rokeshaw.

Of course all eyes were turned instantly upon the secretary. He met the general gaze calmly.

Mr. Chaddock was the next to speak.

"Where were you between nine and ten o'clock last night, Mr. Sildyke?"

The young man colored deeply.

"I was in the forest," he said, after a little reflection. "I passed the gentleman who is lying on the sofa. He has mentioned the fact, I presume."

"Yes," said Mr. Chaddock, sternly; "and he accuses you of having attempted his assassination."

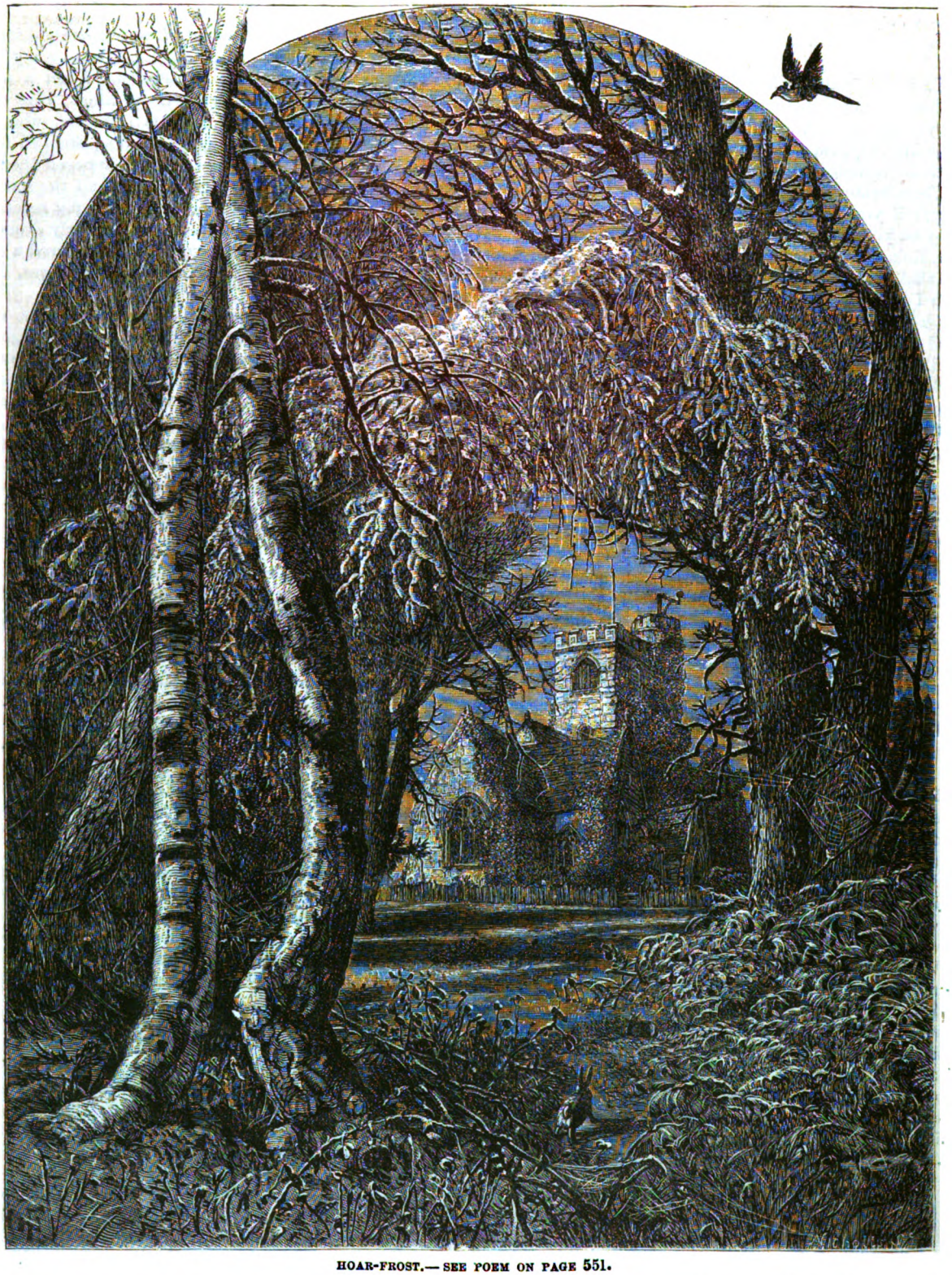
Harold now turned deadly pale.

"There is not a word of truth in that," he answered. "I merely passed him without speaking. We had had a difficulty during the day—a gross insult had been put upon me—and for that reason I did not recognize him as we met."

"What were you doing in the forest at that hour of the night, Mr. Sildyke?" asked Mr. Chaddock.

"I cannot tell."

"But you must be aware that people will suppose, from the very serious evidence already apparent, that you were there lying in wait for Mr. Rokeshaw. You knew he would come that way, for he had mentioned his intention to do so at luncheon."



HOAR-FROST.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 551.

"I was there on business I cannot reveal," said the secretary. "I was not going toward the railway station, but toward the Stannard Pool."

"The Stannard Pool! This is absurd, Mr. Sildyke. No one would cross that water at night; besides, it is ridiculous to suppose that you could have any business on the other side, for no one lives there but old Mrs. Mervyn, and, I believe, sometimes her son."

"Nevertheless, I crossed the pool last night," said Mr. Sildyke.

The physician who had been sent for now appeared, followed by the village magistrate and several other persons, including the postmaster. The medical gentleman looked grave, indeed, the instant he glanced at Mr. Rokeshaw's hurts. He ordered claret and other things at once, and turned the crowd out of the room. They trans-

ferred themselves to Mr. Chaddock's study, where the examination of the secretary proceeded.

"You crossed the pool, then?" said Mr. Chaddock, after repeating what had gone before to the magistrate.

"Yes," said Harold; "and my boat was upset in the eddy. I had great trouble in righting it. See how my hand is wounded."

He displayed his right hand. A fresh wound was visible in the palm. At this sight there was a general buzz of comment.

At length the master of Ashley's Hope, with a short, incredulous laugh, said:

"Mr. Sildyke, you have supplied almost the only further evidence needed of your identity with Mr. Rokeshaw's assailant, whom he shot in the right hand."

"The circumstances are against me," replied Harold, "because there is one person in this room who will not speak to save me, though one word from him would clear up all. Perhaps he may think fit to do so in time. In the meanwhile I am deemed guilty of a crime than which there is none blacker—attempted assassination out of revenge."

Dr. Maldon appeared at the door, much flurried. "I must return to the village, Mr. Chaddock," he said, "for some things I need. Mr. Rokeshaw's case is extremely serious—I scarcely dare say *how* serious. I have sent for his servant Skettles, who will be the best nurse. In undressing him we made an important discovery—he was robbed last night, as well as stabbed."

"Robbed!"

"Yes—of quite a large sum in bank-notes; so, after he became unconscious his assailant must have returned and completed his design."

The postmaster, a small, meddling sort of person, who had watched everything so far with great interest, now suddenly glanced at Harold Sildyke and exclaimed:

"How odd!"

"What is it?" demanded the magistrate.

"Mr. Sildyke sent a large sum of money in notes, by registered letter, to his mother this very morning," said the postmaster, with rather an evil smile.

"So I did," answered Harold.

"Where did you obtain this money, Mr. Sildyke?"

"Again I must decline to answer."

"Then," said the magistrate, "my only course is to take you into custody."

Harold Sildyke glanced appealingly at Professor Masque, but that odd gentleman's face wore a blank, inscrutable expression far from consoling.

* * *

It soon appeared that Mr. Rokeshaw had but little longer to live. Skettles, in customary suit of solemn black, even with a pair of inky gloves on, hovered around the dying man's couch, uncomfortably like a monstrous crow. Doctor Maldon was also there, and Professor Masque.

Harold Sildyke had not yet been taken away; the magistrate had thought best to have the dying man's last deposition, and preparations for this solemn business were now actively going forward.

But now a single circumstance intervened. Mr. Rokeshaw knew his own condition; he was rich, childless, and deeply admired Mildred Chaddock. He called her father to him and made a strange suggestion—the suggestion of a marriage to this young lady.

Nothing could have pleased the master of Ashley's Hope more. A union between these two had long been a familiar idea with Mildred, though, as we know, no formal betrothal had ever taken place.

TWO TOO MANY.—"'MY HAR WA'N'T A-GOIN' TO HANG IN NO INJUN'S LODGE; SO I THROWED UP MY RIFLE, TOOK AIM AT THE RED NIGGER, AN' BLAZED AWAY.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

When she entered the room the witnesses were already present—those who must be present at the wedding ceremony as well as at the taking of the deposition afterward. She had learned her father's purpose; a beautiful color burned in her cheeks, and there was a singular light in her lovely eyes.

She glanced at Harold Sildyke but once—in that instant the whole firmament seemed to light up.

"There can be no marriage between you and me, Mr. Rokeshaw," said Miss Chaddock, "for I am already a married woman."

There was a general movement of surprise, except on the part of Professor Masque, who took snuff.

"I was married last night to Arthur Mervyn; he is in the house at this moment."

Harold Sildyke looked radiant, indeed. The young lady continued, never flinching beneath her father's horrified and fiendish glare:

"I had long loved Mr. Mervyn, and had met him clandestinely. With the return here of Mr. Rokeshaw, I knew the fate I must look for, and I resolved to avoid it at any risk. I confided my trouble to my music-tutor, Professor Masque. By heaven's good-will, he was enabled to aid me. He announced to me that he was a regularly ordained priest—member of an Italian Order that had been dissolved by circumstances, himself exiled and driven here to seek his living as best he could. My husband could not cross the Stannard Pool at night; but last night he was rowed across by Mr. Harold Sildyke and brought here, where he still remains. The marriage was performed before the altar in Father Masque's room, Mr. Sildyke the witness. If you doubt my words, behold my husband."

She opened the door. Mr. Mervyn, a very handsome gentleman, entered.

The tableau was perfect!

"It is not true!" cried Mr. Chaddock, almost beside himself. "It is all false from beginning to end!"

He screeched a horrid curse at his daughter, and fell writhing into a chair.

Professor Masque now came forward.

"I felt, for many reasons," said he, "that I was only doing my duty. My conduct, as well as Mr. Sildyke's, may seem to have been treacherous to my employer; but there was a higher claim upon me. The end justifies the means. Mr. Sildyke is morally blameless. I exerted an influence over him which he found impossible to resist—yet a perfectly legitimate influence, in which there was nothing the least discreditable to any one."

"You forget the attempted murder," sneered Mr. Rokeshaw. "That was but a minor incident."

"Mr. Sildyke has but one really suspicious circumstance against him in connection with that affair," pursued the music-tutor, without the least emotion. "I mean the money which he sent away this morning; but that money was furnished by me."

"Then you will be good enough, I suppose," said the magistrate, in a cool tone of voice, "to inform us who *was* the assassin?"

Professor Masque had been calm, and even sad, as we have said; but now he suddenly reached forth his arm, seized the wrist of Skettles, the servant, and drew off the black glove upon that frightened gentleman's right hand. It was at once evident that Skettles had lost a finger since the day before, which a little raw cotton in the glove but badly supplied, except as to appearances.

Skettles uttered a cry of terror, and rushed from the room.

The magistrate released the prisoner.

# TWO TOO MANY.

## An Old Trapper's Story.

What wur the closest 'scape I iver hed frum the Injuns? Wall, young feller, I reckon thur's so mony on 'em it's mighty hard to purtickilurize, like. Did I iver tell ye 'bout the time I got away frum the Crows, up on the Yallerstun? Didn't? Wall, thet wur clost enuf, I kin tell ye.

'Twur nigh onto thirty years ago thet I wur trappin' round Chimley Rock, all alone by myself. I wur a mighty ventursome lad them days, an' thort nuthin' at all 'bout the risk, 's long 's beaver wur plenty—an' 'pears to me I never see game so thick as 'twur that year.

I'd made myself a camp on a little island in the river, and was hevin' the best of luck—didn't see a Injun or the sign o' one for nigh two months, and got careless, like.

Wall, in visitin' my traps one arternoon, I seen bar signs. Not a grizzly—I knowed too much to go arter one o' them fellers 'ithout a kumrade—no, this wur a thunderin' big black bar, from his tracks, an' I made up my mind to trail him in the mornin'.

I started out soon arter sunup, an' followed the trail till late in the arternoon, an' I lost it in the shingle. 'Twur gittin' late, an' I concluded to go back to camp. As near 's I could jedge, I wur about eight miles from camp, but not more 'n a mile frum the river, fur the trail hed run kinder parallel to it, ye see.

Thur wur a spring clost by whur I left the trail, and I stopped to git a drink afore startin'. I wur jest risin' up frum the water, when I heerd a twig snap; an' lookin' up, I see five durned red niggers a-comin' right to'rd me, and not more'n thirty rod off, either.

I lit out o' that mighty suddint, you can bet, an' in course the minute they seen they wur diskivered they give a yell an' come tearin' arter me. My jints was a blamed sight more suple them days than they be now, and the way I legged it wasn't slow, I reckon. I made fur the river, thinkin' mebbe I cud give 'em the slip an' git across, an' then I knew I cud fool 'em and throw 'em off the trail among the rocks on that side.

When I got down to the river-bank 'twur dark, an' gittin' darker every minute, bein' as thur wur a fog risin' from the water.

I cudn't hear nothin' of the Injuns, an' I begun to think mebbe they'd lost the trail. I hed a notion that they mought hev a canoe *cachéd* thur, so I kimmenced lookin' fur it. All to onct I heerd the niggers comin' down the bank. They'd struck the river a little above me.

I wur badly skeered, I tell ye, fur thur wur no place to hide, an' I knowed well enough 'twan't no use strikin' back into the timmer.

"I'm a gone case," thinks I—"wiped out, sure!" when jest as I come to thet conclusion I spied a thunderin' big log, or rather, a hull tree, thet had been brought down by the Spring floods, an' jist lodged by one eend on the bank, t'other eend reachin' out into the stream.

Wall, I wa'n't long in gittin' out to the far eend of the log, which wur partly under water, but afloat. I straddled the log, with my legs in the water, and held my rifle acrost it, in front of me, and then bowed myself down and hugged the bark like a 'possum.

Jist as I got settled, and wur a-thinkin' what a durned nice thing it 'ud be if the stick 'ud only float off, down come the redskins to the edge of the bank, and stood thar, within fifty feet of me, a-peerin' round, kinder puzzled like, as if they wur wonderin' whar on airth I'd got to.

Wall, thinks I, if they diskiver me now they'll lift my hair, to a sartinty. They spoke to one another; but I

couldn't make out what they wur sayin', though I knowed thur lingo tollable well. D'reckly one on 'em spoke a little louder, and my ears wur sharp enough to catch the words. He 'peared to be the head buck of the party, and said to t'other niggers:

"Whar is the canoe? It must be close by; step on the log and find it."

One of 'em handed his gun to the next one, and, steppin' on to the log, began to walk to'rd me. P'r'aps I didn't hug bark and hold my breath as he stooped down a'most over me, and kimmenced feelin' fur the canoe.

He didn't 'pear to find it quick enough to suit the fellers on the bank, and another of 'em jumped onto the log to help him. The jar set the durned thing afloat, an' splash it cum right into the river, chuckin' the two red niggers into the water. 'Twa'n't no time fur laughin', but I wur fit to bust when I seed how the old log throwed 'em cawallup into the water.

Hows'ever, they mighty quick got hold of the log again, and, in a minute more, thur wur three of us sittin' straddle of it, and a-floatin' down-stream with a right smart current.

Thet wur a durned purty purdickerment, wurn't it, young feller, floatin' down the Yallerstun straddle of a log, 'long with two pison-sarpents of Injuns?

The fellers on shore, when they fust seed the fix we were in, set up a laugh, 's if they thort it wur a mighty good joke; but 'twarn't no laughin' matter—leastways, to me—and my *shipmates* 'peared to be of the same 'pinion. They called to thur kumrades on the bank to hurry up and git the canoe and take 'em off.

Meanwhile we had floated two or three hundred yards down-stream, an' I wur a-sittin' straddle o' the small eend, jist as quiet as a deer listenin' fur the hounds, an' wonderin' how I wur goin' to get out of the scrape.

All to onct, one of the Injuns, in tryin' to shift his position on the log, rolled the thing part way over, and come durned near spillin' me inter the water. In tryin' to save myself, I must 'a made considerable noise, fur, when I got fixed again, I cud hear 'em mutterin' to each other, an' seed thet they knowed thur wur somebody or sumthing onto the log beside themselves.

How the Injuns looked I cudn't tell, fur it wur so dark I cudn't see thur faces, but they must hev been wuss skeered than I was, fur *I* knowed who *they* wur, but *they* didn't know who *I* wur.

They kept on jabberin' to each other, and at first I thort mebbe they wur goin' to quit the float and streak it, but d'reckly they stopped talkin' and began peepin' to'rd whar I wur *cachéd*, like a couple of cock-turkeys lookin' fur worms.

Then one of 'em said, "Don't you see something?" "Yes," answered the other, "dark lump—bear, perhaps." And the first speaker calls out, "Who's there?"

I hed nothin' to say, an' I growed small so fast, tryin' to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as a Mackinaw blanket on a lodge-pole. They kept peepin' at me, an' finally I heerd one say, "It's no bar—it's a man. Look at his head!"

Jist about then I wur so mad at myself fur gittin' into such a durned fix, that I wished my head wur under the log, or anywhere else 'cept on my shoulders; but I sot up straight, fur I knew they'd seen me, and I thort it wa'n't no use to play 'possum no longer.

Wall, when I straightened up, the Injun nearest me calls out again, "Who's thar?" "*I* am here," says I, speakin' in thur own language. The minute I opened my meat-trap he laughed an' says to the other nigger, "He's a paleface." The reesin he knowed thet so quick wur bekase I cudn't speak thur durned jaw-breakin' lingo 'zactly right. Then he turned to'rd me agin an' said, "What are you doin' there?" "Sittin' down straddle of the small eend," says I. Then they both gave an unearthly war-whoop.

I tell you, young feller, it made me feel skeery, fur it did seem as if I wur scooped sure. Then they told the other redskins on shore to get the canoe an' be quick. The others answered 'em, an' ran down the shore, laughing an tryin' to find the canoe. I kinder made up my mind thet something had got to be done mighty quick, an' my dander begun to rise. "Come here," says one of the Injuns on the log, beckonin' to me—"come quick, before the others come. I want your scalp."

Wall, when he said thet, I cudn't stand it no longer. My har wa'n't a-goin' to hang in no Injun's lodge—not ef I cud help it; so I throwed up my rifle, took aim at the red nigger, an' blazed away. He give a yell, jumped up like a buck, an' fell splash in the water. As soon as I fired, the Injuns on the bank screamed out the war-whoop, and the other redskin on the log yelled out to 'em to come quick and bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled to him; he gathered himself up and stood his ground. The fust thing I knowed, he cum down on me all of a heap, breakin' an old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders—lucky fur me the limb wur rotten. His blow staggered me for a minute, but I soon rekivered myself, and, catching my rifle with both hands, I give him a side-wipe with the bar'l that knocked him off inter the water. As he cum up, I grabbed him by the har, an' as he tried to git up on the log, I jest held him under water.

Bein' on the log an' he in the river, I ruther had him in a fix, and I jest kept bobbin' his head under. At first the bubbles cum up like I wur fillin' a bottle with water. You know when a bottle is full it won't bubble; then I jedged he war full of water, so I let him go, an' he went down to the bottom, an' I didn't see no more of *him*.

I was jest tryin' to load my rifle when I heerd the Injuns push off their canoe, and the splashin' of the water as they paddled to'rd me. 'Twur too late to load, an' I knowed I cudn't kill more'n one of 'em anyway. An idee kim inter my noddle that mayhap I mought fool 'em agin, so I shoved my rifle under the log and made it fast with a piece of a lariat I had fur a sling. Then I chucked away my coonskin cap, and crawlin' clean to the eend of the log, eased myself off inter the water, leavin' nothin' outer water 'cept my head. Thar wur a small limb stickin' out from the under side of the log, an' I jest kep' holt of it with both hands and never stirred a muscle.

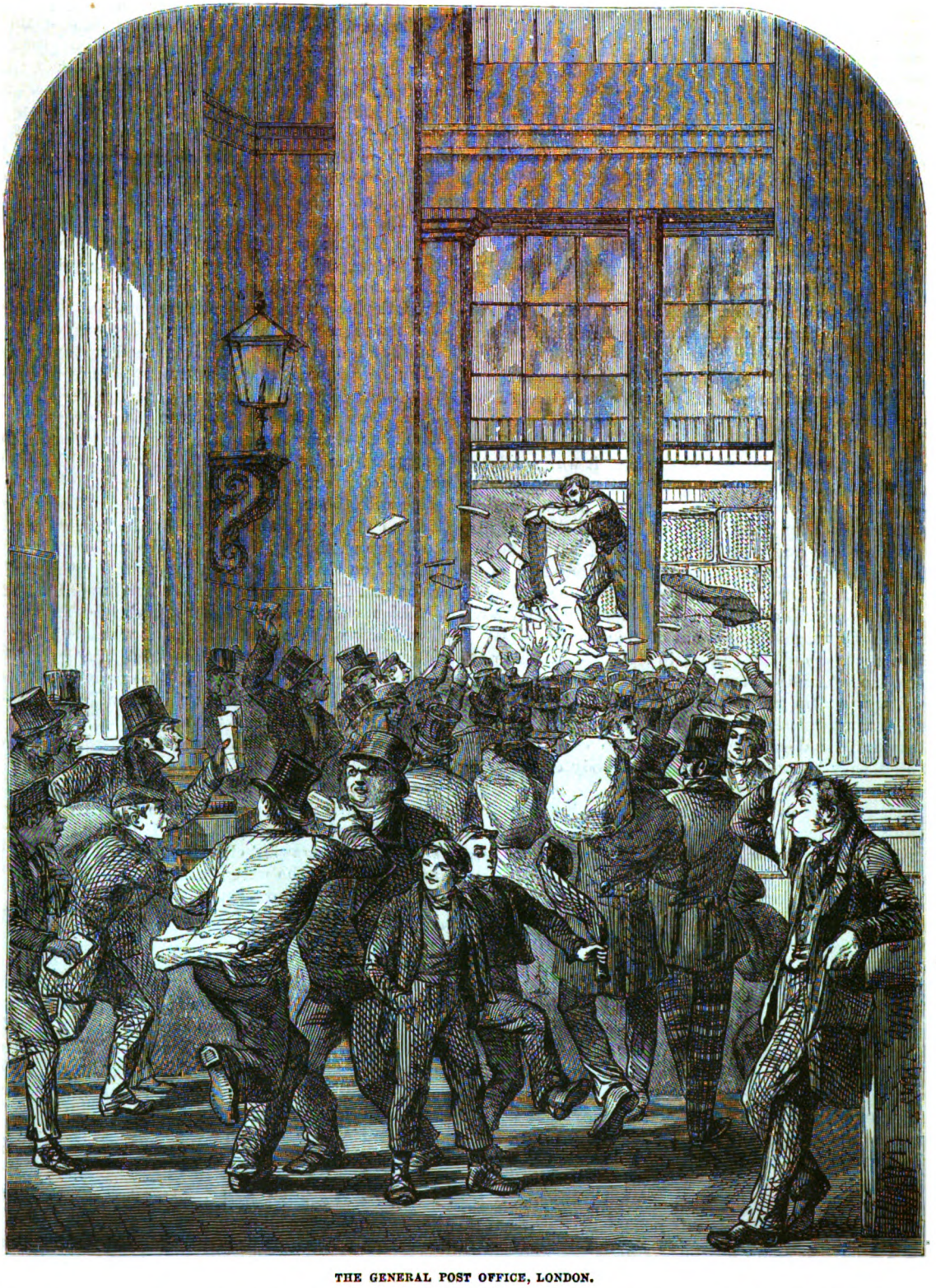
'Twarn't more'n a minit arter I got fixed, 'fore the canoe run aginst the log. The Injuns looked fur their kumrades, and called 'em by name; but they didn't find 'em, not very much. Then one on 'em got on the log and crawled to'rd the eend whur I wur *cachéd*. Soon's he got near me, I sunk altogether an' held my breath. Bein' the small eend of the log, it began to sink, an' the redskin crawled back agin faster'n he came.

I heerd 'em jabberin' to one another, an' one says, "They must have killed him," and another said, "They are all gone."

They wur a good deal puzzled, an' pretty mad, too, I reckon, but 'twur no use—they cudn't make nothin' of it, so arter a while they paddled back to the shore, an' I cud hear 'em movin' up an' down the bank an' callin' to each other, like they wur lookin' fur their kumrades. I cud 'a 'told 'em whar to look fur the durned niggers, but 'twurn't none o' my funeral, so I crawled up onto the log agin an' floated away quite comfortable like.

A little arter sun up the currint kerried the log on a pint

stickin' out inter the river, jest whar the Big Horn empties inter it. Thar I landed, mighty stiff and cramped, I kin tell ye, but hevin' my skelp all right. an' two more



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

nicks fur to ornament the stock of the old shootin'-iron. I concluded I hedn't no more bizness in that air kentry jest then, so I jest legged it fur Fort Bertholet, 'an got in 'ar in about ten days, safe an' sound. 'Bout two months later, I went back up the Yallerstun with "Long Bill"—you know him, young feller? He wur a young trapper them days, an' we found my traps and peltries jest where I'd *cachéd* 'em, so, ye see, I didn't lose much by the operation. An' now ye've heerd the yarn out, I reckon we'd better turn in, if we 'spect to git arter them buffler termorrer!

## SIR ROWLAND HILL, INVENTOR OF PENNY POSTAGE.

Who that owns young relatives or friends, whether school boys or girls, has not been asked for postage stamps—not new ones, but old ones to stick in an album? "Can you get me a black penny? Do you know anybody who has a red three-cornered Cape of Good Hope?" These are questions which the friend of juvenile stamp-collectors has to answer whenever he has been coaxed into promising that he will do his best to supply an album. The taste for stamp-collecting, however, is one which grown-up people should encourage, for it greatly helps to educate boys and girls into a knowledge of contemporary history and geography.

The name and birthland of the first collector of stamps are not known. All one can tell for certain is that in 1861—that is the exact date—the passion for stamp-collecting spread of a sudden everywhere. In those days the divers stamps that could be obtained did not exceed 500; nowadays an album, to be complete, would have to contain about 3,200 different sorts. In 1861, Turkey, Egypt, China, Japan, Greece, Persia, Roumania, Servia, with several other countries and colonial dependencies, had no stamps; on the other hand, Hanover, Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Hesse-Cassel and the Pontifical States were independent, and issued stamps, which have now become scarce. The gray stamps of the Dutch Province of Limburg used originally to be the rarest, because there had been but a small issue of them, and Limburg itself was a small place; but, somehow, there is no great difficulty in obtaining them now. Russians, again, were not easy to procure, because the ill-paid postal authorities in the Czar's service had got into the habit of removing the stamps from letters sent abroad. The Russian stamps do not bear the Czar's head, but the double spread eagle in a 'scutcheon—light blue on a buff ground, green on red, or yellow on black. These make pretty stamps, but they are no longer scarce, because they belong to the category of what collectors call "unchangeables"—that is, stamps whose patterns have never been altered, nor are likely to be. The "changing" stamps are those which bear the head of the ruler in countries where the government is not very stable. Spain has had a fine diversity of stamps during the last twelve years—those of Isabella, the republic (two patterns), the commune of Carthagena, Amadeo, Don Carlos, and, lastly, of Alfonso. The last three kinds are very finely executed reproductions of photographs, and form a part of a category which are more picturesque generally than the stamps which bear a medallion head, like those of England. The design of the Queen's head on English stamps has not been altered since the first issue was made, but some of the colonies have recently adopted stamps with a photographic likeness of Her Majesty taken since her widowhood. The Emperor of Brazil bravely caused the stamps in his empire to be altered two years ago because the old ones represented him as a young man with a black beard. In the new ones his Majesty has a white beard; but what would happen if he were to shave? Leopold II. of Belgium once remarked, laughingly, that he was condemned to wear his beard for life, if he wished his subjects to get a correct idea of him. For the same reason Leopold I. and Napoleon III. could not have let their face-hair grow. It is said that during Marshal MacMahon's septennate the Duchess of Magenta was very anxious to see her husband's image set on postage stamps, and designs with the Marshal's head were prepared when it had been decided to abolish the stamps bearing the emblematic head of the republic; but the postal commission rejected the MacMahon stamps and chose the present design, which represents two figures of Commerce and Plenty. If the MacMahon stamps have not all been destroyed, they would be as great treasures to a stamp-collector as the one or two "Victoria and Albert" penny stamps which are said to be extant, though they were never officially issued.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

As every collector knows, the rarest English stamps among those actually issued are the black penny, with the obliterating mark in red ink (black was only used later); the postal envelope with the brown octagonal penny embossed; and the postal envelopes with pictorial borders, black for one penny, and blue for twopence. Genuine specimens of this sort must needs be very rare; so that collectors ought to beware of those offered for sale, as there has been a good deal of stamp-forging since it was discovered that amateurs would give several pounds for rarities. It is all the easier to forge stamps for collections, as a sham obliterating mark can always be slurred over the parts where the engraving is defective; experienced collectors, however, should be able to detect false stamps by their bad coloring.

How important the stamp trade had become at one time may be judged from the fact that two or three years ago the Parisian police found it necessary to disperse an assemblage that used to be held daily toward one o'clock outside the Cirque des Champs Elysées, and which was a very bourse of stamp-collectors. Here schoolboys used to meet wily traders who cheated them out of their money; and here, too, a weekly journal was sold, which dealt exclusively with the subject of stamps. This print had a good many subscribers, and was pretty ably written; it contained, among other things, a regular list of quotations of the market value of stamps, and advertisements from persons who had collections to dispose of.

A collection having 3,000 genuine stamps of different sorts is worth at this date over $500; but one purporting to have a specimen of every stamp that was ever issued would command quite a fancy price. It is believed that not more than three or four of this kind are in existence, and one of them belongs to a prince of the Duchy of Taxis, whose family for a long time enjoyed a postal monopoly in Germany.

Sir Rowland Hill is the man who inaugurated cheap postage. With his decease ends one of the most beneficent careers of the century. Mr. Hill was born at Kidderminster in 1795. He came of an honorable family, and his elder brother, Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, attained considerable reputation as a former member of Parliament nearly fifty years ago. Sir Rowland's early life, however, gave no promise that the time would ever come when his brother's reputation would be obscured by his own. After being educated at his father's boarding-school in Birmingham, he became a teacher in the institution, and thus quietly spent seventeen years of his early manhood.

In 1835, for the first time, he became connected with the public service, having been in that year appointed secretary to the commissioners for the colonization of South Australia. By the publication of a book on "Post Office Reform," two years later, he first broached the great reform with which his name will always be associated.

There is an interesting story of the accident by which his mind came to be turned to this subject. The poet Coleridge, in making a tour through the lake district, stopped at a wayside inn, and while he was there the postman came along, bearing a letter for the waiting-maid. She took it, examined it carefully, and then returned it, telling the postman that she could not afford to pay the shilling charged for postage. The poet, finding that the letter was from the girl's brother, insisted upon paying the fee, though the young woman seemed strangely reluctant to have him do so. She explained this singular conduct by showing him that the letter was blank, though it bore on its outside some marks which she had taken pains to note before handing the letter back to the postman. These marks, by a system which the two had arranged, conveyed to her the information that her brother was well, and by this ingenious system of cheating the Government they were able to carry on a system of correspondence without paying anything for postage.

The anecdote really told the whole story of the postal system in Great Britain half a century ago—the rates of postage were so high that but comparatively few of the people could use the mails at all, while all manner of devices were resorted to for the smuggling of news.

Mr. Hill was impressed by the poet's little narrative, and he devoted all his energies to securing a reform. As is always the case with reformers, Mr. Hill met serious opposition. When he proposed his scheme of penny-postage privately to the Postmaster-General, it was contemptuously rejected. But the public soon took up his cause when he published his arguments, based as they were upon convincing statistics, like the fact that the annual revenue of the Post Office had decreased from 1815 to 1835, despite the growth of population and the increase of business; so widespread had become the practice of sending letters through other channels than the mails.

Mr. Hill urged that, if the rate were made a penny a half-ounce, it would not pay to smuggle letters, while correspondence would ultimately increase, so that the greater number of letters at the reduced rate would bring the Government a larger revenue. The public were not slow to see the point, and petitions for the reduction began to pour in upon Parliament.

In January, 1840, the penny post was established, Mr. Hill having received an appointment in the Treasury in order that he might help carry out the new system. The result justified his predictions. Within the year, the number of letters increased more than two-fold, and they yielded over half the revenue which the former exorbitant charges had realized.

But Mr. Hill still met opposition in high quarters, and in 1842 was removed from office; but four years later he was recalled to the public service. This time he obtained his proper place in the Post Office Department, where he served as secretary to the Postmaster-General until 1854, and from the latter date as the chief secretary until his health compelled his retirement from office in 1864, at the age of sixty-nine.

Few reformers live to see their dreams so fully realized as Mr. Hill. In 1838, the last year of the old system of exorbitant charges, the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 76,000,000. In the first year of the new *régime* this number had more than doubled; in 1854 it had grown to 443,000,000, while in 1878 the aggregate reached nearly 1,900,000,000. The effect of the change upon the revenues was as Mr. Hill had predicted. Within ten years the gross receipts had reached the old figures, and since then they have grown steadily and larger.

Neither the Government nor the public failed to reward the national benefactor. Upon his retirement from office he was awarded his full salary of £2,000 a year during the remainder of his life, and the same year Parliament made him a grant of £20,000. As early as 1846 he had received a public testimonial of over £12,000, and subsequently another of about £10,000 was tendered him. In 1860 he was made Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and in 1864 he received the first Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. Two years ago a subscription for a memorial statue was opened, no contribution over £1 being received, and £6,600 was almost immediately received from over 100,000 persons. Only a few months ago the unusual honor of the

freedom of the city of London was conferred upon Sir Rowland, the ceremony taking place at his residence, as his health had already begun to fail.

Altogether his life has been most honorable, and few names among the benefactors of the human race in modern times will stand higher than that of the man who opened the advantages of the mails to the poorest citizen. America, as well as England, owes a heavy debt to Sir Rowland Hill; for, unless he had blazed the way of postal reform in Great Britain, this country must have long continued to suffer under the hardships of postal communication.

Rowland Hill was born in obscurity, and grew up without further distinction than that of having a fine talent for mathematics. When he published his pamphlet in 1837, setting forth the details of his beneficent system, he had never been inside of a post-office. His plan was the result of patient study and scientific deduction, set forth in an unpretending pamphlet, and it rested solely on its merits. The post-office authorities were bitterly opposed to it, on the ground that the revenues would be greatly decreased; but the idea of cheap postage struck the public as a very excellent and practical one, and an agitation on the subject commenced, which ended, after a vigorous debate, in the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, at the close of the year 1838, to give the subject a thorough examination. This committee made an exhaustive report, filling three folio volumes of statistics and calculations and testimony. So overwhelming was the evidence that the cheaper the rate the greater would be the number of letter-writers and newspaper-mailers, that the plan of Rowland Hill was adopted and ordered to be put in operation in 1840.

One of the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee stated "That, in the opinion of this committee, the evidence taken before them abundantly proves that the present high rates of postage are extremely injurious to all classes, both in their individual and social capacity, interfering as they do with their progress in intellectual and moral improvement, and, in some degree, with their physical welfare; also, that these rates, by restricting the transmission of letters of advice, invoices, orders, etc., produce a most serious injury to commerce, and consequently to national prosperity; that by checking communication between persons interested in the same object, or engaged in the same pursuit, they tend greatly to retard the progress of the nation in art and science; that by circumscribing the operations of the different societies instituted for the spread of religion, the advancement of morality and the promotion of charitable objects, they have an injurious effect on the character of the poorer classes, and also interfere in their domestic comforts."

Other objections stated to the high rates were, the limitation of education, the prevention of the transmission of medical advice, and the delay and expense which hindered the correspondence of the legal profession.

Dr. Lardner, when before the committee, said that a "tax on bread was the worst, but postage is a tax on the bread of the mind." Lord Ashburton said, "A tax upon communication by letter must bear heavily upon commerce; it is, in fact, taxing the conversation of people who live at a distance from each other."

The committee found that the actual cost of transporting letters was thirty-two per cent., and the remaining sixty-eight per cent. was a tax imposed upon the letters to pay for the free distribution of the newspapers and franked letters and documents. At that time, in England, an additional tax of 236 per cent. was added for revenue to the Government, and of the whole sum paid for postage, the actual cost of the letters was only nine and one-half per cent., and the tax was nine times the actual cost.

Proceeding in this mathematical way, the demonstration of the necessity and advantage of cheaper postage was complete, and the soundness of Rowland Hill's proposition was afterward shown, from the fact that, while in 1837 the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 75,000,000, they had increased to 271,000,000 in 1845.

It was in that year that Mr. Merrick, of Maryland, introduced the Bill to establish reduced rates of postage in the United States. The Bill provided that a uniform rate of letter postage should be established at five cents per half ounce, irrespective of distance. An Ohio man named McDowell succeeded in slipping in an Amendment imposing double postage on all letters carried over 300 miles. The Bill, as amended, passed. It was framed after an attentive investigation into Rowland Hill's system. Rowland Hill, in fact, was the means of giving us the first great reduction in postage. We owe him a debt of gratitude. He demonstrated, in the face of much opposition, that the plan was a practicable one. All the civilized peoples have taken the hint from him, and there has been a continual progress to still lower rates, with the resultant of greater facilities for commerce, literature, the arts and sciences, and a rapid growth in intelligence.

In 1810 there were only 2,000 post-offices in the United States. In 1879 there are 41,000, and the letters delivered run into the hundreds of millions. In 1855 a stimulus was given to letter correspondence by the reduction of the rate per half ounce to three cents. Whether in the future there will be a further reduction depends upon the popular demand and the wisdom of Congress.

When it is remembered that in 1816 the rate for a single letter under 40 miles was eight cents; under 90 miles, ten cents; under 150 miles, twelve and a half cents; under 300 miles, seventeen cents; under 500 miles, twenty cents; and over 500 miles, twenty-five cents, the advantages we now enjoy are very apparent. The increase of letter-writing and postal facilities has kept pace with our population more than is the case with Great Britain.

Sir Rowland Hill lived to see the vast expansion of his system through the world, and the organization of an international postal treaty at Berne, by which the leading peoples of the world reduced foreign postage to a very low figure. Under the Berne Treaty, a letter can be mailed for Europe in this country for five cents. It used to cost not less than fifty cents for a single sheet. As a logical result, foreign correspondence has largely increased with the adoption of low rates.

## ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, THE VOLUNTARY CAPTIVE.

PROTESTANTISM will not canonize all the saints in the Roman calendar; but there are some before whose transcendent merit all differences caused by education, country and creed vanish. All will place in the highest rank among the great and good, Vincent de Paul, whose single gift to suffering humanity of the Order of Sisters of Charity entitles him to immortality.

Where did he learn that wonderful charity that embraced every form of human suffering? In affliction and bonds.

He was the son of a farmer in Languedoc, who, wishing his son to enter the Church—in those days the poor man's only avenue to elevated position—sold the very oxen from his plow to give Vincent an education.

The young man reached the priesthood, and the death of a relative at Marseilles, leaving him a legacy, induced a visit to that city.

Returning by sea, he fell into the hands of Tunisian corsairs, and ere long Vincent, with his fellow-passengers,

arrayed in the blue and white garments of slaves, trod, in mournful procession, the narrow streets of Tunis. The indignities which their position entailed were borne by Vincent with patient submission to Divine Providence, and not in vain did the words of the young priest, confirmed by his own example, fall on the grief-stricken ears of his comrades.

After two years' slavery, he awoke in the heart of his second master, an Italian apostate, compunction and remorse. They fled together, and reached Christendom.

Thenceforth the life of Vincent was one of devotedness to his fellow-men. No stranger to life's woes, he learned to soothe them all. In the galleys, where crime had brutalized men, he labored with zeal; and once when a prisoner, driven frantic by the want in which he knew his wife and children were pining, confided his grief to Father Vincent, that apostle of benevolence took his place, wore a convict's chain, and did convicts' work, and shared convict society. He was sought out and released, but carried to his grave the marks of his self-imposed fetters.

Thenceforward his power over the most hardened was supreme. His captivity in Africa made that form of suffering one dear to his heart, and he ransomed by his exertions more than a thousand captives.

The institutions that he founded still exist, continuing his work in his spirit; and we need but add one strange fact—when Rome canonized St. Vincent de Paul, France, through her Parliament, protested!

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, THE VOLUNTARY CAPTIVE.— SEE PAGE 603.

## LIFE AGAINST TIDE.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

IT was one of those foolishest of all episodes—a lovers' quarrel.

We had been engaged for more than a year, having become acquainted at the house of my aunt, in London, while I was visiting there, and he had now been on a visit of some days' duration to my parents' home at Crag's Head.

He had been there before, and won, without effort, admiration and friendship; for his were qualities of heart and soul—always earnest, ever truthful—which never failed to attract.

We had been out walking to the Crag—a rugged promontory jutting out into the bay—when the little difference between us arose. It grew out of some willful assertion of mine, which he gravely corrected, and I prolonged a useless discussion until I quite lost my temper.

Hard as the confession is, I must make it here in justice to him—I quite lost my temper; I wished him leagues away, and was sorry he had ever come to Crag's Head, and hoped all sorts of adverse difficulties would beset him before he got away; for all of which I was heartily sorry, and would have given worlds to recall, before the sound of my voice had died on the air.

But he was proud and passionate too, though never easily moved as I was, and I cannot wonder now that my language and manner—half-serious, half-earnest, as it was—should have been exasperating in the last degree.

In utter silence we finished our walk back to the house; and when my better spirit was just beginning to exert its influence, and I began to feel how unjust and wrong I had been, and how kind and forbearing his words were in contrast, he suddenly turned to me at the garden-gate, put out his hand, and said farewell, in a tone so cold and harsh that all my contrition and tenderness was instantly dispelled.

God forgive me! I know now, for I have deeper insight into a true man's nature, why his voice then seemed so strange and repressive; why the agony of parting, which he had forced himself to contemplate in that silent walk homeward, took such deeper hold upon his heart than that of the giddy girl by his side.

My response to his brief words of parting was as formal, as distant, as his own; for, if I had any thought about the matter, which is doubtful, I could not have believed him serious, or questioned his intention of returning to me. And while the words were yet on my lips, he bowed to me formally, as if impatient of a moment's longer restraint, and was gone.

I saw him hurry down the lane in the direction of the

LIFE AGAINST TIDE.—"WITHOUT SLACKING REIN FOR AN INSTANT IN MY ONWARD COURSE, I SHIFTED THE LINES FROM HAND TO ARM, AND, LEANING FROM MY SADDLE, CAUGHT HARRY'S SLEEVE, AS, STRUGGLING TO RISE, HE WAS BEING SWEPT BY ME."

stables, saw his horse brought hastily out to him, saw him fling himself hurriedly into the saddle, and a minute later saw the sparks flying in showers from beneath his horse's hoofs, as he took the rocky roadway winding from Crag's Head to the coast-road below.

Not till I saw him—a mere speck in the distance—disappear from view did my feeling of resentment abate; and then a revulsion of feeling came. I burst into tears.

"Come, come, lass; what ails thee?" questioned a not unsympathetic voice in my ear; and turning hastily, I found my old father, who had been many years an invalid from a fall while hunting, standing leaning on his staff at my elbow.

He looked at me, and then at the rising dust, in the direction my gaze had been turned.

"Ah, I see how it is, lass. Harry has gone for a gallop, and has refused to take thee with him. Tut, tut! why worry? He'll be back again soon, no doubt."

I dried my tears, and struggled to regain my composure.

"It is not that," I said, with as much indifference as I could assume. "Mr. Lovelace has gone for good—at least, we parted in anger; and no doubt he has started for London."

"Mr. Lovelace! Heighty-tighty, lass! And so *dear Harry* and *my Harry* are no more! But I might ha' expected it; ye're just a brace of unthinking noodles! Pray the lad may get the better of the affront ye've no doubt put upon him, for if he goes on to the village of Duncleugh Kirk, he'll no get back the night in safety; should he then attempt it, ye'll have much to answer for. Dandy says the sands at Dryson's Firth are all abroad again, an' shifting wi' every tide."

"Much he knows about it," I responded, with the shadow of my resentment still upon me, but rapidly giving place to a feeling of apprehension, as the full import of my father's declaration fell upon me.

"It is true, Jennie, lass," he responded, with some commiseration in his voice. "Ye ken Dandy has been the rider for the weekly mail this many a year—is a close observer, and never brings false alarm—not he. Sorry I am the lad's gone, for it's no likely he'll hear Dandy's report of the sands."

"It will make no difference to Mr. Lovelace, in any event, I am sure," was my response, preparing to go up to the cottage; "for he is certainly off for London, and will have passed Dryson's Firth hours before the turn of the tide."

And with these words I hurried up the garden-path, and disappeared indoors.

But, notwithstanding my brave words, I was apprehensive, and began to grow more and more uneasy as the time went by.

During the forenoon, as this uneasiness increased, I went out again to the crag where we had walked in the morning—this time to scan more closely wind and sky and sea, for, of course, upon these and the tide would depend the power of the shifting sands.

A less practiced eye than mine would easily have foretold thick weather from what I saw.

There was a hazy bank of drifting cloud coming slowly up from seaward; a murky stillness in the air that grew oppressive; a misty blur upon the sun, through which it glared hot and red; vast flocks of sea-gulls flying low, and screaming discordantly in and out among the fissures of the tall crag; while the outgoing tide lazily lapped the shore with a hollow, moaning sound, like the breathing of some huge giant lulled to momentary slumber, from which he will awake to scatter destruction on all around.

I returned from this prospective examination—if I may use the words—with a thorough conviction that a storm was brewing, such as our lives at Crag's Head had long since taught us would burst in sudden fury upon us when it did come, and rage with tremendous violence while it should last.

Should it come with the turn of the tide, I shuddered to think what the effect would be upon the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth, for surely no human being could pass there then, and live.

There was an upper road to Duncleugh Kirk, but seldom used, inasmuch as it was over a mountain-spur and through the foothills, rocky and dangerous, by reason of being neglected and sadly out of repair.

Few persons of late years, going or coming, took that route, for the coast-road, winding along by the sea, and in many places washed by it at high tide, though longer, was far safer and pleasanter.

At least it always had been until the recent breaking through of a new inlet at Dryson's Firth had left the old roadway near that point but little more than a sand-bar, which, it appeared by the report of the mail-carrier, had now become untenable, shifting treacherously at high tide, and insuring swift and terrible destruction to all who should seek to pass over it.

These were the reflections anxiously made after my return to the cottage, succeeding another brief interview with my father. What could I do?

From my earliest girlhood I had been accustomed to horseback exercise, and had a fleet, powerful steed, black as night, and gentle as a spirit of self-sacrifice, standing in the stable.

Should I order it saddled and speed away in pursuit of my absconding lover, find him, confess my folly, and bring him home again?

This was the question.

Pride said No; love and apprehension said Yes. But perhaps he would return, if at all, before the turn of the tide. Surely his anger had had ample time to cool. If he loved me, as he had so often professed, and which I still believed, he could not go on to London without seeing me again.

For an hour after I reached this point with myself I remained in doubt and hesitation, struggling with hopes and fears and wishes, and watching and waiting.

Then my resolve was taken.

I would make some trifling purchase an excuse for the journey, and I would go to Duncleugh Kirk.

Not by the coast-road, however, for I might meet Harry coming back, repentant and anxious for forgiveness, and a certain spice of willfulness made me feel that it would be pleasant to have him reach home in that state of mind, and find me absent and seemingly indifferent.

I am older now, and can properly appreciate the weakness and wretchedness that prompted such a thought. But I was young, and a woman, and had wrought a quarrel with my lover.

I determined to go by the upper road over the mountain-spur, and to return by the lower, in case I saw nothing of Harry, and found the danger by the coast-road mostly imaginary.

That, I knew, would depend upon the hour of return, the storm impending, and the tide.

I set out at once, opposing no argument to the trivial objections speedily raised, but mounted, and was off at a canter.

I found, on reaching the higher roadway on the mountain-spur, every indication of the coming storm increased, and my uneasiness increased with it.

In vain I reasoned with myself that Harry had surely pressed on for London. Something appeared to whisper the contrary, and to impress me with a certainty of his regret and forgiveness, and attempted return by the coast-road.

Still I argued to myself, should such prove the case, would there not be plenty of advisers to warn him of anticipated danger?

Thus debating, I darted easily along, and into the village of Duncleugh Kirk.

Fortunately, I was saved the trouble of making inquiries, which might otherwise have been necessary in the furtherance of my object, by volunteer information at the place where I made my little purchases, and where both of us were quite well known.

Mr. Lovelace had been there—had been there twice! He had called earlier in the day and written a letter, which he had left for mailing. (It was a sub-postoffice). He had ridden rapidly away; been gone perhaps two hours; and, calling again, requested permission to take the letter he had deposited from the mail, as he had postponed a contemplated visit to London, which seemed that morning necessary, and would return at once to Crag's Head. The letter, my informant had noticed when she took it from the box, was addressed to me, and my appearance there so soon afterward appeared to greatly interest her, and stimulate this rather confidential communication.

I thanked her, and hurried promptly out, for the men about the office were all talking of the coming storm, and some of them connecting it with the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth.

Mounted again, I rode rapidly through the village, reflecting on what I had heard with a gush of feeling which I still easily recall.

I was aroused by the voice of an old man, half landsman, half sailor, who called out to me to beware of the coast-road if I was going beyond the Firth; and, glancing about me, I saw that I had already entered upon it.

But I did not draw rein, nor swerve from that route.

There were only two ways of reaching Crag's Head by land from that point—the two I have mentioned; and, as I had come by the upper road, it was evident that Harry (dear Harry, now!) had returned the way he came, unmindful of admonitions and possible dangers of the shifting sands of Dryson's Firth.

He had been gone but a short time; my horse was superior to his in point of speed, for we had frequently tested that, and mine had less weight to carry, which must make a vast difference in my favor when put to the trial now.

Might I not overtake him before he reached the Head? And if so, how I should surprise him, and how much easier to say forgive and forget!

I touched up Black Diamond under the impulse of the thought, and sped away along the sandy road like an arrow from a bow.

I have said that I was accustomed to horseback exercise, but I was more; I was entirely at home in the saddle; could ride at full speed without touching rein or stirrup, and had often practiced it in mere bravado.

To show my nerve, I had indeed in younger years stood on the horse's back, with one foot on the saddle and one behind it, while my dear old father cracked his whip, and watched me go round, very much in the same manner as you see it at the amphitheatre.

Thus, fearless as to horse and rider, and both in almost boisterous spirits, we dashed away until the road beneath seemed to rush and flow like a current of the sea.

For some time I had been riding between wide, low banks, like those of a broad river, when suddenly a slight turn brought me out close upon the shore, and a dash of spray in my face and the blackening heavens gave me the latest indications of the progress of the storm. Not an agreeable one, as may be believed.

One glance at sea and sky, and bending low to my horse's mane to shut out the possible horrors, with a stimulative word of encouragement I pressed forward.

As I advanced, the roar of the surf grew almost deafening, and the spray came in intermittent dashes that drenched me to the skin, and yet I had no thought of faltering or turning back.

I reached Dryson's, and he came rushing down from his isolated cabin, imploring me by gesture to pause; but, with a negative response, that was caught up by the wind and drowned by the surf, I clattered on to the crazy old structure by courtesy termed a bridge, and was across and away before the man could repeat his remonstrative gesture.

I had caught sight of a dark, moving object, not far in advance, and my heart quickened its pulsations like the bounds of the gallant horse beneath me. It was Harry—dear Harry (my Harry, now!), I was sure, and he was fast nearing that strip of treacherous sand, where a whiter gleam of water inside showed the breaking through of the new inlet.

If my condition had been greatly excited up to this time, it was so no longer.

My spirit felt the necessity of the occasion—a necessity only to be met and sustained by corresponding calm.

The wind had already increased to a gale; scarf, bows and mantle went flying away like wreaths of smoke in blasts of Autumn; my horse only responded under my touch by renewed efforts; and with such fierce joy as I hope I may never know again, I saw how his long strides diminished the distance between two sundered hearts.

Every moment was bringing Harry to greater danger. Every moment was bringing me to share it with him. Together we would fight our way through peril of shifting sand and tide and tempest; or together we would perish in a last struggle for each other.

Oh! if I could save him!

He had grown conscious of danger, as I could see, for he used whip and spur, though with little effect, for his horse seemed jaded.

I had observed the tide rise higher and higher as I advanced, and now looking ahead of me—always ahead now—I saw it roll in upon the washed roadway, which was here a mere strip of sand, and obliterate it, as one wipes out chalk-marks with a wet sponge.

A crisis was at hand!

I touched my noble steed, and in a moment more the tide had swept beyond us; but the gap between myself and my lover was almost closed.

Was it human insight, or spiritual recognition?

He turned in his saddle, saw me, and uttered a wild cry.

At that instant, freed for the moment from the pressure of the rein, his wearied horse faltered and staggered from its course; struggled desperately to regain its footing, but in the effort lost it altogether; fell, ingulfed by the incoming tide, dragging down its master, and was swept away.

In all the hours of conscious peace and home and safety I believe I was never calmer than at that supreme moment. I know my brain was never clearer, my action never more responsive to the lightning of my thought, than then.

How I had strength to do what I did, I have never been able to explain, but the rest is all clear to me.

Without slacking rein for an instant in my onward course, I shifted the lines from hand to arm, and leaning

from my saddle, caught Harry's sleeve as, struggling to rise, he was being swept by me.

My grasp held!

And with a spring, aided not a little, perhaps, by the bounding of my horse, I lifted him to a place beside me.

But the sands had begun to move, and the horse's footing was not tenable an instant. Sink, swim, rise, fall—get forward and onward, with firm rein and steady eye, until at last—heaven be praised!—the solid roadway appeared above the tide, which recoiled like a penitent thing, as if conscious of the life I had staked against it.

We were in safety!

Blow wind, howl storms, shriek tempests, rise tide, shift sands, sink roadway! You have done your worst—and your best, for ye have united hearts in bonds of self-abnegation and mutual love that hoary time nor human weakness nor perils nor death can mar nor break!

Till we reached the Head no word was spoken between us, but, heart to heart and lip to lip, we rode in a silence sacred as the outburst of a thousand voices in hymns of choral thanksgiving and praise.

## THE ANGER OF AN ELEPHANT.

The violent passions in animals are displayed chiefly in the beasts of prey, whose fierce vindictiveness is known to all. But even the mild, half-reasoning elephant will sometimes show a whirlwind of passion, even when unprovoked by attack. Owen, in his voyages, narrates an incident which occurred at Delgoa Bay:

"A party of officers and men belonging to H. M. S. *Leven* had been hunting hippopotami, and were returning along the banks of the river, when a rustling, as if of a hippopotamus, was heard amongst the reeds. Two of the officers, Messrs. Arlett and Barette, entered them, with a view of driving out the animal; the former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, 'Here he is!'

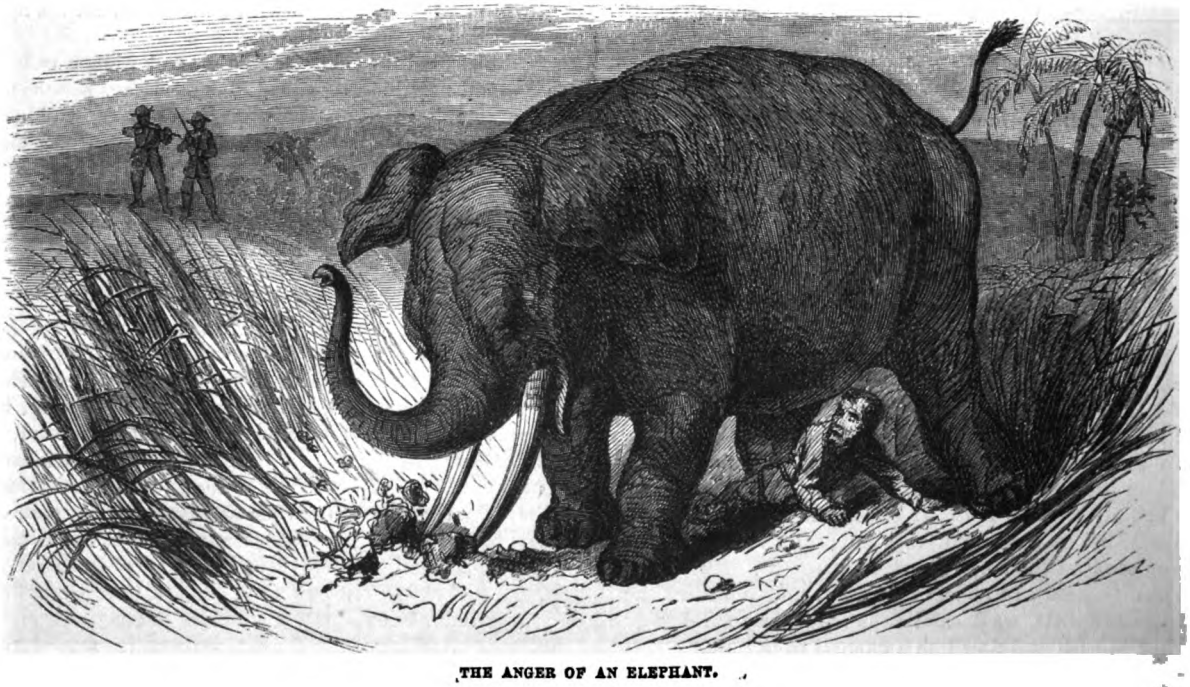
"The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed, and in a few seconds Mr. Barette rushed out with his face covered with blood, and calling loudly for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert, in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at the numbers, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state scarcely to be described. He was stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horrors of a violent death.

"Every attention was paid to him, but it was long feared that life had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed, and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence.

"It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation; but immediately on making the discovery, he uttered the exclamation already mentioned. This had scarcely escaped him, when he discovered that, instead of a hippopotamus, he was almost tumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, and the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in its way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape.

"For a short time he had hopes of evading his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in girth, menacing it by his voice and gestures, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of its attack, when its ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped away among the reeds.

"The ferocious animal still followed, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man, crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!' until, closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, when



THE ANGER OF AN ELEPHANT.

A JUDGMENT OF GOD.— THE GAMEKEEPER HIDING THE YOUNG COUNT'S BODY.

the party, who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with ten-fold fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle.

"As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; its trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself, his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and plowing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, the placing of a foot upon his body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms."

# A JUDGMENT OF GOD.

## CHAPTER I.

### A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW.

On the right bank of the Memel, near the town of Tilsit, is situated the estate of Turellen.

It had recently come into the possession of a wealthy old lady, the widow of the Count of Ruthenberg. This person lived exceedingly retired, associating but little with families in the vicinity. She was, however, frequently visited by her relatives from Courland. She was a Russian by birth, but had left her country a few years previous to the opening of this narrative, to reside in Prussia.

The Countess of Ruthenberg had been very beautiful in her youth, and had played an important and brilliant part at the court of St. Petersburg, before the time when the Emperor Alexander I. became pious, or even thought of becoming so. At last, however, she fell into disgrace, and retired to the chateau of Turellen, which had belonged for many years to her family. She had no children, and lived in the greatest luxury in her retreat, which she rarely left, except to visit some of the German watering-places.

She had resided in Prussia four or five years, when strange rumors were set afloat about the chateau. The countess had received a visit, a month previously, from one of her nephews from Courland—the young Count of Ruthenberg, who, a fortnight afterward, suddenly disappeared. One night he took leave of his aunt as usual, and retired to his chamber. The next morning his bed was found undisturbed, his clothes in their usual place, but of the count himself not the slightest trace was discovered.

The countess had at first manifested the utmost anxiety, but soon after spoke of the matter with great indifference. The Ruthenbergs were all strange people. Perhaps the young count had embarked in some adventure; perhaps some sudden caprice had seized him, in the pursuit of which he had been led on further than he had intended to go, and from which he would doubtless return in due time. But a fortnight elapsed, and yet no traces were found of the young count, nor was any news received from him. The rumors which were afloat began to assume a serious shape, and it was even asserted that, on the night of his disappearance, strange noises had been heard proceeding from the chateau, followed by stifled cries for assistance.

These rumors reached my ears, and as I was then justice of the peace of Lithuania, and as the chateau of Turellen

was within the circle of my jurisdiction, I thought it my duty to inquire into the affair, and to that end wrote to the bailiff of the vicinity for information.

He replied by assuring me that the rumors afloat were certainly well founded, but that the countess was not at all uneasy, and attributed the count's disappearance to a mere freak, which was quite in keeping with his reckless character. As regarded the noises and cries said to have been heard, he had been able to obtain no positive information.

A few weeks later, after I had almost forgotten the affair, I received a visit which surprised me greatly. At a late hour in the evening a carriage stopped before my door.

A few moments after, my servant announced that a stranger had insisted upon speaking with me, but refused to send up his name, and was awaiting me in the parlor.

A man in my position is of course accustomed to receive mysterious visits.

I went below at once, and found myself in the presence of an old gentleman, elegantly dressed. He was a tall, slender man of stately bearing, whose exquisite politeness was quite in keeping with his general appearance. His whole air and manner, together with the mocking smile which played about his thin lips, bespoke the diplomat.

"I am Count Alexander Ruthenberg," he said, "attached to the Russian Embassy at the court of ——."

"How can I serve you, count?" I inquired.

"I have a confidential communication to make to you, of a most serious nature. Can I rely upon your discretion? on the most complete discretion—the most absolute silence?"

"Assuredly; at least, so long as they do not conflict with my duties as a judge."

"It is precisely to you, in your capacity as judge, that I address myself, to learn if what I am about to relate to you can be verified or not. Outside of this, personally, the result is a matter of indifference to me. But to my story. The Countess Ruthenberg of Turellen is my sister-in-law."

"Ah!"

"I have been visiting her during the past week. A month previous to my arrival, my nephew, Count Paul, had been with her, and suddenly disappeared after a sojourn of a fortnight at the chateau."

"I am aware of this fact."

"Have you entertained any suspicions concerning his disappearance?"

"Many rumors have been afloat in reference to it, but I have been unable to verify them."

"I fear that I can enable you to do so. My sister-in-law thinks that this disappearance is a youthful freak; but the countess is a woman who looks at things from a frivolous point of view. It is her habit to do so."

A scarcely perceptible sneer curled the lips of the diplomat, and he continued in a light tone:

"The young man has doubtless been guilty of some folly, but I fear it has cost him his life."

"Then you think that there has been a murder?"

"Have the kindness to follow me attentively. Last year my sister-in-law visited the watering-place of Ems. There she engaged, as a companion, a very beautiful young lady. A few days after this, a young man came and offered his services as a gamekeeper. My sister-in-law also took him into her employ, and he accordingly accompanied her and the young lady to Turellen. Between the young people some mysterious tie existed, or, at any rate, they met frequently in secret. They must have been acquainted before entering the household of the countess. But you will ask what connection can there be between these circumstances and the disappearance of my nephew?"

"Indeed, count, I cannot see ——"

"I beg that you will hear me out. Two months since, my nephew came to Turellen. He was—I wish that I could say he is, but, unfortunately, I can only speak of him in the past tense—he was very wild, reckless, headstrong, and neither his father nor my sister-in-law had ever checked him in his wayward and evil habits.

"He had just passed a year in Paris, to complete his education, when he made this visit. Here he met the young lady companion, who, as I before mentioned, was exceedingly beautiful, and with whom he immediately fell violently in love. He had never been thwarted in any of his wishes, so he persecuted the lady with his attentions; while she, finding that her repulses only increased his passion, at last demanded protection from my sister-in-law.

"The countess is frivolous, and attaches little importance to matters of this kind; so she coldly informed the young lady that she never interfered in affairs of the heart.

"'But the heart has nothing to do with this affair,' replied the young companion. 'Then it is only a flirtation, and I am still less disposed to give myself annoyance about it,' added the countess; and she repeated the conversation in the same light tone to the young count, who, in consequence, became doubly pressing in his suit.

"The persecuted young girl, it appears, now confined herself to her apartments, which she left only when sent for by her employer. Doubtless she made some arrangements for leaving the chateau at this time, for she wrote many letters. There seems throughout to be something mysterious in her history—however, this is not to the point.

"But in proportion as she took pains to avoid being in the presence of my nephew, the gamekeeper (the handsome fellow who had been brought from Germany) sought to keep the count always in sight. He followed him constantly with looks full of anger and menace. Was it from jealousy, or some other cause? This question I have not been able to answer in my own mind.

"On the night of my nephew's disappearance, the companion had served tea, and remained with the countess until ten o'clock, when she retired to her own apartments. A few moments subsequently, my nephew also bade his aunt good-night. He was never seen afterward. You were doubtless familiar with all these circumstances before, sir?"

I bowed assent.

"But probably your knowledge of the affair rests here? The young lady occupies (for she is still at Turellen) a sitting-room with an adjacent bedchamber, on the ground floor overlooking the garden. Next to her apartments is a third room, which communicates with them.

"The countess never enters this room, which is used as a library, and her companion, who was the only person who frequented it, rarely closed the door opening into it from her chamber. The key remains, or did remain, in the lock. It was easy, therefore, to gain access through this library to her chamber; the windows of the latter have heavy inside shutters, while there are only blinds to those of the library.

"The night of my nephew's disappearance was toward the last of April. One, or several of the windows of the library were open. He retired to his own chamber, but only for the sake of appearances, for he speedily extinguished his light, and went out softly, closing his door, so that the inmates of the house might suppose that he was asleep. He next quietly descended the stairs and entered the garden without being perceived; he then directed his steps to the side of the chateau inhabited by the young lady in question.

"The lights were out in her rooms. He listened for a moment to assure himself that she was sleeping, and hearing no movement, he entered the library through one of the windows, making use of a peach-tree growing beneath it. The blinds were not latched, but only tightly closed, for during the day he had entered the library and arranged them to suit his purposes. He had therefore only to push them open and jump into the room.

"Once there, he was, so to speak, almost in the young lady's chamber, for, as you will remember, the door leading into it from the library was never locked."

## CHAPTER II.

### HYPOTHESIS OF A MURDER.

HERE thought fit to interrupt the count. For the last few moments I had listened to him with the utmost astonishment. What he had first related to me he might have learned by questioning the servants, or from the admissions of his frivolous sister-in-law. But how, and by what means, had he become acquainted with the latter details?

"Count," I inquired, "have you received any news from your nephew since his disappearance?"

"None, sir."

"Then there are parties who must be aware what has become of him?"

"None that I know of."

"Yet you relate to me circumstances which can only be known to himself, or to some one who had closely observed his conduct."

"Assuredly; but I have not yet finished my recital."

"Have the kindness to inform me of the source whence you have obtained your information."

"I am quite prepared to do so. I have never been a detective, nor even a magistrate——"

"It is difficult to realize the fact."

"But I am a diplomat—an old diplomat."

"Well?"

"Well, I am a careful observer, and can deduce conclusions from my observations as well as a detective."

"Then you are only giving me the benefit of your observations and deductions?"

"Sir, I have made human nature my study. I knew my nephew well; I have also fathomed the countess and her companion. I have observed everything at Turellen—the arrangement of the house, the inmates, and the life which they lead. Rest assured, therefore, that I am able to draw just conclusions from my observations."

"Do these conclusions relate to your nephew's disappearance?"

"Precisely. Shall I continue?"

"I beg that you will do so."

"My nephew being in the library, approached the young lady's room and listened. All was quiet. He opened the door softly and entered the room. She was sleeping. He whispered, 'Alice!'

"I believe this is her name. She awakens, is about to call for assistance, but he closes her mouth with kisses. She had recognized his voice; besides, the moon was shining brightly on this April night.

"She starts from his embrace with horror, and is again about to scream for assistance. But the young count is a true Ruthenberg, and his will is of iron; besides, had he not been a student at a German university, and completed his education at Paris?

"'My dear girl,' he said, quietly, 'if you alarm the servants they will find me here—in your chamber.'

"'Wretch!' she cries, 'leave here instantly!'

"'It would be a crime to obey you, my fair Alice, a crime against your beauty and your love.'

"'Infamous wretch!'

"The conversation continued for some time in this strain. The girl is the soul of honor, and is courageous and energetic. She was maddened by despair. She remembered her poniard, and finding no other means of deliverance, she seized it and plunged it into the bosom of the count. It touched a vital part, and he fell dead at her feet!

"She has escaped one danger only to incur another. She is in despair. Then comes to her assistance the mysterious gamekeeper, or perhaps she goes in search of him. What is she to do? Shall she relate what has happened? But she has committed a murder, and not strictly in self-defense, for she had but to call for assistance and a dozen servants would have responded to her summons.

"She must dispose of the corpse. But how to do so? The slightest accident would betray her. There was no time to lose. The gardeners would at an early hour be at their work. The blood-stains in her chamber must be effaced before daybreak.

"But where conceal the corpse? If it were not borne away from the chateau detection was inevitable, and to hide it in either of her own rooms was also to expose herself to great danger. There remained, then, only the library as a place of concealment. No one save herself frequented that apartment.

"They bore the corpse into the library, then raised some of the boards of the floor, and after having dug a sufficiently large hole beneath, they deposited in it the body of my nephew, threw back the earth and replaced the floor. The body still lies there!"

The count ceased speaking. But even before he had concluded I had decided upon my plan of action.

"Count," I inquired, "would you be willing to repeat before a notary what you have just told me?"

"No, sir, I should be silent; and if you were even to allude to our conversation, I should deny that it had taken place."

"Then pray may I inquire, since you are so determined on this point, why you have thought proper to communicate your suspicions to me?"

"In order to induce you to cause a judicial investigation of this mystery. For I supposed that, after you had listened to my communication, you would feel yourself in duty bound to do so."

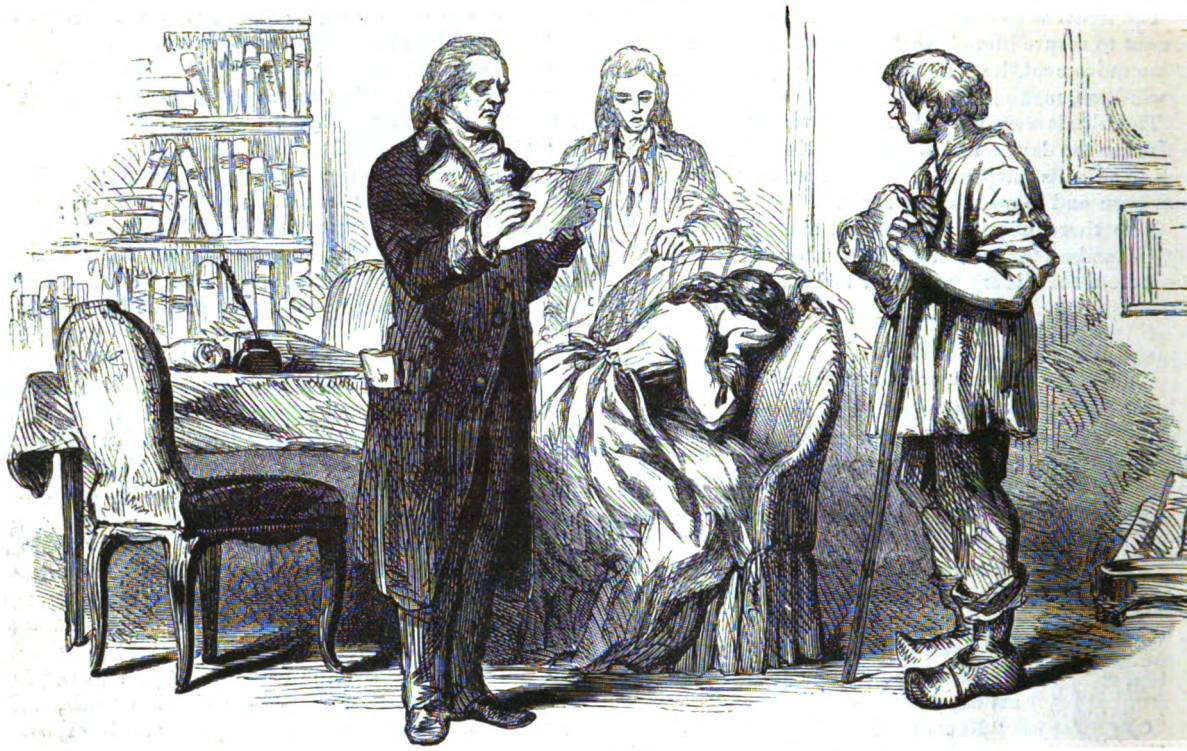
"Our laws forbid a judge to notice anonymous denunciations."

"I sincerely regret it. My nephew is certainly dead, at least I fully believe so. True, an inquiry would not restore him to life, and one man more or less in the world, even when that man is a Count Ruthenberg, makes no great difference. Still, I very much wish an investigation could take place."

"Without being considered impertinent, may I inquire why?"

"Why? I will tell you frankly. I am desirous to know if my observations were just, and if my deductions and conclusions are correct."

Although his reply bordered on cynicism, the frivolity of this Russian diplomat was so original that one could not but admire him in spite of it. Besides, his communication, although he refused to give it publicity, and although it did not oblige me to prosecute my inquiries further, piqued my curiosity, and I continued the conversation, in



NEWS BROUGHT TO THE MAGISTRATE OF THE HEAD GAMEKEEPER'S DEATH.

order to ascertain how far I could depend upon what he had said.

"Count, I will only begin the investigation which you desire on one condition."

"And what may that be?"

"I will go to Turellen, to interrogate your sister-in-law, and if she shares your suspicions——"

"She does share them, and will not hesitate to admit it. But what will you do afterward?"

"I will question all the other inmates of the château."

"All! The young lady also?"

"Most assuredly."

"Ah, if this be so, sir, I agree beforehand to your conditions."

"Then assure me, on your honor, that the facts which you have related to me are true, and that you are convinced of the exactitude of the conclusions at which you have arrived."

"Will you give me your word not to mention at Turellen my visit to you? I warn you that, should you speak of it, I will deny it in the most positive manner."

"I promise, on my honor, to keep your secret."

"And I in turn give you the assurance which you require. I wish you success in the prosecution of your inquiries, sir, and have the honor to bid you good-night."

He rose, bowed and departed, and I soon heard his carriage-wheels sounding in the distance.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE COUNTESS OF RUTHENBERG.

My visitor left me a prey to the most contradictory emotions. He had apparently no direct interest in this matter, at least I could not perceive that his denunciation arose from any personal motive. But was it not to be feared that he had been influenced by some sinister consideration, and only wished to make use of me to accomplish an evil design? Besides, in sifting what he had told me, I found that he had presented but few actual facts, and that his recital was mostly made up of his own conclusions, and these were vague materials on which to begin an investigation.

What, I asked myself, is the object to be gained in prosecuting this affair? To prove a murder, doubtless. But also to place the culprit in the hands of the law.

Now, who is this culprit? The count himself had admitted her to be a virtuous and charming girl, who, without friends on whom to rely, and surrounded by evil-minded and unscrupulous persons, to save her honor, and urged on by despair, had committed an action which, however, under a strict construction of the law, could not come under the exculpation of a homicide in self-defense.

And the victim? Was he not one of those vulgar debauchees, destitute alike of soul and honor, and was not his fate simply a just retribution for his brutal conduct?

And yet, how could I avoid prosecuting my inquiries? In my capacity of judge I had heard the denunciation by the count, and however much he might persist in refusing it publicity, it was still my duty to investigate the whole affair.

If his conclusions were unfounded, it would have the advantage of removing all suspicions from the young lady implicated; and, in the contrary event, it might still result to her benefit, for the count had admitted that he was not the only person who suspected her, but that his sister-in-law entertained the same suspicions with himself, which were at any moment liable to assume shape and take the form of a criminal accusation, in which case many extenuating circumstances that I could adduce might possibly fail to be brought forward.

My duty, as well as the young girl's interests, demanded that I should take immediate action in this matter.

Shortly after forming this determination, I found myself at Turellen, in the presence of the countess. I had involuntarily painted her, in my own mind, as a woman or whom age had conferred *embonpoint*, but who still preserved traces of her former beauty, with perhaps indications of her early frivolity in the way of freedom of speech

THE CHATEAU OF TURELLEN.

and lightness of manner. In my first supposition I was right; in the latter, entirely at fault. I had judged her by man's standard, and was consequently deceived. Appearances, of which men are so often regardless, are everything to women. They can only live respected by preserving them intact; she alone dares to trample them under her feet who is dead to all sense of virtue and honor.

The Countess of Ruthenberg was still handsome. Her simple and elegant toilet was so harmonious and becoming, that you would have supposed her forty rather than sixty years of age. But her manner was that of a woman who had lived the greater number of years. Her bearing was grave and dignified—her expression cold and almost severe. I saw at once that her powers of dissimulation were great, and that I had an adroit woman of the world to deal with.

I felt that I must begin by informing her frankly of the object of my visit, for she was too shrewd, on the announcement of my name, not to have divined that I visited her in my official capacity.

"Madame, I am a justice of the peace, and my duty as such must excuse my troubling you with this visit."

In spite of her reserve, she politely rejoined:

"I could have wished, sir, that I owed this honor to some other cause. In any case, however, you are most welcome, and I am all attention to what you may have to say."

"Some time since you were visited by your nephew, the Count of Ruthenberg, and a fortnight afterward he suddenly disappeared."

The countess bowed assent.

"Have you heard from him since then?"

"I have not, sir."

"Have you any suspicions as to the cause of his disappearance?"

"Permit me, sir, to inquire, before replying, if you attribute his disappearance to a murder?"

"Personally, I have no suspicions; but there are rumors afloat which it is my duty to verify or dispel. Do you yourself believe that a murder has been committed?"

"I have no reason to believe so."

"How, then, do you account for your nephew's disappearance?"

"It is to me an inexplicable mystery, which I can only hope that time will unravel."

"May I inquire who are the inmates of your chateau?"

"Myself and servants."

"Are they numerous?"

"I have a young lady companion, a butler, six lackeys, three maids and two cooks. Do you wish also to know the *personnel* of my kitchen?"

"No. You have also a gamekeeper, I believe?"

"Yes; but he does not reside in the chateau. He occupies a cottage in the neighboring wood, about ten minutes' walk from here."

"Has he a family?"

"He is a widower, and resides alone with his daughter."

## CHAPTER IV.

### PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS.

I PAUSED in surprise. The count had mentioned a gamekeeper, but as a young man who had some mysterious relations with the companion. There was, then, some misunderstanding. Nevertheless, the existence of this gamekeeper, who, with his daughter, resided in the vicinity of the chateau, arrested my attention, and I had a presentiment that this circumstance was in some way connected with the success of my investigation. So I continued my inquiries:

"Is this gamekeeper the only person inhabiting the forest?"

"His cottage is entirely isolated."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He is a stern man, who performs his duties with the utmost exactitude."

"And his daughter?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What is her reputation?"

"I have not inquired concerning it, and have never heard anything in favor of, or against her."

"Then you have not seen her?"

"Yes, she sometimes comes to the chateau."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she is very pretty."

My presentiments were becoming verified; for I too had formed conclusions, differing entirely from those of the count. The nephew of this latter had doubtless met the gamekeeper's daughter in the château or grounds. This pretty girl had pleased him, and she had not repulsed so rich and handsome a suitor. Some evening the father had surprised them. He was a stern man, and what followed might easily be imagined.

The countess had read my thoughts. She shook her head.

"No, no," she said, "there was no love affair between my nephew and this young girl."

"Are you sure of that, madame?"

"Had such been the case I should have known it."

A slight smile passed over her lips. It was the first time that she had smiled. I read in her eyes, "Had he sought this young girl he would have informed me of it."

"You have doubtless an under-gamekeeper?"

"Certainly."

"Is he young?"

"About twenty years of age."

"How long has he been in your employ?"

"I brought him with me from Germany last Summer."

"And has your female companion been long with you?"

"The same length of time."

"Is she still young?"

"She is scarcely twenty."

"Do you know anything of her family or past history?"

"No, sir. Last year at Ems I sought a young lady as a companion. She was presented to me—she pleased me, and I engaged her without inquiry."

"Have you not had cause to regret your choice?"

"No, sir. She is a perfect lady in point of education and manners, and of a most amiable disposition, although exceedingly reserved."

"And you have found no reason to question her morality?"

"On the contrary, sir, her principles are above suspicion."

"Pardon me, madame, this inquiry, but my duties as a judge require me to make it—what relations existed between this lady and your nephew?"

I had expected to have seen a faint, mocking smile curl the lips of the countess. But her expression was cold and unchanged, and yet I fancied that I could detect a feeling of uneasiness beneath her calmness and assurance. Scarcely, however, had I had time to remark this when it had disappeared.

She replied to my question in a firm, quiet voice, not unmixed with pride—a pride, the equivocal significance of which I fully understood.

"Sir, their relations were always such as should have existed between the nephew and the companion of the Countess of Ruthenberg."

I thought these words somewhat out of place from the lips of a woman like the countess; they neither agreed with what I had heard of her or of her nephew. But as the lady had taken refuge in her pride, I knew it would be folly to attempt to induce her to make an admission which she had denied with such hauteur. I therefore changed my tactics.

"Do not the apartments of your companion overlook the garden?"

"Yes, sir; they are on the ground floor."

"Do they not adjoin a library?"

The troubled expression became this time more marked upon her face. She looked at me inquiringly and uneasily; then, as if fearing that her glance had betrayed her, she suddenly dropped her eyes.

It was evident that I was making some progress now. The countess soon recovered her self-possession, and replied calmly:

"There is an old library, certainly, adjoining her chamber."

"Have you visited that library since the disappearance of your nephew?"

"No, sir; I have not been in it for over a year."

"Since the evening in question, have you noticed any change in the manner or conduct of your companion?"

"None, sir."

"Pardon me, madame, if I dwell so much on this circumstance; but I consider it highly important, and I beg you will endeavor to call to mind——"

"Do you suppose me capable of concealing from you the truth?"

"I will be frank with you, madame. In the conversation we have just had, you yourself have furnished me with a clew——"

"I, sir?"

"Which it is my duty to follow up. To this end, therefore, it is necessary that I should interrogate the persons in your employ."

Provoked to such an extent as to be thrown off her guard, she exclaimed, angrily:

"You have promised to be frank with me?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Well, tell me the name of the person who last night paid you a visit, regarding this matter?"

She had betrayed herself. My words had convinced her that her brother had communicated his suspicions to me. She had divined their nature, and this at once convinced me of their importance. I made her a diplomatic reply:

"Madame, the law imposes it as a duty upon a judge sometimes to refuse to answer inquiries, and yours is among the number."

She placed her hand before her eyes and appeared to reflect, remaining motionless for some moments. She felt that she had betrayed herself. But this consciousness, the breast of the proud and adroit countess, whose life had been a constant triumph, and who now found herself beaten with her own weapons by a poor country judge, was full of bitterness. It had awakened all the evil passions of her corrupt nature, and her pride and the self-possession which never desert a true woman of the world were all that prevented her from giving expression to her anger and her hatred.

Suddenly she drew up her head, and, rising from her chair with a look of pride and scorn, in a cold, cutting tone, said:

"Sir, honor is to me above all other considerations, and I should deem myself dishonored if I became guilty of treachery. You are free to fulfill your official duties in my house, but I will no longer be annoyed by your interrogatories!"

She bowed slightly, and quitted the room with the tread of an empress, but she was nevertheless defeated!

## CHAPTER V.

### SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.

LIKE her brother-in-law, the countess believed her companion guilty of the murder of her nephew, and both had arrived at this conclusion through a thorough knowledge of the two persons and the place. The diplomat, whose frivolity respected nothing, and who, besides, had nothing to conceal, had at once, and without scruple, communicated his suspicions to me for the simple pleasure of ascertaining whether his judgment was correct. The countess had manifested greater reserve.

She was a woman habituated for many years to guard appearances. The revelation of the murder would have induced much discussion, and have tarnished the honor of her house and family, and she preferred leaving her nearest and dearest relative buried in an obscure corner of the chateau, rather than create a scandal.

She also feared lest the inquest should betray that she had permitted, perhaps encouraged even, the improper advances of her nephew, and that some responsibility might therefore rest upon her own head. I was reflecting upon what further steps I should take, when a servant came, by his mistress's orders, to inquire my wishes.

"Is the countess's companion at home?" I inquired.

"She is in her own apartments, sir."

"Have the goodness to conduct me to her."

"She is there," he said, after leading me through a long corridor at the other end of the chateau.

I knocked at the door. My heart beat violently. I was about to fulfill one of the most painful duties of my calling, and I could not but feel compassion for the poor girl whose agonizing incertitude I was about to convert into a still more terrible certainty.

A soft voice bade me enter. On doing so I perceived a beautiful young girl bending over an embroidery frame; she rose to receive me with the easy, well-bred air of one accustomed to society. She, however, betrayed a little astonishment, mingled with uneasiness.

I saw at a glance in her noble and beautiful countenance that I should find this young girl a totally different person from the countess. While the expression of the latter was full of cunning and secretiveness, hers was all honesty and candor.

"Mademoiselle," I began "I am the justice of the peace of ——."

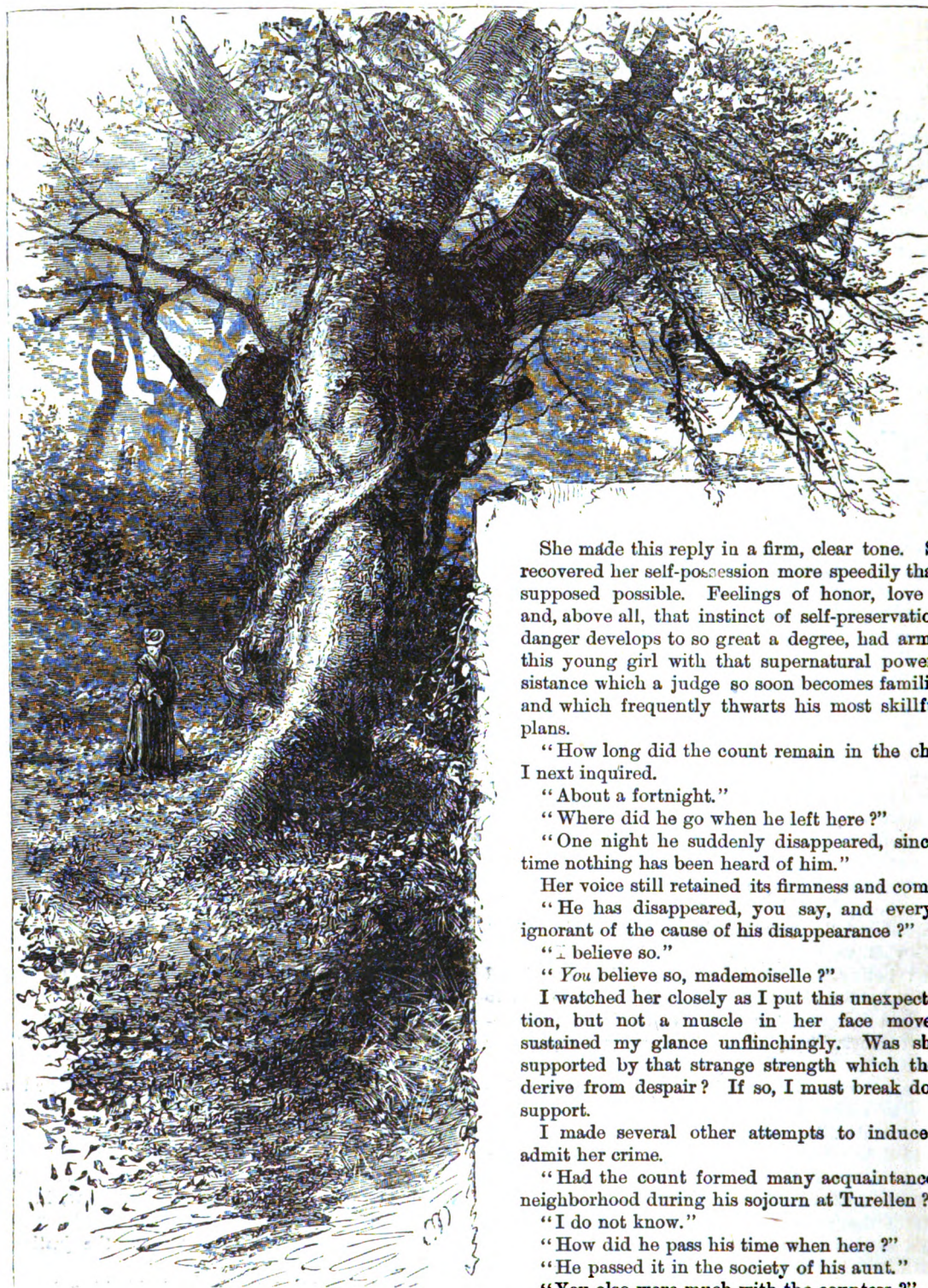
She had murdered the count! Nothing but the consciousness of crime could have caused her such terror at this simple announcement. She became pale as death. The needle with which she was embroidering fell from her hand. She staggered to a sofa, and motioned me to be seated. Then began my cruel questions.

"Have the goodness to tell me your name, mademoiselle?"

"Alice Braun," she replied, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Where were you born?"

"In a village on the banks of the Rhine."



THE WOODS OF TURELLEN.

"When did you come to Turellen ?"

"Last Summer. I was at Ems when I entered the service of the countess."

"Where had you resided previously ?"

"In a chateau on the banks of the Rhine—as *demoiselle de compagnie.*"

"The nephew of the countess came to Turellen, I believe, some weeks since ?"

"Yes, sir."

She made this reply in a firm, clear tone. She had recovered her self-possession more speedily than I had supposed possible. Feelings of honor, love of life, and, above all, that instinct of self-preservation which danger develops to so great a degree, had armed even this young girl with that supernatural power of resistance which a judge so soon becomes familiar with, and which frequently thwarts his most skillfully laid plans.

"How long did the count remain in the chateau ?" I next inquired.

"About a fortnight."

"Where did he go when he left here ?"

"One night he suddenly disappeared, since which time nothing has been heard of him."

Her voice still retained its firmness and composure.

"He has disappeared, you say, and every one is ignorant of the cause of his disappearance ?"

"I believe so."

"*You* believe so, mademoiselle ?"

I watched her closely as I put this unexpected question, but not a muscle in her face moved. She sustained my glance unflinchingly. Was she really supported by that strange strength which the guilty derive from despair ? If so, I must break down that support.

I made several other attempts to induce her to admit her crime.

"Had the count formed many acquaintances in the neighborhood during his sojourn at Turellen ?"

"I do not know."

"How did he pass his time when here ?"

"He passed it in the society of his aunt."

"You also were much with the countess ?"

"It was among my duties to be so."

"Were you frequently alone with the count ?"

"Never, sir."

She replied in a proud, pained tone ; but her voice, up to this time so firm, now became somewhat tremulous.

"Did he not, on several occasions, profess love for you ?"

"I cannot conceive, sir, your object in making such inquiries !"

Her self-possession had returned, and if I was to accom-

plish anything it must be by giving my interrogatories a different turn.

"Did the count hunt frequently ?"

"No, sir."

"Did he wander much about the grounds ?"

"I think not."

"Do you know the daughter of the gamekeeper ?"

"She frequently comes to the chateau."

"Did she come here during the count's stay ?"

"I do not know."

My last inquiry caused her to muse for a moment, but she soon after shook her head gently, as if admitting to herself that she was deceived, while an expression of sadness and pain spread over her countenance.

"Has not the countess a gamekeeper in her service ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she not bring him with her from Ems last Summer ?"

"She did, sir."

"Were you not acquainted with him before he entered into the employ of the countess ?"

Her face became crimson. She reflected for a moment, then replied, calmly :

"He had been employed in the vicinity of the chateau where I resided before coming to Turellen."

Now was the moment to strike a decisive blow !

"Mademoiselle, does not your chamber adjoin a library ?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

The question must have affected her deeply, for she shuddered from head to foot.

"Will you have the goodness to conduct me to it ?"

She was deadly pale, and trembled like an aspen. I had risen, and she endeavored to do the same, but was obliged to cling to a chair for support.

"Be so kind as to follow me," she said at last, making a strong effort to recover her self-possession.

And, passing through her bedchamber, she opened the door which communicated with the library.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CRUEL TEST.

I FOUND everything as the count had described. The library was a large, square room, with antique carvings in woodwork, which were partially concealed by several high bookcases, while a number of small tables, covered with writing materials, were scattered about the room. The floor was not carpeted, but very old, as was evident from the antiquity of the designs upon it ; but no indications were visible of the spot where the boards had been raised.

Besides the door communicating with the chamber of the young lady, there was another leading into the passage. The room had three windows, all overlooking the garden. One faced the hall door, the other two were opposite the bedchamber. Beneath one of these was a peach-tree, now in full blossom. I took in all these features at a glance.

Was the young count actually resting here ? This girl, who stood before me, pale and trembling, had she really been guilty of this terrible crime ? If so, how great her agony, how fearful her anxiety, in finding herself so near her victim, who was perhaps beneath her feet at this very moment, and she in the presence of a judge, who was soon to be succeeded by the executioner ! In many of the old German chronicles the executioner is frequently called "the cousin of the judge."

If one plank in that floor were raised, the murder would be discovered, and the judge, possessed of her terrible secret, had but to surrender the criminal to the executioner. And she knew all this !

She had recovered herself considerably, but must by this time have become aware that I entertained certain suspicions, which I had determined to verify or dispel. She watched my looks and movements with an anxiety which proved that she was aware that on these perhaps depended her life or death.

She awaited my next words with the liveliest anxiety. I remained standing in the centre of the room.

"Mademoiselle," I continued, "I will no longer annoy you with my inquiries. I will simply relate a story to you. This story is very sad—even terrible—and I fear that it is true. After you have heard it, you will comprehend that my duty as a judge compels me to investigate it."

This commencement caused her to shudder. She cast down her eyes, and said nothing. I resumed :

"The scene of the story is laid in this chateau ; in fact, mostly in this very room."

She started, and raised her eyes to mine for a moment with a terrified expression.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I have reason to believe that it ended in a terrible tragedy in this library."

She trembled in every limb.

"One day a young man arrived in this chateau. He was a debauchee, destitute of honor and of shame. He insulted a high-toned, virtuous girl."

On her beautiful brow, white as marble, stood cold drops of agony.

"He had even the audacity to enter her chamber."

THE SUICIDE IN THE FOREST.

She trembled so violently that she could no longer support herself. I took her hand and led her to a chair, into which she sank, apparently utterly unconscious of what she was doing.

My conduct was cruel, and I suffered bitterly through the terrible test to which I was forced to subject this young girl. But it was only by surprising her by some sudden shock that I could elicit her confession; in any other case, I should have been forced to subject her to a long examination, which would but have prolonged her torture.

Now confession, even to the criminal who has no hope of pardon, is a great solace to the heart, and relieves it of a terrible weight. It is the first step toward repentance, which calms and soothes the conscience. Besides, any certainty, however sad, even that of death itself, is less harrowing than the agony of doubt. I continued:

"He gained access to her chamber. She vainly endeavored to induce him to leave her. Tears, prayers, threats—all were of no avail. Then she seized a poignard."

"No, no!" she exclaimed.

I stopped and looked inquiringly at her. She dropped her eyes and remained silent. The time had not yet come when she would divulge her terrible secret. Nevertheless, the feeling that she could not long conceal it, and the instincts of self-preservation, produced an awful conflict in her breast. She was so pale and weak, that but for the convulsive movements of her frame, I should have supposed that she had lost consciousness. I went on:

"She seized a poignard, and, listening only to the promptings of despair, plunged it into his breast. He fell dead at her feet. The most terrible anguish succeeded to her despair. But it was necessary to efface all traces of the crime, and to dispose of the body. She succeeded in doing both."

She looked around her in a wild, terrified manner. Doubtless the fearful scene was before her eyes. Suddenly her glance became fixed and motionless, and was riveted on one of the dark corners of the library, as if something more powerful than her will retained it there.

"It is there," said I, pointing to the corner, "that the body lies—there beneath those planks."

"No, no, it does not! No, I swear to you!" she ejaculated.

Her voice was terrible in its anguish. She threw herself at my feet. I endeavored to raise her, but she clung to me convulsively.

"Let me die here!" she exclaimed. "Oh! sir, have pity on me! Kill me here in the same place!"

"Rise," I said, "and do not give way to despair. Before thinking of death, think of your conscience, of the justice of man, and, above all, of that of God, whose mercy none may hope for who do not repent and expiate their faults."

These words calmed and strengthened her. She rose, and I conducted her to the sofa, taking a seat beside her. Then grasping her hand, in as firm a voice as I could command, I said:

"You must tell me all, mademoiselle; you must relieve your mind from the secret which oppresses it."

Although still deeply agitated, she was about to reply, but her strength was not equal to the task, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Let me relieve my heart thus," she said.

The past, a happy past, doubtless, suddenly rose up before her. I allowed her to weep on; even the bitterest tears are a solace to the heart. With her they were an eternal adieu to the memories of the past, to the hopes of the future, to her youth and her life.

Her thoughts doubtless wandered back to her joyful childhood, to the paternal root, where she had lived so carelessly and so happily. Still so young, yet she had been obliged to leave her friends to enter into the service of strangers; and there, persecuted, menaced, her honor at stake, she had committed a murder to preserve it. She had no one to assist, no one to advise, her! And though an opportunity were afforded her of appealing to her family, what use would there be in doing so? Could she call upon her poor mother, already doubtless sufficiently tried, upon her sisters who loved her, to witness her crime, her shame, and probably her death? Ah, far better to die alone, without an arm to sustain her in this struggle, than to share the terrors of her expiation with those innocent hearts!

Doubtless all this had passed through her mind, but her tears had afforded her some relief. She was more collected, and looked her position in the face with more calmness. She began her sad recital voluntarily.

"Now I am ready," she said. "Shall I tell you even what relates to my early history?"

"I must know all that concerns you in the past, as well as in the present."

"I will be frank with you, sir, and will conceal nothing."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONFESSION—MORE MYSTERY.

"MY father was a bailiff, in a village on the banks of the Rhine. When he died, four years since, I was in my fifteenth year. He left no fortune, and my mother, an invalid sister and myself found ourselves reduced to a small widow's pension, on which they are still managing to live in Coblentz. Fortunately, I had received a good education, and at once sought a position as governess or companion. At the end of about six months, I was engaged in a neighbor's family who had known my father. There I remained until last Summer, when I entered the employ of the countess."

She paused. And I fancied, now that she had come to this eventful period of her life, that she was in doubt as to whether she was right in relating to me its history.

"Why did you leave this family, who had known your father?" I inquired.

Her resolution was taken.

"I will tell you all," she replied. "I there made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, who was stopping with his family in the neighborhood. Harry Weston and myself became mutually attached, but his parents, who were very wealthy, refused their consent to his union with a poor girl like myself. His entreaties finally induced me to consent to a private marriage. It was solemnized by a clergyman, on condition that we separated immediately afterward, never to meet again until Harry had obtained his parents' consent to our union. As he could not absent himself from his family, I resolved to leave the country. Then I engaged with the countess.

"Harry was unwilling that I should go entirely among strangers, so he sent with me a family servant whose devotion and fidelity could be relied upon. Anthony Rieder, who is honest as he is brave, was to accompany me everywhere, and to serve as an intermediary between my husband and myself, and if need be as a protector. When I entered into the service of the countess, he also was enabled to secure a situation with her.

"Harry has not yet obtained the consent of his parents, but they are tenderly attached to him, and we are both young and have confidence in the future.

"Ah!" she continued, sadly, "we *had* confidence before this terrible affair, but now there is no hope for either of us!"

After a short silence, she went on in a calmer tone:

"I lived contentedly here, for hope consoled me. But my happiness was of short duration. The countess's nephew arrived at Turellen. He came with the intention of remaining only a week, but prolonged his stay.

"I soon found that it was I who detained him here, for he told me so openly. He was thoroughly unscrupulous, and made a boast of being so. He had no faith in the female sex, and with his usual effrontery intimated that I also was accessible. His aunt made light of all this, even in his presence. I met his insolence by silent contempt, feeling strong in the protection of Anthony, the gamekeeper. But I was much surprised that the count subjected me to his persecutions, even before his aunt. I had not counted on this. I shut myself up in my apartments, but the countess summoned me to return to her presence. I then insisted upon leaving the chateau, but she refused to permit my doing so, under the plea that the term for which I had engaged had not yet expired. I then resolved on flight, but neither Anthony nor myself had sufficient means to undertake a journey, and it would have been time lost to have asked for our salaries; the countess would have divined our object in doing so, and would have refused to make any advance.

"This was the state of affairs ten days after the count's arrival. Four days later came the sad tragedy.

"I served tea that evening. The count was there as usual. During the day he had treated me with frigid politeness. But he was thoughtful, and whenever his eyes rested upon me, his face wore such a peculiar expression that I felt that he was meditating some sinister purpose. I was ill at ease; a strange terror took possession of me, and I retired at an early hour to my own room. He made no effort to detain me, nor did the countess either, although she had been in the habit of doing so for many days previously. Far from reassuring me, this sudden change of manner redoubled my fears.

"On reaching my chamber, I rang for the maid and sent for Anthony, in order to communicate my fears to him, and to urge his exercising more than ordinary watchfulness that night.

"The maid came back, saying that he had gone out to attend to his duties, and was not likely to return before midnight.

"It was then ten o'clock, and I was nervous and uneasy. The more I reflected upon the count's sinister expression, the more convinced did I become that he had formed evil designs against me. I even thought that he had sent Anthony away, lest he should interfere with his plans.

"I carefully closed my door, windows and shutters. The latter are strong and substantial, and can defy attack from the outside. I felt that I was safe from this quarter, but unfortunately did not feel equally so about the library windows, the blinds of which are old and insecure, and there would have been little difficulty in forcing them open. The door which communicates with my chamber had a lock, it was true, but it was so weak as to be of little protection. I had ascertained all these facts a few days previously. This lock could easily be forced without being heard by the servants, for the thick walls would probably have deadened any sound. If an attempt, therefore, was made to enter my chamber, I felt that it would be through the library.

"I consequently resolved not to retire before the return of Anthony, and to call for assistance at the slightest noise. In order to enter my chamber the count would be first obliged to burst open the door, and before he could have time to accomplish this I could make my way to the passage and arouse the servants, who were at no great distance. For greater security, I placed the poniard which Harry had given me in my bosom.

"I could have desired my maid to sleep in my chamber, it is true, but the girl would probably have feared to disobey the countess's orders, which were very positive, that all her domestics should retire to their chambers at a certain hour, and not leave them. Besides, in case my suspicions were not verified, it would have been an admission of my fears, which would have compromised my employer's and my own reputation.

"My best plan, therefore, was to secure myself as far as possible from intrusion. I closed my own rooms carefully, drew the bolt of the library door, and examined the windows, two of which I found closed, as also the blinds. But the third—" and here she pointed to the window facing her room—"was open, and the blinds fastened back. This circumstance astonished me, for I remembered having closed them before supper.

"Perhaps, however, I might have forgotten to do so. As I drew near to shut them, I looked out into the garden; all was silent and I saw no one. Reassured by this, I put my arm out of the window to draw in the blinds, when suddenly I felt it strongly grasped by a man, concealed beneath the peach-tree under the window. I sought to draw my arm from him, but did not succeed.

"This sudden and unexpected attack had deprived me of all presence of mind. Instead of putting my head out of the window and calling for help in the garden, where my screams would have been heard, I involuntarily started back, and they were deadened by the thick walls.

"I was about to raise my voice again, when a man appeared at the window. I recognized him; he was the count. He jumped upon the window-sill without loosening his hold, and placed his hand over my mouth. Vainly did I endeavor to repulse him; I was unable to scream. The wildest terror came over me on finding myself thus at his mercy! The only being on whom I could rely for succor was absent. I felt myself the victim of an infamous plot, dishonored and miserable for the balance of my life, and forever separated from the husband of my love. I scarcely knew what I did. My left hand, which the count had seized, still convulsively clutched the blind, but my right hand was free, and with this I drew my poniard. The count was about to leap into the room. I raised my weapon—then——"

She stopped; her voice was stifled by emotion. Her face had become of ashen paleness, and she looked wildly about her. She was evidently living over again those terrible moments.

"Well, what followed?" I inquired.

She buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Poor girl! she had arrived at that cruel point in her story which might seal her fate. Another word; and she felt that she consigned herself into the hands of justice, perhaps into those of the executioner. Was it therefore astonishing that her voice refused further utterance?

She had wished to be clasped, pure and faithful, to her husband's breast, to present an innocent forehead to her mother's kiss; but she could never again enter the presence of either husband or mother.

"What followed?" I again inquired.

She subdued her feelings after a time, and continued in a voice full of emotion and with eyes cast down:

"Then I saw a hand, clasping a large poniard, strike a desperate blow at the count's breast. A moment afterward, he fell upon the floor at my feet—a corpse! What followed for some time after this, I do not know, for I fainted."

She stopped again, and again found relief in tears.

As for myself, an immense weight seemed lifted from my heart, and I breathed again freely as I felt that for the poor child there was still life and hope.

The compassion with which this unfortunate young girl inspired me, the nobility of her character, the evident sincerity of her confession, had produced so profound an impression upon my mind, and I was so completely under the charm of her influence, that I did not at first question the truth of her last words. But doubts soon after arose in my mind.

A justice of the peace is rarely credulous, and the intervention of this hand, armed with a poniard, which arrived at such an opportune moment to save the young girl from a murder she was on the eve of committing, was something so marvelous and supernatural, that my reason refused to admit it. Besides, I had remarked that up to that point she had made her confession with exceeding frankness, but that subsequently she lowered her eyes, and her voice lost its firmness and clearness.

Nevertheless, although I did not implicitly credit her story, I had no right to decide that it was untrue. It was my duty to weigh carefully all the circumstances connected with it, and to question all the inmates of the chateau, until I obtained proofs of its reliability or falsehood.

Anthony, the younger gamekeeper, was blindly devoted to her. For many days he had watched over her with the utmost care. Might he not, at that fatal moment, have been hovering around her windows?

When she became more calm, I said:

"You lost your consciousness?"

"Yes, I fell into a fainting fit."

"And when you recovered, what happened?"

"My position was agonizing in the extreme; the corpse lay beside me as evidence of the murder. But that another hand had committed it, and that I had fainted through fear alone, were circumstances by no means clear to my mind, but vague as in a dream. And yet my poniard lay near me. I examined it by the light of the moon. Not a drop of blood sullied the blade; it was pure and stainless.

"Who, then, had killed the count? I asked myself. Anthony? But if so, why had he thus left me? Could it be, knowing, without a doubt, that I should be accused and convicted of the murder, that he would have abandoned me in this dreadful position? I could not believe it. But the thought occurred to me that perhaps he had taken flight to preserve his life, and that as soon as he arrived in a place of safety, he would confess his crime.

THE STREET-SINGER.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

"Although this was not at all in keeping with my knowledge of the character of the intrepid gamekeeper, still it was barely possible, and my position was none the less agonizing. I was alone with the corpse; I should be accused of murder, and pass through all the tortures of a judicial investigation, and the shame of an imprisonment.

"Oh, sir, how cruel is the position of a young girl, away from all who could befriend or protect her, in the midst of strangers! I never felt this so bitterly as during these awful moments.

"The window was still open, and the moon shone brightly on the face of the corpse. My solitude, my miserable thoughts, the horrible vicinity in which I found myself, threw me into a state bordering on madness. Suddenly I heard a noise in the garden, then hurried steps approaching the library. The wildest terror seized me, and I flew to the window. It was Anthony. I uttered a scream.

"'Did I alarm you, mademoiselle?'

"'Whence come you, Anthony?'

"'I have just returned from the forest. All this evening I have been more than usually anxious about you, and should have returned earlier, but I was not alone. As soon as I could possibly get away, I hastened here by the shortest road, and seeing this window open at such an hour, I hurried to it, to ascertain if aught was wrong.'

STORY OF THE THREE WONDERFUL COMPANIONS—A BOHEMIAN FAIRY LEGEND.—SEE PAGE 626.

"His gun and hunting accoutrements, which he still carried with him, attested the truth of the statement. It was not he, then, who had killed the count!

"'Great God! What has happened?' he inquired, as his eyes fell upon the dead body.

"He leaped into the library, closed the window, and I told him all.

"Like myself, he was unable to unravel the mystery. We next reflected upon what was best to be done in this emergency.

"'There is no time to be lost!' he exclaimed. 'Suspicion cannot fail to rest upon you, and the real murderer will avail himself of this fact to make his escape. For had he intended to acknowledge his crime, he would not have disappeared thus. Appearances are so strongly against you, that you can scarcely hope to establish your innocence. This powerful family will require some victim, and you will be unable to escape. I might save you, if you would only permit me,' said the brave fellow.

"'Never, Anthony, never! I would proclaim your innocence with my latest breath, even though by so doing I should condemn myself. Never will I allow suspicion to rest on you!'

"'I feared you would not consent,' he said, sadly; 'there remains for us, then, but one hope—the concealment of the corpse.'

"He reflected for a moment. His first impulse was to bear the body into the forest, but the watchdogs on scenting the corpse would have howled and directed attention to Anthony's movements. We consequently resolved to inter the count in the library. It was easy enough to remove the boards in the floor, and replace them, without leaving any trace. It was then only eleven o'clock, and we had still time sufficient before us to dispose of the corpse during the night. And even in the daytime there was little fear of our being disturbed, as no one but myself entered the library, excepting, perhaps, at rare intervals, some visitors, who were shown through the chateau. The countess has a library of her own, and the servants never enter this one except by my orders. We labored all night; and when day broke our task was completed. The body was buried, the floor replaced, and all traces effaced of the murder.

"The bloody deed was concealed. Did the countess entertain suspicions? This I know not—she certainly manifested none. Her conscience, if so, must have been sufficiently remorseful to compel silence. If she really believed that a murder had been committed, and that Anthony and myself were implicated in it, how poignant must be her remorse!"

Such was the history told by the young lady.

The old Count of Ruthenberg, this diplomat as astute as he was frivolous, had then come pretty near the truth. His observations respecting the parties and place were certainly very exact, and his deductions therefrom singularly correct. His judgment only erred in its excessive frivolity. But was he really as near the truth as I supposed? Was the murder committed by Alice Braun, Anthony, or some person unknown?

I continued my interrogatories to ascertain whether what Alice had told me was indeed true, or whether it was a skillful tale invented by an adventuress. Her manner and her words had produced the most favorable impression upon me, and I had conceived an exalted opinion of her honor and her virtue. But a justice of the peace must not trust entirely to appearances.

"You say you are married? Have you a certificate to prove the fact?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; the minister who united us gave one to both Harry and myself, in which the time and place of the marriage are stated."

"Have you received letters from your husband?"

"I will lay before you all our correspondence."

She conducted me to her chamber, and opening a bureau, took therefrom a small box containing the certificate and letters. Those of Weston were the only ones that I glanced over, and I found them overflowing with love and respect for his wife.

She was not, then, an adventuress! I was rejoiced in having acquired this certainty, and began to indulge in hopes of a happy future for the unfortunate girl.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### EXHUMATION OF THE CORPSE—A NEW WITNESS.

The next thing to be done was to interrogate Anthony. If he were the murderer (and I was convinced that I could draw the admission from him), then Alice would be safe. If he were guiltless, I should be able to ascertain whether her story to me agreed in every point with that which she had related to him, and also if he really believed in her innocence—a circumstance which would greatly influence my future conduct.

My first duty, however, as prescribed by law, was to make a formal accusation against Alice Braun. I sent my carriage for two surgeons from Tilsit, that an inquest should be held upon the body, and I ordered the driver also to bring with him two of my subordinates to the chateau.

These precautions taken, I desired Alice to show me her poniard. It was a delicate but strong weapon, of English manufacture. I could not discover upon it the slightest stain, nor indeed on the floor of the library, which I carefully examined.

My clerk arrived. And after having dictated a brief summary of Alice Braun's confession, I desired the young lady to await me in her own apartments. I wished to be alone in the library when I questioned Anthony, and ordered him to be brought before me. On hearing this order, Alice manifested unmistakable signs of uneasiness.

"You wish to interrogate Anthony?" she inquired.

"Certainly. Your fate depends in a great measure on his disclosures."

"But he is no longer here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have sent him away."

"Explain yourself."

"I could no longer remain in this house. As it was doubtful whether the countess would permit me to leave before the term for which I had engaged had expired, and as I had no money with which to travel, I was forced to have recourse to Harry, for my mother is too poor to assist me. But it was my duty to explain to my husband my motive for wishing to leave here, and as I feared to send so important a letter by post, I thought it best to make Anthony the bearer of it."

"And the gamekeeper has not yet returned?"

"He will not be here before the end of a week. He had so little money! He must have gone nearly the whole distance on foot."

"This is a very unfortunate circumstance!"

"But he will certainly return."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. I can promise you that he will not delay a single day."

Her tone was so earnest that it carried conviction with it. But the absence of Anthony was none the less an unfortunate circumstance for her, since it forced me to place her under arrest. I told her this.

The suffering which she had undergone in the last few hours had so crushed her, that she seemed almost insensible to this latter blow.

"During the past few weeks I have often thought of this terrible moment, but I did not suppose it so near at hand," she said, with a deep sigh.

Poor girl! She would be condemned, until the gamekeeper's return, to all the agonies of doubt, and all the horrors of imprisonment, and I could devise no means to save her from these trials.

Suddenly an idea presented itself to me respecting that stern gamekeeper, and his pretty, coquettish daughter.

"You became thoughtful," I said to Alice, "when I spoke to you of the gamekeeper's daughter."

"No, no," she replied, sadly shaking her head. "It was only from a foolish notion of mine."

"You know nothing about her?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Nevertheless, I sent the officers in search of the gamekeeper and his daughter, with orders to arrest them separately, but to treat them with the consideration due to witnesses.

When the two physicians arrived, I directed the floor to be raised, and the count's body to be exhumed. It was found in a far advanced state of decomposition, but not sufficiently so as to preclude recognition.

Alice Braun was of course obliged to be present during the exhumation. It was a terrible trial for the poor girl, but she went through with it as if sustained by supernatural strength. The sight of the corpse produced a most fearful effect upon the countess, who was also obliged by law to be present. I had previously informed her that her nephew had been murdered and interred in the library, but that I had as yet been unable to learn the circumstances under which the murder had been committed, nor to discover the murderer.

This intelligence had deeply moved her. Her conscience doubtless bitterly reproached her. But she exercised sufficient self-control to conceal her remorse and only betray her grief. I led her up to the corpse. As she passed Alice, she darted at her a look of such intense hatred as to prove that she considered her the murderess. The young girl, however, met it unflinchingly. The countess was unable long to remain in the presence of the dead; she uttered a superhuman cry of remorse and despair, and fled from the room.

Alice must have been innocent; her conduct in the presence of the corpse contrasted so strongly with that of the countess, that I could not for a moment doubt her. But

however deep this conviction might be in my own mind, it of course had no value in the eye of the law.

One circumstance favorable to the accused, but unfortunately of not sufficient weight to refute the strong evidence against her, was disclosed during the inquest. A large wound existed in the region of the heart. This organ, as was shown by the autopsy, was almost severed in two, and death must have been instantaneous. The wound had evidently not been produced by the straight, narrow poniard shown me by Alice; it could only have been inflicted by a broad, short blade.

"Perhaps by a hunting-knife?" I inquired of the physicians.

"Probably," they replied.

But they could not affirm this with certainty, as the body was so far decomposed, particularly in the immediate vicinity of the wound. I looked forward with the liveliest anxiety to the result of my interrogation of the gamekeeper and his daughter. It was the last hope for the young girl, and I dreaded to see it disappear. The officers only succeeded in finding the daughter, but one of them remained at the lodge, in order to conduct the father to the chateau as soon as he reached home. The only person whom I allowed to remain with me during the examination of the young woman was my clerk, whom I was obliged by law to permit to be present. The girl knew, doubtless, that the young count had been assassinated, and that the body had been exhumed, for the news of my visit and its result had probably already become tolerably widespread; but she was of course ignorant of the rest.

In my presence she seemed dumbfounded. She was a handsome girl, full of that coquetry which desires to please at any cost. She had doubtless encouraged the count, who made advances to every woman who was young and pretty. The confusion and mortification of the girl told this plainly enough, but nothing beyond.

"Did you know the young Count of Ruthenberg?" I inquired.

She blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"He passed a fortnight at the chateau, about two months since," she responded.

"Then you were acquainted with him?"

"I have often seen him."

"You have also frequently spoken with him?"

She blushed again.

"He addressed me once or twice."

"He has been in your house?"

"Only once."

"Was he alone there with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was your father?"

"Hunting, in the forest."

"Was this in the daytime, or the night?"

"It was not yet dark."

"But it was near evening?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"Were you ever alone with him on other occasions?"

"Where could I have met him?"

"That is just what I wish to know."

She trembled, and became so confused that she did not dare raise her eyes. It was evident that her relations with the count were of an equivocal character. I continued:

"Was your father aware of your intimacy with the count?"

"He never mentioned it to me."

"Did he never speak to you of the count?"

"I do not remember."

"You are evading my question."

"Well, inquire of my father."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED—A JUDGMENT OF GOD.

IT was evident that she had resolved to make no further admissions; she had even overcome her confusion. Either her father and herself were innocent of the murder, or they had agreed beforehand on what they should reply, in case of a summons. In either event, it was useless to pursue my inquiries further; it was sufficient for me to know the relations existing between the young woman and the count, without informing myself of the details.

I was almost hopeless of any good result, but still I again sent an officer in search of the gamekeeper. His daughter, who was present when I gave the order, manifested uneasiness at his tardiness in making his appearance. Her anxiety surprised me, as I could not account for it.

A short time after this, a man who had a letter for me was brought in by the officer. He was one of the day-laborers in the garden. He was pale and trembling, and gave a start of horror on perceiving the gamekeeper's daughter, who sprang toward him, exclaiming:

"You have seen my father?"

"Yes," replied the man, casting down his eyes.

"Is he dead?"

"He has just killed himself!"

This is the account which the man gave of the affair: At the entrance of the forest he had met the gamekeeper, who, after handing him a note, which he desired him to deliver at the chateau, plunged into the thicket. A moment afterward the laborer heard the report of a gun, a short distance from him. He had been impressed by the strange, wild manner of the gamekeeper, and, apprehending some disaster, he entered the forest and found the poor fellow with a bullet through his head—dead. He at once, in terror, started for the chateau, to give me the letter and inform me of the suicide.

The gamekeeper then was indeed guilty, and my conjectures were correct!

On hearing this terrible relation, his daughter sank into a chair, in a state bordering on madness.

I read the note. The gamekeeper wrote that, learning that the murder had been discovered, and that Mademoiselle Braun had been accused of it, he preferred, rather than allow an innocent person to suffer for his crime, to confess his own guilt. Besides, his conscience had long upbraided him for his concealment. He found himself incapable of surviving his shame, and left it for his daughter to inform me of the rest.

After hearing this letter, the girl became fearfully excited.

"Yes," she cried, "he killed that villain, but I was the cause of the murder—the cause, too, of my poor father's death!"

She was too much excited at the moment to be able to respond to my questions; besides, I had a still more urgent duty to perform—to put an end to the sufferings and anguish of Alice, by assuring her that her innocence was established. After having informed her of the suicide of the gamekeeper, I read his letter to her.

I shall never forget the noble and touching expression which relief and gratitude to Heaven spread over her pale and beautiful countenance. She took my hand and pressed it tenderly between her own; then she begged me to permit her to retire for a moment. She wished to pour out her thanks to God.

I returned to the gamekeeper's daughter. She made a full confession, dictated by repentance ; she had now no motive for concealing the truth ; her father was dead, and she was innocent—in the eye of the law.

Her father had suspected her intimacy with the count, without being quite convinced of the fact. He had several times accused her of it, but she had always repelled his accusations with indignation, without, however, entirely allaying his distrust.

The night of the murder, she was to have had an interview with the count in the park, but her lover did not come at the appointed time, and she walked toward the chateau in the hope of meeting him, or at least ascertaining the cause of his delay. She saw him approaching the library, and, curious to learn his motive for being in this distant part of the garden, she cautiously glided along to watch his movements. But suddenly, by the light of the moon, she perceived that some one was following her, and soon discovered that it was her father.

Struck with terror, she concealed herself behind a clump of bushes. The gamekeeper, having lost sight of her, was undecided for a moment as to what course to pursue. But having heard a noise in the direction of the library, and supposing that his daughter had taken refuge there, he hastened to the spot. He found the window open and the count about entering through it, in spite of the efforts of a woman to prevent his doing so. He did not for a moment doubt that this woman was his daughter, who, terrified by the sight of her father, wished to prevent her lover's following her into the room.

Certain of his child's dishonor, and deaf to everything but his rage and mortification, he approached the window with stealthy steps and plunged his knife to the hilt in the bosom of the count, just as the latter was about to spring into the room.

The count fell at once. The gamekeeper turned suddenly and beheld his daughter at his side. Divining her father's purpose, the wretched girl had sprung after him, a prey to the wildest agony, but she reached him too late. She led him home. He wished at once to give himself into the hands of justice, but finding that the murder was not discovered he had remained silent, to protect the honor of his child.

Man's justice could not call to account this wretched girl, whose levity had been productive of such terrible results. What punishment God's justice may have had in store for her I know not. I am ignorant even of her fate.

As Alice Braun—or, rather, Madame Weston—had anticipated, Anthony returned at the expiration of a week. But he did not come alone ; Harry Weston accompanied him. The terrible position in which his wife was placed had decided the young Englishman to inform his parents of his marriage, and after a time they had consented to receive the wife of his choice.

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I might have told this history in a more dramatic manner. I could, for instance, have introduced Alice's husband at the moment when she was accused of the murder, and have rendered, by the turning of a few incidents, the evidence against her still more overwhelming.

But I have only wished to relate a strange incident in criminal history, and to relate it precisely as it took place. Besides, is not such a story, without any embellishments, sufficiently replete with anguish and with tears ?

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

ELDER OF TWINS: *"It's very vulgar to say 'You be Blowed' to each other, like those men do—isn't it, Uncle Fred?"*
UNCLE FRED: *"I believe it is generally considered so, my dear."*
ELDER OF TWINS: *"Yes, indeed! Ethel and I, you know—we always say, 'You be Blown!'"*

## THE RAVEN.

This truly handsome bird is spread over almost all portions of the habitable globe, finding a livelihood wherever there are wide expanses of uncultivated ground, and only being driven from its home by the advance of cultivation and the consequent inhabitance of the soil by human beings. It is a solitary bird, living in the wildest district that it can find, and especially preferring those that are intersected with hills. In such localities the raven reigns supreme, the eagle himself scarcely daring to contest the supremacy with so powerful, crafty, and strong-beaked a bird.

The food of the raven is almost entirely of an animal nature, and there are few living things which the raven will not eat whenever it finds an opportunity of so doing. Worms, grubs, caterpillars, and insects of all kinds are swallowed by hundreds, but the diet in which the raven most delights is dead carrion. In consequence of this taste, the raven may be found rather plentifully on the Scottish sheep-feeding grounds, where the flocks are of such immense size that the bird is sure to find a sufficiency of food among the daily dead; for its wings are large and powerful, and its daily range of flight is so great that many thousands of sheep pass daily under its ken, and it is tolerably sure in the course of the day to find at

THE RAVEN AND THE ADDER.

least one dead sheep or lamb. Sometimes the raven accelerates matters, for if it should find an unfortunate sheep lying in a ditch, a misfortune to which these animals are especially prone, it is sure to cause the speedy death of the poor creature by repeated attacks upon its eyes. Weakly or ailing sheep are also favorite subjects with the raven, who soon puts an end to their sufferings by the strokes of his long and powerful beak. Even the larger cattle are not free from the assaults of this voracious bird, which performs in every case the office of a vulture.

Sheep and cattle do not, however, form the whole of a raven's diet, for besides the insects which have already been mentioned, this bird eats snakes, mice, rabbits, birds of various kinds, including young partridges and pheasants, and will invade the farmyard when pressed by hunger, and carry off the young poultry. Even the hedgehog falls a victim to the raven, who cares nothing for his spiked armor, but drives his sharp bill through the poor beast, tears away the prickly skin, and devours the carcase at his leisure. In Northern America, and indeed in many other countries, the raven is a regular attendant on the hunters, and follows them for the purpose of feeding upon the offal of the creatures which they kill.

The tongue of the raven is rather curiously formed, being broad, flat, covered with a horny kind of shield, and deeply cleft at the extremity. At the root are four rather large projections or spines, the points being directed backward.

## THE STREET SINGER.

"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."
"Lo! it breaks, the glorious day."

UNKNOWN, uncared for, perhaps unnoticed too,
But for her voice, which scarce could fail to sue
Some listener by the way,
She glances upward, sings as she goes by,
And breathes the humid air; and oft doth sigh
It should be so unlike her native sky,
In bright Italian day,
When first she heard the lay,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

And thus obey her will those weary feet,
Through smoky alley, lane, or dismal street
Tread step by step along.
Not one she knows, scarce one would question "where"
Her rightful home, or why she strolleth there.
The language of her voice is sweet and rare;
Unknown to that rough throng,
Who listen to her song,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

But one from her own land in sickness lies
In some dim attic near; and ere he dies
Is roused by words like these.
Of youth and of a far-off land he dreams;
The past by some sweet charm and future seems
Enwoven in one blaze of glorious gleams
Of joy; like light he sees,
Beaming with peace and ease,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

That voice, an angel to his tranced sight,
Glides o'er a vista of ethereal light
Far in the heights above;
Who, singing, scatters flowers to mark the way,
Such gorgeous hues as vie each rainbow ray,
And bids him follow to the gate of day.
To Paradise above
Directs that voice of love,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

## STORY OF THE THREE WONDERFUL COMPANIONS.

A BOHEMIAN FAIRY LEGEND.

THERE was once a king, who was very old and had only one son. One day he called his son, and said:

"Go up into the highest room in the tower, and when thou art there, cast thy eyes around thee and tell me which of the brides which thou shalt there see pleases thee most."

This room had twelve high windows; in each window a virgin was painted on crystal glass in the loveliest rainbow colors, with a royal crown on her head.

Then the prince saw that one window was concealed by a white curtain, which he drew aside.

There stood a virgin dressed in white, with a silver girdle round her waist and a crown of pearls upon her head. She was the loveliest of all, but sad and pale as if she had risen from the grave. The prince said:

"Her alone will I choose, and no other."

After he had left and returned to the king, his father, he told him all that he had seen. Then the old king was filled with sorrow, but in a moment he raised his head, and said:

"Thou has chosen ill, my son. This virgin is in the power of a wicked magician, imprisoned within an iron castle, and none of those who have gone to set her free have ever returned to their homes again."

The prince now departed from the king his father, and rode forth toward the iron castle that he might obtain his bride. At length he lost his way. And as he was wandering through the wood he heard a voice.

The prince beheld a very tall man hastening toward him.

"Wait and take me with you," said the voice. "If you take me into your service, you will never have cause to repent it."

"Who art thou?" cried the prince; "and what canst thou do?"

"I am called Longbody, and can stretch out my limbs to a great length."

"Canst thou help me out of the forest?" said the prince.

"Hum! that is easy enough!" replied Longbody, and he stretched himself again till he was three times as high as the tallest tree. He then looked around, and pointing in a certain direction, said:

"Yonder is the nearest road out of the wood."

Then he drew himself in again, took the horse by the bridle, and went on in front. Before the prince had time to observe it, before them lay a great plain.

"Yonder goes my companion," said Longbody, pointing to the further end of the plain. "You ought to take him with you, too, for he could render you great services."

"Call him hither, that I may see what there is in him."

"It is rather a long way off, master," answered Longbody. "I would rather go and fetch him."

Then Longbody lengthened himself again toward the sky, made one or two steps, seized his comrade and placed him before the prince.

"Who art thou?" asked the prince; "and what canst thou do?"

"Master, I am called Broadbody, and can swell myself out to a great breadth."

They proceeded further on their way, and met one who had his eyes bound.

"Master, that is our other companion," said Longbody. "You ought to take him into your service."

"Who art thou?" demanded the prince; "and why hast thou thy eyes bound in that fashion?"

"Oh, sir, quite the contrary," replied he; "it is just because I see too clearly that I have my eyes bound, for with them bound I can see just as well as you can with yours free. If I take off the cloth, my sight penetrates through the thickest substance. For which reason I am called Keeneye."

"Truly, thou art a valuable fellow," said the prince. "But just look and tell me how far we are from the Iron Castle, and what is going on within,"

"If you rode alone, master," answered Keeneye, "you would not arrive there in a year; but with our help you will be there before the day is over. They are at this moment preparing the evening meal for us."

"And what is my bride doing?"

"She is sitting alone
In the gloomy tower,
Cruelly bound
By magic power."

Then said the prince:

"Let him who is my friend help me to set her free."

And they all three promised. And as the sun was leaving the earth they crossed the iron bridge that led to the old castle-gate.

In the courtyard, in the stable, and in the hall they saw by the twilight many people in rich attire, both men and women; but not one of them moved—they were all turned to stone.

The prince and his companions came at length to the banquet-hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and in the middle stood a table covered with a profusion of rich viands, and laid out for four persons. They sat down and began to eat and drink.

As they were thus occupied the door suddenly flew open and the magician walked in. He led by the hand a most lovely princess, clothed in white. Around her waist she wore a silver girdle, and upon her head a crown of pearls. The prince knew her again in a moment, sprang up and went toward her.

"I know why thou art come hither; thy intention is to bear away this princess," said the magician. "Be it so! It is permitted thee to claim, after thou hast guarded her for three nights together without allowing her to escape. If thou failest, thou and thy three attendants will be turned into stone, like all those who have made the attempt before thee."

He then led the princess to a seat, and withdrew.

Longbody lengthened himself to the fullest extent, and lay all around the room. Broadbody placed himself within the doorway, swelled out his body, and stopped the way so completely that even a mouse could not go through. And Keeneye stood in the middle of the room, like a pillar, so as to keep watch. In a little while, however, all three growing weary, fell asleep and slept the whole night.

When the morning began to dawn, the prince saw that the princess had disappeared.

"Do not be in the least troubled, master," quoth Keeneye, looking out of the window, "for I see her already. A hundred miles from this castle is a forest. In the midst of that forest stands an oak; upon that oak is an acorn, and that acorn is the princess. Longbody shall take me on his shoulders, and we will soon get her back again."

So he stretched himself out, and in less time than one requires to go round a cottage they were back again. Longbody gave the acorn to the prince, and said:

"Let it fall upon the ground."

The prince did as he was told, and at the same moment the beautiful princess stood before him!

The magician entered with a fiendish laugh; but as soon as he beheld the princess there one of the iron rings that were round his waist snapped and fell to the ground. He then took the princess by the hand, and led her away.

The next night the magician again appeared, leading the princess, to be guarded by the prince. Now, although they had all made up their minds to withstand sleep, yet it was no use, for they soon fell into a sound sleep. And when the prince awoke and found the princess gone again, he sprang up, and shaking Keeneye by the shoulders, cried:

"Ho, there! bestir thyself, thou of the sharp eye. Knowest thou where the lady has fled to?"

Keeneye rubbed his eyes a little while, then looked around him and said:

"I already see her! Two hundred miles from here stands a hill; within that hill is a rock; within that rock is a precious stone, and that precious stone is the fair princess. If Longbody will carry me on his shoulders we shall soon recover her."

They got the gem and brought it to the prince, and as soon as he had thrown it on the ground the princess stood again before him. Then, when the magician came and saw her there, his eyes flashed with anger, and a second ring snapped asunder and fell from his body.

The next night the princess escaped a third time. But Keeneye saw her.

"She is a long way off, master, a very long way off! Three hundred miles from here is the Black Sea; in the middle of that sea, lying at the bottom, is a mussel; in the inside of that mussel is a golden ring, and that ring is the princess. Do not be troubled, master, for we shall get her yet. But we shall have to take Broadbody with us this time, for we shall want him."

Longbody then, taking Keeneye on one shoulder and Broadbody on the other, started on his way.

When they had come to the Black Sea, Keeneye showed his companion in what part of the sea the mussel was, but Longbody could not reach the bottom.

Then Broadbody began swelling himself, and drank until the water was low enough to allow Longbody to bring up the ring.

Meanwhile the prince in the castle was very uneasy, and before his attendants returned, the magician appeared in the doorway, and cast his eyes slowly round the room. When he saw that the princess was not there, a grin of malicious delight spread over his face. But before he could utter a word the window was smashed into a thousand pieces, the ring fell on the ground, and behold! the princess stood again before him.

For Keeneye told Longbody what great danger his master stood in. Longbody then made one rapid step, and stretching forth his arm, threw the ring through the window into the room. The magician roared with anger, so that the castle trembled. In an instant a third ring snapped asunder and fell to the ground, and at the same moment the magician was transformed into a raven, and flew away through the broken window.

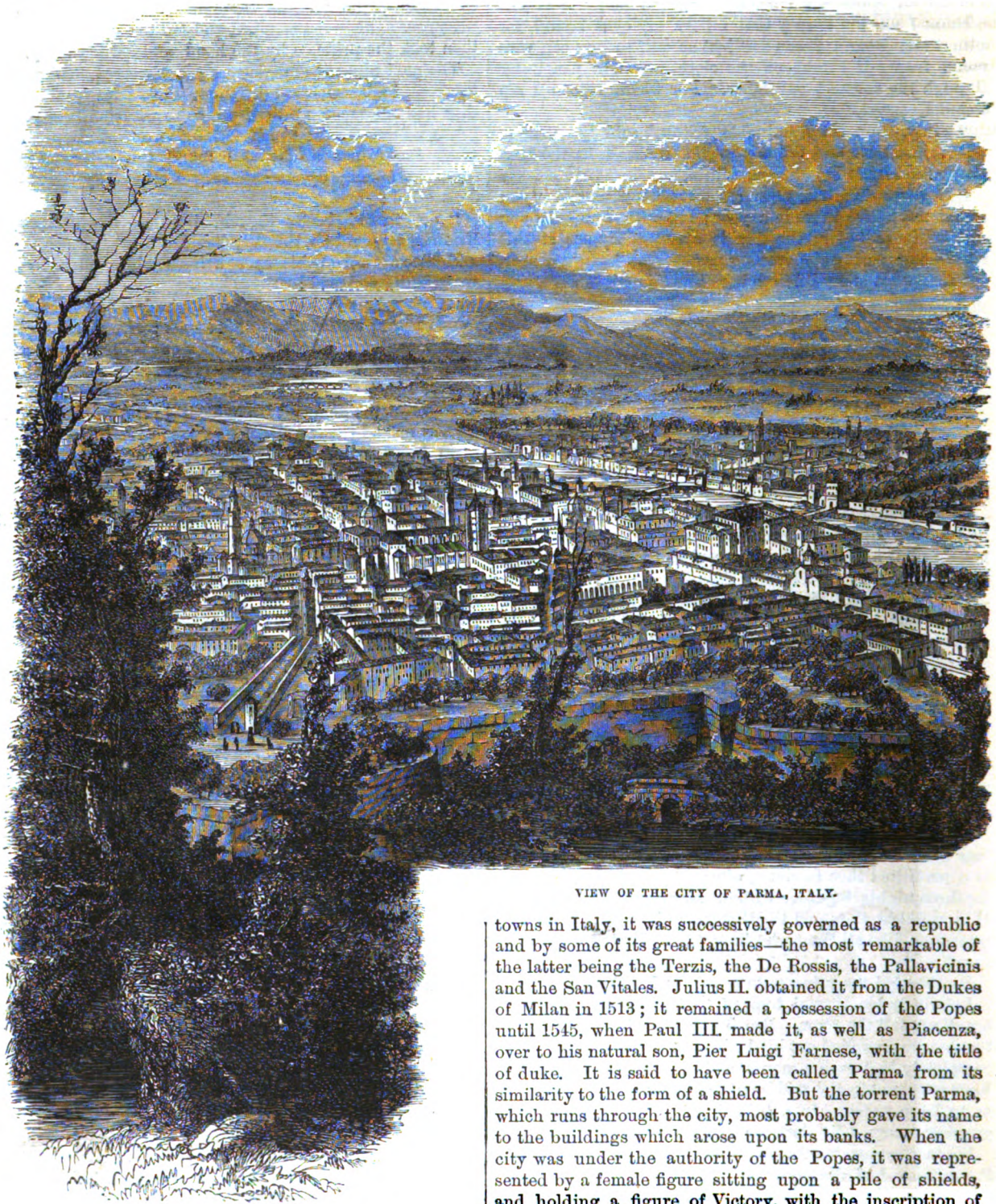
Then the beautiful princess began to speak, and as she thanked the prince for her freedom, a soft blush, like that upon a rose, spread over her cheeks.

Everything in all parts of the castle was filled with life. All was life; all was gladness!

Meanwhile a large number of knights entered the room where the prince was, and thanked him for having given them their liberty. But he answered:

"You ought not to thank me; for if my faithful companions had not been with me, I should, ere now, have been what you were."

Three weeks after this the happy wedding took place.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARMA, ITALY.

## A GLANCE AT THE CITY OF PARMA.

PARMA, though a city of palaces and beautiful gardens, has a singularly lifeless appearance; indeed, it is only once a year, on the occasion of the annual silk fair, that the city seems to awaken to a proper sense of its own importance.

This city, whose population now exceeds 45,000, is of an oval shape, which it has retained from remote antiquity. Situated in the territory of the Boian Gauls, it was reduced to a Roman colony as early as B.C. 187; destroyed during the wars of the Triumvirate, it was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar and Augustus. In the Middle Ages, like most of the large towns in Italy, it was successively governed as a republic and by some of its great families—the most remarkable of the latter being the Terzis, the De Rossis, the Pallavicinis and the San Vitales. Julius II. obtained it from the Dukes of Milan in 1513; it remained a possession of the Popes until 1545, when Paul III. made it, as well as Piacenza, over to his natural son, Pier Luigi Farnese, with the title of duke. It is said to have been called Parma from its similarity to the form of a shield. But the torrent Parma, which runs through the city, most probably gave its name to the buildings which arose upon its banks. When the city was under the authority of the Popes, it was represented by a female figure sitting upon a pile of shields, and holding a figure of Victory, with the inscription of *Parma aurea.*

Parma suffered from an earthquake in 1832, when several houses were so much injured as to require being rebuilt. The Via Emilia, which divides the city into two nearly equal portions, crosses, in the centre, the Piazza Grande, which has on the north side the Palazzo del Commune, with its bell-tower. So complete has been the subversion of the ancient colony of Lepidus, that a few inscriptions, mutilated sculptures and objects of jewelry are all that remain of Roman times.

The name of Parma is connected with some of the principal events in the Lombard League; but little of its medie-

val character remains, except in the fine group formed by the Duomo and the Baptistery, which stand close to one another at a short distance to the north of the Piazza Grande.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, was consecrated by Pope Pascal II., A.D. 1106; many portions are much later. The principal entrance, forming the central door of the façade, has on each side colossal lions of red Verona marble, the one grasping a serpent, the other a bull; they were sculptured by G. Bono da Bisone, in 1281. The other sculptures of this portal are by Bianchino, in 1493. The sun mystically placed in the keystone of the circular arch, the months by the principal occupations during each on either side; the hunt, the allegory of the pursuit of the soul by the fiend, over the lintel, are curious. A few Roman inscriptions are built up in the walls, indicating, perhaps, how many more are concealed in its core or beneath in the foundation.

The interior, excepting some Gothic interpolations and some modern additions, is in a fine Lombard style, and the arrangement of the triforium is remarkable. Magnificent but perishing frescoes cover the walls. The most important of these are upon the cupola, and were executed by Correggio between the years 1522 and 1530. The subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin." The painter has imagined that the octagon, or drum, from which the cupola rises, embraces the space on earth in which stood the sepulchre of the Virgin; for this purpose, upon the octagon itself, from which the great vault springs, runs a balustrade, above which rises a candelabrum at each of the

POPE JULIUS II.

eight angles, with a number of boys between engaged in lighting tapers, or burning incense and odoriferous herbs. On the balustrade, and in front of the base of the cupola, stand the Apostles disposed around, looking upward with astonishment, and as if dazzled by the great light of the celestial host who transport the Virgin; and above, heaven appears open to receive her. The Angel Gabriel descends to meet her, and the different hierarchies of the blessed circle around him.

In the arches under the cupola, or on its pendentives, are represented the Four Protectors of the City of Parma —St. Hilary, St. Bernard, St. John the Baptist and St. Thomas—attended by angels symbolical of the virtues of each Saint, and with the emblems and ornaments of his dignity. St. John, holding a lamb; angels around darting, as it were, through the clouds. St. Thomas, also surrounded by angels, some bearing exotic fruits, emblematical of this apostle's labors in India. St. Hilary, looking down upon the city with an expression of kindness and protection; while St. Bernard, kneeling, is imploring on its behalf.

This magnificent work, which occupied so many years of the artist's life, was poorly paid for and inadequately appreciated. He was much teased and thwarted by the cathedral wardens; one of them, in allusion to the fact that many more limbs than bodies are visible from below, told him that he had made a "hash of frogs" (*un guazzetto di rane*).

The work is remarkable for its chiar'-oscuro—confined, indeed, as compared with Correggio's oil pictures, to a light scale, especially in the upper portions; for its wonderful foreshortenings, and for the extensive range in the size of the figures, in order to convey by their perspective diminution an impression of great space.

It must be evident that gradations in magnitude will be more full and varied when they comprehend, if only in a limited degree, the perspective diminution of forms. The great Italian artists seem to have considered this essential to distinguish painting, however severe in style, from *basso-relievo*, in which the varieties of magnitude are real. But in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael this perspective diminution of figures is confined to narrow limits; partly because the technical means may have been wanting to mark the relative distances of objects when the work was seen under the conditions required; but chiefly because figures much reduced in size cannot be consistently rendered expressive as actors or spectators.

In the second compartment of the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, the effects of the perspective are expressed without restraint; but the indistinctness which was the consequence was probably among the causes that induced Michael Angelo to reduce the space in depth in the other compartments (as regards the figures) almost to the conditions of sculpture.

In Raphael's "Transfiguration," the figures on the mount are supposed to be distant with reference to those below; but, had they been so represented, they would have been devoid of meaning and importance. They are, therefore, by a judicious liberty, brought within that range of vision where expression, action and form are cognizable. One great exception is, however, not to be overlooked; Correggio, who was devoted to picturesque gradation under all circumstances, and sometimes at any sacrifice, adopted a different course.

The perspective diminution in the cupolas at Parma (to say nothing of the objects being represented as if above the eye) is extreme; so that even the principal figures are altogether subservient to the expression of space. This was the chief object; but the grandeur of form and character which the nearer figures exhibit has been justly considered to place these works far above subsequent efforts of the kind, which, in the hands of the "machinists," soon degenerated to mere decoration.

The decay of these frescoes is to be chiefly attributed to the old, insufficient roof over the dome, which still exists under the new leaden one, added to save the wrecks of Correggio's works from destruction. Their present deteriorated state has also been partly attributed to Correggio having used an intonaco containing a proportion of sand. A closer inspection of them may be obtained by ascending to the roof of the church, from four small openings in the drum of the cupola. A good aid toward their study and comprehension will be the examination of the beautiful copies of them in the Pinacoteca by the late Professor Toschi and his pupils.

Petrarch held preferment here. By his will, in which he most truly styles himself *inutile Archidiacono*, he directed that, if he died at Parma, he should be interred in this cathedral. In 1713 a cenotaph was erected in the chapel, at the extremity of the right aisle, to his memory, by Nicolo Cicognari, one of the canons.

The subterranean church is large and well-lighted, and supported by twenty-eight marble columns with varied capitals.

The Monastery of San Giovanni, suppressed by the French, was restored some years ago to the Benedictines. It is a stately building, containing three very handsome quadrangles, surrounded by cloisters. The outer walls were adorned with frescoes, which have all but disappeared from the effect either of time or of violence. The interior is fine; it is traversed by four long galleries, which, in the form of a cross, unite in the centre. At the point of junction are four statues in terra-cotta, executed by Antonio Begarelli, of Modena. The sculptured arabesques on their pedestals, and those on the door of the chapter-house, are by Agresti. The greater part of the conventual buildings are now tenanted by soldiers.

The Campanile, the highest in Parma, and which is detached from the church, was erected in 1614. It is a fine edifice of the kind. Square below, it is surmounted by an octagonal lantern and belfry, and a gallery, from which there is an extensive view over the surrounding country.

Several ancient churches were demolished during the French occupation. Those which remain are principally modern or modernized; a few may be noticed: S. Andrea has a painting of "S. Bernardo," by Sebastian Conca. S. Sepolcro, near the Porta S. Michele, a "Madonna and Saints," by Parmigianino. The celebrated "Madonna della Scodella" was formerly in this church. S. Tomasso, over the high altar, the "Nativity," by Alessandro Mazzola. S. Uldarico, a very ancient conventual foundation on the site of the Roman theatre, the "Nativity" over the principal altar, by Gir. Mazzola. In the Church of the SS. Annunziata, beyond the bridge, founded by Ottavio Farnese, is a half-ruined fresco of the "Annunciation," by Correggio, brought from a desecrated edifice. It has been engraved in Toschi's collection. The painting opposite to it, of the "Madonna," with St. John the Evangelist, St. Bernard and St. Francis, is by Marchesi da Cotignola, and highly prized by Lanzi.

The ancient Farnese Palace, called also La Pilotta, and the buildings connected with it, form a somewhat gloomy and rambling pile of great extent. One portion includes a cortile of fine proportions, but unfinished. It was begun by Ranuccio Farnese I., in 1597, and then adjoined the fine church of San Pietro Martire, which was pulled down to enlarge the cortile.

Entering under the gateway of the palace, by which

passes the road to the bridge, and ascending the wide staircase, a rich, heavy portal is seen in front. This is the entrance to the Teatro Farnese, built, in 1618, by Duke Ranuccio, and opened in 1628, upon the occasion of the marriage of Duke Odoardo with the Princess Margaret of Tuscany. It is said to be the first theatre in which *boxes*, as we build them, were introduced. The whole is of wood; and though some effort has been made to keep it in repair it is in a most dilapidated state, and seems verging on complete ruin. The light shines through the rafters above, and the decayed floors are giving way below.

To the left of the theatre are the apartments of the Reale Accademia di Belle Arti, founded in 1752. After many changes, the Academy was re-established in 1822. It is now almost exclusively dedicated to the fine arts. Of this establishment the Galleria or Pinacoteca forms a portion. The collection contains nearly 600 pictures, several of the highest importance.

The Pinacoteca occupies a series of fourteen rooms, or divisions.

There is no catalogue, nor numbers on the pictures, nor any indication of the subjects they represent, although the name of the painter is generally attached to them.

The Bibliotheca, or library, founded by Duke Philip of Bourbon in 1769, is said to contain 140,000 volumes. It possesses the very valuable Hebrew and Syriac manuscripts of De Rossi, an eminent Oriental scholar, bought by Maria Louisa for 100,000 francs, as well as his printed books. It is well selected, and is much frequented by readers. Among the literary curiositics are the following: Luther's Hebrew Psalter, with many autograph notes of the great reformer; evidently the copy from which he worked in making his translation of the Bible. A very beautiful MS. of Petrarch, which belonged to Francis I., and was found among his baggage at the battle of Pavia. The autograph collections of the great anatomist Morgagni. A map of the world, made by Pizzicagni in 1367. The Koran found in the tent of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, after the raising of the siege of Vienna. A MS. on the purity of the Virgin, of the fifteenth century, with miniatures. The *Heures* which belonged to Henry II. of France, in each page of which is the emblem of Diana of Poictiers. Autograph letters from Voltaire, Galileo, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Emanuel Philibert, and of General Bonaparte to the Duke of Parma.

The library is fitted up with elegance, and is kept in admirable order for cleanliness and efficiency. In its second great hall is the fresco of the "Incoronata," painted by Correggio, and removed from the demolished tribune in the church of San Giovanni; it represents our Saviour placing on the head of the Virgin a crown of stars. In a room opening out of the first hall are preserved the matrices of all Bodoni's types, 52,000 in number; and in another hall of the library, a series of modern paintings of different episodes from the "Divina Commedia," by Scaramuzza, a Parmesan painter.

Attached to the library is the rich collection of engravings, said to contain 85,000 specimens, of which a large proportion (60,000) were purchased of Massimiliano Ortalli by Maria Louisa, for 45,000 francs.

The Museum of Antiquities, formerly called the *Museo Ducale*, has been formed principally by objects brought from Rome by the Farnese Princes, by several discovered at Velleia in the last century, and by some found among the ruins of Roman Parma. Among other curiosities, it contains some valuable bronzes, many from Velleia, the most important being the great Tabula Alimentaria of Trajan, or the decree for the distribution of his gifts toward the maintenance of the children of the poor. He gives the sum of 1,144,000 sesterces, to be invested in lands, of which the proceeds are to be employed in maintaining 245 males and 45 females, all to be legitimate, together with one *spurius* and one *spuria*—a proof how much the Roman policy, even at that period, respected the sanctity of marriage. Every boy was to receive sixteen sesterces per month, and every girl twelve, but the *spurius* and the *spuria* only ten each. It appears that the whole sum invested produced about five per cent.

The tabula is nearly twelve feet in length by about five in height; the writing is in seven columns. The names and situation of the lands are given, thus rendering it an interesting memorial of local topography. Another inscription contains the fragments of laws to be observed in Cisalpine Gaul. There is a small statue of a drunken Hercules, on the marble pedestal of which is engraved a dedicatory inscription to the demigod by a certain Demetrius; and a small group of Leda and the Swan, without the heads, found also at Parma—a rather indelicate subject, such as would be consigned at Rome or Naples to the cellars of the Vatican or Museo Borbonico. The collection of coins and medals, numbering nearly 30,000, is very interesting, as is also the series of gold ornaments, chains, bracelets, etc., discovered in 1821 in digging the foundation of the new theatre; with gold coins from the reign of Nero to that of Gallienus. The colossal bust of Maria Louisa, in this room, is by Canova.

The Tipografia del Governo (in the Farnese Palace, below the galleries) is known to the bibliographical world as having been under the direction of the celebrated Bodoni. Among his collections may be seen various fine specimens of typography, and different methods of printing music. These, as well as the models or matrices of his types, have been deposited in a room set apart for the purpose in the library.

In 1843, the remains of a Roman theatre were discovered at Parma, near the Church of S. Uldarico.

The torrent Parma has here no beauty; it is crossed by three bridges. In the northwest suburb is the Palazzo del Giardino. It was built by Ottavio Farnese, but was altered and enlarged in 1767. It is partly stuccoed, and looks unfinished, but contains some curious frescoes, which about a century ago were covered with paper-hangings. Parts were uncovered by the French about forty years ago; others very recently; some are still concealed. The frescoes in one room are by Agostino Caracci; but were left unfinished by him, as we learn from an inscription, which says that it is better to see them unfinished by his hand than finished by any other. They represent the "Rape of Europa," the "Triumph of Venus," and the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," in three large paintings occupying three sides of the room. On the window side is "Apollo and Daphne." In the centre of the ceiling are three Cupids, and other subjects in lunettes above the four sides. Although slight and coarse in execution, the classical stories they represent are pleasingly told, and with much poetic feeling; particularly that one of Peleus and Thetis, where the coy modesty of the lady, the enjoyment of the Cupids, and the general languid voluptuousness are successfully treated.

There are some mineral waters in the vicinity of Parma, that, enjoying a local celebrity, are much frequented in Summer.

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A MAN'S charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them — the more knowledge, the more charity.

## TALE OF ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

Of the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by Nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy as not to see, every day, beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts toward the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

AJUT RUNNING TO MEET ANNINGAIT.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct or

NEGROES HUNTING THE MOCCASIN SNAKE ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 635.

diversify characters; the Summer should be spent only in providing for the Winter, and the Winter in longing for the Summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of Eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted with this gallantry; yet, however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish that, "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervor and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labor called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make Winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of Summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

"O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for Summer and Winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in Summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few Summer days and a few Winter nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gayety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of Winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the seaside; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside from that hour her white deerskin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavored to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the Winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labors with a song, in which she prayed "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the reindeer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water and swim

back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the Winter, without oil for the lamp or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze beaming from the North, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveler with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, Love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the Summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the meantime, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equaled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his Winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls.

Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises.

The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander: they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavily laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavored to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and, telling those who wondered at her rashness that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

## NEGROES HUNTING THE MOCCASIN SNAKE.

We give a very spirited sketch of one of the favorite amusements of the negroes in their leisure hours, and which is attended with considerable danger. The moccasin snakes are found in the swamps and underbrush of South Carolina, and vary in length, the largest being about eight feet long. They are very venomous, and frequently turn upon their pursuers. The common method is for half-a-dozen or more negroes to arm themselves with long sticks, sharpened at the end, or else pointed with a nail. Sometimes the hunters take guns and fire at them, but the sharp-pointed spear is more generally their weapon. This they sometimes dart at them as harpoons.

The moccasin snakes are generally found stretched at full length on the grass and basking in the sun, from which *dolce far niente* they are roused by the insertion of a spear, or the entrance of a load of shot.

Our artist, who has frequently watched the swarthy assailers of the slimy race, says that the scenery where these reptiles abound is very beautiful, and thoroughly tropical. Towering over the cactus, Spanish bayonet, tall grass and other rank vegetation is the palmetto, giving a finish to the picture which only an artist's eye can appreciate.

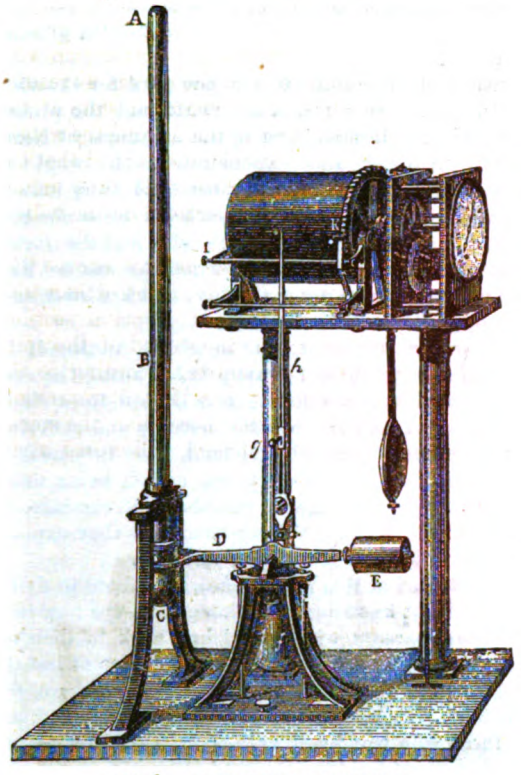



FIG. 1.— REGISTERING BAROMETER.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTERS.

THERE is now scarcely a meteorological observatory which is not provided with registering instruments, The number of these is already considerable, and the methods of their construction are almost as numerous. At the observatory of Montsouris continuous registration is preferred to registration by points, and the tracings effected by a fine metallic point on glazed paper blackened with smoke to the use of the pencil or to the *gaufrage* by pressure or by shock.

The barograph of Montsouris is a barometer-balance devised by P. Cecci, and latterly adopted by P. Secchi. The barometric tube A B (Fig. 1) is of iron, of three centimetres internal diameter, and of the same calibre throughout its length. It is fixed, and has, at its lower extremity, a cylindrical plunger, the full section of which is equal to the vacuum section of the barometric tube. The cistern, C, is of steel, and suspended to one end of the beam of a balance, D, the other end of which carries a counterpoise. The centre of gravity of the weighted beam coincides, as nearly as possible, with the central knife-edge, so as to render the equilibrium indifferent. Hence it results that when, in consequence of a rise of the barometer, a part of the mercury rises from the cistern into the tube, the former, thus rendered lighter, tends to rise, with the effect of introducing into the mercury of the cistern a greater length of the cylindrical plunger. Equilibrium is only re-established when (the volume of mercury displaced by the plunger being equal to that which corresponds in the tube to the increase in height of the barometric column) the level of mercury in the cistern returns to its constant point, and when, consequently, the apparent weight of that cistern has resumed its fixed value. The needle, *h*, of the beam of the balance marks its displacements on the surface of the blackened cylinder, K. It only remains to read the indications. To do this as accurately as possible, the support of the cylinder carries an electro-magnet, the armature of which is provided with an arm bearing a metallic point. In ordinary weather this point is fixed, and

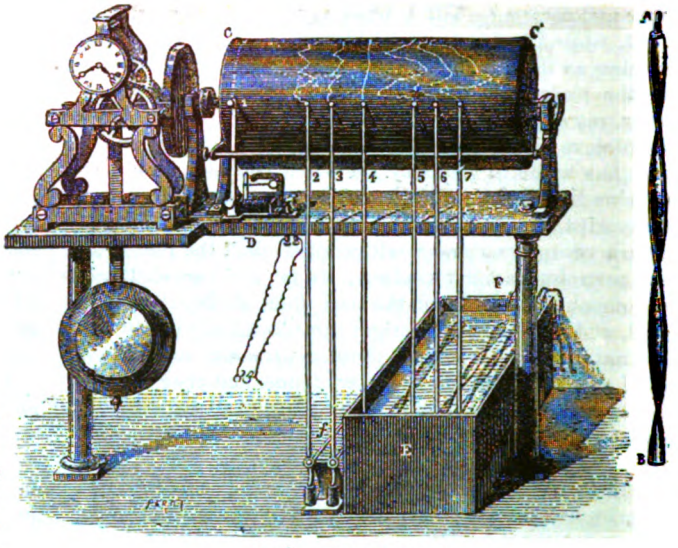



FIG. 3.— THERMOGRAPH.

traces on the cylinder a datum-line from which the ordinates of the barometric curve are measured ; but every hour the electro-magnet is acted on by a clock marking the time on all the registers ; the point departs momentarily from the line, and makes a clear stroke, which is reproduced at the same instant on the other cylinders. At the end of each week the cylinder is taken away, to be replaced by another kept ready, and is placed on the reading apparatus.

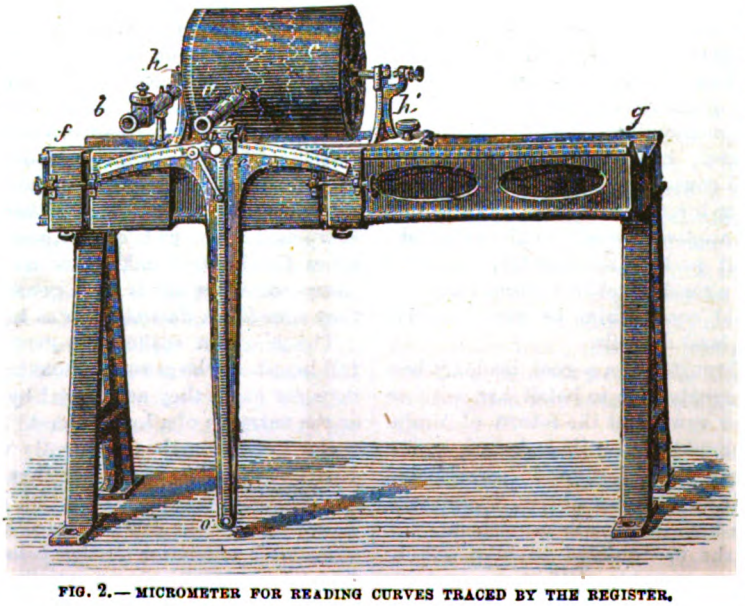



FIG. 2.— MICROMETER FOR READING CURVES TRACED BY THE REGISTER.

This apparatus (Fig. 2) consists of a horizontal steel bench, *fg*, provided on its upper surface with two columns, *h h'*, intended to support the axis of the cylinder, and on a vertical stand with two microscopes, which may be moved either separately or together in a horizontal direction. By means of an endless screw a movement of rotation on its axis may be communicated

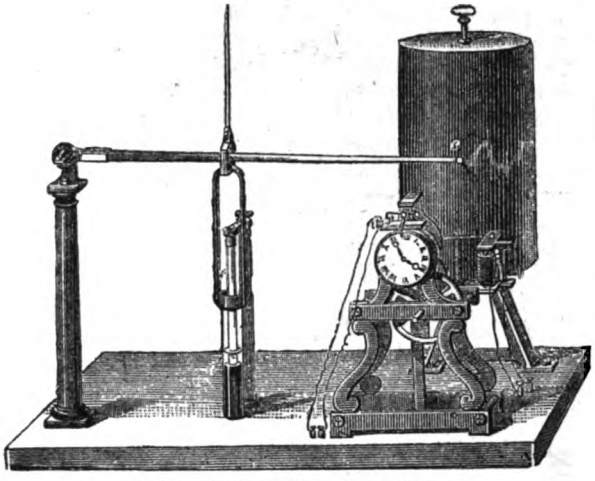
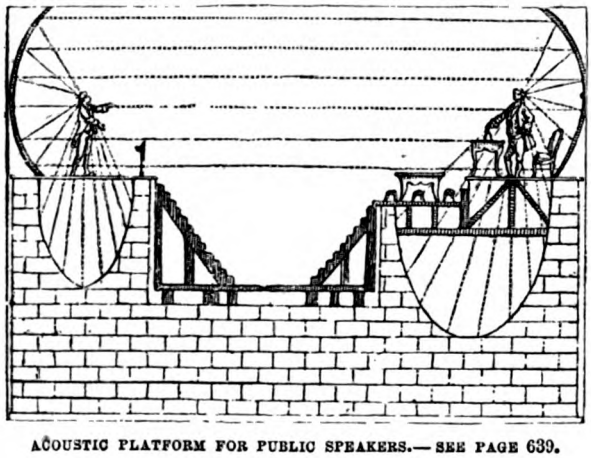


FIG. 4.— REGISTER OF THE ATMOGRAPH.

to the cylinder for the purpose of presenting successively to the microscopes the various faces of the cylinder. The microscope *b* is always pointed on the datum-line, and it is to follow this line in its accidental displacements that the two microscopes may be moved together by the action of an adjusting screw. The microscope which points to the traced line carries at its focus two crossed threads, one horizontal and the other vertical. At each hourly reading one of the horizontal tracings on the datum-line is brought under the horizontal thread of the microscope. But, as the barometric curve often presents inflexions of which it is useful to note the exact time, the critical point of this curve being brought under the movable microscope *a*, a second horizontal thread, movable by a micrometric screw, serves to measure the distance of this point from the hourly mark immediately preceding.

The microscope *a* is supported at the extremity of an arm of a lever the length of which is equal to that of the barometric needle; it describes, consequently, an arc of a circle of the same radius as the point of the register. This



ACOUSTIC PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.— SEE PAGE 639.

second microscope has a cross of threads like the first, but without a movable thread. The first microscope being pointed to an hourly sign, the axis of the second is directed to the corresponding point of the curve. The sine of the angle of position of its lever, multiplied by a constant factor and increased by a number equally constant, gives the height of the barometer at the moment selected. When the reading of the curve is made and verified, the sheet of blackened paper is taken off the cylinder and soaked in a weak solution of gum-lac or of copal in alcohol. By this means the smoked sheet is "fixed," and thereafter put in a portfolio.

The feeblest barometric variations are thus shown with great fidelity, and by examination of the curves we readily recognize the influence which the dynamical state of the atmosphere exercises in increasing or diminishing the weight of its pressure on the ground. It should be added that the uniformity of the calibre of the barometric tube annuls almost completely the action of temperature on the indications of the instrument.

The thermographs act in an analogous way, except that the motor is here formed by a Bourdon tube of hammer-hardened copper, with a very elongated elliptical section, and twisted into a sort of spiral, the thread of the spire varying from two to three centimetres, according to the purpose for which it is intended. A B (Fig. 3) represents one of these tubes, forming a little more than one spiral. This tube is exactly filled with alcohol, and closed at its

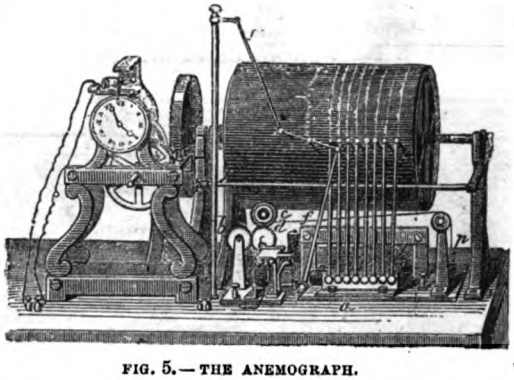
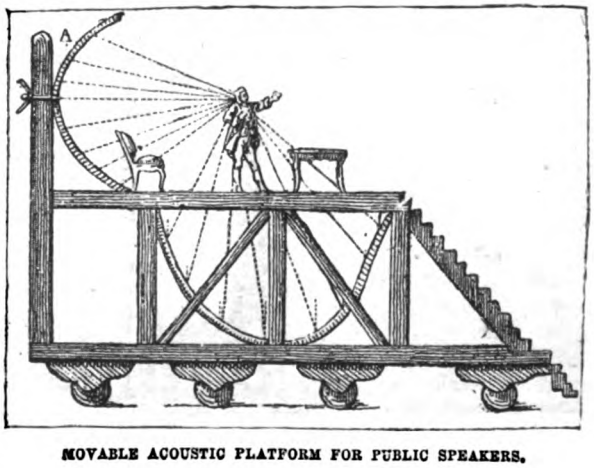


FIG. 5.— THE ANEMOGRAPH.

two ends. The expansion of the alcohol compels it to untwist; but in order that its elasticity may be preserved, the internal pressure, corresponding to the highest temperatures to be reached, should not exceed eight or nine atmospheres. This pressure is all the greater in proportion as the thread of the spire is short. The twisted tube is fixed by one of its ends, the other free extremity bears the needle which gives the indications. At Montsouris this needle is five centimetres long, as is also that of the barometer. The process of reading the curves is thus exactly the same for all the needle registers. The new thermograph of Montsouris Observatory contains seven needles acting on the same cylinder. The first needle (No. 1, Fig. 3) belongs to the electro-magnet which traces the datum-line, and the hourly signs; needles 2 and 3 belong to the psychrometer; needles 4 and 5 record the temperature of



MOVABLE ACOUSTIC PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

the surface of ground exposed to the air without shelter; needles 6 and 7 correspond to the actinometer.

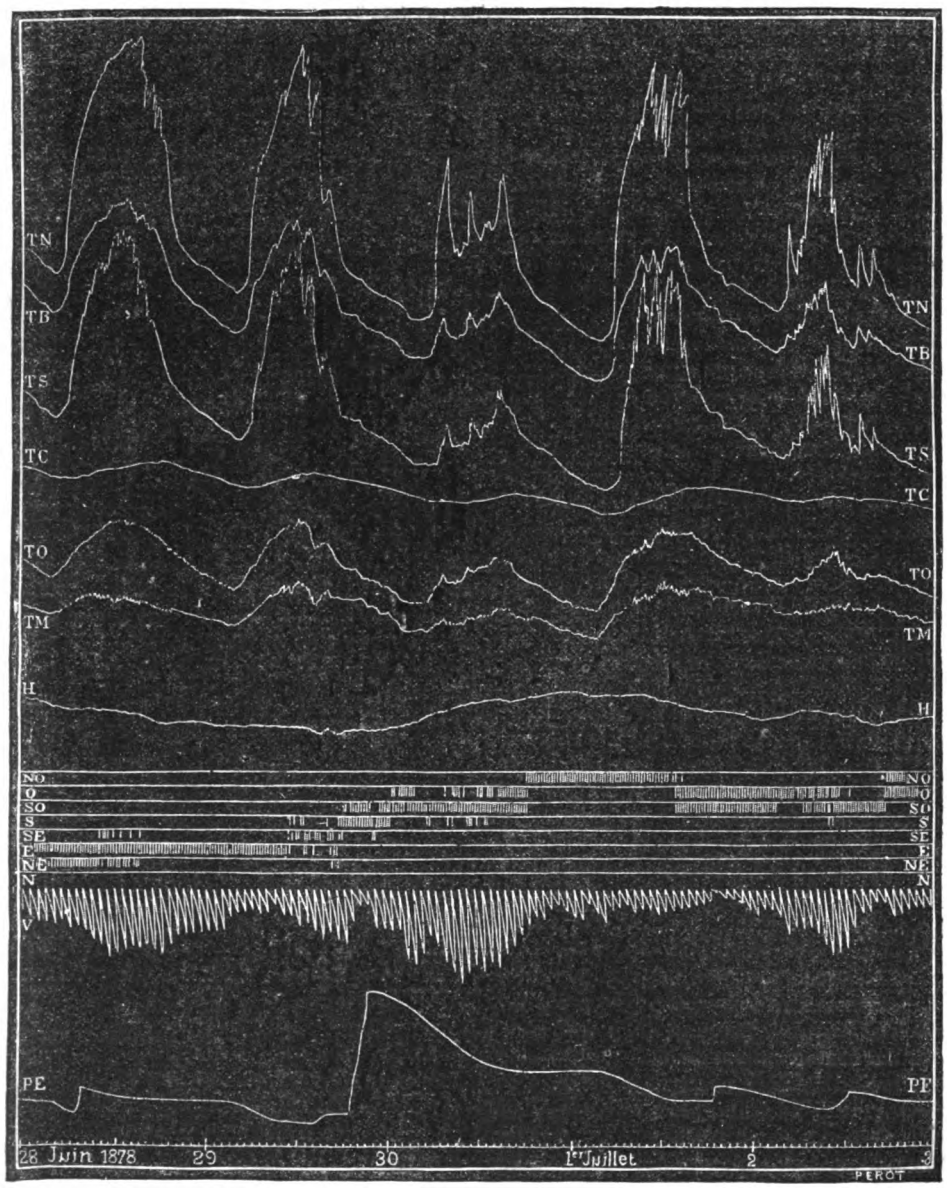
The psychrometer is formed of two twisted tubes placed outside on the north face of the wooden kiosk which shelters the cylinder, and perpendicular to that face. Their furthest extremity is fixed, the other is prolonged through the wall of the kiosk by a stem of copper carrying the indicating needle. One of the twisted tubes is uncovered, and forms the dry thermometer; the other is covered with cambric, and kept moist by means of cotton-wicks dipped in small glass cups, connected with a Mariotte flask placed in the kiosk by means of a long and fine tube of caoutchouc. An instrument of this kind has been in use for fifteen months at Montsouris; its action is regular, and its sensibility very great.

The earth-thermometer is composed of two parts: A thermometric reservoir of black copper is placed on the surface of a mass of vegetable mold, the top of which is flush with the platform of the roof of the kiosk; this reservoir communicates by a capillary tube of copper with a twisted tube placed in the kiosk under the cylinder of the register. When the temperature of the ground rises, a portion of the alcohol passes from the upper reservoir into the twisted tube, the pressure increases and the tube untwists; but the twisted tube itself and its capillary tube of copper are themselves acted on by the variable temperatures which complicate the results. A second twisted tube, similar to the first, provided with its capillary tube, serves to give the necessary corrections. The two twisted tubes are arranged parallel to each other in a trough, E F, filled with glycerinated water; the two capillary tubes are soldered to each other throughout their length. The two needles trace two curves, one very slightly sinuous, the other very undulating; the difference of their ordinates is measured. We thus obtain the temperatures of ground exposed to the sun during day, to nocturnal radiation during night, to rain and to evaporation.

The actinometer is also composed of two twisted tubes resting parallel to each other in the above-mentioned trough, E F, and of two capillary tubes. To each of these tubes corresponds a reservoir placed at the top of the roof of the kiosk, and inclosed in an envelope of glass on which a dry vacuum has been made. One of the reservoirs is silvered, the other is blackened. Placed symmetrically at a little distance from each other, and far from any shelter, they give the same indications during the night; but during the day the black thermometer registers higher than the white one. The differences of the ordinates of the curves traced by the two needles serve to measure the actinic degree. Every cloud which passes over the sun gives rise to a rapid and considerable lowering of the temperatures of the white and black thermometers, and of that on the surface of the ground.

The atmograph is a third registering instrument intended to mark the variations of weight of a mass of earth whose surface is flush with the summit of the platform of the roof of the kiosk, and is exposed to the sun, to evaporation, rain, snow and dew. At a little distance is the registering rain-gauge.

The anemograph or registering wind-gauge (Fig. 5) gives at once the direction of the wind and its mean rate per hour. Eight electro-magnets communicating electricity with the sectors arranged on the vane, according to the eight principal points of the compass, can, by acting singly, or two-and-two, record the winds for sixteen directions, which may




METEOROLOGICAL REGISTERS.—FIG. 6.—SPECIMEN OF CURVES MADE BY THE REGISTERS OF MONTSOURIS.

be regarded to be sufficient for the wants of meteorology. A ninth electro-magnet is acted upon each time that the drum shows a length of one kilometre traversed by the wind. The toothed wheel, *b*, then moves one division, and its movement is transmitted by the satellite wheel, *d*, to a third toothed wheel, *c*, on the axis of which is rolled a thread, *c p*. The point which marks the velocity, then advances one minute toward the left. This effect is produced during one hour for each kilometre traversed by the wind; but at the end of each hour the needle of the clock establishes an electric contact; the satellite wheel, *d*, is lowered; the wheel, *c*, becomes free; and the weight, *p*, restores the metallic point to its starting-place.

Specimens of the curves traced by the registers, reduced to one-third of their natural size, have been sent to the various stations in Europe where observations are kept. If identical instruments were in use at each observatory, a comparison of these curves, after reducing the date-line to local time, would be of great use; and it is to be hoped that some such understanding can be arrived at by a convention of meteorologists.

The accomplished chief of the United States Signal Stations, General Meyers, is now in Europe holding conference with his colleagues there; and it is probable that more uniformity in recording and reporting meteorological facts will be agreed upon by the leading meteorologists of the world.

## ACOUSTICS IN PUBLIC HALLS.

In 1789 the sieur Gerard submitted to the French Assembly a plan for inreasing the power of the voice in public halls. The president and secretary were to sit on a grating of wood or iron, over a masonry vault of parabolic form. Behind the speaker's chair was to be a parabolic shell of the same size as the vault, the president's head to be at the focus of both parabolas. It was then discovered that the ancients had some contrivance of the kind, called *echea*, made either of bronze or baked clay, but only under the speaker's stand.

While repairing the Temple Neuf, at Strasburg, however, the masons, while repairing a wall, broke away a number of earthen affairs which they took for large platters. The architect, however, gathered the fragments, and, putting them together, submitted them to the Antiquarian Society of the city. It was there decided that they were really *echea*, used not beneath but behind the singers, to throw their voices into the auditorium.

Gerard's invention, so far as fixed sounding shells are concerned, was not new, but he deserves all credit for the movable platform on these principles. His machine was, however, very cumbrous, but there is no reason why the idea should not be adopted to remedy the wretched acoustic condition of many of our churches and halls.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The Widow's Might.—Her beauty.

What's most like a cat's tail? A kitten's.

What goes and stands without legs? A clock.

Women should give their hearts, not lose them.

Charity begins at home, and generally stays there.

Why is Summer like the letter N? It makes ice nice.

What is the only thing that can live in fire? A live coal.

Velocipedists resemble the ages—they roll along by-cycles.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do—the day after.

Jones calls his wife Misery, because she loves company so well.

The lady who took everybody's eye must have quite a lot of 'em.

Rich young ladies should make arrangements to husband their means.

"His profession! What is his profession?" "Madam, he pedals music."

Floral horseshoes have taken the place of wedding-bells at fashionable marriages.

Do not kiss the baby unless you want the diphtheria. N. B.—Female babies aged seventeen not dangerous.

In one respect women are like breadstuffs. When they are uncommonly scarce, they are also uncommonly dear.

A young woman was trading with one of the merchants on the day of her mother's death. She remarked that he must trust her "until I get this funeral off my hands!"

The girl who will almost cry if she happens to let a drop of ink fall on a letter, is never put out in the least when she is told that she spelled disappointment with one p.

Adolphe to Araminta, on their way to church: "How I would I were the Prayer-book you clasp so lovingly!" *Reply*: "How I wish you were, for then I could shut you up!"

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulders, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

An exchange says that women never think. Perhaps the man who penned that statement thinks those Summer hats and bewitching suits plan themselves, but we don't believe it.

"I say, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, sir," replied the boy; "'tain't been nowhere else since we lived here."

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," is a pretty good motto; but the man who believes in it firmly will, nevertheless, delay a visit to the dentist as long as possible.

"My darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It's for thy dear sake I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sunshine." She didn't wait—she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know, if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain. I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?" "Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left!"

"My dear sir," said she, timidly, "I am such a silly child, while you are so witty and accomplished, and have such an irresistible way of putting things, that I wish you would show me how——" "How to what?" "How to let you know, delicately but firmly, that I want you to let me have five dollars that I am most desperately in need of."

"She's a darling, she's a daisy." So sang the young man, in a quiet, musing sort of way, beneath his breath. He was just strolling down toward her house, and his heart was overflowing; but, as he turned the corner, he saw Smythe hand her into a carriage and drive off to enjoy the moonlight. A sudden hush came over his song, his heart felt as if a goneness had crept over it, and he rapidly walked homeward, cogitating in his mind over the dread uncertainties of life.

Forty years ago the programme of one of the concerts of the Norwich Musical Festival contained the following list of singers and pieces. It can scarcely be considered overloaded as regards punctuation. The "Messiah" was to be performed, and the numbers ran somewhat in this way: "Comfort ye Mr. Hobbs, But who may abide Mr. Balfe, Behold a virgin Mr. Young, Behold darkness shall cover Mr. Phelps, Rejoice greatly Miss Birch, He shall feed Miss Hawes, Come unto me Madame Stockhausen."

"A true girl has to be sought for," remarks a writer. Of course she does, and any mother will tell you the same thing. Look for her in the parlor, hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; if she isn't there, she'll be in front of her toilet-glass, admiring her hair. Should she not be there, maybe she's swinging on the gate with a young man who is the happy possessor of a tender mustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a drummer. Oh, you'll have to hunt for her. And after you find her, say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance!

Douglas Jerrold and the late Henry Compton went one morning to view the pictures in the Gallery of Illustration. On entering the ante-room, we are told in the memoir of the comedian, they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking-glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold, "You've come here to admire works of art. Very well—first feast your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass. "Look at it—there's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "very fine—very fine indeed!" Then turning to his friend, "Wants hanging, though!"

A DOMESTIC SCENE IN A NOBLE HOUSE AT POMPEII.

See Page 653. "Mary Queen of Scots."

MARY STUART'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF RIZZIO.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

# THE CAREER OF A GREAT SPECULATOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?"

IT IS the restless people who make a nation great. Whatever may be said of the virtues of a contented spirit, and the duty of being satisfied with the lot in which Providence has placed us, it is an undeniable fact that it is the restless and the non-contents who serve to build up and advance the prosperity of a country. The man who is tortured by the idea that other regions exist outside the limits of what is absolutely known can get no rest for his soul till he has adventured in search of them, and thereby adds a new world for man's industry and enterprise to occupy. The teeming brain of the inventor finds no slumber while pregnant with the thick brood of ideas which are to revolutionize the modes of labor and material, while furnishing new appliances for both.

From the time that Abraham, the first explorer of whom we have any record—left his country, his kindred and his father's house, and went forth into the land of Canaan, through the long list of great names of ancient and modern history, down to the most recent of African explorers and of Arctic navigators, there stands forth the fact that we are indebted for the world's progress to the RESTLESS ones of the earth.

And so in detail. The farmer leaves his cultivated lands and goes westward to break up and subdue new territory. The young man who has achieved the ownership of a ferryboat becomes discontented with his small craft, until, by an untiring energy, he controls the navigation of large watercourses. Not content with that, he devises

DANIEL DREW SELLING FIFTY THOUSAND SHARES OF ERIE, SELLER'S OPTION, ONE YEAR, DURING THE SPECULATION OF 1872.

new lines of railways and new combinations, till he gets possession of great thoroughfares of travel and transportation. A young shopkeeper in a very small way, by his tireless activity builds palaces which he fills with merchandise, and defies the competition of the metropolis and of the whole country. At an earlier period, another man with a restless spirit came among us from a foreign land, learned our language, and, penetrating beyond the extreme confines of civilization, opened up a great fur trade, by which he laid the foundation of a fortune so colossal that it has scarcely any parallel in history.

All these were restless, agitated spirits, which nothing could quiet, nothing satisfy, nothing control.

These same men probably (unlike great navigators, and great explorers, and great inventors) had no thought save to serve themselves and their interests; but their interests were connected with the public service, and their strivings and their rivalries and their labors served all the while to benefit mankind. A new steamboat route, a new line of railway, a new ocean course, while it enriched the restless agitator of new enterprises, served for the public benefit. Indeed, it seems to be the general dispensation that the work of selfish people in their greed shall in the main inure to the good of humanity. They harness themselves to the car of Progress, and if they fall in the traces, there are others who take their place.

There is, however, a restlessness and a vigor untiring, which never sleeps, but is always on the alert, which claims a class of men as its slaves, compelling them to work laboriously and wearily, day by day, without intermission or the hope of intermission, with no respite of the Sabbath as a day of rest, and with scarcely a thought of cheerful recreation. This restlessness and vigor untiring may be termed the Demon of Speculation, and its slave, in general phrase, may be termed a Speculator.

A speculator, in the ordinary sense, is one who purchases something in the hope of selling it at an advance; but the reader who, in his simplicity, adopts this as the full meaning of the word, will be greatly mistaken. In common parlance, there is the speculator for a fall, as well as the speculator for a rise, but whichever way he works, he can by no possibility serve any useful purpose. He may enrich or impoverish himself, but he does nothing whatever to advance the interests of a community. His circuit is large. He has the area of the soil, all the products which we call merchandise, and the entire list of the stock market for his field of operations. He is active, untiring, in fact sleepless, in his labors; but in all that he does, and he does a great deal, he accomplishes nothing for humanity, nothing to aid the race.

A very few years ago, the ordinary observer, passing down Broad Street from Wall, in the neighborhood of Exchange Place, in business hours, would have seen, somewhere in that vicinity, a common hack with a pair of horses attached.

The driver would seem to be the idlest of men. He never sought a fare, and appeared to be unconcerned whether he ever got one. This is what the casual observer would arrive at. There were knowing ones of the Stock Exchange who watched the hack and its rounds from place to place, as a mariner would look after his compass. It might stop five minutes on a certain corner, or it might stop one hour, but wherever it stopped and howsoever long, a strange interest appeared to settle about its movements. Whoever had any curiosity about it might be satisfied if he waited long enough, for after a while, a tall, gaunt, square-faced man, with high cheek-bones, would appear; a man slightly bowed in stature, and with keen gray eyes, which shone like Bessemer steel; a man whose countenance, once seen, it would not be easy to forget. This man would enter the carriage and be driven to another locality, not far away; but to whatever locality, his movements were watched with eager expectation, as if large money interests depended on them; and so they did, for the tall, gaunt, square-faced man, with high cheek-bones and Bessemer-steel eyes, was Daniel Drew, who held in the hollow of his hand the fortunes of many a stock, and, in consequence, the fortunes of innumerable large and petty dealers therein.

The recent demise of this, in many ways, remarkable man, affords not only a proper opportunity to refer to the main points of his career, but also to make some observations on the business which occupied him in the latter part of it.

For more than forty years he was a prominent figure in affairs in the City of New York, consorting with or opposing the giants of unrest who aided its progress, while engaged in furthering their own profit.

Daniel Drew was born in the little town of Carmel, in Putnam County, a scraggy, mountainous spot near the Highlands of the Hudson, in the year 1797, and he died in the City of New York on the 18th of September, 1879, in his eighty-third year. Even to this day, the place of his birth is in a wild and not greatly frequented region. As you drive over the hills of Putnam County, leaving the more frequented roads and following wilder paths away from the main course of travel, it is difficult to make yourself believe that you are within a few miles of our great metropolis. If such is the aspect at the present day, what must it have been at the commencement of the century, when the country was sparsely settled and New York contained but 60,000 inhabitants?

What opportunity was there for a lad among those bleak hills, with small chance even for the commonest school education, to fight his way into notice and into large and successful achievement? The boy was awkward and ungainly, but bright, apt and ready, full of pluck, energy, spirit and restlessness. There was no contentment in his nature; no satisfaction in a quiet, laborious work on the little farm at home. Not that the boy objected to work—on the contrary, he was all work—but he was not content with a routine which promised so little return.

He had a great deal of genuine romance in his composition. The first evidence we have of it, is his hiring himself out to do garrison duty in place of a drafted soldier, in 1813. This was when he was sixteen years old, and since there is no record to the contrary, it is fair to presume the duty was faithfully performed.

His next occupation was still more picturesque. It seems in one of his excursions to the banks of the Hudson, a short distance from his home, the advertisement of what was called a traveling caravan attracted his attention, and he resolved to attend the "show." We are not informed how he mustered the twelve-and-a-half cents for his admission. Doubtless his natural thrift had led him to put a few shillings by.

The scene on the arrival of the caravan was suited to his ardent nature. He at once made acquaintance with the leading spirits of the enterprise, which resulted in an engagement. The occupation was not particularly beneficial to the morals of the youth, but it gave him an opportunity to see the world and life as it existed outside the locality of his rude home among the hills. It sharpened his wits; it gave him, young as he was, a certain experience of men and things; and if there was anything over-credulous or trustful in his nature, it certainly put these qualities speedily to flight.

The period succeeding the close of the war of 1812 was

marked by great financial distress over the land, and, as is the consequence always of pecuniary revulsions, a greatly increased attention was paid to the subject of religion all through the country. There were many revivals, and prominently in the Methodist Church, in which creed Daniel had been nurtured. The influence reached everywhere, and our traveling caravan soon came within its scope. There could have been no more fruitful field—a lot of young fellows, full of a wild impulse, in no sense bad, beyond the unhappy tendency of our mortal nature, generous in a way, with a certain rollicking enthusiasm which constant change and a free life gives.

It was on this occasion that young Daniel Drew had forcibly recalled to him the lessons which a pious mother early instilled in his youthful mind, and he fell most powerfully "under conviction." In eloquent terms (for when is the plaint of the heart not eloquent?) he gave frequent accounts in the inquiry meetings of the strong workings of the inner man. It does not appear that he then felt he had reached "saving grace." On the contrary, it would seem that he did not claim to have done so. But he had received a moral shock, and it was enough to make him quit the caravan, with all its fascinations, as well as the largely increased pay which was offered him.

The boy could not go back to the farm. He did not consider himself converted. He refused to become a preacher. His genius haunted and hunted him. There was no chance for enterprise in his section, save one—New York had grown since he was born; it was fast becoming a metropolis. It had to be fed, and food meant, in a large degree, beef. Whatever the uncultivated lands back of the Hudson could *not* bring forth, there were grazing lands there, and cattle were abundant. Daniel Drew, though not really converted, yet with his mother's teachings thick in his heart, decided to become a DROVER, and in that capacity to venture himself, at the age of nineteen, against the shrewd ones of what was already known as "Bull's Head."

Figure an uncouth boy, with some rough helpers, behind a drove of cattle, taking his chance on that market! There were plenty of people to chaff him; but somehow it turned out he was posted—knew more than any who came about him, and disposed of his stock exactly at the top of the market.

By-and-by, the youth of nineteen, after a period of successful traffic, had possession of the Bull's Head Tavern, and actually kept the house for a period of six or seven years. It was situated on the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Third Avenue. There are many of our New York readers who perfectly recall the great cattle-mart at that famous corner. It is now about twenty-five years since the mart was changed. Daniel Drew came there as the proprietor of the place in 1820. The spot was estimated at a trifle over two miles from New York. At that time there was a milestone on the corner of Houston Street and Broadway, marked "1 Mile to New York."

At the time when Drew was in possession, the tavern had an entirely country appearance. His sign-board swung from a post standing at the corner of the street, and under it hung the dinner-bell with a rope attached. General Gates's mansion stood behind a cluster of fruit-trees opposite. Apple Jack, sweet cider and brandy-and-water were the staple drinks passed over the bar, and dispensed at 6¼ cents per glass.

It was here that Daniel, at the age of twenty-three, commenced his important accumulations. His ownership of the tavern largely aided him in his cattle business. He bought from adjacent counties, and, carefully extending his operations, he came at last to penetrate into Pennsylvania, thence to Ohio and other States of what was then the "Far West." He personally drove, with his assistants, the first herd of cattle—2,000 in number—over the Alleghanies. The journey lasted two months. The cattle reached New York in good condition, and the profit was very large.

This particular enterprise proves that Mr. Drew had already accumulated a handsome property, for it must have required $25,000 in cash to have carried it through.

We ought to have stated that about the time he took up the business of drover, he attended a second revival meeting in the Methodist Church at Carmel, where he was converted, and on that occasion he united with the church, and continued a member in regular standing to the day of his death. It does not appear, however, that his religious convictions had the effect to render him specially scrupulous in his cattle transactions, or to make his conduct different from that of those with whom he associated when keeping the "Bull's Head." All that time, however, his expressed convictions of religious truth were strong, and these certainly had the power to preserve him from overt acts of dissipation or immorality. He married at twenty-three, very happily, and his home-life thereafter runs like a golden thread through his entire career.

After seven years of remarkable activity at the "Bull's Head," and when about thirty years old, Mr. Drew's occupation, lucrative as it was, no longer satisfied him. He had amassed what was then called a handsome fortune, and his genius and energy sought a new field for development.

What seems to be accident, gave it its direction. The navigation of the Hudson River by steamboats had become a profitable business, which was rapidly increasing. The old Hudson River Association had placed many fine boats upon their line. There were smaller boats which, from time to time, appeared in opposition, only to be bought off, while other lines were established for partial distances between New York and Albany.

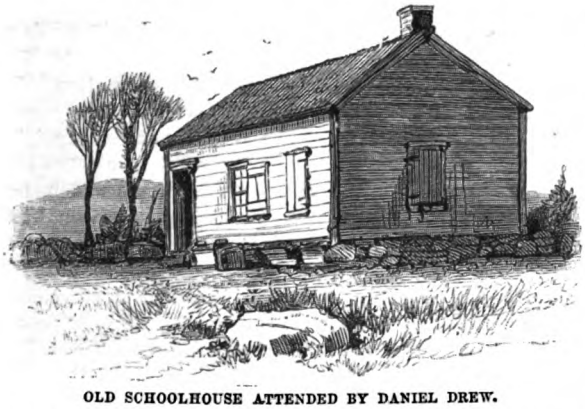
It happened about this time that a river steamer called the *General Jackson* belonged to Jacob Vanderbilt, brother of Cornelius. This boat was running between New York and Peekskill, and it blew up. A friend of Mr. Drew considered this a good opportunity for putting on a boat to occupy the place of the exploded one. Little respect seems to have been paid to the rights or misfortunes of the owner of the ruined craft. This friend was the owner of a steamer called the *Water Witch*. He persuaded Drew to invest some money in the enterprise. The newcomers soon discovered that they were not to have things altogether in their own way. Mr. Drew found himself immediately confronted by a man whose affairs it was not safe to interfere with or intrude upon. This man was Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose brother Jacob's boat had been destroyed. Cornelius was fast monopolizing the river trade, and he took quick steps to retaliate on the trespassers. He built a new, swift boat, called the *Cinderella*, and ran it in opposition to the *Water Witch*. A great deal of feeling was developed on both sides, and especially between the rivals principally interested.

The fare was reduced alternately by one side and the other, until it reached a shilling! Indeed, the story goes, that on one occasion a proclamation was made by Drew that he would take passengers for nothing, and give them a good supper. It is said that the *Water Witch* lost over ten thousand dollars that season, a large sum for a small boat on a way route. The fortunes of the *Cinderella* must have been equally disastrous.

Vanderbilt and Drew were in the habit of meeting almost daily on the dock, when the former would indulge

OLD HOMESTEAD OF DANIEL DREW.

his humor by chaffing his opponent in every conceivable way. He would tell Drew that he knew a great deal more about cattle than river business, and that while he could run a tavern first-rate, he would find it a very different thing to run steamboats. Then again, he would assume a serious air and advise Drew, as a friend, to give up a business that he knew nothing about, and in which he was sure to lose all his money.



OLD SCHOOLHOUSE ATTENDED BY DANIEL DREW.

Vanderbilt could not have taken a course better calculated to strengthen Drew's tenacity of purpose in going on with what he had begun. He did more than go on. He carried the war into Africa. He built a fast boat called the *Westchester*, to run against the Hudson River Line from New York to Albany. The *De Witt Clinton* and the *Swallow* were then the night boats of that line, and were very fine ones for the period. The *Westchester* was not so large, but she was faster than the *De Witt Clinton*, and nearly a match for the *Swallow*, then the fastest boat on the river.

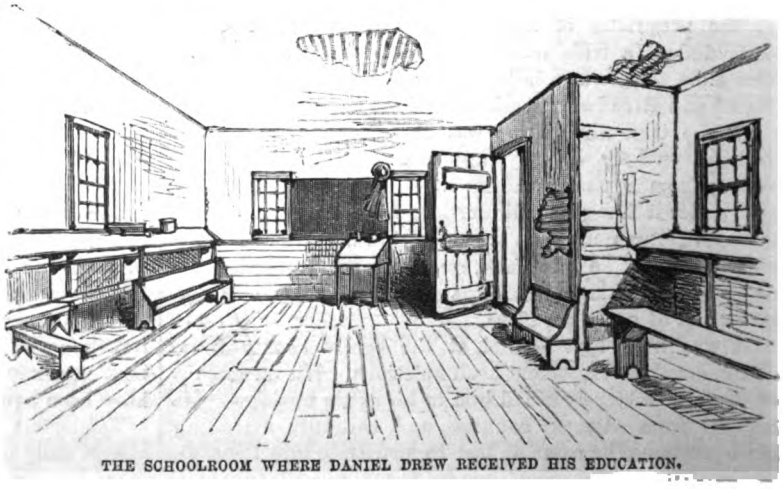
The writer recalls perfectly, when a youth, standing on the deck of the *De Witt Clinton*, and seeing, with intense chagrin, the *Westchester* pass her early in the evening. After this, Drew purchased the *Rochester*, a remarkably fine boat, which could successfully compete with the *Swallow* in speed, and, indeed, was the faster boat of the two. This was the germ of the famous "People's Line," since so celebrated in the navigation of the Hudson. Mr. Drew soon put on a third boat, and for a long time the fare between Albany and New York was one dollar, till at last the Hudson River Line gave in—or, in other words, sold out—to Drew, who immediately restored the fare to three dollars. It was then that Drew formed his co-partnership with Isaac Newton, a famous steamboat man of New York, who was the owner of two first-class steamers—the *North America* and the *South America;* and thereupon was organized, with the boats of Drew and Newton, the "People's Line," which company inaugurated, built and set afloat those magnificent floating palaces which have become the wonder of the world, making the watercourse of the Hudson famous with travelers for all time.

CHURCH, NEAR OLD HOMESTEAD, BUILT BY DANIEL DREW.

The first of these was the *Isaac Newton;* then followed the *New World*, the *St. John*, the *Daniel Drew*, the *Dean Richmond*, and the famous *Drew*. These last two boats cost $800,000 apiece; and when the *Isaac Newton* and *New World* were refitted with new engines and furniture, there was expended $300,000 more in the work.

That these boats should have held for so long a period undisputed sway on the Hudson was owing, not so much to their magnificent appointments, as to the perfect discipline which attended their management. This was due to Mr. Drew, who was the ruling spirit of the line. He chose his subordinates with great care, and retained them long in his service. He was liberal toward them, but exacting in having his requirements carried out to the letter, no matter how trifling they appeared.

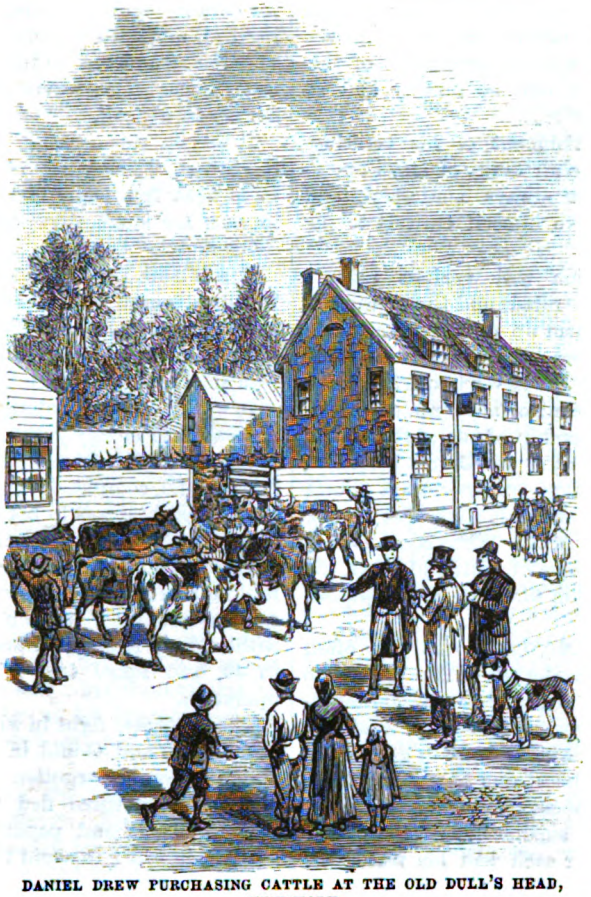
These were the palmy, glorious days of Drew. I refer to the days of his great steamboat operations. In 1847, in



THE SCHOOLROOM WHERE DANIEL DREW RECEIVED HIS EDUCATION.

conjunction with George Law, he established a line of steamers from New York to Stonington to run in connection with the railroad from there to Boston. It was entirely successful. Later, he, in conjunction with his old rival, Vanderbilt, secured a controlling interest in the stock, and thus the Stonington Line was firmly established.

In all his steamboat affairs Drew seemed never to make mistakes. In fact, no man ever lived in this country who more thoroughly understood the business, comprehending all its needs and requirements. In this he was the superior of Vanderbilt. The latter was fond of putting on cheap boats—Drew believed in building good ones. In "steamboating," it was Drew who went for permanent work, Vanderbilt for change. How these men afterward occupied reversed positions, we will see by-and-by.

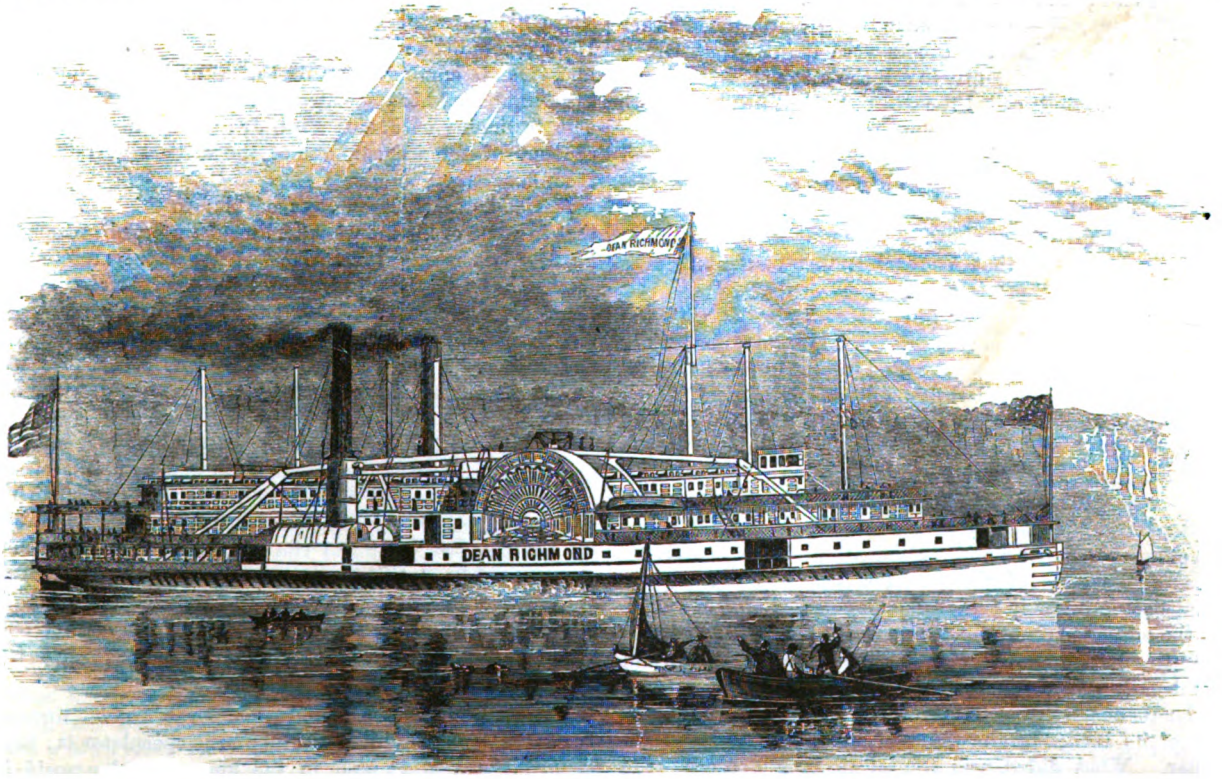


DANIEL DREW PURCHASING CATTLE AT THE OLD DULL'S HEAD, NEW YORK.

Drew had now become so rich—counting his fortune by millions—that he decided to start a banking business in the City of New York. He was fortunate in the selection of his partners, and for many years the house of Drew, Robinson & Co. was among the most solid and successful in Wall Street. It continued about fifteen years, and was terminated by the death of one partner and the retiring of others. All the members of the firm accumulated fortunes.

While at the head of that firm, Mr. Drew got to be a large operator in stocks of various descriptions, and to gradually lose sight of his other enterprises, until the whole force of his nature appeared to be absorbed in the fluctuations of the Stock Board.

We approach now what should be termed the miserable and unhappy period of Daniel Drew's career. We do not mean to say that he was miserable and unhappy in it, but that the period when he gave himself up to mere stock-gambling, without the least thought of connecting anything he did with any laudable enterprise whatever, was a miserable and unhappy termination of a famous beginning. It is a melancholy picture which is afforded by the man whom we saw at sixteen bearing a musket on garrison duty, doing hearty work in a traveling caravan, driving cattle to market from his native hills, conducting




THE "DEAN RICHMOND."

immense droves over the Alleghanies, establishing lines of steamboats such as the world never saw—I say it is a melancholy picture, the one now to be presented, of this man, before so finely energetic and so largely and so usefully employed.

By degrees, after the establishment of his banking-house, he gradually worked into all kinds of stock operations, in which he was almost always successful, and when the house dissolved he gave himself entirely to the "Street."

The history of his connection with various railway stocks (for it was in these he operated) and the manipulations resorted to for putting them up and sending them down, would literally fill volumes. He dealt in all these stocks purely as a speculator. He never bought to hold. He no longer had ambition to control any lines of travel. He cared for no permanent ownership of any of them. He had no thought for the good of what was almost his native city; no heed for the interests of transportation routes which might benefit New York, or for the opening of new territory whose trade might enrich it. When considerably past middle life, he entered the area of bulls and bears, the to take his chance in an occupation where to be scrupulous was to be a failure.

In these stock speculations Mr. Drew was very often pitted against his old rival, Vanderbilt. The difference now between the two was this: Vanderbilt was endeavoring to build up, extend and own, permanently, a mighty railway property; Drew was seeking simply to get money by playing fast and loose with the stocks he controlled or thought he controlled. When these two men adventured into each other's territory, the smaller fry of the Street were in desperate danger. For each had his partisans, but woe to the partisans who trusted to "points" received from either.

Vanderbilt had taken up the Harlem road when the value of the stock was little more than nominal, determining to become the proprietor of both the lines known as the Harlem and the Hudson River Railroads. The matter was so well managed—many brokers being employed, neither of whom knew what the others were doing—that Drew, who undertook persistently to sell the stock short, was cornered. Vanderbilt called the stock at about 280! In fact, Drew was completely at the mercy of his opponent. On this occasion he undertook to raise the cry of "conspiracy," and threaten an appeal to the courts. The two met. "Daniel," said the Commodore, "don't go for to plead the baby act, anyhow. Come up like a man, and settle." It is said that Vanderbilt was content to take $250,000 and let "Daniel" off.

But the fortune of war did not rest always with the former. Drew for many years had absolute mastery of "Erie," a line for passenger and merchandise traffic in direct rivalry with Vanderbilt's routes. Drew had played a very bold and hazardous game in the manipulation of the stock, till Vanderbilt by degrees, and in a manner the most cautious and skillful, had again caught Drew "short." The secret was communicated to two or three of the Commodore's confidential friends (his associates at the club in his evening game of whist), so that they might take advantage of the state of things. The trap was set, "Uncle Daniel's" foot was in it, and Vanderbilt had only to decide on the auspicious moment for springing it.

With all his control of the Erie Company, Drew could not legally create a new issue of stock; but it happened, under its charter, that the Company had a right to redeem any of its bonds by the issue of fresh stock—dollar for dollar. What did Uncle Daniel do? He caused the Company to vote the creation of a large amount of bonds for certain legitimate purposes of the road (as it could do legally), and then purchasing the bonds, they were immediately surrendered to the Company and shares issued in their place. These were tendered to the Commodore in answer to his call.

It was on this occasion the agonizing cry was raised in the Street, "The bottom has fallen out of Erie!" and the bulls went frantically about, seeking how best to respond in cash for stock they supposed Uncle Daniel could not deliver.

It was now Vanderbilt's turn to cry "conspiracy," and threaten appeal to the courts. He suffered immensely, and the intimate friends who had gotten the "point" got more than they bargained for, and were very heavy losers. The smaller fry went by the board altogether.

It was in his manipulations of Erie that Drew was most successful in money-getting. He carried the Company in his pocket. His trade with its fortunes was a winning one, because he completely controlled those fortunes; and to bet against him was to bet against a certainty. He loaned the Company at times immense sums of money, always well secured. On one occasion he made a loan to it of a million and a half of dollars. He could put the stock up and he could let it down at his pleasure, by loaning or withholding money. Once he sent the stock up from 10 to 40, and raked two million dollars cash out of the operation.

The desperate fight in which Vanderbilt engaged against Drew, Fisk and Gould in the matter of this same Erie, will not soon be forgotten in the annals of the Stock Exchange. The three fled from New York to Jersey City with the books and papers of the Company in their possession, in order to avoid the service of an injunction and other process. They continued for a while in a state of siege, the newspapers being filled from day to day with details and anecdotes of what was passing on both sides.

This species of banishment chafed Uncle Daniel particularly. Things began to look squally. His more youthful companions took matters easier, and did not appear to share his apprehensions. The result was that one night Drew crossed the river, proceeded directly to Vanderbilt's house, and, coming speedily to an understanding with him, compelled his associates to accede to the compromise. The testimony of James Fisk, Jr., in which he gives an account of the scene, is one of the wittiest narratives on record.

A friend of Mr. Drew says of him in this connection, that in some of his monster dealings he seemed at times to be utterly unscrupulous. He was a skillful architect of panics, knowing how to trade on financial fear or apprehension. Through a wilderness of wrinkles, as he grew old, his keen gray eyes twinkled with the vitality of one-and-twenty. He was always on the alert. No "job" was too small for his notice; no operation too large for his grasp.

It is impossible to follow his career through all his great and sometimes marvelous stock and bond operations—now with a "solid," then with a "fancy"; now with a "trunk," then with an insignificant "side" line of railway. He was a perfect master of the art of how to be long and short of stocks at the same time—a very difficult performance, called in the parlance of the Street "straddling." For more than thirty years he "beared" the market, and accumulated an immense fortune. In fact, he was the feature of the Street.

There came at last a period when Drew's good fortune began to forsake him. The life of the speculator is: Self against the World; and, in the long run, the world is more than a match for the speculator, and he must finally

succumb. When he does succumb, there is no one to mourn for him. There is nothing remaining of a bold, venturous, selfish and unscrupulous career beyond the jests and the quips and the tales (often invented) told by the heartless and reckless survivors.

A time had come when Drew began to feel the presence around him of men younger, more active, more vigorous, and, possibly, more unscrupulous than he. He doubtless believed, by reason of his larger experience, that he could circumvent these newcomers, and still hold the field.

He was mistaken. In the effort made by him to manipulate "Toledo & Wabash"—one of his favorite stocks—he lost half a million. Twice that sum was sunk in an attempt to "corner" "Northwestern." As his losses increased, his caution seemed to desert him. He took almost altogether to the "fancies." He delighted in "cliques," and "corners," in "puts" and "calls." Various complications involved him in heavy lawsuits; so that his daily life for years was one of struggle and turmoil, until 1876, when he went into voluntary bankruptcy.

His troubles did not end here. He was pestered by some of his creditors, who instituted inquisitorial proceedings touching the disposition or loss of his large wealth. His answers on the occasion revealed a singular state of things. He kept no books; his transactions he carried in his head, except so far as his brokers had account of them. The "boys" had got his money—that was all.

At the age of eighty, here was the result of his long career of "operating" in Wall Street. Prominent as he had been, and as he continued to be till he failed to "come to time" on his contracts, just so soon as he did fail, he was lost sight of by the wild beasts of the arena, and exists only as a memory there.

We have alluded to the position Mr. Drew held in the Methodist Church. He kept up his interest in it zealously, and showed his sincerity by a liberality consistently maintained throughout his life. He was a trustee of the Mulberry Street Church, in New York. He built a handsome church near his country home, and endowed it with $1,000 a year. He established the Drew Seminary in New Jersey, at an expense of $250,000. He was a trustee in numerous benevolent institutions, where he gave liberally, including the Wesleyan University, the Concord Biblical Institute, and the Troy University. As before stated, he was very happy in his family relations.

There has been a great deal of jesting and low witticism expended on the subject of Mr. Drew's "piety"—these mainly from persons who not only lay no claim to "piety" themselves, but who find amusement in jokes at the expense of those who do. There really is nothing out of the common course in Mr. Drew's conduct in this regard, considering the mixed mold of our poor humanity. In short, it is neither inexplicable nor unusual.

Every one of us must be sensible of carrying about with him two distinct natures (deity and devil, we may say): one of which is of the earth, earthy; the other impels us from time to time to look to something higher and purer. These two natures are in antagonism always. In the main, the grosser one, with a large proportion, retains the mastery; but at times the other self asserts sway, and demands acts meet for repentance.

No one can accuse Mr. Drew of being a hypocrite. He was as much the reverse of one as possible. He had strong, self-willed, tenacious and resolute qualities, and there was no room for the hypocrite among them. When he claimed to be a believer, you may be sure he was sincere. When he attended carefully to the requirements of his church, it was because his heart at the time was in the work. Yet he was the most inveterate stock-gambler of his day; scattering at times the Street with the wrecks of ruined hopes and fortunes, without mercy and without pity. He had not experienced sufficient "saving grace" to restrain him from his darling occupation, and so he kept at work at it with all his might. His was the common, every-day example of what is termed the "worldly Christian"; only he was a pronounced character, who entered into no half-way performances, and what he did, he did boldly and without reservation.

If in his operations Mr. Drew was unscrupulous, merciless, without the least commiseration for an opponent, it must be remembered these were also the qualities of the men opposed to him; in fact, they were the rules of the game, and, as he used to say, he simply fought the devil with his own fire. The same moral conditions pervaded the entire crowd of combatants. It was because Drew was smarter than the rest, and outwitted them when they were trying to outwit him, that he came in for so large a share of criticism. He knew too much for his adversaries—that was all.

It is a melancholy spectacle which we have exhibited to the reader, but it is not overdrawn: we mean that of the life of the mere gambler in stocks. It is one thing to go into a well-appointed gaming establishment where you can risk your money fairly, and where you know that there is no plot to cheat, deceive or circumvent you, and a very different and much more dangerous thing to embark on the waves of the Wall Street sea, exposed to its rocks and breakers, its shoals and quicksands, where you can hear only the gibberish of "long" and "short," of "straddles" and "margins," of "corners" and "pools," of "puts" and "calls"; where to be cunning and sharp, and keen and cute, are the most necessary and therefore the most commendable qualities, and which must be exercised on all occasions without scruple and without remorse.

What might have been Mr. Drew's career had he continued to devote his genius and his energies to the legitimate enterprises of the day, instead of embarking on this unhappy sea, it is almost impossible to calculate. No one in the land could have exceeded him in such a course, and he would have built up a monument for himself to last for generations.

It will not be uninteresting to add that the last two or three years of Mr. Drew's life were spent peacefully in his family. He enjoyed conversing with his old friends, and could be frequently seen seated in some one of our first-class hotels, apparently relishing the society of his acquaintances.

He retained his physical vigor and his faculties till the last. His death was sudden, and attended with little or no suffering.

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# ONLY JUST SAVED.

Willie Stansfield was clerk in a London and Indian bank. He was an orphan, and had but one or two distant relatives. Mr. Manley, a life-long friend of his father, had procured him his present appointment in the bank, of which he, Mr. Manley, was a director; and Mr. Turner had known him from boyhood, and counseled him on all important matters.

"Willie," said the latter, "what is this whisper which reaches me that something more than a kind feeling has arisen up between you and Laura Manley?"

"There may be people in the world so clever that they have penetrated both into Miss Manley's heart and my heart, and there discovered a secret," he answered; "but that

CROWDED STOCK EXCHANGE DURING ONE OF DREW'S SPECULATIONS.— SEE PAGE 641.

Mr. Manley, as you know, has been in the country for months. I have written to him, begging him to support my request; if he does, it is sure to be granted, but——"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Why, though Mr. Manley is my very kind friend, he is such an odd-tempered, impulsive man, that I never can rely upon him in any particular matter. If he should refuse me in this, I shall not hesitate to tell him frankly that it will be a proceeding so inconsiderate, showing such a thorough want of real interest in my welfare—such a complete callousness——"

"Mercy on me, Willie—spare me another outburst! Let us await events."

any person ever saw the smallest outward manifestation of affection between us, I most positively deny. You will see in a moment, Mr. Turner, how awkwardly I have been placed. I confess it at once, I am strongly attached to Miss Manley, and I do not think I am uncared for by her; but what an outrageous thing for me to entertain the smallest hope of any useful result! Here is Mr. Manley, who was my father's friend, and has been mine, no doubt. He is a man of great wealth, and of high position and influence. He has only one child, Laura. How do you think he is likely to view any advances toward her by his humble *protégé*—the clerk in the bank at a hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

"Do you imagine Mr. Manley has any suspicion of this matter?"

"No; he cannot have the slightest."

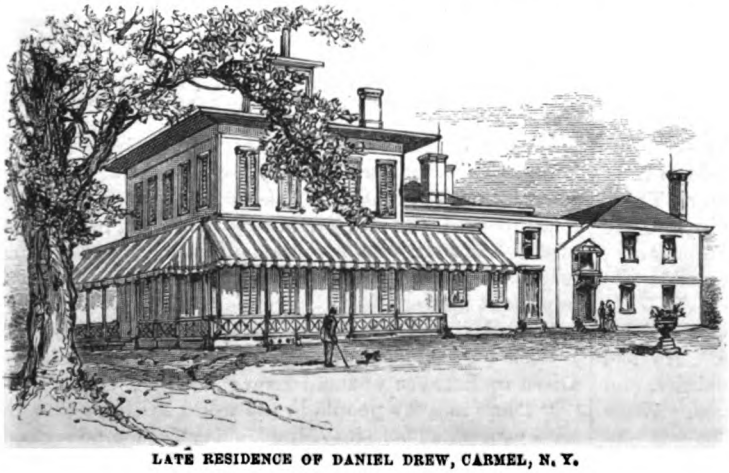
"I fancy he has."

"Mr. Turner, look here: I am doing all I can to induce the bank to give me an appointment just vacant in India. My application is to come before the directors to-morrow.

These soon revealed themselves. The speakers were in Willie Stansfield's lodgings when the above conversation took place, and Mr. Turner was leaving, when the postman brought a letter. Stansfield read it, and then flung it into a far corner of the room.

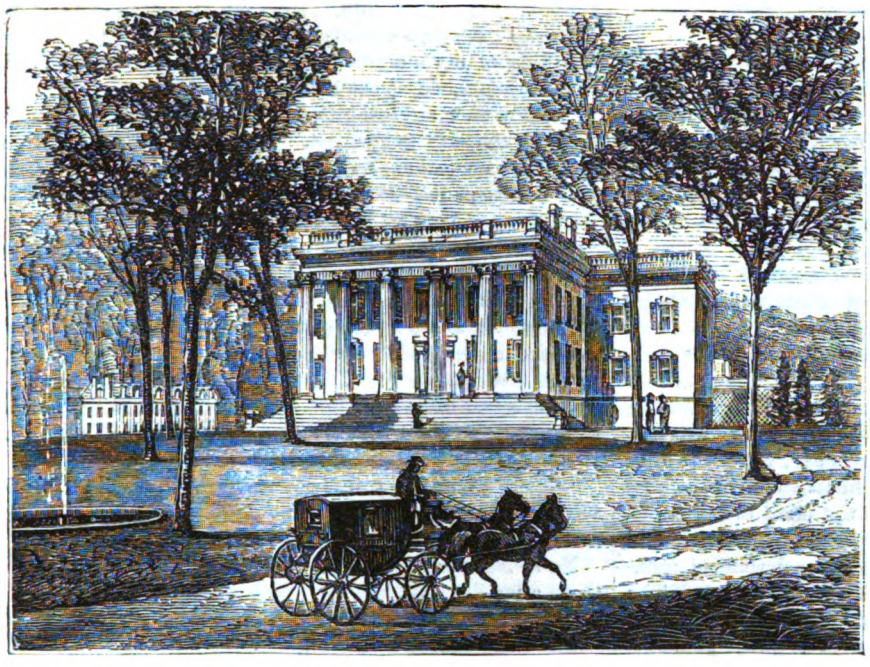
"I thought as much!" he exclaimed, in a fury. "Of course he refuses. Read it, Mr. Turner. Just tell me what you think of that! Mr. Manley pretends to be my friend. He once told me that he assured my father, when he was dying, that he would never lose sight of me. And what does he do? He gets me a trumpery berth in a bank, and invites me now and then to his house; but the moment I ask him a real favor, which would cost him nothing, but which would give me something like a chance in life, he turns away. Oh, I hate such hypocrites! I will write and tell him so."

DANIEL DREW IN 1867.



LATE RESIDENCE OF DANIEL DREW, CARMEL, N. Y.

"I wish it had been otherwise," said Mr.



THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MADISON, N. J.

Turner; "and I own I do not altogether understand it," he added, as though some special thought perplexed him; "but, Willie, I cannot hear of your writing Mr. Manley as you propose—it would be both foolish and wrong."

"Maybe, but I shall do it."

"Then you quarrel with me also, Stansfield."

"I shall be very sorry, but my mind is made up."

"So is mine, and if you send this letter you will not see me again for a long time."

And Mr. Turner left. Then the letter was written, and a vastly stupid letter it was, of course. In fact, Willie Stansfield was slightly demented at this time. He saw the secretary of the bank, and spoke in such unmeasured terms, that the secretary plainly told him the board would not improbably think he had better leave the company. That afternoon Stansfield went home in a worse state of mind than ever.

It was two days after this that Mr. Turner, hearing that Mr. Manley had come to London, went to see him at his club. They were well known to each other.

"I am glad to see you, Turner," said Mr. Manley, "more especially because you perhaps can throw some light on the movements of that stupid boy, Stansfield. Where's he run off to?"

"Run off! Really, I don't know. I haven't seen him for a couple of days. In fact, I quarreled with him over a threat of his writing you in what I saw would be a most unjustifiable strain, about you not supporting his wish to be sent to India."

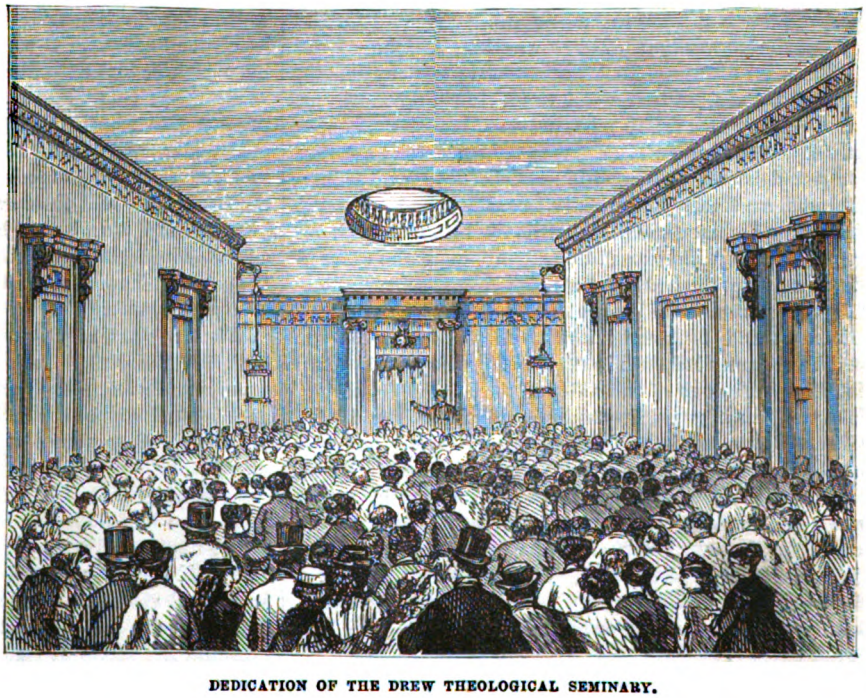
"Unjustifiable! The letter came, sure enough, and was simply abominable. One would think I had done him some deadly injury. 'Master Willie must not go to India,' I said to myself, 'and I will write and tell him so. Yet I must not let him see what is in the background, and which may never go to the front. I must simply decline to aid him, and he will well know I have his interest at heart." But now it's all over," exclaimed the old gentleman, with heightened color and flashing eyes. "He has gone his own way—his own headstrong, foolish way—and he has ruined himself."

"Did I understand you he is not forthcoming?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Just so. He's made off like a scamp—not that he is one, but what will people think? The dreadfully stupid boy, after writing me as he did, must go and downright bully our secretary at the bank, who gave him a hint that harm might come of it. Whereupon, it would appear, the idiot returned to his lodgings, paid his few debts (for he was a thrifty and honorable young blockhead), put his trifling possessions together, and disappeared with them in a cab."

"Truly deplorable. But now the thing is to find this crazed lad. We must take all necessary steps—the police—advertisements ——"

"Not one, so far as I am concerned, Turner. That youth might, in time, have been my son-in-law—rich, blessed with a dear and loving wife—every kind of happiness at his—but no, we are parted. He may be a fool, he may be a madman. To neither will I trust my Laura. My decision is irrevocable; pray, say no more. Willie



DEDICATION OF THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Stansfield must do something very praiseworthy indeed, before he returns to my favor."

He thought of these words in many an after-year.

"What a hopeless couple of men to deal with!" soliloquized Mr. Turner, as he wended his way home. "One the impersonation of violent temper, and the other of obstinacy. And so this quarrel, which might so easily be arranged, is to cause ever so much suffering and injury, without any prospect of a termination. It is truly deplorable."

It was; but as to bringing Willie Stansfield back, that was out of the question. He had already started for America.

* * * * * * *

There is something doubly alarming and horrible in those instances of wickedness for which no motive can possibly be assigned. As I, in my mind's eye, five years after the conversation just related, see a human being on whose face is stamped indelibly cruelty of the vilest order, crawling about a railway embankment in the United States, I have a shuddering conviction that some diabolical monstrosity is about to be perpetrated. And so it is. The wretched creature is carrying a huge bar of iron (stolen from some store, I suppose), and with it he slips down the embankment, at the risk of his life, until he reaches the entrance to a tunnel. There, across the rails, he deposits his burden. He is careful so to place it that by no possibility shall the engine of the doomed train, now fast approaching, clear its path of the incumbrance. He chuckles as this assurance strikes him fully. Then he smites the bar a heavy blow with the palm of his hand, and dreadful madness glistens in his coal-black eyes as he mutters, "Fine, fine!"

A minute after, and he is over the embankment again; and half an hour subsequently, when all is confusion and horror and suffering, he quietly tells the story of his deed, and is borne away with loathing to await the time when it shall be pronounced whether he shall be put out of life as a malignant criminal, or be henceforth well housed and cared for as an interesting lunatic of peculiar propensities.

Into that train, now coming on to its fate, there stepped at the terminal station an elderly gentleman and a beautiful girl. They had come to America from England for the benefit of the young lady's not over-strong health.

"What a lot of fog we do get here!" said the gentleman, testily. "We started because it was a charming morning, and now we are in a damp mist, getting darker every moment. A blessed invention, those fog signals, for I am sure the engine-driver cannot see his hand before him."

"Papa," said the young lady, timidly, and with the dreamy air which we associate with the looking back on long-past events, "did you notice a gentleman who entered the train as we were just starting?"

"A young man with brown hair and dark-gray eyes? Yes, Laura; and I thought how wonderfully like he was to that headstrong lad, Willie Stansfield, who will turn up again, I suppose, one of these days."

"Do you think, papa, it could possibly have been he?"

"There is no saying. We always assumed he went abroad. He may be here—may be in this train. I well remember the last words I said to Turner about him, that he must do something very praiseworthy before he could return to my favor. I dare say, like the rest of the world, he is striving and struggling. Laura, this is indeed a wretched day for traveling."

But Laura's thoughts were upon the brown hair and the gray eyes.

"This is the station, Laura, before we come to the long tunnel. On we go again. How we all of us cry out for change! Restless creatures we human beings are! Bah! the idea of my moralizing!" and the hard-headed business man laughed at the notion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, papa. I feel a little dull, myself, at the moment. Do you know, I fancy I am in a more critical state than you think. I may not live, you know, papa. I *may not*. If I should die, you will not bury me here? You will take me home, and——"

"My Laura, my Laura!" exclaimed her father, drawing her to him and embracing her; "what has come over you? What sudden alarm is this?"

They were alone in the carriage, and the old man's tears dropped unchecked.

"It will pass away, I dare say, papa; but a curious presentiment came over me, and I felt weak. I will talk of other things. I wish this journey were ended, for I am rather frightened at such darkness."

"There is nothing to fear, my girl. This line is admirably worked, and all contingencies are provided for, and——"

No! Not that of a heavy bar lying on the rails, placed there after the last train had been signaled "All right."

CRASH!

The huge engine reared up as if in rage, and fell back on the foremost carriages. The hind part of the train was jerked off the line, the carriages falling around and upon one another in hideous confusion. Only a few of the centre carriages escaped injury. How many passengers were killed I cannot tell you now. In a sense, they were favored above the cruelly wounded, for the summons was immediate, and was immediately obeyed.

Mr. Manley rose from the embankment on to which, by some eccentricity of movement of the falling carriages, he had been thrown. For a minute all was confusion in his mind. Then memory returned. Where was Laura? She remained in that shattered compartment upon which another carriage was partly resting. He could just hear her voice now, crying for her father.

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the *débris*, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him, by all he held dear, by all his hopes of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

What a start the young man gave! One more close look into the supplicant's face, and then to work. What superhuman force was this which cast aside this huge bar and that immense beam? See how the fragments fly, as though they were but the slight pieces of a child's plaything!

To the right, to the left, the masses roll; the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside! No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in clasping the frame of Laura Manley, and bore it away.

*Saved!* Who could take her from him now

# MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE name of Mary Stuart, to judge by the number and ardor of her biographers, as well as by the strange fascination with which it falls upon our own ears, is, and will be, a spell equally potent in all times. But her character has perhaps formed the theme of more controversy, "more diversity of opinion—as well in excess of advocacy as in illiberal reprehension"— than that of any other historical personage, ancient or modern. Yet, be her faults extreme, her weakness unpardonable, we must confess it ever difficult to judge impartially the unfortunate; and, saying nothing about the halo of feminine loveliness, mental and physical, which to a certain degree constantly obscures the graver outline, even to a critical eye, of the object it encircles, it is almost an impossibility to regard a life of such unprecedented misfortune—years spent in melancholy confinement, and terminated by a violent death—without feeling that, while the character of Elizabeth, were it of spotless pretensions otherwise, would be completely marred by the circumstance of her unfortunate kinswoman's execution, that of Mary is elevated by the injustice which dictated her fate, and the meekness with which it was accepted, into the dignity of a martyr.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was born in the palace of Linlithgow, in December, 1542. She was the daughter of James V., seventh King of the Stuart line, and of Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, the founder of that family which had so conspicuous a part in the politics of France in the sixteenth century. Her birth took place at one of the dreariest periods of Scottish history, her father dying, when she was but a few days old, of mortification consequent on the defeats which the Scotch had voluntarily met with from the English at Fala Muir and Solway Moss; while the disappointment at the intelligence that a daughter, instead of a son, had been born to him, further accelerated his demise.

The Earl of Arran, head of the House of Hamilton, and heir-presumptive to the throne, was made Regent by the Parliament. Mary was crowned, September 9th, 1543. Very early in Mary's infant life her tiny hand was pledged to her cousin, Prince Edward of England, the only son of Henry VIII., who had resolved upon this match for his afterward Edward VI. At first he was successful, and a treaty was made, July 1st, 1543, providing that Mary should be sent to England when she should have attained the age of ten years, and that she should marry Edward as soon thereafter as possible.

When Henry found that the widowed Queen of James was resolute in retaining her daughter under her own care, he threw off the mask, and commenced hostilities against her realm, never afterward failing to mark his ill-feeling, and leaving tangible proof of it in the disposition of the English succession, which, missing Mary, the descendant of his eldest sister, was to descend to the younger, in case his own direct House failed to survive.

When Mary was between five and six years old, she was reluctantly parted with by her mother, who, dreading her insecurity, formed for the child a treaty of marriage among her own relations; and, in betrothing her to the Dauphin of France, intrusted that Court also with her safe custody and education up to the period of her marriage. Hitherto, the young Queen, secluded in the Castle of Stirling, and afterward in the privacy of Inchmahome, a little island in the Lake of Menteith, had progressed so far as her tender years would admit in such studies as Mary of Lorraine's excellent sense directed. These had been shared by four young ladies taken from the first Scottish families, and called "Queen's Maries," from the circumstance of all bearing that name.

> "Last night the Queen had four Maries,
> To-night she'll ha'e but three;
> There was Mary Seyton, and Mary Beaton,
> And Mary Livingstone and me!"

sings the old ballad; the "me" being Mary Fleming, the grandchild of James IV., and daughter of Lady Fleming, governess to the youthful sovereign.

Accompanied by her miniature *dames d'honneur*, these four Maries, the destined Dauphiness set sail from Dumbarton in July, 1548, and arrived safely at Brest, in France, August 14th, having escaped the English vessels sent to intercept her, and she was warmly received by Henry II., who treated her as a daughter. In the hunting-palace of St. Germain, the young affianced pair were educated together. Mary Stuart's uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, superintended her studies; Pasquier instructed her in history, and George Buchanan, one of the first scholars of the sixteenth century, in Latin; while the poet Ronsard instructed her in *belles lettres*. At the age of thirteen she pronounced a Latin oration, which was much applauded.

Mary soon learned to dance—"in the Spanish minuet she was equaled only by her aunt, the beautiful Anne of Este, while no lady in the court could eclipse her in the galliarde." She also rode, even in childhood, with peerless grace; and as for music, this was an accomplishment in which nature formed her to excel, possessed as she was of an intuitive and hereditary taste for it, one which was seconded by the excessive care expended in developing her talents to proficiency.

Catharine de Medicis, the mother of Mary's destined husband, one of her enemies in after life, and who was always cold to her, could not refrain from offering a tribute in her praise, and in a letter to Mary of Lorraine, she says that "for a child of her tender years, there was nothing about her she could wish altered."

The letters of her uncles, the Guises, to their sister of Scotland, were constantly filled with accounts of her grace, beauty and intelligence; and Mary returned the partiality with all her warm little heart, declaring that their care of her "was incredible," nor could they do for her more "if she were their own child."

These years were the only happy ones in Mary's calamitous career; and in after life she unceasingly recurred to them, preserving an attachment to the land of her adoption far exceeding any she had entertained for that of her birth.

In 1550, Mary of Lorraine came over to visit her daughter, returning to Scotland all delighted with her beautiful child. They never met again, for before Mary repaired to Scotland the beautiful Queen-mother was no more.

In 1551, Mary's hand was formally demanded of Henry II. for Edward VI., but she herself refused to listen to the demand. The wide-spread dominion and power of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria having incurred the favor of the House of Valois, Henry II. determined to complete his alliance with Scotland by Mary's marriage with the Dauphin Francis, which accordingly took place early in the year 1558, with the utmost imaginable pomp.

Francis, sickly and feeble from his birth, formed a far less interesting object to public curiosity than did the beautiful Mary, who at this period united an almost perfect *contour* of feature and form with an intelligence unrivaled in a girl

of sixteen. Very graceful in stature, the finish, if it may be so termed, of Mary's figure was even more remarkable than its general expression of beauty. "Her forehead and temples were formed, as well as her small, delicate ears, in exact symmetry; her throat was slender and graceful, as was her rounded waist; and her hands were the smallest and most beautifully shaped in the world. Her complexion inclined to the brunette, the color of her hair and eyebrows being dark."

SCENE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL DURING A DREW SPECULATION.—SEE PAGE 641.

DANIEL DREW IN 1879.

The writer saw a picture of the ill-fated Queen of Scots at Abbotsford. It was the head and face subsequent to decapitation, and said to be the best likeness of the hapless Mary. Sir Walter Scott valued this *authentic* portrait immensely.

Mary was a favorite with her husband's father, and when he was accidentally killed in the tournament of 1559, she found herself Queen Consort of France and sovereign of Scotland in her own right. Henry II. dying July 10th, 1559, Mary was Queen of France from that date till the death of her husband, Francis II., December 5th, 1560.

When Mary I. of England died, November, 1558, Henry II. caused the Dauphin to quarter the arms of England with those of Scotland, declaring that Mary Stuart was legitimate heir to the English crown, as descended from Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and that Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII., by Anne Boleyn, was illegitimate, a statement verified by the declaration of her own father, Henry VIII.

In an evil hour, the young pair, Francis and Mary, suffered themselves to be proclaimed, at a tournament, not only King and Queen of Scotland, in addition to the titles of Dauphin and Dauphiness of France, but declaring Mary

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, OF WHICH DANIEL DREW WAS A MEMBER.

THE EARLS OF KENT AND SHREWSBURY PRESENTING THE DEATH-WARRANT TO QUEEN MARY AT FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

"*Reine d'Angleterre*"—Queen of England—an announcement received with frantic enthusiasm by the Parisians. Terribly did Elizabeth avenge this insult in the aftertime.

The coronation of Francis and Mary took place at Rheims in the following September, and the young King died on the 5th of December.

Catharine, who has been accused of poisoning a son who openly declared his intention of reigning without her assistance, conceived a violent dislike to her daughter-in-law, and no sooner was the breath out of the body of the young King, than, with unseemly haste, she caused Charles IX., a boy of ten, to be declared Regent.

Suitors appeared for Mary's hand—the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and Philip II. of Spain, who wished to wed her to his son and heir, Don Carlos. Mary, through the instrumentality of her mother-in-law, was coldly treated in France, and resolved to return to Scotland.

In that country the French Catholic party had been overthrown, and the English Protestant party triumphed, aided by Elizabeth's forces. By the treaty of Edinburgh, made July 5th and 6th, 1560, it was provided, among other things, that the French should leave Scotland, and that the Scotch sovereigns should cease to bear the arms and title of the sovereigns of England. In addition to this, the treaty contained a clause which would forever bar Mary's claim to a throne deemed by the Catholics her actual right. Mary refused point-blank to sign this treaty, and although Elizabeth endeavored to induce her to do so by insinuation and by threat, all attempts to shake the resolution of the Scottish Queen were unavailing.

When Mary resolved upon retiring to Scotland, a determination sadly and reluctantly conceived and tardily carried into execution, she applied to Elizabeth for a safe conduct through England, but it was refused unless she would ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, which she once more refused to do. Her voyage was at length arranged, and, everything in readiness, Mary embarked, determined to brave all risks, on the 15th of August, from Calais.

Mournful and inauspicious in its every augury, the grief of Mary at parting with her beloved France to undertake this melancholy voyage, has been recorded by many writers, while the Queen's own *chanson* bidding adieu to the country is universally known. "Bathed in tears, the fair young widow, prostrate on a couch, watched from the deck the receding shores of a country which she was destined never to revisit. Despair seemed to take possession of her heart, and it was a relief to the four Maries, who never yet separated from their royal mistress, to behold her gradually weeping herself to sleep."

On her arrival in Scotland she found the power in the hands of the Protestants, and submitted to what it was impossible to resist. Her chief ministers were her natural brother, the Lord James Stuart, and Maitland of Lethington, who were among the ablest statesmen in the country. She expressed herself favorable to toleration, and asked it for herself, but obtained it with difficulty. Her position was one of great embarrassment. Sincerely Catholic, she was the sovereign of a people who had accepted the Reformation, and who displayed the utmost enmity to the old faith. Stealthily watched by the Reformers, every action was communicated to the English Court; but, unused to deception, and heedless of policy, Mary conducted herself as though surrounded only by friends. She introduced masques and dancing at Holyrood, instituted a species of refinement never before exemplified in the Court manners, and, assisted by a retinue of the most accomplished French nobility, spent much of her time endeavoring to soften and polish manners which appeared to her little less than barbarous.

But another innovation met with a more decided opposition than had hitherto been deemed politic by the reproving eyes around. Knox and his companions had borne with sullen gloom the "fiddling and uncomely skipping" of the Queen and her ladies; but when they followed it up by attending Mass in the chapel of the palace, the grave accusation against her by those who would not permit their Queen the liberty of conscience they themselves claimed, set sparks to the smoldering discontent, and flamed up into murmurs which Mary's uniform courtesy, dignity and gentleness had scarcely power to repress. Still, her reign for some time was prosperous. Her brother, who was at that time attached to her, counseled her wisely, and acted vigorously.

Circumstances made it advisable that Mary should marry. Elizabeth wished her to marry the Earl of Arran, but to this Mary would not consent. She desired to become the wife of Don Carlos of Spain, and refused the Dukes of Nemours and Ferrara; but the Spanish marriage met with so much opposition, both at home and abroad, that she had to abandon all idea of it. She was urged to accept the hand of the Archduke Charles, third son of Ferdinand I. (1563), but the proposition found no favor with her.

Queen Elizabeth proposed her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; though she was by no means sincere in desiring such a match ever to take place. Mary's pride at first revolted from marrying a subject; but after an interval of anxiety and annoyance, urged by her nobles to ally herself with some one of her numerous admirers, and not less prompted by the inclination of her own heart, at the time fairly enslaved, she fixed her choice upon her cousin and Elizabeth's, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and sealed her fate by as ill-assorted and lamentable a match as could well have been planned under her peculiar circumstances.

Darnley was handsome and accomplished, but was fickle, and his talents were small. Mary had now been a widow between four and five years, and was twenty-three, while her husband was but nineteen. Mary had worn the weeds of a widow ever since the death of Francis; but she threw them off on the 29th of July, 1565, and gave her hand to Darnley in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, in the presence of the *élite* of the Scottish Court.

According to the researches of Prince Labanoff, it appears that some months before this public solemnization of the nuptials, Darnley and his royal "ladye-love" had been secretly married at Stirling Castle, the Queen's secretary, David Rizzio, to whose instrumentality the bridegroom was largely indebted for his progress in her favor, having converted his apartment into a Catholic chapel for the occasion.

David Rizzio was the son of a poor musician of Turin, and was born in Piedmont, in 1533. From Turin he went to the Court of the Duke of Savoy, and thence to Scotland in the *suite* of an ambassador, who selected him because he was a good linguist. Mary's first meeting with Rizzio at Holyrood Palace is the subject of our frontispiece. The Queen made him one of her pages, and after the removal of Raulet, he became, in December, 1564, her secretary for the French language. All her foreign correspondence passed through his hands; and, upon her marriage with Darnley, he was appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Darnley attributed Mary's unwillingness to give him the power as well as the name of King to the influence of Rizzio, and affected to believe that he was dishonored by the Italian. The favorite's rapid promotion, his arrogance, avarice and low birth, had aroused the envy and anger of the nobles. By the Protestants he was viewed with disfavor on account of his religion.

An agreement, partly written and partly verbal, was entered into by Darnley, Morton, Maitland, Ruthven, Lindsay and others, for putting Rizzio to death. Just before the execution of the design, Darnley was required to sign another bond, in which he gave his assent to whatever they should do. In the evening, while the Queen was at supper, in company with the Duchess of Argyle, a few courtiers, her French physician, and Rizzio, the apartment was filled by the armed conspirators. Darnley held the Queen, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy. Rizzio cowered behind her, and clung on to her dress. One or two of the assassins stabbed him in the breast, and then, dragging his body into the antechamber, dispatched him with more than fifty wounds.

The writer was shown the alleged mark of the unfortunate Italian's blood, staining the oaken floor at Holyrood Palace; and also the narrow stairway down which the conspirators dragged the dead body after the assassination.

Mary was for a time the prisoner of the conspirators, but by deceiving Darnley she effected her escape. She pursued the murderers of Rizzio with implacable resentment; and it was at this period, when disappointed in the character of a man she had believed perfection, that she permitted the intimate counsels of the turbulent and ambitious Bothwell.

This man was little calculated by nature to attract the attention of a lady who estimated beauty so highly as did Mary Stuart. He was, to quote Miss Strickland's words, so ugly, "that the defects of his person were such as to defy scandal itself to insinuate she preferred him to her husband." He was awkward, ill-favored and one-eyed. The secret of the paramount ascendency of Bothwell over the mind of the Queen will never, perhaps, be wholly cleared up, nor will it be known how far her connection with his subsequent crime renders her the object of blame or pity.

On June 19th, 1566, Mary gave birth to her only child, afterward James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England, at Edinburgh Castle, but the joys of maternity were cruelly damped by the contemptuous neglect of the father of her offspring.

Bothwell resolved upon getting rid of Darnley, and urged a divorce. This Mary refused to listen to. Bothwell then joined in a conspiracy to kill Darnley, and it is charged by Mary's enemies that the project was communicated to her, and that she offered no serious opposition to it; but Mary's friends urge as against this that she indignantly refused to sign a warrant for the execution of the deed when demanded by Morton, though Bothwell earnestly besought compliance. Darnley was then ill of the smallpox, at Glasgow. There he was visited by Mary, and nursed by her. On his recovering sufficiently to travel, he was removed to the provost's house, at Kirk of Field, near Edinburgh, where Mary attended him with much apparent kindness, passing several nights under his roof. This house was blown up on the night of February 9th, 1567, while the Queen was attending a masquerade at Holyrood Palace, given in honor of the marriage of her maid-of-honor, Margaret Carwood.

Of Bothwell's guilt of the murder there is no doubt whatever; but to pronounce Mary cognizant of the plot, would be to deprive her of all further interest or sympathy during the remainder of her troubled life. Her share in it, if share she had, is not clear, and the main point in that "Marian controversy," which has continued to the present time, turns upon the question of her participation in Bothwell's conspiracy.

Bothwell was tried, but his trial was regarded as a mockery, since Mary continued to regard him with favor, and to bestow signal marks of approbation upon him. He sought to marry the Queen, and was divorced from his wife.

On April 24th, while returning from Stirling to Edinburgh, she was seized by Bothwell and conducted to his castle of Dunbar. She was allowed to return to Edinburgh on May 3d, when Bothwell's device was completed. Her intention to marry him was then announced. He was created Duke of Orkney, and on May 15th they were married.

This marriage created, as well it might, universal disgust, and the Queen was hooted in the streets of Edinburgh, while banners depicting the bleeding body of her murdered consort were flaunted in her face.

A conspiracy which had been formed against Bothwell, composed of the chief nobles, now assumed a serious magnitude, and hostilities broke out early in June. The confederates seized Edinburgh, and when the two armies met on Carberry Hill, June 15th, Mary was deserted by most of her troops, and compelled to surrender. Bothwell fled, and never returned. The Queen was committed to Lochleven Castle, where, on July 24th, she signed an abdication in favor of her son, and other acts arranging the government, of which Murray was to be the head as Regent.

For nearly the space of a year Mary dragged on an anxious imprisonment; yet even in the isolated island fortress, the beauty and address of the Scottish Queen raised friends to her cause. The son of Lady Margaret, assisted by another youth, planned and almost executed her escape. In the garb of a laundress, she had already reached the boat which was to bear her across the loch, when all was discovered by the dazzling whiteness of her hand, which, in momentary forgetfulness, she exposed to observation.

A second and more successful attempt was made at midnight on the 3d of May, 1568. The keys were purloined by George Douglas, while the family were at supper, and having given exit to the Queen and her attendant lady, the brave lad, closing the gates, threw the keys into the water. On reaching the shore, whither a skiff in waiting speedily bore her, Mary was greeted by several of her still loyal nobles, and, mounting a fleet steed, rode to meet other partisans, who, joining her, attached rapidly to the royal cause a considerable force. Her army was defeated at Langside, May 13th, by Murray. On observing the rout of her adherents, Mary fled many miles to the Abbey of Dundrennan, and then, in an evil hour, and despite the entreaties of the Lords Herries and Fleming, she crossed the English border, and, arriving at Workington, in Cumberland, with a retinue of only twenty persons, threw herself on the generosity and protection of Queen Elizabeth.

For a time she was treated with some consideration by Elizabeth, but the latter assumed the part of judge between Mary and her opponents, and affected to decide on her guilt or innocence of the charges preferred against her. The examination was unfairly conducted, and injured Mary's reputation.

A conspiracy was formed by Babington in 1586 to liberate Mary. This conspiracy was the means of consigning the unfortunate Queen of Scots to Fotheringay Castle. Mary was first incarcerated in the year 1568, being then but twenty-six years old, and in the bloom of womanly loveliness. When, on the morning of the 11th of October, 1586, the commissioners from Elizabeth arrived at the castle to bring Mary to a mock trial, the shadow of the ax looming in advance of them, they were received by a very different personage. Misery and confinement; "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick"; the constant foreboding of unseen malevolence dealing unscrupulously toward

her; the repeated sorrows resulting from the successive failures, and the consequent destruction of those who desired her welfare—these needed not the additional ills of unwholesome and scanty provisions and accommodations which Elizabeth's means dictated, to bow down the noble carriage and pale the lustrous beauty of the once admired Queen.

On October the 25th, 1586, Mary was doomed to die. Three months were allowed to elapse before her execution. In an hour more fatal to her own fame and future peace than to the fortunes of her victim, Elizabeth signed the warrant for Mary's death, and commissioned the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury to carry out its purport. Upon the 7th of February, 1587, these two noblemen, arriving at Fotheringay Castle, informed the captive Queen that the sentence announced two months and a half before by Lord Buckhurst must now be fulfilled.

QUEEN MARY AT PRAYER THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

Upon hearing the intelligence, she made the sign of the Cross. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, "for the news you bring me. I did not expect such a happy end after the treatment I have suffered, and the dangers to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country."

She made all her preparations for death with deliberation. "Upon the fatal morning of the 8th, when they came down-stairs, the Queen, followed by Andrew Melvil, who bore the train of his Queen, ascended the scaffold with the same care and dignity as if she were ascending a throne. She rested herself without changing color, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty." She was denied the presence of her almoner, and was rudely importuned to change her faith by the bigoted Dean of Peterborough and by the brutal Earl of Kent, whose efforts she quietly and firmly repulsed.

Her last moments were spent in consoling her maids, and in distributing her blessing and her pardon; then, kneeling down, she bowed her neck to the executioner, exclaiming, "My God, I have hoped in Thee! Into Thy hands I commit myself!" As her head-dress was removed, her hair was discovered prematurely silvered by care and grief.

The ax, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of her head, inflicting a horrible wound, yet she did not shriek or groan. Upon repeating the blow, the executioner struck off her head, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" An old cloth, torn hastily from a neighboring billiard-table, was flung over the lifeless remains, and just as they were lifting the body to carry it to the state-room of the castle, it wasdiscovered that Mary's little favorite dog had slipped beneath her mantle, and was nestling in the bosom of its dead mistress. Force alone could remove the faithful animal, which was found dead on the following day.

After being contemptuously neglected for six months, Mary Stuart's remains were buried in Peterborough Cathedral, Elizabeth acting as chief mourner, through Lady Balford. Twenty-five years afterward, they were removed to Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, by order of her son, James I.

NED GROSVENOR'S COURTSHIP.—"THE PROPRIETOR SUDDENLY WALKED UP TO THEM, AND BROUGHT THEM FACE TO FACE WITH A PALE, DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OLD MAN, WHOM LOIS FLEW AT WITH A LOUD CRY OF JOY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## CHILDREN.

Come to me, oh ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

# NED GROSVENOR'S COURTSHIP.

### Chapter I.

"I WONDER," pondered the Widow Ware, "what can make Mr. Earle so melancholy? It's beyond me!" and the old lady heaved a deep sigh.

So had she sighed many times before, when turning over in her mind the various eccentricities of her lodger. What could make him so sad?

Of his wealth and position there could be no doubt. The class of visitors, always on business, that frequented the old gentleman's rooms — large, commodious rooms, which Mr. Earle himself had furnished—were not such as run after poor men. He was rich, then, and popular; what more could he require to be happy?

"True," muttered the widow to herself, "he's not *overly* strong."

At the very moment that the old lady—so certain that her lodger was blest of heaven!—sat pondering on his many "privileges," as she phrased it, one of the many callers upon old Mr. Earle was with him.

"No news?" demanded that grave gentleman, looking up, as a person entered whose appearance was that of a man such as discerning persons might choose to consult in confidential matters; "no news, Baldwin?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the newcomer, with a quickly-checked sigh.

"It's of no use, my friend; I am utterly discouraged," moaned Mr. Earle, rising and beginning to pace the apartment in an agitated manner. "I shall never hear of my daughter again."

"Listen to me, sir!" exclaimed Baldwin. "Miss Lois cannot be lost forever. We *must* find her, sooner or later."

"Unless she is dead," sobbed the wretched father.

"If she were dead, we must have learned when, where, how. Remember, it has only been six months in all since she vanished from Chicago; only six months since, with the hope of finding her in this modern Babylon, we have come to New York. Keep up, sir, keep up!" added he, entreatingly.

Perhaps a skillful physician, with his hand on poor Mr. Earle's pulse, might have wondered, just then, how long it would be possible, in accordance with the rules of physical science, for soul and body to continue to strive on one against the other.

"Don't think it, sir—don't think for a moment that the Lord would will it that all your wealth should go to that good-for-nothing rascal, your—your brother."

A bitter smile passed over Mr. Earle's face at the unqualified and energetic expression made use of by his old and long-tried friend. And yet, how well he knew it to be deserved!

The mother of Horace Earle had married twice. To Horace, her eldest, her well-beloved and upright son—to him who had made her last days so peaceful and bright that many sorrows grew almost dim in her remembrance because of those latter days—she had left the wealth which a second widowhood had made hers.

Her last marriage, of which Louis Tresham, her younger son, had been the fruit, had been wretchedly unhappy, Maurice Tresham being openly and constantly unfaithful to his wife.

Louis was like his father, *bad;* and knowing him to be so, *utterly and irredeemably bad*, the mother had willed that a stated sum should be paid to him year by year, in quarterly installments, by Horace, his half-brother, and that the wealth left to her eldest son should never become the possession of the youngest, *except in case of the death of the former without heirs.*

"He would never do anything but harm with money," Mrs. Tresham had said; "and the more money he had, the more harm he would be able to do."

At the time of Mrs. Tresham's death, Horace had lost his wife, Alice; but, dying, she had left him an infant daughter, afterward christened Lois, and this child the father idolized.

Lois had grown to the age of fifteen, with rare loveliness of face and form, and every evidence of unusual intelligence.

She had, late one afternoon, been missed from her father's house in Chicago, and during the six months which had followed, Mr. Earle had failed in every effort to trace his lost daughter.

Six months seemed as six years to Mr. Earle, despite the unmurmuring and patient efforts which the unhappy father made to bear up against the heavy affliction visited upon him.

Two years passed by—slowly, indeed, to the seeking and waiting!—two years spent in every effort that wealth could effect or hope suggest, after that conversation with which my story opens, and at their close, the father of Lois Earle, with his friend, Jonas Baldwin, had once more returned to New York, after visiting every large city in the Union without success.

No new clew presented itself.

There were times when the saying which alludes to the exceptional difficulties in the way of finding a needle "in a bundle of hay" would present itself with a certain degree of unwelcome force to the mind of Earle's friend.

But he was a "never-say-die" sort of man, and neither by word or look suffered Mr. Earle to perceive his inward discouragement.

He still continued stanch and faithful to the task of seeking "pretty Miss Lois," and the duty, almost as arduous, of cheering his friend.

### Chapter II.

It was about five in the afternoon, when a couple of men, one of whom appeared to be forty and the other about thirty-five years of age, emerged together from the Irving House, and turned into Broadway.

"It's an infernally ugly business," muttered the younger of the two, a handsome man, with a strikingly bad expression; "but I've begun it, and I'll go through with it."

"*Mon cher*," replied his companion, "Anatole Duplau would not feel himself to respect you in a manner so high, *eeff* he did not feel himself *convince* that you will go through wiz it."

"My word's good for something yet," growled the first speaker, "though I *have* known you so long."

"You flatter me, my excellent Louis," replied the foreigner, stroking the slim, ink-black mustache, which overhung his evil mouth like a limp leech, "you are *dispose* to flatter me."

"The deuce I am!" replied the "excellent Louis"; "can't you hold your tongue while we're out in this crowd?"

"I would suggest to my amiable friend," replied the Frenchman, "that it is he who began the conversation of the present."

The amiable friend vouchsafed no reply, and the pair walked on, taking a direction that led them to Sixteenth Street.

Arrived there, they slackened their pace, and looked about them.

It was Winter, and cold. Perhaps that is why both arranged the mufflers which enveloped their throats, and drew their hats lower over their brows, thus giving an appearance to their "outward man" highly suggestive of the mysterious villain of the sensational drama, and contradictory likewise to that air of high fashion which their attire, always excepting the mufflers, was evidently intended to impart.

Almost at the same moment when the worthy couple turned into Sixteenth Street, a young girl emerged from a fashionable boarding-house, appearing not from the front door of the establishment, but from the exit leading out from the basement.

No eye that knew true beauty could have failed to linger on the face of this girl.

She appeared to be about seventeen. A deep sadness shaded her brow, and the pale, sweet lips were nervously compressed.

A thick knot of golden-brown hair lay in her neck, for it had almost broken loose from the confinement of a miserable piece of comb, powerless to control its heavy masses. Large hazel eyes, full of a yearning look of pain, gazed out upon that world which, to judge from their language, had been to her but sad.

The young girl's form was frail, and her hands and feet of a shape so delicate that they puzzled the observer by the strange contrast their refined dimensions afforded to the miserable poverty of her attire—a wretched faded gown of brown alpaca, never intended, it was evident, for the figure it disguised, rather than displayed.

The girl held in her slight hands a pitcher.

As she emerged from the basement-door, a shrill voice—that of the cook of the fashionable boarding-house—exclaimed:

"You, Mary Jane, hurry yerself, now, mind yer! Them folks is a-waitin' for their teas an' their coffees. It's a'most seven. An', mind yer, git good milk; d'ye hear?"

Mary Jane, probably used to the delivery of orders equally trite and musical, merely replied, in a sweet, timid voice, "I will return directly," and walked on.

As she passed into the street, she met the two men—the Frenchman and his companion.

Had she ever seen them before? If so, it must have been when they were differently attired, for there was no recognition on her part.

It is true that she but glanced up to avoid running against the pair, and then, lowering her eyes, passed on.

A hot flush had passed over the face of him whom the foreigner called his "excellent Louis." But he, too, passed hurriedly by the girl.

When she had reached a grocer's store in the neighborhood, the girl entered it, and reappeared presently with the milk in quest of which she had been sent into the street.

She again passed the Frenchman and his companion, who had followed closely behind her, and were now turning the corner. Then she re-entered the fashionable boarding-house.

"It's an infernally ugly business," again muttered the Frenchman's friend.

"But your word, you say, is worth *a* something yet," replied the foreigner.

The only answer was a fierce look from his companion, of which Anatole thought it was wise to look perfectly unconscious, and to thrust into his by no means lovely mouth the top of an ivory cane, representing a horse's head, which he carried in his left hand, the right being affectionately laid within the arm of him whom he called Louis.

The pair sauntered on. The dark, desperate look still dwelt upon the face of Louis.

At last they entered a bar-room. From thence they proceeded, with the addition of "brandies for two," toward a noted gambling-house, which—Louis ejaculating that it was "cursedly cold in the street"—they entered.

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## Chapter III.

If my reader inhabits a "fashionable boarding-house," he or she will not be surprised to learn that the servants in such establishments are often shamefully ill-cared for, as to the accommodations during the time allotted to sleep. The rents are so enormously high, that the landladies turn every inch of room to account to place lodgers, and the domestics must, in consequence, fare as best they can.

And that "best" is very bad. The majority of these houses being old—once magnificent—residences, rats, vermin, drafts and damp are the almost invariable rule therein—features sadly at variance with the rich furniture of the parlors, and the apartments of the boarders.

It was in such a sleeping-room—a branching-out from the laundry, and probably originally intended as a closet or store-room—that we now find the girl whom we have seen, pitcher in hand, a few hours before in the street.

What is she doing—sleeping, or crying?

*Crying.* Well, that is a way women have. The fact that a woman is crying does not always argue that she has anything particular to cry about. In this case, however, *it did.*

It was between one and two o'clock when a slight noise aroused the attention of her whom we have heard called by the euphonious name of Mary Jane.

She was apparently used to hearing such a noise at that hour, for, after sitting up a moment, she murmured. "There will be another paper in the morning," and again attempted to sleep.

Dawn was but faintly breaking when Mary Jane's hand withdrew from the window-sill a slip of paper which must have been passed, and not without risk of discovery, through the crevice of the shutters.

This paper the young girl read. On it was inscribed:

"Your present conduct is satisfactory, and while it continues, you are safe. But remember, one word will imperil *his* life. Upon your silence depends his existence."

Hot tears trickle down the pale, lovely face, and the young girl, with a heavy sigh, thrusts the slip of paper into her bosom.

"Watched for ever, and for ever threatened," murmured she.

Then, dejectedly, though patiently, she began moving about the kitchen, working as it would seem that she could not always have been used to work. She looked more like a young lady masquerading in kitchen-girl's attire than like a servant.

It was about seven when Bridget, the irrepressible and vociferous Hibernian cook, exclaimed, in her usual dulcet accents:

"Mr. Grosvenor's ringing like mad, you Mary Jane!"

Had Bridget been less dim-sighted than she had become through much absorption of the "crater"—a weakness in which that engaging female indulged with great frequency, owing to the alarming fact, as stated by herself, that she was "all day a-swallowin' thim hot cinders"—she might have observed that Mary Jane blushed as she left the kitchen.

Mounting the stairs, the young girl knocked timidly at the door of the front room in the second story. It was opened.

"What did you wish, sir?" asked Mary Jane, addressing a young man who stood before the fireplace blowing at an accumulation of paper, wood and cold coal, which operation, resulting merely in the sending upward of sundry sparks over his handsome and well-chosen attire, did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction.

As Mary Jane spoke, the young gentleman turned. A charmingly bright and handsome countenance became visible in the gray of the morning, as he replied:

"I thought I could save you the trouble, Mary—I won't say *Jane;* but you see I don't understand the *modus operandi*, and I'm obliged to hurry, for father has left me an awful amount of business on hand by going off to Europe. And you see, Mary, work I must, as sure as my name is Ned Grosvenor, or else the money won't be forthcoming with which I am to support you, when we get married."

"Oh! Mr. Grosvenor—Edwin—dear Mr. Grosvenor, please, *please* don't!" replied Mary—suppose we, like Edwin Grosvenor, drop the *Jane*. "You must not talk so, indeed you must not! I'm only a poor girl, and I can never marry you. I must *stay* a poor girl. *It's fate, sir;* it's my destiny; it must be so; *it has to be so*, indeed—indeed!" Here Mary wrung her hands.

"My dear Mary," replied Edwin Grosvenor, "I wish you to approach me and examine my by no means ugly phiz. Do you, calmly and dispassionately speaking, see anything in this noble and intellectual countenance that denotes the presence of a fool? If not, may I ask why you, Mary, persist, in spite of many and most irrefragable proofs to the contrary, in asserting that you are 'only a poor girl'? Mary, *why* will you not confide in me?" Here the speaker became oracular and solemn. "I know not why, Mary, but if you are not a lady, born and bred—*a lady*, I repeat, *born and bred*—then there are no ladies, say I; and what is more, you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw. There, now!"

The ingenuous face of Edwin Grosvenor grew flushed and earnest with enthusiasm, while "Mary Jane" endeavored to hide her own blushes, by bending over the unusually troublesome fire.

"Yes, Mary," resumed her suitor, "what I say is so. You don't choose to tell me the truth about yourself. Oh! that's it, don't protest to me, now"—here the speaker flourished a bootjack which he had taken up, and with which he was engaged in emphasizing his sentences by pointing it first at Mary and then into the realms of space. "But that does not change my feeling toward you, Mary, nor my determination, which for the last year has grown stronger and stronger, to make you my wife."

CHILDREN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 658.

"Just think, Edwin, how angry your father would be at your marrying a servant-girl!"

"Don't 'servant-girl' *me*, Mary, now don't! Do you think I did not see you reading my *Corinne, ou l'Italie?* Do you think I did not hear you playing that *nocturne* of Chopin's that Summer afternoon, when the she-dragon that keeps this boarding-house and all the lodgers were gone out to the Park, and the servants to see the procession? Do you think I don't know that you wrote everything in this prayer-book?" Here Edwin drew forth from a drawer a prayer-book, with various selections from Myers's "Saint Paul" written upon the fly-leaves. "No, Mary, you have your own reasons for keeping up this mystery. Do it, do it, if you think it is a kind thing on your part toward the man who loves you. Keep it up—keep it up!" A pause. "Do you know what I think, Mary?"

No answer.

"I think you must have had a fiend of a stepmother, and that you ran off from her."

"Oh, no, Edwin!" exclaimed Mary, quite thrown off her guard. "Mother died when I was a baby, and father——"

Here she *remembered*, and stopped abruptly.

At this moment a bell rang, that of the front door, and before Edwin could stop the way, Mary had vanished.

Young Grosvenor looked after her with an expression of deep vexation.

SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.— SEE PAGE 663.

"Looks like a cameo, 'pon my soul! most classic profile I ever saw, and such a complexion! Then that hair—those eyes! And she doing servant's work! There's some mystery about it, and if I don't find it out and *marry her*"—he clinched his fist with a look of iron determination—"then—*then I'll know it, that's all!*"

Having, as had been his daily habit for the last year, relieved his mind by the muttered expression of his innate resolve, the rich merchant's son finished his toilet by bestowing a last "brush" upon his already shining locks, and descended to the breakfast-table of Mrs. Smith's superfine establishment.

When, having finished his meal, he sallied forth, and passed the basement-windows on his way "down-town," the tearful eyes of Mary saw him pass, and became more tearful still.

## Chapter IV.

About one week after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter, at the hour of eleven at night, a faint ring was heard at the door of Mrs. Smith's boarding-house.

The door being opened by a waiter, an individual entered whom the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing as the "excellent Louis."

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" demanded he.

The waiter replied, "I think so, sir," and ushered the inquirer into the parlor.

A few moments after, a woman entered the room.

I wonder whether any of her boarders ever had the curiosity, when engaging rooms, to inquire into the antecedents of "Mrs. Smith"?

She was short, with an air that must have been at one period of her life audaciously meretricious. She had now subsided into the conventional semi-shabby, semi-dressy boarding-housekeeper look, and advanced to receive her visitor with that smirk which is intended to cause persons in search of lodgings to engage accommodations at as high a price as such amiability will lead them to do.

But meeting the gaze of Louis, and the stern, sarcastic look in his large eyes, the smirk vanished, and Mrs. Smith looked uneasily about her.

Then, walking toward the front parlor, she carefully lowered the gas, and beckoned her visitor toward a lounge in the back parlor. Both apartments were empty, save of herself and the excellent Louis.

"Happy to see you, Mr. *Buckley*"—she laid a peculiar emphasis on the name, which she knew to be an assumed one. "It is late for a call."

"How's the girl now?" abruptly demanded, in a sharp voice, he whom she thus addressed.

"Well enough," replied Mrs. Smith, sullenly.

"Mind you don't overwork her," said her visitor. "I do not want her to die."

"What would you care?" replied the woman. "It would be all the better, and really, it will come to that. A lady can't stand work, you know." Here she sneered.

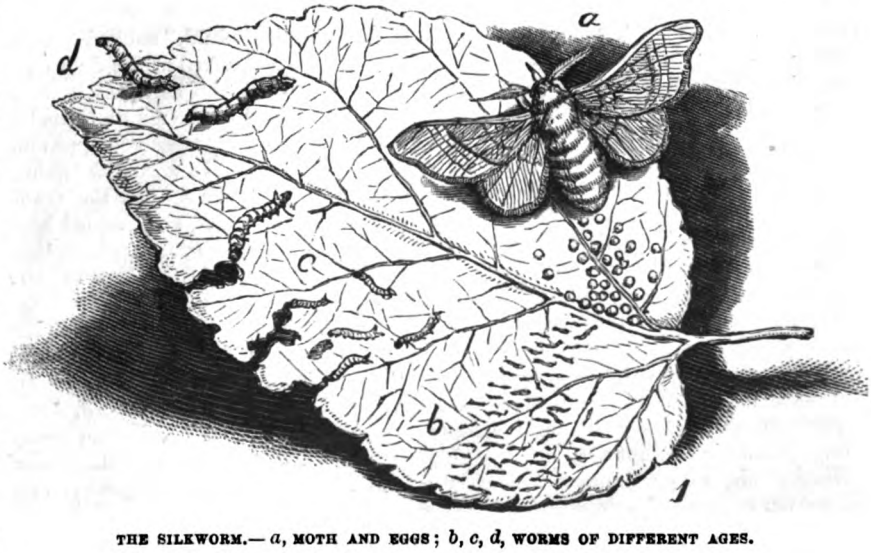
The face of Mr. Buckley darkened.

"Here is your money," replied he, drawing forth some banknotes—probably the remains of his winnings at "faro" a few nights before—"and oblige me by keeping your opinions to yourself, and by holding Mary Jane as much out of sight as possible."

"I cannot keep her out of the street without exciting remark."

"That's all very well for the time being. I cannot at present do with her any differently. I have but little money just now. She *must* work. If danger should present itself of her being seen in the street by *that person*, who may visit this city—nay, *has* done so, for aught I know—in search of her, lock her up. That will be the only way."

"That is *sequestration*, sir," replied the woman, with a cunning leer, "and I shall not do that for what you are giving me now. *There are ways* of hiding a person that




THE SILKWORM.— *a*, MOTH AND EGGS; *b*, *c*, *d*, WORMS OF DIFFERENT AGES.

are not so risky, but I could not do it in a house full of lodgers. You will have to think about this."

"I shall see! I shall see!" replied Mr. Buckley, rising. "In the meantime, there is no danger. As far as I can find out, *that person* is in Europe. Remember, keep your own counsel. Good-evening; there's some one waiting for me."

And as Louis departed, Mrs. Smith looked after him.

"Gone to join his precious French friend," muttered she; "birds of a feather always did and always will flock together. Well, I'll wait till the money's all his. *That person*, as he calls his brother, or his half-brother, Horace Earle, can't live for ever; the niece is in *my* hands, and when all's well, Mr. Louis Tresham, you'll have to open your purse-strings, or my name is not Sarah——"

Here she was about to add a name that was certainly not Smith, but ended her sentence by muttering:

"Who knows but what he may think that I shall keep his secrets best *as his wife?*"

With this, Mrs. Smith retired to her apartment.

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## Chapter V.

The excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole Duplau had certainly laid a very "neat" plot between them for the hiding-away of Mr. Earle's fair daughter Lois, as the intelligent reader has no doubt already guessed "Mary Jane" to be.

But it has ever been the weakness of men possessing the peculiar order of talent belonging to these worthies to have more than one game afoot at one and the same time, or, as Anatole Duplau would have phrased it, "*de courir plus d'un lièvre à la fois.*"

Mary Jane, having become, as we have seen, completely the slave of the threats of the wretches who had abducted her from her father's house, might have remained for years in this position. But having chosen for my story facts, at one time well-known and much talked of in this community, I have determined to change nothing in their true order. Let this plead my excuse for somewhat suddenly requesting the reader to follow me to—where in the world now?—to the Tombs!

Yes—the excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole have "run aground," and are now harbored, much against their "own sweet wills," in that anything but lovely abode.

It had happened "thusly," as Artemus Ward says:

Edwin Grosvenor, seeing the fair Mary so dejected, and yet convinced of her love for him, suddenly hit upon the expedient of employing a detective to watch every movement of his *inamorata;* and the excellent Louis, having resolved to threaten Mary thenceforth *viva voce*, instead of doing so by letter—he having imagined that his niece had taken to going into the street more often than was necessary, while she, in point of fact, was constantly running out to avoid the pressing attentions of Edwin Grosvenor—the officer employed overheard Louis Tresham threatening his victim, and, following him when going into an oyster-saloon with Anatole Duplau, managed—the officer was disguised—to overhear their conversation. This revealed the fact that Tresham had maintained his hold over Mary—or rather, Lois—by attributing a crime to her father which he declared that he would reveal to the world if Lois made any attempt to escape, or to tell who she was.

I have said that the Frenchman and his friend were guilty of the weakness of having too many strings to their bow. Yes—not content with the plot they were so cruelly carrying out, they committed a forgery. The following conversation at the Tombs will tell how they came there.

"Clear case, sir," says the criminal lawyer, seated with Tresham in his cell—the legal adviser is a regular Templeton Jitt—"everything against you, sir—*abduction*, and now, to cap the climax, *this forged note*. Bad case—bad!"

"I thought it was the business of a criminal lawyer to clear criminals," remarks Louis.

"But your confederate, this Duplau, who gags girls and lifts them into carriages," sneered a lawyer, "who drew out the money, and attempted to make off with it, probably intending to leave you in the lurch"—here Louis ground his teeth—"muddled the whole thing so when under examination, that it amounts to confession of the entire bearings of both affairs."

Whence we learn, my reader, that both the friendship and the cunning of the amiable Anatole failed the excellent Louis at the very time when he had most need of them.

* * * * * * *

"That is my story," exclaims Lois, ending the piteous recital, and remaining in the position she has maintained throughout, namely—don't be shocked!—standing with Edwin Grosvenor's arm around her waist; "and it has been months now since my wicked uncle and the Frenchman were put in prison. I receive no more threatening notes, the landlady has told me to go, and, as I no longer fear that my dear father will be imprisoned if I reveal the truth, I have told it all to-day, dear Edwin, to you. Will you take me back to Chicago to my dear papa?"

"Not till we are married, Lois—by-the-by, that's much prettier than "Mary Jane," ain't it, now?—and married we will be, day after to-morrow," replies Edwin, tossing his smoking-cap—the wretch actually smokes!—into the air.

Two days after, the prettiest bride that ever entered Grace Church was married within its walls, and with a string of groomsmen and bridesmaids, whom the "romance of the whole thing," they declared, had enlisted in favor of the groom; for Lois, though the rich Mr. Earle's certain heiress, and a very great belle—for so young a girl—while in Chicago, had not an acquaintance in New York.

All had gone merrily at the wedding, and the happy pair had reached their hotel, when the proprietor suddenly walked up to them, and brought them face to face with a pale, distinguished-looking old man, whom Lois flew at with a loud cry of joy, and clasped about the neck.

"Father! father!" exclaimed she, in accents that would have "brought down the house," if heard on the stage of any metropolitan theatre; "I thought I never should see you again—never!"

"Another month of suspense would have killed me, child," sobbed the old man; "and, indeed, had I not asked at the door of Grace Church the name of the couple who had just been married, I should never have known where my child had gone——"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Edwin Grosvenor, "we were *both* 'going home to papa'—that is, to you—as you see, for the trunks are all marked for Chicago. See that, sir!" added he, pushing open the door of the beautiful apartments in the M—— H—— engaged that morning, and to be kept till the next day; "facts speak for themselves."

"Forgotten me, Miss Lois?" said a pleasant voice, just then, as Jonas Baldwin came in sight—he was never far behind Mr. Earle—and walked up to the bride.

"No, indeed, Jonas," replied Lois. "I am sure that you have done everything to find me. Think of that wretch accusing papa of crime!"

"Keep your counsel, Mrs. Grosvenor—beg your pardon for saying Miss Lois now—let him"—pointing to Mr. Earle—"think *he* found you; it will be better that he

should, after all this sorrow. Crime, indeed! Earle never harmed a fly!"

"Then it was really you that found us?" whispered Lois. "I am sure of it, and I ought to have known papa was always good."

"I saw the announcement of the intended wedding in the *H*—— *J*——*l* and put it away in my pocket. Then I walked him over to Grace Church, without telling him anything—'fraid of the shock, you know—and then I just *suggested to him*, you know, to ask the names of the married pair. And here we all are," added Baldwin, rubbing his hands; "and long may it be before we part again, Mrs. Grosvenor."

"I don't see, for my part," replied Edwin Grosvenor, coming up at this moment with Mr. Earle's hand on his arm, "why we *ever* should part again."

Mr. Earle looked happy.

Mr. Grosvenor, the elder, when he returned from Paris, saw the thing in the same light, and tells the romance of his son's courtship and his daughter-in-law's abduction with peculiar gusto.

The amiable Anatole got off with a season of imprisonment; but the excellent Louis, seeing that he had done all the harm he cared to undertake, swallowed some laudanum, and, in consequence, departed from that transitory life which his "fate," as he said, "had not permitted him either to appreciate or embellish."

## THE SAND BLAST.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the time is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a gravestone: You cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone.

Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, etc., in wax and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the raised letters.

Take a piece of French plate-glass, say two feet by six, and cover it with fine lace; pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass.

In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in the glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily.

If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, or fine lace, or even the human hand.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make a right use of it; it makes prosperity happier and adversity more easy.

## SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.

The common silkworm, known to naturalists as *Bombyx Mori*, is supposed to be a native of China, where for innumerable centuries it has been raised under artificial conditions that have without doubt had more or less influence upon its habits. From China it has been widely disseminated over the entire globe, until its rearing has become a business so extensive as to give employment to thousands of persons; and the manufacture of products from the silk of which its cocoons are formed requires for its proper development and prosecution the labor of many thousands more, as well as an investment of capital almost inconceivably great.

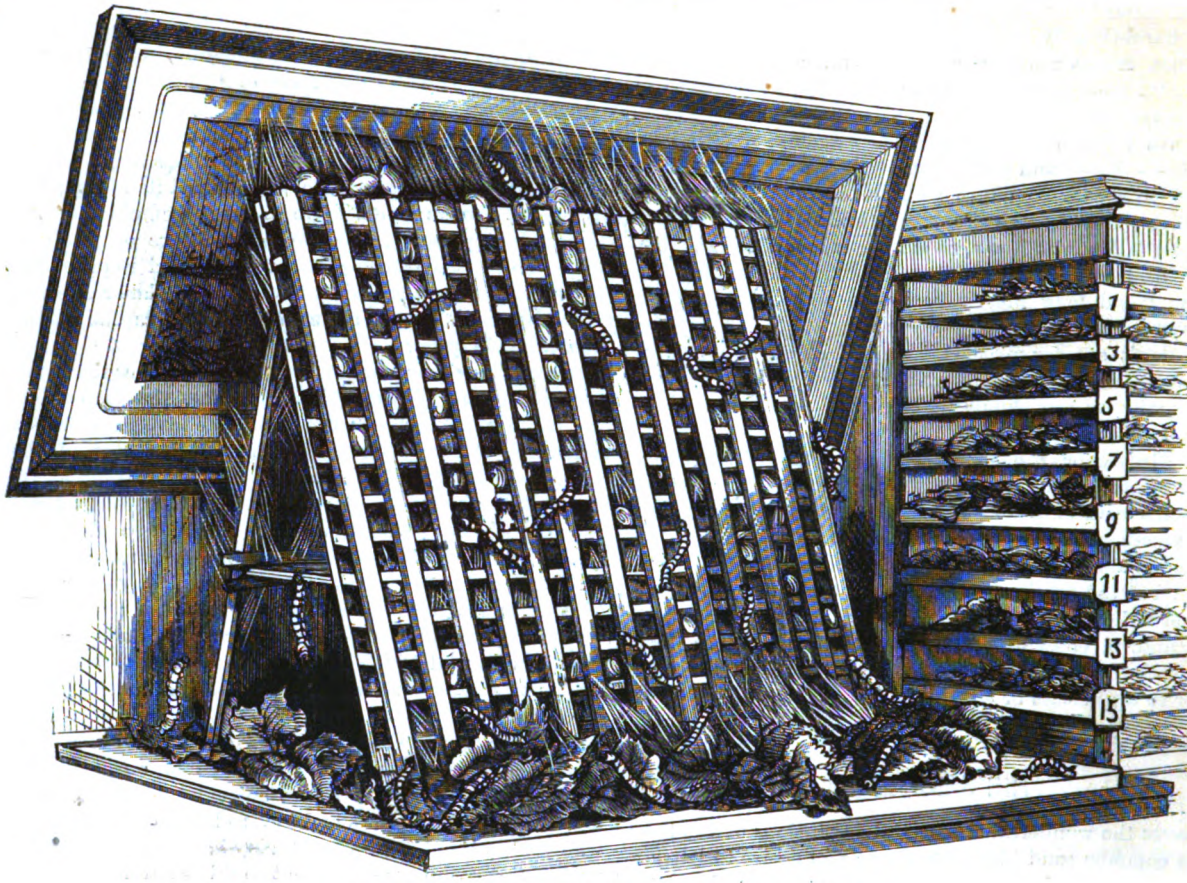
During the century-and-a-half, or more, since the introduction of the silkworm into America, the various attempts to make silk-culture profitable here have proved lamentable failures, mainly because of the cost of the requisite labor and of the want of a ready market at remunerative prices for the cocoons. At the present time, however, these obstacles seem to have been removed. With the increase of population, the amount of labor suitable for this work that cannot be profitably employed on other avocations has also largely increased; while the inventive genius of our people has constructed labor-saving machines so well adapted for the purpose intended that the labor question seems to be no longer in the way of success.

In the immediate neighborhood of almost every town or village there are numbers of small children, girls and invalids, whose strength is not sufficient to enable them to endure the long hours and severe labor of factory life, who could attend to all the details of silkworm raising, as well as those who are competent to fill positions requiring greater physical strength and endurance.

The fact that, except for fine sewing-threads and articles of that nature, it is found that the carded silk is quite equal to that produced by reeling directly from the cocoon, while it can be carded for a small part of the expense attendant upon reeling, has opened a market for the cocoons both whole and cut, that all the importations from abroad are not sufficient to supply. While the value of the raw silk, if reeled, is double that of the carded, or floss, silk, the expense of the reeling is more than proportionately great; consequently, for dress goods, ribbons, etc., the carded is coming into general use in our principal manufactures; and, as the expense and difficulty attending reeling was one of the principal obstacles in the way of profitable culture, this being overcome, we see no good reason why the production of silk should not soon be reckoned among the important industries of our country.

We make the above statements advisedly, after consultation with some of the principal manufacturers in the country, the most extensive of which are at Paterson, N. J., and Manchester, Conn.; where we were informed of the almost incredible amount of cut cocoons received from abroad, which, we feel assured, could be produced in this country for less than the cost of importation, and pay a good profit to the producer.

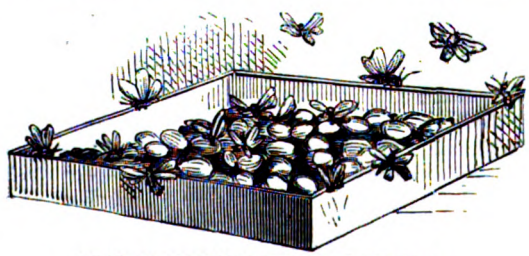
The four stages in the life of this insect are the egg, the worm, the chrysalis, and the moth. The eggs are nearly of the size and shape of mustard seeds, and, perhaps for this reason, are known by silk-raisers as seed. In color, they are at first of a yellowish hue, changing to gray or slate, and in some to green, depending upon the variety, for there are several varieties of the species. They are usually fastened to the substance upon which they are laid, most commonly on paper placed in position to receive them.



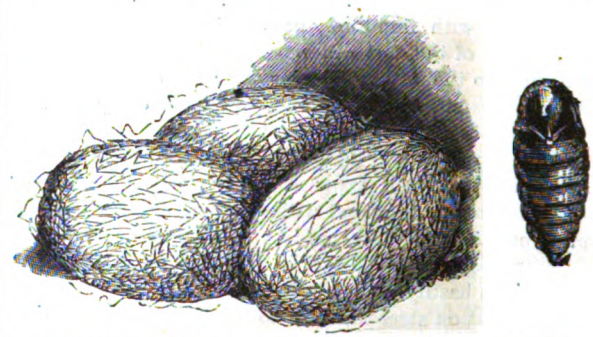

FEEDING-TRAYS AND FRAMES ON WHICH COCOONS ARE SPUN.

The female moth will lay 300 or 400 eggs, of which 40,000 will weigh scarcely more than an ounce. Their vitality is such that they are readily transported any distance — it being only necessary to keep them at a low temperature, but not so cold as to freeze them. Large quantities are annually sent from China to France by way of San Francisco and the overland route, a full carload having at one time reached this city for transhipment by steamer across the Atlantic. The reason of the importation of eggs to France is, that a disease has appeared and spread very generally among the silkworms there, that saps their vitality to such an extent that the eggs of the moth are affected and the worms hatched therefrom are so weak as to be of little use. Up to the present time, we are not aware that this disease has appeared in America, and the consequence is that the eggs produced in this country are as desirable as those of China, and the demand for them has been so great that, in many instances, the amount received for them has been greater than that from the cocoons raised in the same establishments.

WORM PREPARING TO SPIN COCOON.



TRAY OF COCOONS, WITH MOTHS ESCAPING.

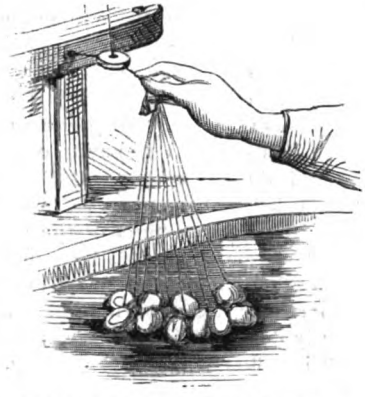


COCOONS COMPLETED, AND CHRYSALIS REMOVED FROM COCOON.

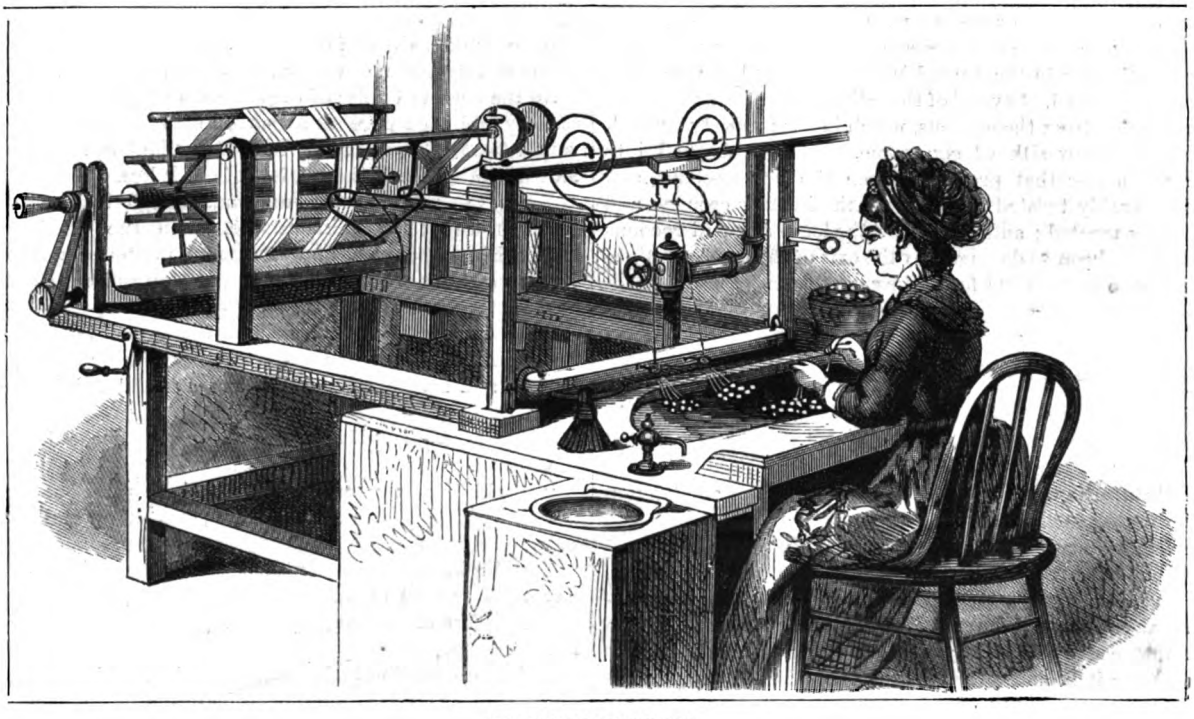
When the worms are desired, it is only necessary to place the eggs in a warm atmosphere for a few hours, when they make their appearance. When first hatched they are very minute, but commence feeding at once on food that has been placed within their reach, which is usually leaves of the *Morus multicalus*, although those of the white and black mulberry are sometimes used. It has been recently discovered that the Osage orange, a native

PRIMITIVE WAY OF REELING.

of Texas, is well adapted as food for silkworms, and is by some considered fully equal to any of the mulberries. Care should always be taken that the eggs be not hatched until the food is ready, for, as before stated, they commence feeding at once; but should this occur, they can be kept alive on lettuce for a few days. They grow rapidly, and when about a week old pass through what is known as the first molt, which is the shedding of their skin. At this time they cease eating for several hours, remaining in a dormant condition, and are called "sick."



MODERN WAY OF REELING BY HAND.

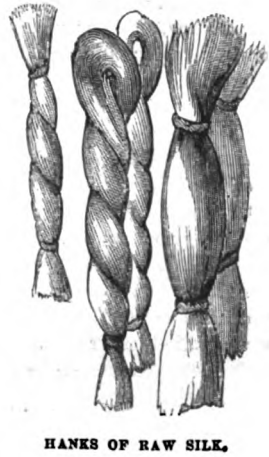


REELING BY MACHINERY.

TWISTING THREADS TOGETHER.

The molting passed, they commence eating again voraciously for several days, but before the completion of another week have their second molting. There are four of these molting seasons, the last occurring when the worm is a little more than a month old. This past, the worm feeds voraciously for a few days, when it ceases eating, becomes apparently restless, and prepares for spinning.

Having selected a proper place upon which to affix its cocoon, which is usually on branches of trees, willow netting, frames, or other suitable arrangements for the purpose, the worm begins throwing a thread of silk from one point to another, as fastenings or bearings for the cocoon. We say thread, but, although it seems single, two threads are spun at the same time, which are glued together by a gummy substance. These being fixed, it proceeds to envelop itself in a coating made of a single continuous thread,



HANKS OF RAW SILK.

and of sufficient thickness to protect the chrysalis into which the worm is now changing.

If desired for use, the cocoons are gathered soon after their completion, and exposed for half an hour to a temperature of about 200° Fah., which is sufficiently high to kill the chrysalis; but if left undisturbed for two or three weeks, the chrysalis becomes a moth, and the skin which has confined it bursts open, leaving it still confined within the cocoon. Cutting its way out, the moth is provided with means of exuding a liquid which dissolves the gummy parts of the cocoon, permits its silky threads to be separated, through which the moth forces its way, breaking in its progress so many of the threads as to render the cocoon unfit for reeling, although not entirely destroying its value, as it can still be carded and made into floss silk as stated above.

The moths are of a pale creamy color, nearly white, with a few brownish marks across the wings, about the size shown on page 661. The difference in the appearance of the sexes consists mainly in that the males have the broader antennæ, or feelers, with more slender bodies.

When the whole cocoons are placed in warm water, the gum adhering to the thread is dissolved, and the end becomes loosened. Several of these threads are taken together and reeled from the cocoons, which being properly twisted, form the raw silk of commerce. This is divided into organzine, or that produced from the best cocoons, and considerably twisted; tram, from the inferior cocoons, and slightly twisted; and floss, from the loose silk and cocoons that have been so damaged by the exit of the moth or otherwise as to be unfitted for reeling.

## THE INVENTOR OF GAS-LIGHTING.

THE inventor of gas-lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using, for the purposes of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until 1799 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Le Bon commenced by distilling wood, in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch, and pyroligneous acid; but his work indicated the possibility of his obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances.

From 1799 to 1802 Le Bon made numerous experiments. He established at Havre his first "thero" lamps; but the gas which he obtained being a mixture of carbureted hydrogen and oxide of carbon, but imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light and evolved an insupportable odor, and the result was that but little favor was shown to the new discovery. The inventor died, ruined by his experiments.

The English soon put in practice the crude ideas of Le Bon. In 1804, one Winsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas. In 1805, several shops were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdock. Among those who first used this new light was James Watt. In 1816, the first use of this gas was made in London, and it was not until 1818 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France.

WHOEVER will not in his turn serve those who serve him will go under, and as in the small so in the great.

## MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING.

THERE were seven of us—all girls—and the youngest twelve years old. I think my father, a hard-working lawyer, who had a struggle to maintain his family in comfort, sighed sometimes when he looked at us, and wondered what would become of us all. But these thoughts did not trouble us much at the time of which I write. We were a quiet, domestic family, fond of each other, and with plenty of home duties and home pleasures.

Our mother was somewhat of an invalid. But my story has little or nothing to do with our home-life.

One of our yearly treats, which came round with as much regularity as the seasons themselves, was a visit to a maiden aunt, a sister of my father. She lived in the heart of the country, some twenty miles from our town, and to leave the heat and noise of the streets, and escape into such scenery and such pure air as surrounded Daisy Farm, was very delightful, even if our Aunt Bessy had not been the most hospitable and the kindest of old ladies.

Well, it was on a sunny June morning, and we were all seated round the breakfast-table, when the well-known handwriting appeared, and the usual invitation was read for two of the girls to go at once and stay as long as they could be spared.

It so happened that my eldest sister could not leave home just then, as our mother was more than usually ailing; and my younger sisters had a friend staying with them.

"So you, Alice, will have to go alone," was the decision of the rest.

"It will do you good, child; you look pale," said my father, looking up from his papers; "pack up and be off as soon as you can."

Nothing loath, I soon finished my preparations, and a day or two after I found myself in the train, whirling past green trees and hedges, my heart growing each moment lighter.

And there was the little country station, with my aunt's pony-chaise and fat pony, and the old servant touching his hat and smiling a welcome, the great dog barking his recognition.

But now I must confess—and I had better do it at once, before I introduce Aunt Bessy to my readers—that she had a weakness; and in consequence of this our visits to Daisy Farm had a drawback. My aunt was a match-maker! As simple and innocent as a child, yet, for all that, by nature a match-maker. She believed that marriages were made in heaven, but—perhaps for that very reason—she liked to feel that she was helping in the good work. We, her unmarried nieces, used to feel ourselves her special victims.

Indeed, "to get one of those dear girls settled" was her openly avowed desire. I do not deny that the motive was laudable, and I do not affirm that we were averse to matrimony.

Of course, remonstrance was useless—that was quite proper and natural, she thought, on our part, but she had a duty to perform all the same.

And we couldn't say or do anything to hurt her feelings—dear old auntie!—for she was so kind, so indulgent, so devoted to us, who used often to tyrannize over her.

After a warm welcome, I took possession of my little room; and then descended to the well-spread table, where tea was prepared—rich cream, home-made bread and butter, new-laid eggs, and a few early strawberries. Everything seemed to taste of the country; and while I ate and drank, auntie chatted, and told me the news of the village. Mrs. Langdale, the minister's wife, had another baby; a new shop was opened in the High Street; Mr. Clark, the village doctor, had a new assistant; the old Miss Morleys were really going to leave. Did I remember little Polly, the miller's pretty daughter? Well, actually that child was going to be married! Poor Mr. Smith, who had been ill so long, was dead; and young Tom Everett, who lived in that pretty farmhouse, was still a bachelor.

This last was bad news. Poor young Tom, an excellent but shy youth, had been devoted by Aunt Bessy to each of us in turns, and, like other delicacies of the season, was regularly served up at our visits. We devoutly wished him married, but at present, as aunt said, "he was evidently waiting for *somebody!*"

"But," she continued, "I have saved my most important piece of news till the last: the white house on the hill is finished and occupied!"

"Well, auntie, who has taken it?" I asked.

"Ah!" she replied, nodding her head mysteriously, "that's the interesting part of my story. An elderly gentleman, and a widower." (My heart sank.) "He is a man of property, and, my dear, I knew him years ago!"

"Indeed! What is his name?" I asked.

"Dr. Vernon," replied aunt. "He was a rising young doctor when we were acquainted, but he afterward went into the army, married, and our paths separated. I heard of him in India, but that was a long time ago, and I had forgotten there was such a man. And now it is remarkable that he should settle here, of all places. And just at this time, too! I always say there's a providence in these things. Of course I shall renew my old acquaintanceship."

"You are looking rosier already, I declare," was aunt's observation the next morning at breakfast. "What, have you been out?"

"Yes, auntie, and I have filled all your vases with fresh flowers."

"Good girl; but don't tire yourself. I shall want you to drive me into the village this morning."

So most of this my first day was spent exploring the picturesque little village, renewing old acquaintanceships, and making new ones.

Young Everett came that evening, and I thought him more stupid than ever.

Several days passed before I saw the possessor of the new house, though I heard sundry reports of him.

But one evening, coming in from the garden, I found a tall, grave, gentlemanly man, apparently about sixty, in the drawing-room, whom aunt introduced to me as Dr. Vernon. He staid some time, and I further discovered that he talked well, and was agreeable, though with a certain precision and formality of manner that prevented my feeling at ease with him.

I was a shy girl, and talked very little to the stranger; but aunt, finding out that we both played chess, brought out a board and set us down to it, while she sat by knitting complacently. I could not help wondering how much those observant gray eyes saw, nor could I help rather a guilty blush when I caught them fixed upon me. I lost my game thinking of these things, and did not propose another.

I heard him accept aunt's cordial invitation to come again, and then he begged her and her young friend to go to his house the next day to luncheon, and give him some advice as to the laying-out of his garden; "for I see you have a taste for gardening," he added, looking at aunt's pretty flower-beds.

I did not want to go, and told auntie so when he had left. But she only laughed at me.

I must say, however, that we had a very pleasant morning. Dr. Vernon was a perfect host. And certainly both his house and garden showed signs of taste and refinement.

"It only wants a mistress," observed aunt, as we drove home in the afternoon. "Dear me!" she added, "I never gave the doctor the little packet of seeds I took for him. Never mind, he is sure to look in this evening."

"I should think not, as we have been there all the morning," said I, astonished. But aunt was right—he appeared, and asked for a game of chess, at which I was again beaten.

Somehow, this soon became a common state of things. Whether the good doctor found his empty house unbearably dull, or whether he had a special love for chess, or what it was, I could not say, but certainly few days passed without our seeing him; and it became obvious that Daisy Farm possessed an attraction for the lonely widower.

And what did I think of our guest on further acquaintance? Beyond my admiration for him, I felt nothing, and was only vexed by aunt's hints, and, at last, her outspoken wishes.

"I do think, Alice, you are the most unimpressionable girl I ever saw," she exclaimed, one evening, when I had been listening in silence to her praises of our visitor, who had just left. "Most girls would be proud to be noticed by a man like that."

"Perhaps I am, auntie," I replied, indifferently.

"And do not you like him?"

"Yes," I answered.

"A perfect gentleman," she went on; "good, kind, clever and rich!"

"And old enough to be my father," I added.

"Nonsense, child! he is in the prime of life, and you are just the sort of girl who ought to marry a man older than yourself."

"Well, auntie," I said, laughing, "I am not asked yet."

"I know that," returned my aunt, quite gravely, "but I also know that he comes here a good deal, and I hear what people say. And he admires you, Alice, for I have heard him say so—he thinks you a nice, unaffected girl. All I want, dear, is your happiness, and that you should do nothing rashly. And remember that, though I put other things first, to be comfortably off is a great blessing."

No one knew that better than I did, and I sighed as I went to bed, thinking of the advantage such a marriage would be to my parents.

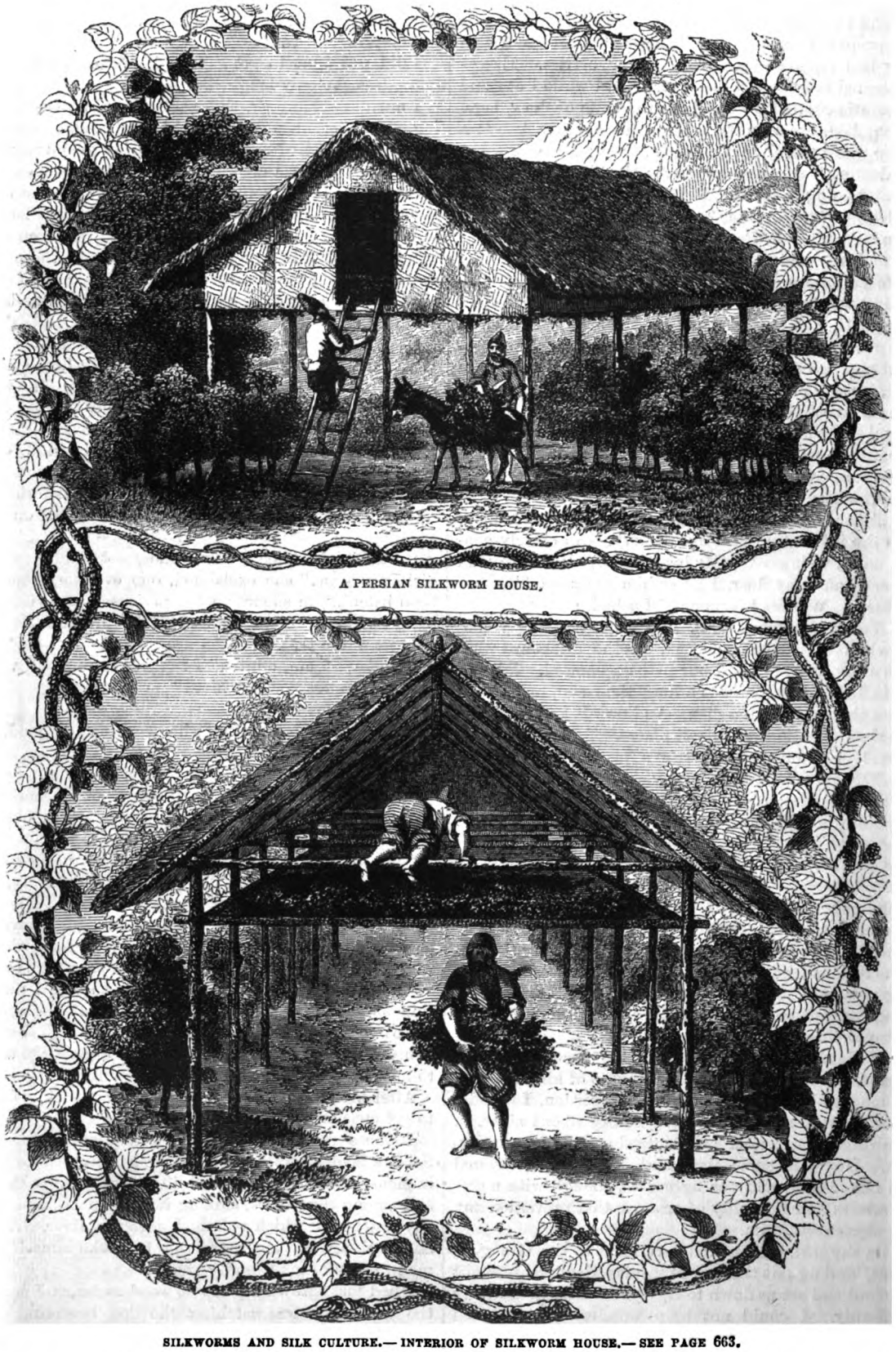
After breakfast next day I set off for a walk. I longed to get out alone into the country.

I chose my favorite walk by the river-side. It was Sailor's favorite walk, too; he always seemed to have an immense amount of business to transact along the banks and among the rushes, sniffing into the holes, and startling shy water-rats, which splashed into the river. And then Sailor plunged in too, returning to shake himself close to me in token of his friendly regard.

I had just thrown a piece of wood as far as I could into the water, and was watching the dog bounding after it, when I heard a voice call out:

"Who's that disturbing my fish? Come here, you good-for-nothing dog."

Just there the river curved, and the willows that lined its banks hid the speaker from my view; but, turning the corner, I saw a gentleman fishing, or rather, just now trying to fish, under disadvantages; for Sailor still swam up




SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.—INTERIOR OF SILKWORM HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 663.

and down, enjoying his cool bath, and sending out great widening rings all round him on the surface of the smooth water. The stranger took off his hat when he saw me, and I, feeling bound to apologize for Sailor, approached him, saying :

"I had no idea any one was fishing here, or I would have kept my dog out of the river."

"You would have found that rather difficult, I imagine. Pray, don't apologize. What a splendid fellow he is!"

The speaker was a young man—good-looking, sunburnt,

SILK-REELING IN PERSIA.

and with gentlemanly address. He made some more remarks about the dog, the weather, and the art of fishing, and I found myself chatting with him as if he were an old acquaintance. The time passed quickly, and I was startled to hear a distant clock strike.

"I must go," I said. "Come, Sailor, we ought to be at home."

"Have you far to go?" asked my new friend.

"There is the house," I replied, pointing to where between the trees the cottage was visible.

"Is not that Daisy Farm, where Miss Wingfield lives?" he asked.

"Yes; she is my aunt, and I am staying with her."

"How very strange!" exclaimed the young man; "I mean how strange that my uncle did not mention you. He told me about the cottage, and your aunt, but, as I have already stated, he did not speak of you."

"And who is your uncle, and who are you?" I asked, surprised.

He took off his hat.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Harry Vernon, nephew of Dr. Vernon, of White Hall—very happy to have made the acquaintance of Miss Wingfield, which I trust we may shortly renew."

"Of course we shall, for your uncle often comes to Daisy Farm. I wonder he did not tell us last night that you were coming."

"I only arrived to-day, and he is rather absent, and I dare say never thought of it. I am so glad we have made friends in this informal way—are not you?"

I assented, and with another good-by,

SILK-REELING IN TARTARY.

and call to the dog, I left him. My first thought was to tell aunt of this interesting meeting, but I changed my mind before I reached home. She might think I had not done quite right in talking to a stranger, and I felt rather a shyness in describing it all to her. Besides, it would all come out in the evening, when no doubt they would both call. So I contented myself with thinking over our interview.

"How much nicer the nephew is than the uncle!" was the conclusion I came to, as I hurried in to our early dinner, and was complimented by aunt on my becoming color.

About seven o'clock in came Dr. Vernon alone, and not one word did he say about a nephew. My morning adventure might have been a dream, and I almost thought it was. I went to bed thoroughly puzzled, and inclined to be angry with both uncle and nephew. I certainly would not meet the latter again if I could help it, as he did not care to come to the house.

"But perhaps Dr. Vernon will explain it all to-morrow," was my last thought before I fell asleep.

No; the morrow came, and with it the doctor, but no mention of his nephew, or of his having any one staying with him, and of course I said nothing.

The next day aunt asked me to take a dinner to a poor woman living at the other side of the village. As it was in the opposite direction to White Hall, I made no objection, and calling Sailor, I set off. I was quite determined to avoid Harry Vernon, and if I did meet him, to be very cool. I was thinking of this, when looking up, I saw Sailor bounding toward the very person who was in my thoughts, and giving him the friendliest greeting. In another minute, and before I had made up my mind as to my most dignified course, the young man stood before me, his face beaming with pleasure as he exclaimed:

"Miss Wingfield, I have been looking for you everywhere! Why have you forsaken your old haunts? I wanted particularly to speak to you."

"You would have found me at home, probably," I replied stiffly.

"Ah! that is the very thing I want to tell you about," he returned. "Confess that you are thinking me the rudest fellow you ever met."

There was no withstanding his frank, pleasant manner, and my displeasure partly melted away, as I acknowledged that I had thought it odd.

"Well, you see, it was all your fault for disappearing all yesterday, so that I could not explain matters; and I don't know how I shall do it now. You must be very lenient, or I shall fail. The truth is this," he continued: "my uncle—though as good as gold, as I of all people ought to know—is the most eccentric man possible. You may have found it out? Well, after my never-to-be-forgotten meeting at the river, I went home and told him about it, ending with a polite proposal to accompany him the next time he called at Daisy Farm. To my utter amazement my uncle said, quietly: 'Harry, you will greatly oblige me if you will keep away from Daisy Farm for a few days; in fact, if you will not make yourself known there at all until I give you leave.'"

"What an obedient nephew you are!" I observed, rather sarcastically.

"No," he replied, "it was not obedience—I do not know that I owe him that. But look here—he is the most generous friend any one ever had; in fact, he has been a father to me ever since my own parents died. And when he asks me a favor—which I do not remember his ever doing before—you see, I don't like to refuse. Was I wrong?"

"No, you were quite right," I exclaimed, warmly; "but what can be his reason?"

"I asked, but he only said, 'Never mind—you know that I never do things without reason, though they may seem unreasonable.' So I promised to do as he wished, but I did not promise to avoid you, and, curiously enough, he said nothing about that—no doubt knowing it would be useless."

"He probably meant it," I said, "and you had much better do as he wishes."

"If *you* wish it, I will instantly obey," said Harry Vernon.

Now, I felt that I ought to tell him to go, and I honestly tried to do so; but I hesitated, and he took advantage of my weakness. We had a delightful walk, and before we separated, just out of sight of the farm, I am afraid I had half promised to meet him the next day by the river.

That meeting led to more—I was only eighteen, reader, and our interviews seemed so innocent and were so pleasant—I must confess that after this a day seldom passed without one.

I never mentioned them to aunt. I often resolved to do so; but when the time came it seemed impossible. Was I happy? Feverishly so at times—but on the whole, no! A sense of wrong-doing oppressed me; I was not used to concealment; but it was not that only. I felt that Harry Vernon was becoming more to me than a mere acquaintance. I thought of him by day, and at night I dreamt of him, when I slept—for I began to lie awake, instead of sleeping the whole night through as I used to do. I was no longer the careless, light-hearted girl of a few weeks ago. My Aunt Bessy noticed the alteration in my looks.

"I can't think what has come over you, child," she remarked, one morning. "You eat nothing, and look wretched, and your spirits are so variable. You are as unlike my cheerful little Alice of old as can be, yet you say you are well and happy. You walk too much, for one thing—that I am certain. I shall speak to Dr. Vernon about you this evening."

"Pray don't, aunt! I am perfectly well; and why in the world should Dr. Vernon be troubled about me and my affairs?"

I spoke sharply; no wonder she looked troubled. The next moment, however, I repented, and kissed her; and in the evening the doctor "looked in" as he was passing—alone, as usual.

"Do not you think that long walks in this weather are bad for young girls, doctor?" she asked.

"Yes," he agreed—"especially by the river."

I hated him as I felt his piercing eyes fixed upon my face, and I knew that I was blushing.

I began to feel seriously displeased with Dr. Vernon for his silence, and with his nephew for giving in to him, and with myself for caring at all about it.

Several times Harry and I nearly quarreled—then I came home and almost cried my eyes out. This state of things could not last. One night, after lying awake for hours, I came to a resolution: I would go home. I almost wished I had never left that peaceful abode—it seemed to me that I had been away months, whereas, in reality, it was scarcely one.

The following morning I told aunt of my determination, and was, as I expected, vehemently opposed. Finding me firm, she tried persuasion, which I found much more difficult to withstand.

"Why should you go?" she urged; "are you not happy with me?"

All I could answer was:

"I am sure I am wanted at home.'

"They have not written for you, and you know you are wanted here—besides, I couldn't bear to send you home with such a pale face, and I should be particularly sorry for you to leave just now. Do, my dear, stop at least one week longer."

At last I consented to a compromise. This was Tuesday—I would wait till Saturday; and with this aunt was obliged to be content. I remember, after breakfast, quietly settling down to indoor employments, that I might run no risk of meeting the young man, while if the elder one came that evening I would not see him—that I was quite determined. On hearing Dr. Vernon's knock in the evening, true to my resolve, I retired to my room with the excuse, not altogether feigned, of a headache.

The next day was showery, and I spent it indoors again; but toward evening the weather cleared, and the cool fragrance tempted me into the garden. The rain had refreshed the vegetation, and everything was pure and delicious; the sky a pale yellow behind the trees, which stood out black against it; above, it was the deepest blue, and stars began to appear one by one. I wandered down the little shrubbery, and stood leaning over the gate which led into the fields. Soft whispers were heard among the boughs overhead, and perfumed breezes kissed my feverish brow. I do not know how long I staid there, but it had grown dark when I suddenly found that I was not alone. Harry Vernon (for I knew it was he) stood by my side. For a moment my heart gave a quick throb of joy, but I remembered my resolution in time, and turned to go.

"You are never leaving me without a word?" cried he, in a voice of distress.

I paused, and he continued:

"Miss Wingfield, I hear that you are not well, and that you are going away! Are these things true?"

"The last is certainly true, and nothing strange, either," I replied, in an indifferent voice; "I am wanted at home, Mr. Vernon, and certainly not here."

"How can you say anything so untrue? But I deserve everything you can say. I have no right to ask you to believe in me, but I do. Alice—*dear* Alice, trust me for one more day. To-morrow all will be right."

I could not resist his pleading, and after a hasty farewell I slowly returned to the house, in a state of blissful unconsciousness of all outer things. So engrossed was I by my own feelings that I did not at first observe, on entering the drawing-room, that it was empty—an unusual circumstance, for my methodical little aunt at her small table in her special arm-chair, knitting, was a regular sight every evening.

"Ann," I said, "where is your mistress?"

"In her room, I think, miss; she has been there some time; shall I tell her supper is ready?"

"No—I'll go," I said, running up-stairs.

Could she be ill? My conscience rather pricked me for leaving her, as I knocked at the door.

"Come in, my dear," she called.

She was sitting at the window with her back to me, and she did not turn round when I opened the door. I went up to her.

"Auntie, is anything the matter? Are you ill?" I asked.

"Not at all," said she; "I wanted to speak to you."

But still she waited, and kept her face turned away. I got frightened, but she did not seem ill. I caught a glimpse of bright color in her cheeks, and, though tears were certainly in her eyes, she was smiling.

"Alice," she said, suddenly, "Dr. Vernon has been here."

I saw no reason for the announcement of such a very common occurrence, so remained silent.

"He came for a special purpose," auntie resumed, presently; "he came to make a proposal. He wants a wife."

A sharp fear ran through me.

"Well, auntie," I said, quickly, "if he wanted me, you knew how I felt, and could tell him."

"But, my dear," she went on, with the same curious hesitation, it *isn't* you he wants. That's what's so absurd—I scarcely like to tell you."

It flashed upon me all at once. What a goose I had been! I knelt down and looked into the dear old face. Yes, it was actually blushing, and looking quite youthful—a thousand times sweeter and fresher, I thought, than half the girls' faces I knew.

"Auntie!" I exclaimed, "he has made you an offer—you can't deny it—and you have accepted him. I never was more delighted!"

"Are you really delighted, my dear? I quite dreaded telling you. It is so different from what I expected. He says he has never forgotten me since those days when we were young together; but I tell him it is perfectly ridiculous."

"It is not in the least ridiculous, auntie," I replied. "I admire the good doctor more than I ever did before, and I congratulate you both with all my heart."

Again and again that night I laughed at myself for ever having supposed that the grave Dr. Vernon had come to see me. Of course I had only been the excuse—I and the games of chess. It was his old love of years ago that had brought him evening after evening. Should I have felt the least bit mortified, I asked myself, if it had not been for the secret in my heart? And should I now confide that secret to my aunt? Not to-night, I resolved. It was getting late, and the dear old lady had had enough to agitate her. I went to sleep thinking of Harry Vernon's last words, "It will all come right to-morrow," and I awoke the next morning with them in my mind.

I laughed at auntie for having, I felt certain, put on new ribbons, but I am not sure that I had not been guilty of the same thing myself. At any rate, dear auntie was not too much taken up with her own concerns to remark:

"Why, child, how nice you look this morning! Dear me! to think how blind some people are."

"Some people see a good deal further than we give them credit for," I replied, kissing her. "It strikes me, auntie, that you and I have been the blind ones."

I don't think that either of us ate much at breakfast; and before it was cleared away, steps were heard upon the gravel path. And now aunt was destined to undergo as great a surprise as I had done the night before. The door opened, and two men entered. The likeness between them was very noticeable, though the doctor, I thought, seemed younger and brighter than I had ever seen him, while his nephew looked older and graver, with a somewhat anxious expression on his face. Aunt's look of bewilderment at the whole scene was a study!

Dr. Vernon gravely introduced the young man to her, and then, turning to me, continued:

"My nephew, Mr. Harry Vernon—Miss Alice Wingfield. Dear me! no introduction seems necessary. That is strange. And you are flushed, Miss Alice. Ah, those walks by the river! I fear the harm they did can never be undone. Well, young people, since you seem to be perfectly acquainted with each other, I dare say you will not object to a stroll in the garden this bright morning, while I have a little conversation with my friend here."

He turned with such a tender smile to my aunt, as he

finished his speech, that I loved him for it. Then Harry and I wandered out into the dewy fields, and the seeming mystery was explained to me and to my auntie at the same time.

Like many mysteries, it was simple enough when solved. Dr. Vernon, although untoward circumstances had separated him from the girl he admired when young, had always retained a vivid remembrance of her charms; and when he unexpectedly met her again, the former influence, notwithstanding years of changes and absence, instantly revived.

reasoned, and the young folks, with their lives before them, could surely wait a little while.

Their affairs were progressing favorably enough, and he had his eye upon them; but he felt very doubtful about the success of his own. Fortune favored him, however, as we have seen. Two happier faces than those which looked out of the window to welcome us, when at last our stroll was over, could scarcely have been seen, unless it were the two that looked in. Then came more explanations and congratulations, and the letter that I had written to say I was going home next day was publicly destroyed.

MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING.—"MY NEPHEW, MR. HARRY VERNON."—SEE PAGE 666.

He soon perceived that there was no fear of his troubling my peace of mind, while, had it not been for my presence, the opportunities of free intercourse between White Hall and Daisy Farm might have been stopped. When his nephew arrived, he saw an obstacle. If the aunt caught sight of the young man, might not her plans for her niece change, and would the old doctor be as warmly welcomed? Harry's accidental meeting with me was unfortunate, but could not be helped. Indeed, so long as it did not come in his way, he approved of our intimacy. The good doctor felt no compunction, even when his nephew openly remonstrated and I looked silently miserable. He was an old man, he

Not long after this happy day there was a quiet wedding in the little village, and the house on the hill had found a mistress.

Among the vows registered by Aunt Bessy on her wedding-day, was a private one that she would for ever give up her besetting sin. Whether or not she has kept it, I am not prepared to say; but as she has a good husband, and I have one, I do not see that we can any of us complain of Aunt's Match-making.

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THEY who know most are the oftenest cheated.

JUST EXPLAIN IT.—"SUDDENLY IN THE CENTRE OF THE DOORWAY APPEARED A LITTLE CHILD—A GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS, HER SWEET, SOLEMN FACE TURNED TOWARD ME. SHE SLOWLY RAISED HER HAND AND BECKONED ME."

# JUST EXPLAIN IT.

I AM a medical man, and, like most of my brethren in the craft, a little more apt to doubt than to believe in matters not susceptible of proof by the scalpel or crucible; and although honestly respecting the faith of other persons in things not appertaining to the material world, I have never found myself tempted to show it, unless, indeed, we except the one experience I am about to relate, and of which I shall be most happy to receive any reasonable explanation which any one may have to offer. For my own part, I am free to confess that I never could find that reasonable explanation, and although not wishing to believe in the obvious one, I do not readily see my way out of it. However, here goes for the story, such as it is, and every one who reads may explain it for himself. I only wish he could for me.

Five or six years ago I took a vacation, my own health being a little shaken by the care I had bestowed upon that of other people, and I went to visit an old friend and relation, living among the Something Hills. You'll see pretty soon why I don't like to give their real name, any more than I shall the names of the persons chiefly concerned, for more than one of my readers might recognize both and find in my little story the answer to a puzzle which, some twenty years ago, mightily exercised the minds of the community.

My friend Dick is a doctor as well as myself, and many a good hour's chat did we have in comparing our professional experiences and conclusions, and giving each other such help and counsel as too many rival practitioners would never dream of affording to their own brothers or sons. Occasionally, also, I rode or drove with Dick to visit his patients, although more frequently he preferred that I should take one of the horses and the buggy, and carry poor, pretty little Mrs. Dick upon some of the excursions with which the neighborhood abounded, but which might as well have been a thousand miles away, as the dear little thing pathetically remarked, for any good they were to her, with Dick for ever absorbed in his professional duties. It was during one of these drives that I first noticed a square gray-stone house, standing well back from the road, and surrounded by a good many evergreen-trees, giving it rather a gloomy and forbidding aspect. The gates and driveway, with as much as I could see of the grounds, appeared to be well cared for and kept up, but there was a sort of solemn chill over everything, not at all enlivening, and I instinctively touched Firefly's glossy haunches with the whip, as I inquired of Mrs. Dick:

"Who lives in that gloomy house, Fanny?"

"Horsford Hill, they call it. Old Squire Horsford and his daughter, Mercy, are the only family at present."

And Fanny paused in a sort of constrained way, as if she was afraid of saying too much, or was waiting to be questioned. Now, the first requisite of a woman in the position of a doctor's wife is discretion, for a good husband should have no secrets from his wife, and a good doctor should have no confidant at all, so far as professional secrets are concerned; so the only way to reconcile the two obligations is for the Mrs. Doctors to be so much one and the same with their husbands that they may confide to them with no more fear of having betrayed the confidence of their patients than if they had not spoken at all. At least, that is the way I intend to manage when I have a

wife of my own—if I am ever so lucky as to obtain one. Acting upon this principle, I did not tempt Mrs. Dick by a single question, although a certain instinct of mine for mysteries informed me that one was close at hand, and that possibly Fanny might be led on to speak of it to so old and discreet a friend as myself. However, I said nothing, and when she spoke again it was upon quite another topic.

Two nights after this, I was just closing my eyes to a delicious first nap, when a horse galloped up to the door. a man dismounted, Dick's head popped out of his chamber window, a low-voiced colloquy ensued, and finally I heard Dick say :

"Well, tie the horse and leave him, and I will be there as quickly as possible."

"Glad it is not I," was my selfish comment as I settled myself deliciously in bed, and drowsily listened to the sounds betokening Dick's departure.

It may have been fifteen minutes—just time, at any rate, to embark surely and sweetly upon the calm profound of healthy slumber—when I was again aroused, this time by the whirl of light wheels, as a light carriage was driven rapidly to the door. Half-consciously I heard the driver dismount, heard a peremptory knock, then another, and then again the window of the doctor's bedroom opened and a feminine voice inquired :

"Who is there ?"

"James, from Horsford's, ma'am. Can I speak to the doctor ?" was the rejoinder ; and then, suddenly plunging over the verge on which I stood, I fell fast asleep, and was only roused by a knock upon my chamber door and Fanny's voice calling my name. I was out of bed in a moment then, and opening a crack of the door, heard in the darkness :

"Oh, I am so sorry to disturb you, Ned, but I thought, perhaps—you see, Dick will be all night at Mrs. Bowring's and cannot leave a moment, and here is Squire Horsford's groom with a message that the squire has an attack of apoplexy, they think, and must have help immediately, and it would be such a pity to have Dr. Bowen get into that family, for they have always been our patients ——"

"Say no more, my child," replied I, with sleepy enthusiasm. "I will be dressed and ready by the time James has unhitched his horse, and Dr. Bowen shall have no foothold at Horsford Hill while I live to prevent it."

"Thanks, dear Ned; I was sure that you would go," replied Fanny, laughing a little nervously ; and five minutes more, when I descended the stairs, that dear little woman stood at the foot with a great cup of coffee in her hand—steaming hot, too.

I gulped it, shook hands, and the next minute sat beside James in the low-hung buggy, and was speeding toward Horsford Hill, behind as pretty a bit of horseflesh as any man need wish to handle.

"You knows somethin' about horses, sir," remarked James, after a mile or so. "And I wish't you could often have the handlin' of some of ourn. The old squire he do be afraid of his life if he be driven beyond a walk, and as for Miss Mercy, she don't never notice nor care how a body drives, or how a horse do go. Been used to drivin' in these hilly roads sir, or more in the city ?"

I had scarcely satisfied my new friend on this point, when the fast horse turned in at the great iron gateway and dashed up the avenue at a speed that required all the strength and attention I had to spare. In a moment or two more I stood in a great half-lighted drawing-room, watching the slender little figure of a woman who came softly down the room to meet me.

"Doctor ——"

"Pardon me, Miss Horsford ; it is not Dr. Dixon, but Dr. Murray, a friend of his, and visiting at his house. Dr. Dixon had just left home, probably for the night, when your messenger arrived, and at Mrs. Dixon's request I came to offer my services in his stead."

During this little address I had employed my eyes to the best advantage in studying my new acquaintance, just as I perceived that she was studying me. I found her singularly graceful in figure and bearing, handsome, but far from attractive, apparently about thirty years old, and characterized by an air of watchfulness and suspicion apparent in every line of her dark, proud face, every movement of her lissome body. My first conclusion was that I disliked her ; my second, that she was the guardian of a care or secret, or a scheme of some sort, and that in either case she dreaded and avoided the scrutiny of a stranger's eyes, and disliked his society. However, her need was great at that moment, and she submitted to it, as most people do, and said, in a clear and haughty voice :

"We are extremely obliged to you, Dr. Murray, for coming at once, as the delay in finding another physician might have been great. Will you come up-stairs at once ?"

So up-stairs we went, and in a vast, gloomy chamber, upon a curtained bed, strongly resembling a hearse, lay an old man gasping in the clutches of an apoplectic seizure. The usual remedies soon brought a measure of relief, but from certain symptoms I felt so apprehensive of another immediate attack, that I decided not to leave the house, at least before morning. As there was no need of my remaining in the sick-room, however, and as my presence there obviously disturbed Miss Horsford, I finally accepted her repeated invitation to repose myself for some hours, or at least until my services should be required. The housekeeper was accordingly summoned and directed to show me to the guest-chamber and offer whatever refreshment I would accept. Escorted by this highly respectable dame, I accordingly went down-stairs, took a glass of wine and a biscuit, and was then shown to a grand, gloomy, funereal chamber, quite at the other end of the house from that of my patient, and on another floor. I looked round, shook my head, and retreated, saying to my companion :

"This will never do, Mrs. Judson. I want to be where I can keep one ear open to my patient's breathing, and one eye ready to catch the first movement. I will just throw myself on the sofa in the little sitting-room I noticed close by Mr. Horsford's door.

"Well," replied the housekeeper, a little dubiously, "I don't see why you couldn't, to be sure. That room is Miss Mercy's sitting-room ; but then, there is another door into her bedroom, and it isn't likely, anyway, that she'll leave her papa's room to-night. So I don't see any objection, for of course you'd ought to be close to the squire's room."

"That's right, and as I can see that you are dead tired yourself, Mrs. Judson, I will not have you come up again to show me the way, but go and lie down until you are called. Miss Mercy has two servants with her, and does not need you, I am sure."

"Thank you, doctor. You're real kind and considerate, and I don't know but what I might as well catch my forty winks while I can, for to-morrow will be a hard day, and ——"

But at this point I passed out of hearing, and lightly mounting the stairs, passed down the long corridor, listened for a moment to the faint sounds betokening that all was well in the sick-chamber, and then quietly crossed the gallery and pushed open the door of the dimly-lighted little sitting-room, whose broad, old-fashioned couch I had

already noted in the glance I cast into the room in passing to go down-stairs.

"Miss Mercy's sitting-room, eh?" whispered I to myself, as I looked about. "Well, Miss Mercy is not a young lady of very luxurious habits, I should say."

For, indeed, the room, as well as the sleeping-apartment into which it opened, was as bare almost as an anchorite's cell, contrasting strongly with the luxurious appointments of the rest of the house.

The wide sofa, and that of ancient fashion and much worn, was, indeed, the only article approaching to luxury in either of the rooms, so far as I could see, although, of course, I did not venture to investigate very largely into the mysteries of a young lady's private dwelling-place. In fact, I had not spent five minutes in the room before I was dozing off into a weary slumber upon the great chintz-covered sofa. I was awakened by an odor from the exhausted lamp upon the table, and rising, I extinguished it, and then crossing the hall, looked softly into the squire's chamber. He lay in the same heavy slumber I had left him in, and close beside the pillow, straight, cold and sleepless as a statue, sat Miss Mercy, her dark eyes set steadily forward, and no more emotion or weariness upon her face than on that of the sphinx.

"Not exactly one's idea of the Angel of Mercy," thought I, watching her for a moment or two, myself unseen. In a chair close at hand slept the man who shared the watch, and seeing that my services or presence were not needed, I withdrew as softly as I had come, and lay down again upon the couch in the now dark sitting-room. Scarcely, however, had I settled myself upon the great pillow, with my back to the room, than an uneasy sense of the presence of some one close at hand—some unseen and undesirable companionship—began to torment me, and after some useless efforts to drive away the annoying sensation, I threw myself pettishly over so as to face the room, and peered, as well as the faint light from the windows permitted, into the darkness about me.

Nothing was visible and no sound was heard, and throwing myself back, I closed my eyes and angrily tried to compose myself to sleep. Quite uselessly, for no sooner was I quiet than the uneasy sense of companionship returned, and again I opened my eyes and stared into the darkness; not absolute darkness now, however, for a faint light was visible, proceeding from the door of the sleeping-room, about twelve feet from where I lay, just opposite.

My first idea was that Miss Horsford had retired to her sleeping-room and would be annoyed at my close proximity; but the next moment I reflected that I had but just seen her in her father's room, and that in my restless condition since returning to the sofa I should certainly have heard the slightest movement in the passage or either of the two rooms, and that it was impossible for Miss Mercy or anyone else to have entered the bedroom without my knowledge. A vague wonder and uneasiness took possession of my mind as these thoughts crossed it, and lying perfectly still, I fixed my eyes upon the faintly illumined doorway and waited for further developments.

The light increased, although always remaining of a peculiar diffused softness, quite unlike the sharp and cutting illumination of a lamp or candle, and not penetrating in any degree into the room where I lay. Suddenly in the centre of the doorway appeared a little child—a girl of five or six years, as I should judge, her sweet, solemn face turned earnestly toward me, and the quiet dark eyes, contrasting so strongly with her golden curls, fixed upon mine.

I tried to speak, I tried to convince myself that either my fancy was painting this figure and this light when really only darkness existed, or else that my companion was actually a child of the family, disturbed from her slumbers and astonished at my presence. But instinct, rising, as it sometimes will, to greater power than reason, set both these theories at naught, and bade me fly without question from this presence, this something, this suggestion of something terrible to come, but not yet revealed. Reason again forbade this dastardly flight and prompted investigation; and thus, torn between the two authorities, I remained motionless and expectant. Not very long, however, for as I lay staring back at the solemn eyes so fixed upon mine, the child slowly raised her little hand and beckoned to me. I would have obeyed the summons, but my limbs absolutely refused to obey my will, and I lay like a frozen corpse, helplessly staring at the little maiden as again and again she beckoned me toward her. Finding her summons disregarded, she stood for several moments reproachfully regarding me, and then began slowly to move toward me, bringing with her, as she advanced into the room, a portion of the luminous vapor which seemed to cling and hang around her like a garment, and although showing her face, figure and raiment in the distinctest fashion, did not illuminate the space around her for more than two or three feet, the surrounding darkness seeming more intense as this luminous cloud or aureole, with its little central figure, moved slowly through it. I noticed, moreover, that the room from whence she emerged became entirely dark as she left it, so that the doorway was no longer discernible. Very slowly, but steadily, the figure approached the sofa, until at length it stood close beside me, a wavering, luminous body, not precisely like a being of flesh and blood, and yet most unlike anything else.

Commanding my natural sensations of horror and aversion, and sternly controlling instinct by reason, I lay still, and fixing my eyes upon the apparition, tried to study it in detail and trace its points of resemblance, as well as its dissimilarity, with anything I had seen before. But this was not easy, for the luminous envelope through which the figure appeared seemed always changing, or rather throbbing and palpitating, like the sea in a calm when the waves indeed are quiet, but the breathing of the great monster stirs his enormous bulk, so that what lies beneath his surface can never be seen accurately and positively, but always with a vague and changing outline.

As well, however, as I could distinguish, the figure thus strangely presented to my inspection was that of a child—a little girl, I fancied, some five or six years old, dressed in a flowing white robe, which she held close to her bosom with one tiny hand, while the other was extended toward my forehead, as if about to touch me. The face, wan, pale, and very mournful, was still of an exceeding beauty, and the rippling mass of golden hair flowing about the shoulders mingled so strangely with the throbbing and luminous haze, that I could not determine where the one ended or the other began. Another remarkable point was the mode of motion, for the figure was never still for an instant, and yet did not move through motion of the feet and limbs, like a human being, but in a floating, gliding manner; the feet appearing, indeed, to be folded in the robe which flowed down below them, and mingled, how I know not, with the luminous aureole.

As I lay thus motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the sad and beautiful eyes so earnestly bent upon mine, I became gradually aware of a powerful and increasing impulse to rise and follow the apparition, whither or for what purpose I knew not, and in spite of the powerful suggestion of reason that such a course would be both

SHE IS NOT FAIR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 678.

unwise and unsafe; for having once yielded to this supernatural, it might be demoniac, influence, how could I ever be certain of regaining my own free will and power of volition?

Admirable reasoning! but as that little hand approached nearer and nearer to my forehead, until I seemed to feel four tiny points of fire or ice in actual contact with my flesh, and as those sad and earnest eyes centred their regard more and more closely upon my own, all power of resistance seemed melted out of my soul; and, scarcely knowing what I did, I rose stiffly and mechanically from my couch and followed, like one in a dream, the motions of the figure, which, floating on before, led me through the doorway into the next chamber, Miss Mercy's sleeping-room, and across it, until it stopped close beneath a great picture representing, as I afterward ascertained, the banishment of Hagar with the little Ishmael into the desert to appease the jealous wrath of Sarah. At this moment, however, I had no time or thought to bestow upon the subject of the picture, for as the child floated more and more closely to my side, as her controlling touch shot fire through my brain and a chill like death through my blood, as her eyes pierced mine like flame, and my whole will fell subjugated before this strange and irresistible influence, I seized the great picture in my arms, wrenched it from its fastenings, placed it aside, and left bare the paneled wall behind; then my hand, how guided I cannot tell, went straight to a certain point, pressed hard upon the hidden spring, felt the secret door fly open beneath my hand, and saw the whole place filled with the strange, throbbing light, the little figure in its midst blending, how I knew not, with an object in the crypt before me—an object which I presently discovered to be a child's coffin; and as the luminous vapor clung and centred around this, and as the beautiful childish figure seemed to melt and disappear in this gruesome and loathly object, the walls of the coffin seemed, for the moment, to become transparent, and I saw the form of a little child—the same child who had led me thither, but now cold and white and still, her wondrous eyes fast closed, her golden hair lying still and waveless upon her frozen breast, where lay, indeed, the little waxen hand, as I had seen it, and within the fingers a scroll, on which I read, as in letters of fire, these words:

"Dead, of desertion, neglect and carelessness. Dead, because she who was not ashamed to become my mother was ashamed to confess and protect me. Dead, that to all eternity I may be her accuser and the witness of her undying and never-to-be-forgiven sin."

I had just finished reading these words when I was startled by a hoarse, angry cry close behind me; a sound scarcely so much human as the noise a tigress might make in surprising the murderer of her cubs. I turned, and saw Mercy Horsford standing upon the threshold, her angry eyes fixed upon me, her pallid and frightened lips parting above her clinched teeth.

Something of resemblance that had been haunting my consciousness suddenly shot from those eyes to mine, and, my mind restored to its balance in an instant by human companionship and human accusation, I spoke boldly, without waiting for the indignant words already formed upon the lady's lips:

"Your little child, Miss Horsford—that child, dead through the desertion, neglect and carelessness of her who, not ashamed to be its mother, was yet ashamed to confess and protect it—that little child has led me, a stranger, to her unhallowed resting-place, that I, in her name, might demand of you Christian burial and hallowed rest for her poor remains, if not the tardy acknowledgment of her birth and parentage."

Long before the words were all spoken the poor, guilty, smitten woman was on her knees and trailing herself along toward my feet, moaning:

"It is the hand of the Lord. It is the judgment that has begun and will never end. Who are you, man, and why have you been sent, after all these years, to strip bare my hidden sin?"

Before I could reply, if, indeed, I had replied at all, an appalling cry burst from the chamber where the sick man lay, and rang through the house.

"Mercy! Where is Mercy? Come, come quickly."

"Ay, Mercy! Where is mercy for any of us?" groaned the poor woman at my feet, as, struggling up, she rushed to obey the death-summons of her father. I followed, but paused to secure both doors of the chamber, that no one else should participate in the terrible secret so strangely revealed to me.

The moment that I stood beside the pillow of the old man I saw that he was dying, and that the terrible paroxysm through which he had just passed was terminating in the momentary calm and ease so often granted to sufferers in the few moments before death.

"Send away the servants, Mercy," were the first words I heard as I approached the bed and laid my hand upon the squire's wrist, already cold and still.

"There is no pulse left, is there, sir?" asked he, turning his haggard eyes upon mine; and, as I shook my head, he quietly added:

"No, the forces are falling back upon the citadel, and even that must yield presently; this is a foe that, soon or late, vanquishes the strongest and bravest. Mercy, my child, take the keys from under this pillow, open my writing-desk, and from this little locked closet, take a paper tied with red tape."

Mercy obeyed like an automaton, and brought the parchment to her father's side.

"I cannot take it, or read it, my girl, but you, doctor, read the indorsement on the back, if you please."

So I read:

"Last will and testament of Stephen Horsford, canceling all others of any date. *Jan. 17th*, 1846."

"That is it. Now, doctor, will you please to tear it in strips, here before my eyes. and then lay them on the fire?"

I complied, and returned to the bedside. My professional eye saw that the last moment was close at hand, but the dying man's voice was clear and calm as ever, while he said:

"That will, Mercy, left you a beggar in case you ever married Cleve Pyncheon, or harbored him or his in my house. But I have thought better of it, dear, and you have my consent. Marry him and be happy, my poor child; and if I have made you suffer, as sometimes, in spite of your haughty bearing, I fancied that you were suffering, forgive me, Mercy, forgive me, as I forgive you any little cause of complaint I may have fancied. Ay! marry your lover. You have your father's dying consent."

"Oh, father! He is false, false, false! He is the husband of another woman, and I hate him as——"

A gurgling moan broke from the lips of the dying man, and a fearful struggle began. When it was over, and the proud, strong citadel had yielded at last to the invincible foe, Mercy Horsford lay, cold and still, across the feet of her dead father; and I turned from him to her, not knowing but she too had made her last struggle—fought her last fight.

But women are so hard to kill, and what they call broken hearts have so little to do with the working-powers of that much-abused muscle!

Miss Horsford recovered from her swoon, and, before she was quite conscious, I went to unlock her chamber-door, to close the secret panel, and hang the picture of Hagar and Ishmael over it, before suffering the servants to enter the room. Then I left the house and went back to Dr. Dick's, feeling that I must guard both face and voice carefully enough, for that whatever Dick or his wife might suspect, I had been wonderfully brought to the full knowledge of a secret never to be revealed to them or to any other human being through my agency.

Two days after, I received a summons from Miss Horsford, who desired to see me, immediately and privately. I obeyed at once, and was received by the young lady in the sitting-room where I had kept my memorable watch.

I would never have believed that two days could so have aged a face and figure, even at that epoch of a woman's life when youth and beauty having just begun to fade, receive so mighty a downward impulse from any powerful and painful trial to mind or body.

THE CHARITABLE ERRAND TRAVERSED.—"THE MORNING LIGHT SHOWED THEM FORTY-SEVEN SOULS GROUPED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK, THE TIDE MOUNTING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"You are not looking well, Miss Horsford," began I, but she impatiently waved her hand.

"It is of no consequence, sir. I sent for you, not professionally, but as an adviser, an assistant, a—well, a confessor, if you will have it so. First, if you please, I would like to hear all that happened in this room while you were here alone, or——"

She hesitated and shivered. I took up the word without delay, and, in as few and as strong phrases as possible, told her what I had seen and done. She listened eagerly, and, as I finished, covered her face with both hands, and shuddered heavily; then, not looking toward me or uncovering her face, she said, in a low and hurried voice:

"I have seen her often—often, and it was through no will of mine that you were allowed in the room. Cleve Pyncheon, of whom you heard my father speak, was a poor orphan, whom my father, in his charity, reared and educated like a son of his own. I was seventeen and he twenty when I returned from my convent-school, and we loved each other, or I fancied so. My father discovered the secret, and his anger was fearful; he banished my lover, and treated me with exceeding harshness. I was too much like him to endure that, and I took my own way by stealth.

"Cleve and I pledged ourselves as man and wife beneath the stars of eternal heaven, and I felt the union as binding and as solemn as if a priest and church and witnesses had sanctioned it. My father discovered that Cleve lurked in the neighborhood, and used all his power to persecute him into flight. He succeeded, and my husband sailed for India, where he had the prospect of employment. Neither he nor I then knew of the proof of our marriage that was to plunge me into such despair as I had never dreamed of —for I insist that my marriage was a marriage, and that neither sin nor shame justly belong to me for consenting to it.

"I left home for the Summer, and was able to conceal my child's birth from every one who knew me as Mercy Horsford; and I left the poor baby with a woman whom, I thought, I had bought body and soul to make its care her one interest in life.

"A year after, I heard that Cleve Pyncheon was married to the wealthy widow of an Indian merchant, and soon after received a letter from himself, saying that it was best for both of us that our ill-starred engagement should come to an end, and that he wished me all happiness with some man to whom my father would give the consent he despaired of ever obtaining.

"Three or four years rolled by, how I know not, for all my life was spent in fighting down the hate and wrath and scorn that tormented me like demons, and left me no room for other emotions. Then came a letter to say that my child was dead; had strayed away in the wild, mountainous region where I had hidden her, and died of starvation in the woods. I went and found her poor little wasted body already buried. I had it disinterred and closed in a triple case, which was brought as a box of books to this house. I had its hiding-place prepared beforehand, and never a night since it lay there but I have prayed and wept, and done cruel penance before it as a shrine, but never once have I felt myself forgiven, and now I know that I shall never be."

She paused, and I began some of those commonplace attempts at consolation and sympathy with which poor conceited human nature ever attempts to heal a grief infinitely beyond even its comprehension.

Miss Horsford impatiently motioned me to silence.

"The favor I have to ask of you, knowing as you now do the secret, never to be known to any other human being, is to open the casket containing the bones of my poor murdered child, and lay them in the coffin with my father's remains. Thus will they receive Christian burial, and thus shall my child lie with the ancestors who would have disowned both her and her mother could they have known. Will you do this for me?"

I assented, of course, and the next day, when dust was committed to dust with all the solemn ceremonial of the Church, the poor nameless child's remains shared the sacred privilege—which had been so long denied them—with those of her stately grandsire.

Miss Mercy Horsford remained the undisputed heiress of her father's great possessions, and not many months afterward, I heard from my friends, the Dixons, that she had sold everything she possessed, and taken the proceeds as her dower to the stern and severe Benedictine convent in which she had entered herself as a novice.

## SHE IS NOT FAIR.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

## THE CHARITABLE ERRAND TRAVERSED.

One of the most thrilling and interesting records of marine disaster and the perils of the sea is the adventure of Alonzo Zuazo, a kinsman of the great Cortes, who was wrecked while sailing from Cuba to Mexico.

He was a judge, a man of wealth, and of literary tastes, his delicate health unfitting him for the adventurous career taken up by so many around him. Yet as a friend he was ready to confront any danger, and when Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, solicited his intervention with Cortes to effect a reconciliation which became absolutely essential to his success, Zuazo set sail for Mexico on board a wretched caravel, the only vessel at hand. Terrible storms overtook them in the Gulf of Mexico; they lost their course, and even their compass. Death now faced them all.

Tossed at the mercy of the waves, they soon found themselves driven amid shoals, white with the foam of the breakers, and bare rocks rising only for destruction. On one of these rocky islets the current at last swept their wretched bark with malignant fury. Nearer and nearer it came; again and again it struck; the waves curled over it, crushing and scattering till the timbers parted, and vessel and cargo floated around, the sport of the billows. Through all this fearful wreck, most of the passengers reached the bare rock amid the horrors of darkness.

The morning light showed forty-seven souls grouped on the summit of the rock, the tide mounting, and, as it rose, tossing against the flinty side the bodies of those whom it had already swept off.

Far as the eye could reach spread the expanse of water, till the arching heaven met it. The rock had no sign of vegetation, no water to relieve thirst for even an instant; and the water gained steadily, steadily.

Zuazo's eye discerned a small boat fastened between two

rocks, and half-buried in sand. Soon set free, it was found old and leaky. Clothes and ingenious devices soon made it float. Zuazo, with three others, sought a better spot. They found a sandy isle, and, unable to return that day, rested there till morning, when others joined them by crawling over the rocks and swimming.

In the same way, and by the boat, all at last reached the sterile isle, scarce better than the rock. But heaven here sent food. Five turtles, crawling upon the sand, were caught and opened. The blood was eagerly drunk, the eggs found in them eaten, then raw slices, for fire they had none.

Another island, about nine miles off, was next discerned. Three stout men swam to it, but, like the first island, it was waterless.

Yet it gave food. It was covered with sea-birds, come there to rear their young. The eggs supplied the place of water. The birds were eaten, but this led to many deaths. Others gradually withered away. One lovely girl, Inesica, as she lay on the burning sand, calmly awaiting the moment that was to unite her to a Saviour in whom she trusted lovingly, suddenly, as if roused, told those around her that they would find water in a certain spot, though she should not taste it.

Zuazo, who had by exhortation and example turned the minds of his companions to the consolations of religion, now made all join in prayer, and then began to dig in the spot indicated. Less than two feet of sand were thrown out before water was found, brackish indeed, but doubly delicious to their parched throats. Strangely enough, no other spot, dig where they would, gave any indication of water.

Pieces of wood had been dug up out of the sand, and by using two pieces, an Indian at last, after many failures, succeeded in drawing fire. Then hope revived. Turtle-shells, filled with water, soon had turtle meat and birds boiling in them, by the help of heated stones plunged in the water, and a nourishing broth was obtained. Seals next added to their source of food.

The sharks that approached the shore were caught by a rude hook, less for food than to give employment.

Meanwhile their boat was lost on a trip to the first island for turtle. Of the pieces of wood found, enough had been laid aside to build another frail craft. After eighteen anxious days, they reached the Mexican shore near Medellin.

A note, traced on a piece of map with the purple juice of a shell-fish, was handed to Governor Ocampo, who at once forwarded it to Cortes, and dispatched a vessel to save Zuazo and his comrades.

Storms and doubts delayed them, but at last they came in sight, and two of those who had gone for help now leaped overboard to swim ashore and gladden the hearts of brave Zuazo and his companions in misery. Sixteen only remained alive to follow him on board the rescuing vessel, and then, before they left the fatal island, they all chanted a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to the Almighty.

They then reached Mexico. On landing, they found preparations to receive them, and they proceeded as in triumph to the capital, beneath triumphal arches of foliage, on splendid horses, whose brilliant accoutrements contrasted strangely with the rags, the tatters and the attenuated and bronzed forms of the survivors. So ended Zuazo's errand of mercy.

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A TRUE friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

## A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

IT is more than one hundred years since that exquisite prince of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, wrote to his friend, Richard West, that he had ridden three leagues to see the Chartreuse, "reputed the finest convent in the world." He goes on to say: "Did you ever see anything like the prospect I saw yesterday? I never did. The road, West! The road, winding round a prodigious mountain, surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines or lost in clouds; below, a torrent breaking through cliffs and tumbling through fragments of rocks; sheets of cascade forcing their silver speed down channeled precipices, and hastening into the roughened river at the bottom. Now and then an old foot-bridge with a broken rail, a leaning cross, or the ruins of an hermitage. All this sounds too bombast, too romantic for one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this lovely, roaring scene as you were reading it. We staid two hours—wished for a painter, wished to be poets."

This last remark of the lively Horace was superfluous, since Gray was his companion; and so deep was the impression made on the poet's mind by this grand mountain retreat, that when he parted from Walpole in Italy, he paid a second visit to the Chartreuse in the Summer of 1741, and left as a legacy to the monks the beautiful alcaic ode written in the album of the monastery, and well-known to the classical scholar.

Since the days of those two distinguished travelers, few of the many hundreds who yearly pass through Chambéry and Aix-les-Bains, linger or turn aside to visit the cradle of the Carthusian Order; but at Grenoble a wish is kindled, if it does not already exist, when the rare and valuable MSS., the exquisite illuminated missals one sees in the fine town library, attract attention, and one learns that they were the treasures of the convent until, at the time of the Revolution, they were moved for safety to the town, where they are now housed and cared for in a noble room worthy their priceless value.

We had lingered in the capital of Dauphiny with the fixed intention of making an expedition to the spot, and had made arrangements with the proprietors of the four-horsed omnibus to hire the interior of his conveyance for our party of five for the sum of fifty francs, not of course including the coachman's fee. This was the price asked for an open carriage; but it was early in the season, the mornings cold, and weather uncertain; consequently a closed carriage was preferable for the first part of the road as far as St. Laurent, a lighter open conveyance being promised for the drive through the pass.

We had no reason to repent our bargain; the roads were still heavy in places from recent rain or melted snow, and no single pair of horses could have carried us there and back in the day. The omnibus had been repainted and relined for the coming season, as it goes daily to St. Laurent and back; we had, therefore, the benefit of this, being early visitors.

At seven o'clock, upon a bright and promising-looking morning, we were all ready for a start, when our coachman made a petition. Would we admit a gentleman for a few miles of the road? He was so very *comme il faut*, or he would not ask it. Of course we could refuse—the interior

A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.—A CLOISTER—THE LABORATORY—GENERAL VIEW.

was ours; but of course we did not. M. ———, a gentleman connected with the Musée, proved a very agreeable companion for the short time he journeyed with us.

There is only one other way of reaching the Chartreuse besides the road we were taking, and that is by a mule-path over the mountains from a place called Sappey. Later in the year it would be pleasant to vary the excursion by returning to Grenoble by that shorter, but of course more fatiguing, route.

Half-way between Grenoble and St. Laurent, at a place called Voiron, where there is a railway station, we changed horses, and whilst this was being done, were glad to get out of the carriage, and, mounting the hill over which our road lay, take a last look at the Graisivaudan Valley, through which we had, up to this point, been passing along a tolerably level road. The sunshine and blue sky of Southern France can make anything beautiful; but it would be difficult to surpass this valley, backed by its range of grand and varied hills.

From this point we turned our faces northward; and, after a continued ascent for some time, seemed to find ourselves again on a level road, but in a less interesting country, well cultivated and well wooded, with somewhat of the park-like character of England; so we subsided from our previous state of admiration to silence, as if to reserve ourselves for what we were to see later.

St. Laurent is a small village, situated at the entrance of the gorge or pass of the Chartreuse; and as all travelers, save those who cross the mountains of foot, must pass through it on their way to the monastery, it is in Summer lively enough, and boasts two small hotels, where a very fair dinner or lunch can be procured, but sleeping accommodation is of the roughest.

Here we descended from our omnibus, and were speedily furnished with a small, light *char-à-banc*, drawn by an active pair of little horses; and, promising to be back at St. Laurent by four o'clock, we resumed our road. The air was crisp and sharp; we were glad of shawls and wraps.

THE HANGING ROCK.

ON THE ROAD TO THE MONASTERY—CROIX VERTE.

We went merrily and rapidly along for some little time, passing a picturesque forge, a mill, and various saw-pits; for the woods dotting the sides of this grand defile are now Government property, and well looked after, thinned and protected. The sound of the ax, the cheerful voices of the woodmen, now break what was once a vast and awful solitude.

St. Bruno, who was born early in the eleventh century, and who was studying and teaching at Cologne when Saxon England was learning to submit to her Norman conquerors under the first William, longed, after many years of labor and doubtless much vexation of spirit, for some spot secure from every interruption or worldly temptation.

He was at Grenoble in the year 1084, with several companions, desirous, like himself, to withdraw from the world. Hugo, bishop of that place, conducted him to a spot at that time almost inaccessible. Not even those who trod the difficult and dangerous mule-path a hundred years ago can realize the toil of the mere ascent to that upland meadow-land, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by dense forests and snow-clad peaks, where the first monastery was erected. This was not, however, the site of St. Bruno's first cell; but higher yet, nearer the snow, the wolves, and the bears, did he and his six companions fix their retreat. The rudest of huts, a cave in the rock, sufficed for shelter at first. A chapel now marks the venerated spot.

Here these first Carthusian brethren led a life of simple toil, working in the dense woods around, which at the request of the bishop had been ceded to them by the neighboring seigneurs. Their wants were few, but all their energies were taxed to provide for them, and when the hours of prayer or labor were over their sole recreation was the contemplation or study of Nature in her most beautiful yet most terrible aspect. Remote as they were from the haunts of men—a small hamlet of rude peasants, Cartusa, which gave the name to the district, being the only inhabited place—it was not long before curiosity or veneration

attracted newcomers to the spot, and many remained, content to follow the practice and imitate the piety of these holy men.

In process of time a church was built on the only piece of level ground in that desolate region, a sunny, verdant meadow, closed in by mountains like a *cul de sac*, and round the church the monks built their cells by twos and threes; and thus the first monastery grew: a building which, although destroyed by an avalanche in 1138, has been the pattern for each successive structure there, as well as in other parts of Europe.

But St. Bruno was not permitted to remain long in peace. His old pupil, now Urban II., called him to Rome. He obeyed the summons of the Pope; but the life of a court and the profligacy of the age disgusted him. Again and again he solicited leave to retire; but it was not until 1094 that he was allowed to go and undertake his last work, the founding of another Chartreuse in the solitudes of Calabria at Torre, where he died.

He left the example of his pure and learned life to his brethren; but the rules that regulate this celebrated Order were not fully perfected until two hundred years after his decease, although their food and clothing have been from the first much what they are now—a dress of heavy woolen texture; a tunic of the same, with large sleeves; cassock and cowl over it; no linen and no stockings. The color of that worn by the Fathers, who are all of them priests, is white or the whitish color of flannel or serge; that of the lay-brothers, who do not become priests unless manifesting special vocation for it, is dark brown.

Their food consists of fish, fruit, vegetables and farinaceous substances, no meat being allowed except in case of illness; they have but one repast a day, which is taken in their cells, except on Sundays and festivals, when they dine together in the refectory. The meal is passed in silence, one of their number reading aloud from the Bible or some devotional work.

We had time to think of all these things as we drove along a road increasing every moment in grandeur and beauty: the rocky stream, the Guiers, was now a deep and silent pool, and now a mad torrent falling over lofty rocks in cascades, catching the sun and sparkling between the thick foliage overhanging its banks. Every moment the windings of the road presented a change of scene to our delighted eyes; and soon we reached a point where the pass seemed almost closed by lofty rocks rising sheer from the river on either side.

In former years this narrow space was closed by gates and guarded by sentinels. It was the entrance to the desert, and beyond it no woman was permitted to penetrate. The gates are gone. The road passes now under an arch formed by blasting the rock, and the rule laid down in 1137 by Guigues, general of the Order, has—since the Revolution, at least—been modified; it ran thus: "We will never permit women to enter; we know that neither the first model from the hands of God nor the sage nor the prophet have been able to escape their caresses and deceits; and indeed, one knows well that one cannot conceal fire in one's breast without one's garment being burnt, or walk on burning coals without scorching the soles of one's feet."

Well, in the nineteenth century the monks are more courteous to the fair sex, or less afraid of them; for they give them a kind welcome at any rate *outside* their walls.

And now some large stone buildings well walled in, the gates surmounted by the cross and globe of the Order, are passed by us on our right. These are the farm-buildings and distillery of the monks, who in 1816, when deprived of the greater portion of their lands and woods, extending at one time to the village of St. Laurent, commenced manufacturing their famous cordial or liqueur for sale. A strange source of income for men so abstemious that they even deny themselves coffee; it is, however, a profitable one. The money thus accruing to the monastery is devoted to the expenses of the establishment, any residue being spent on works of benevolence.

In 1864 the Pope prohibited the sale of Chartreuse, as the liqueur is called; but this prohibition was either disregarded or removed, as the traffic still continues. It has been said that the cordial sold since that date is not the same as that originally made; but as the monks never published their recipe, who can tell? Some modification as to strength may have been made, but it is not likely that the original recipe was lost; on the contrary, we are told that great care is taken of it, that it is in the keeping of the general of the Order, safe under lock and key behind an altar, and that great state and ceremony are observed in dealing with it.

Imitations of the Chartreuse are made and sold in various parts of France. In that manufactured by the monks the finest brandy is used; but its peculiar flavor and excellence are due to the berries or aromatic herbs which grow on the mountains in the neighborhood of the cloister, and it is in the selection and preparation of these ingredients, unattainable to other makers, that the monks' secret probably consists. The woods and slopes of these mountain regions are well known to botanists for their rare specimens, and in the album of the convent Jean Jacques Rousseau recorded that, "J'ai trouvé dans ces lieux des plantes rares et des vertus plus rares."

Soon after passing these buildings, we were occasionally stopped on our road by teams of bullocks dragging huge logs, or felled trees; and at one place a light carriage met us, and in it sat a white-robed Father, the first we had seen.

"That," said our driver, "is the Emperor of Russia's cousin; he is going to Grenoble on business."

Afterward we were told that this Russian monk is no relative of the Czar, but a former aid-de-camp and personal friend, and still in receipt of his pay.

A little later, and we reached the bridge of St. Bruno, which spans the torrent with one bold arch; we crossed it, and the river was now on our right. The banks on either side grew higher and steeper, clothed with pine and larch, innumerable wild flowers coloring the ground; and ever and anon an opening in these hills would show us a still higher range of peaks behind, their summits capped with snow.

At one place the road passes through a succession of five short tunnels, and at another our attention was attracted to an isolated rock, of pyramidal or cone-like form, tapering up to a fine point. This is the Oiellet, and is surmounted by a light iron cross, which, as the story goes, was placed there by an adventurous Englishman. The rock rises there from the torrent to a height of several hundred feet, inaccessible from below, and divided from the road above by a space some yards wide; but, climbing up a tree, he swung himself on to it from the branches. The ascent was easy, but the descent he found too perilous and fearful for him; on one side the torrent, on the other the gap, which, if he failed to cross by a leap, was death. Two days, it is said, he remained on that frightful height, until, by means of ropes thrown up to him, and secured in some manner to the tree, he effected his escape from his awkward position.

Further on, again, another cross, called from its color "La Croix verte," marks where a préfet of Marseilles met his death by the falling of a rock. The last half-mile or more of the road, our driver was content that we should all

descend from the carriage, and walk up what was a long-continued ascent between a fine wood or avenue of trees. With such foliage above, and the well-made, well-kept road below, it was difficult to realize that we were approaching a spot chosen for its wildness and solitude; but ten minutes before, however, we had met a party of the monks walking, a sight which recalled the fact to us. The rule that in former years prohibited all speech to the brethren, save by special permission, has now been relaxed, and once a week they are allowed to leave the house for *le spaciment*, or exercise, and whilst walking to converse with each other. The party we met did not seem to be availing themselves greatly of the privilege; there were ten or twelve of them at least, walking singly or two abreast, and no sound of human voices betrayed their approach till a turn in the road brought them in sight. They were mostly old or middle-aged men, with, as we thought, dull and heavy countenances; the brother who walked ahead of them, as if he was their leader, was a man of gigantic stature, and he held a rod or long stick in his hand. The road was very dirty at the point where we met, and the monks held up their heavy white woolen garments, like so many awkward old women. Our party inspired them with no curiosity; not one of them turned round to look after us.

At last the end of our journey through this most magnificent pass was reached. We stepped out from the shade of the trees into full sunshine on this bright green meadow, with the old gray walls of the monastery before us. Beyond it the ground rose in a green slope, and was then closed in by woods in their fresh Spring foliage, backed by magnificent peaks of snow, the Grand Som the most striking of the number; but so sheltered from wind, and so sunny the situation of this home of the "silent brothers," that even in these early May days, violets, cowslips and orchises were blooming in profusion round. How tranquil and silent it was! And yet this secluded spot had been the scene of violence, pillage and oppression. The building before this one now existing had been burnt by the fierce Baron des Adrets, of whose courage, cruelty and military talents many a tale is still told in Dauphiny.

François de Beaumont (Baron des Adrets) embraced the Huguenot cause as much from hatred of the Guises as from religious conviction. Like Lesdiguières, he was reconciled toward the close of his life with the Government and the Roman Church; but his reputation suffered by this submission, and he reaped no advantage from it. As a soldier, he was so unsuccessful after his change of religion that he was asked once to explain the cause of this. The baron sighed and said, in reply, "With the Huguenots I had soldiers under me; with the Catholics, only shopkeepers. I could not furnish reins to the former, and with the others I wore out my spurs."

It was nearly a hundred years after he had left it, ruined and burnt, that the monastery was rebuilt in 1676. Except a few arches in the cloisters, and a vaulted doorway, it is all of this date—plain, with no architectural beauty; only remarkable, as Horace Walpole writes, from its primeval simplicity, or imposing from its extent and solidity, and the antique air that two hundred years' exposure to the storms of that region has given it. The building as we approached was on our right hand. We walked on to the furthest extremity; then turning suddenly to the right, found ourselves at the gateway of the first court, behind which stretched the monastery in the form of two parallelograms, covered in by tent-shaped roofs of dark slate.

Some one rang the bell, which gave forth a hollow, awakening sound noticeable in foreign buildings, but which startled us all. Then slowly, in response to this summons, the old door rolled back on its hinges, and a *frère* stood there, clad in coarse, dark-brown cloth, to conduct the visitors within; but he shook his head at the ladies of the party, who were directed to a white house a little beyond the monastery.

*Place aux dames.* Let us describe the entertainments provided for their female visitors by St. Bruno's sons in the words of one of the party. She says: "The glimpse we had of the dreary-looking courtyard somewhat consoled us for our exclusion, and we wended our way upon the sunny road to the white house on our left. The door stood open, and upon entering we were at once welcomed by two Sisters of Charity and invited in. One of them was old and plain, but gentle, and evidently the chaperon of the other and of a third Sister whom we saw later, and who was of middle age, whilst she who received us and acted the part of hostess was the brightest, freshest, prettiest-looking creature it is possible to imagine in a nun's dress. Oh, ye votaries of paint and pearl-powder! why will ye not try the nun's recipe for a complexion? Nowhere have I seen such skins as I have done beneath the white or black coif of the convent; and what is their art? Why, early rising, temperate living, scrupulous cleanliness and active habits! Here was this young creature before us, the picture of health and happiness, with lilies and roses and bright eyes never seen together in our heated ballrooms.

"She led us first into a large room near the door, where we left our cloaks and parasols, and then into another equally spacious chamber at the end of a passage, where we found an Italian lady, who had arrived from Chambéry a little before us, sitting with her feet on a *chaufferette;* for there was no fire in the room, which, like most convent apartments, was plain and bare, but beautifully clean. Our kind hostess offered to light a fire; but we would not allow it, and preferred going out again, and strolling in the sun until the dinner was ready. We had not long to wait. Whilst loitering about we observed a man leave the monastery and approach the white house, carrying a basket evidently containing our dinner, which we had been told would be cooked there.

"We hastened back—our early breakfast and the mountain air had made us hungry—and on re-entering we found a table spread with dishes of dried fruits and preserves, salad, bread, delicious-looking butter, bottles of the clearest water, and decanters of red wine; so the monks did not mean to starve us.

"The dinner provided us was first-rate: palatable vegetable-soup, then a dish of fried fish—'the meat of the Chartreuse,' observed our hostess—followed by an excellent savory omelette. By the time we had partaken of these dishes, with little interludes of bread-and-butter, radishes and salad, washed down by sundry glasses of the excellent *ordinaire*, we all felt we had dined well, in spite of the absence of meat, and some of us declined a custard pudding, which, however, proved so excellent, so delicately flavored, that in the end all partook. This pudding was in fact a delicate attention on the part of the monks' cook to the ladies; for the gentlemen's dinner was precisely the same as that served to us, with the exception of the pudding; and we were also favored by the charge being half a franc less per head—two francs, instead of two-fifty.

"When our hostess was satisfied that we would eat no more, nor drink any more red wine, she went out, and returned bearing a tray with three decanters of the celebrated liqueur, the pale, the golden and the green, or elixir. The first is somewhat mawkish; the third too strong, and generally used as a medicine or cordial. The golden, of intermediate strength, is delicious, and is that

VIEW OF THE CITY OF GRENOBLE AND THE NEIGHBORING MOUNTAINS.

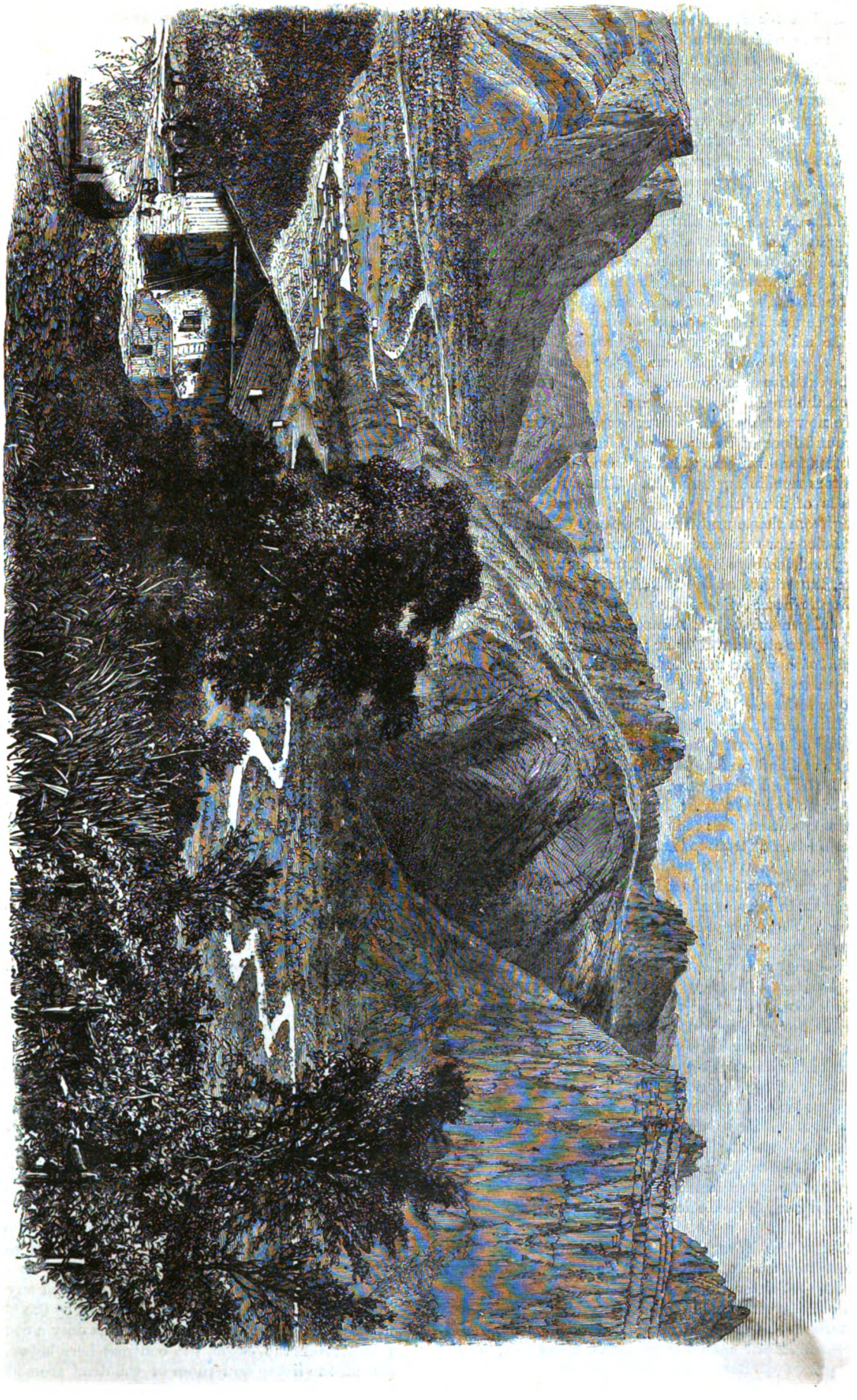
seen at the tables of the rich. The meal over, we adjourned to the guest-room, which we had first entered, to inspect and purchase a few photographs or some trifle as a souvenir and a means of remunerating the Sisters a little for the trouble they have in entertaining lady visitors. These good Sisters of St. John from Grenoble had been but a few days installed; before long their numbers would be increased."

Shortly after, the Italian lady started with a guide for St. Bruno's chapel, about half an hour's walk through the woods that clothe the mountain-side. Our time, we thought, would not allow us to venture so far; we contented ourselves with an ascent to the highest point of the lovely meadow, whence we could look down upon the building we were not permitted to enter. From our point of view it seemed a long, low and irregular-shaped mass; but it consists in reality of two parallelograms placed obliquely the one against the other, and forming thus an acute angle; we could descry the open space which we supposed to be the cemetery, and the position of the church. Whilst observing all this, another party of monks passed us from out the woods, and re-entered. Two of them were comparatively young men. One of them looked at us, the other kept his eyes fixed on his book; and again the want of intelligence or interest in the countenances of these men struck us forcibly. It would seem, indeed, as if conversational interchange of thought was necessary to keep the countenance bright and intelligent. A celebrated Oxford scholar, alluding in a recent sermon to St. Bruno's and the Carthusian maxim, "That men should only use their tongues for praying," said, "Men should at the same time take care lest in seeking to be angels they became less than men."

Some alterations or additions were going on at one side of the house, and the laborers were being overlooked and directed by one of the Fathers; his hood was drawn over his face, which was seldom turned our way.

Sitting quietly as we did on that sunny upland spot, watching the fleecy clouds as they sometimes hid the peaks from view, and sometimes rolled off, exposing new points, now showing us the Pic du Midi in the far distance, and now filling up the pass below and presenting the appearance of an ocean, it did not seem a dull and dreary scene; the influences of civilization have turned what was literally a "howling desert" in St. Bruno's day into a calm and lovely solitude. Are the hearts of the recluses congregated there in accordance with the peace without? This was the question we asked ourselves, as we speculated on the histories and lives of the fifty or sixty Fathers of all nations gathered there for the remainder of their earthly existence. With our hands full of wild flowers we sat and looked and dreamed, until the old gates opened slowly again, and the Italian gentlemen and those of our party reappeared, one of whom thus described the interior of the monastery and their reception:

"When the door closed upon us we were led by the Brother through a covered court into a long and ample hall, at one end of which was a sort of counter fitted up much like those at which the lady of a restaurant presides. Seated in the centre of this was a jovial-looking *pere*, who greeted us pleasantly and presented a book, in which our names were inscribed, very like the police-sheet of the *feuille* at a French hotel. The album formerly used, and containing the autographs of Walpole, Gray, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and many other illustrious visitors, was removed, in consequence of the vulgar, offensive



A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE—THE VALLEY OF THE ISERE.

remarks written in it by a class of travelers who mistake impertinence for wit, or were so destitute of gentlemanlike feeling as to criticise the hospitality they had been ready to accept. The book closed, the monk reminded us that he dealt in the renowned liqueur, and offered each of us a glass before beginning our cold inspection.

"At the period of our visit, the Chartreuse contained about a hundred monks, of whom between forty and fifty were Fathers, consequently priests, wearing the white dress, and being generally men of condition. The remainder were lay-brothers of an inferior class, and clad in brown. In addition, there are numerous servants, who are hired and dismissed at pleasure.

"The head of the fraternity, who is also the superior of all the other Carthusian establishments, is called the general; he is replaced during absence by the vicar. The other officers are the procureur, who attends to secular business, the sale of the elixir, farm-produce, etc.; the coadjuteur, who receives strangers; the librarian, the sacristan.

"The exercise of superior authority is the only difference between the members of the body.

"We now commenced our survey of the building. On the ground-floor of this part of it are the rooms used for refectories for strangers; and by the side of them the cells for visitors remaining the night. These rooms are called the halls of Burgundy, Aquitaine, Germany and Italy. Passing from these, under the guidance of the Brother, to the first floor, we noticed as we went some fine old wainscoting, and the copies of Le Sueur's pictures, now in the Louvre, illustrative of the life of St. Bruno. We reached the chapter-house, near which are the lodgings for the priors and generals of other houses, who may be summoned at any time to attend a chapter; and a similar room, called the *définitoire*, where business connected with the community is transacted.

"Round the chapter-house hang portraits of the generals of the Order, ranged in succession like the notabilities of any other confraternity; and at the end is an empty frame, to be filled one day with the portrait of the existing general. A marble statue of St. Bruno adorns the room—a work of no special merit; but a bust near of some ecclesiastic merits attention: it is of the approved type of lean, marked features, true to nature, and Donatello-like in execution.

"We were next introduced to the library, by far the most agreeable apartment in the building. We traversed the great gallery, where hang plans of all the Chartreuses in Europe, and reaching the room, found the floor of a somewhat higher level than the entrance-way, forming a sort of *perron*.

"The books were in many cases and in handsome modern bindings. No opinion can be formed of the value of a collection by a cursory survey; and the knowledge that, at the time of the Revolution, the rare and valuable MSS. of the Order had been removed to Grenoble, together with the modern air of the room, led one, perhaps, to think too slightly of its value. Our cicerone, however, informed us that the room was of older date than we supposed. The number of the books is about 6,000; and as the early rulers of the Order recommended the acquirement of books and the forming of collections, the number will doubtless increase.

"Leaving the library, we passed through some of the long corridors, one of which is more than 600 feet long, which connect the various parts of the building, and visited on our way two small chapels opening off from them. They were much decorated with church ornaments, recalling the manner of a chapel in the Ara Cœli at Rome of the middle period of Roman Catholic taste, less tawdry than the oldest arrangement, but quite untouched by the chastening hand of later days. There are, in all, three chapels—La Chapelle domestique ou de Famille, La Chapelle de St. Louis, La Chapelle des Morts.

"In the church there is nothing worthy of remark except a small amount of fine wood-carving, for which the monks of old were famed. The old altar has been removed to the cathedral at Grenoble; the choir of the church is reserved for the Fathers, a tribune in front of the altar for strangers, the lay-brothers and servants using the other parts of the building; prayers are said three times a day.

"The houses of the general and the superior officers are all together at one end of the monastery, each having a separate garden and terrace. These we did not see, nor were we shown any of the cells of the Fathers, of which there are more than fifty, thirty-five opening out from the great cloister, which forms a large square, and is lighted by 130 windows. We were told, however, that they consisted of three compartments—a study, a sleeping-room, and a workshop opening into a garden. The furniture is of the simplest kind: it comprises a shut-up bedstead, a small clock, chair, table, a few books, or materials for drawing or carving. The whitewashed walls are adorned by an engraving or two, or a drawing of some sacred subject.

"After the hours of prayer, the monks occupy themselves with carving, carpentering or work in the gardens attached to the cells; they are allowed to cut down small timber or underwood for firing, and they may also read, in addition to works of devotion, scientific books, histories, travels, etc.

"The cloisters and the cells, which are ranged beside them, occupy the whole of the second block of buildings, the lesser parallelogram; they are divided into three parallel courts, the middle one being the cemetery, from the centre of which rises a large stone cross. We had had a glimpse of this quiet spot as we passed along the cloistered galleries, dimly lighted by small arched windows, glazed and leaded, where the Fathers take their exercise, and where our footsteps and our voices echoed as if no other living souls were near.

"At last a door on our left admitted us to the small burial-place, the modest dimensions of which, with its simple, tranquil character, produce quite a different set of impressions from those aroused by a modern cemetery, with its army of tombstones and fortresses of mausoleums; even the quiet country churchyard is left behind by this secluded spot, and the pleasant impression thus made was enhanced, perhaps, by the change from the dark and silent passages to the outer air, not only fresher, but very much warmer than that of the interior.

"There was a new grave, the loose, friable earth of which covered the remains of the last general of the Order, who had died about a week before our visit.

"A rude cross of laths is placed for a short time over those recently buried; but when that is gone, there is nothing to mark the resting-place of each monk but tradition or memory of those who may have won a special claim to be remembered by their companions. The names they bore in the world ceased to be theirs when they entered those walls, and the simple ones used in the cloister soon pass into oblivion.

"The cemetery of the Chartreuse may not be a cheerful spot, but it scarcely struck us as one calculated to produce the mournful impression that comes over one in similar places. Whether it is, as it were, the absence of any world to regret, or the quiet, monotonous life led by the Carthusians, of which death may be regarded as only a continuation—whatever the cause, the contrast here between the abodes of the living and those of the dead seemed shorn

of its terrors, and we felt rather disposed to linger and listen to the splashing of water in the fountains, and to gaze into the blue vault of heaven above this last home of the Order.

"Nevertheless, our walk, though indoors, had been long; time was getting on; and perhaps as a preparation for our own meal, we were taken to the monks' refectory.

"The morrow was a fête-day, but my memory does not serve me to say what preparations were made for the general repast. The cups on the marble table and the sparse utensils, though plainly laid out, were not devoid of order, color and arrangement, and their simple lines and curves forcibly brought to mind the pictures of the Old Masters representing the less elaborate repasts of this kind.

"The circuit was over, and the *frère* led us to the guests' refreshment-room, where preparations for regaling us were already commenced. Here he took his leave, and was replaced by a servitor of anything but lean proportions, dressed in a sort of blouse, and having in his hand a case of *à la mode des restaurants*, containing hot dishes, a first-rate omelette, trout capitally cooked, preceded by vegetable-soup, and followed by salad, bread, butter, dried fruits, etc., not forgetting the excellent *ordinaire* and the *petits verres* of Chartreuse as a parting *bonne bouche*.

"Our party at dinner was increased by a visitor who had spent the previous night there; and he told us that although the convent was terribly cold, the good monks had given him plenty of blankets and a comfortable bed; so that he had nothing to complain of, except the absence of his coffee, which, as the Fathers esteem it a luxury, is not allowed within the walls.

"Before taking leave, we purchased a small bottle of the liqueur, which is sold in flasks from a franc upward. Their revenues depend much on the sale of this cordial; the sums charged for board and lodging only just cover the expenses of the visitors. Still, we suspect that the Order is richer than is supposed, or how could it construct the pile of buildings now nearly complete at Cowfold, in Sussex, destined, we are told, to receive seventy monks, and having beneath an immense range of cellarage? Is it a commercial undertaking on the part of the good Brothers? Is the English house to be the great depot for their liqueur, or are the interests of religion and Rome alone the sources of the movement? Time will show."

It has been said that the Grande Chartreuse is to be given up. One cannot believe that the monks will desert the cradle of their Order, the first hermitage of the pious Bruno; and how tame, even though peaceful, will the Sussex downs appear after the majestic beauties of one of the grandest gorges in Europe! There is no company like the company of Nature in her mountain moods, lovely and delightful, whether in sunshine or in storm; so varying, yet so stable; so young and fresh, though old as time; surely the vow of silence could not have been endured, if there had not been Nature to converse with. We felt all this, as, driving rapidly downhill that lovely evening to St. Laurent, the mood of each seemed rather to gaze than to talk.

It had been a pleasant day, and the excellent dinner at the Hotel de l'Europe did not diminish the impression left upon us.

We saw the Chartreuse in the bright and lovely Springtime, it is true, and our reminiscences may thus take the sunny hue of Nature's mood; but on looking back, the life of these silent recluses does not seem so dreary as we had before painted it to ourselves.

Their days are full of occupation, some intellectual, some practical. They visit the sick, preach in the neighboring churches, superintend the repairs, the building, farming, and wood-cutting; and not unfrequently a white-robed Father may be seen studying in the library at Grenoble, examining coins, or the natural-history collections of the Musée.

Most of the fathers are of gentle birth; many have passed a youth of turbulence or labor in the world; they know well, therefore, what they have renounced and what they have to regret. There are no longings, no aspirations for scenes that only seem fair when far off and unknown.

The life they lead—the giving up their own wills absolutely, the parceling out every hour of the night as well as day in one monotonous round of sleep, labor, and prayer, together with the severe regimen practiced—has brought body and will into subjection, and given to some at least what they had perhaps vainly sought in the world when its excitements and emotions were exhausted—namely, *mental peace*. They have cast off the responsibilities of action, merged their individuality into a body; the end is gained, and that is all the Giaour of Byron's tale craved, when he exclaimed:

> "Yet lurks a wish within my breast
> For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest!"

## TAME ROBIN REDBREASTS.

At Durie Foundry, Leven, in Fifeshire, Scotland, a pair of redbreasts have built their nest close upon the outlet of a blast-furnace, and, despite the clank of hammers and the stir caused by the workmen, the birds seem quite at "hame." The process of incubation advances. At Kinglassie, also in Fifeshire, a pair of the same have constructed their nest inside the sleeve of a laborer's coat, hung up on the branch of a tree. Out of regard to the birds, the coat is left in the wood, so that the workings of the redbreasts be not frustrated.

A robin which has frequented an engineer's yard in Kelso all Winter, has built a nest, which, on being lately examined, was found to contain five eggs. The nest is built in the roof of a shed in which a sawmill is almost constantly in operation, and though the workmen attending the saw are moving about immediately underneath the nest on which the birds are sitting, they never seem disturbed, but fly out and in without showing any signs of fear. There are innumerable instances of the robin's familiarity with man during the Winter, but cases of a like nature in Spring and Summer are very rare indeed.

## THE DAY WITHOUT A MORROW.

The moonlight, like the glory of a pallid day, shone down on an Alpine ridge and cleft, where the pines fringed it, and waved about in the night-wind like funeral plumes. The snow-peaks grew silvery in the splendor; the soft rose-flushes were gone; the heart of the everlasting hills was cold and dead. The mountain gorges lay below, vast, unfathomable, awful. Now and then a wind swept down a silvery dust of snow into their black depths. Near by lay meadows, green and luscious with midsummer verdure, and the picturesque Swiss châlets scattered here and there, as if thrown out of a toy-box. One of them had fallen half-way up one of the smaller mountains. A ragged pine stood over it as sentinel, and round it lay a pretty little garden, and there was a cold spring of water that glistened in the light, clear as crystal. Although the snows made eternal Winter above, there was Summer here. The grape-vines climbed to the low windows, and pushed in their treasures of purpling grapes. Roses scattered their pink

snow over the grass, and some tall, white July lilies stood up, pure as if wrought from a snow-wreath.

There was a light twinkling at that casement, and a traveler from another land, who had started on a tour up the mountain, paused a moment there to look at the picture within.

There was a young girl there, or perhaps Philip South would not have lingered long. He was something of an artist, and it pleased him to see the trickle of light that gleamed on the girl's hair—the pale-gold, closely-braided hair which one sees so often in Switzerland. But what riveted his eyes was the passion, the intensity of the face, pale as a Scandinavian girl's, pure as if wrought from the snow of the everlasting hills. There seemed a subtle fire, a contained passion, beneath. It burned in her blue eyes like the spark in the opal. Some bitterness had tainted the sweet waters of youth, some gall or wormwood of circumstance had poisoned her cup.

There was an elderly woman there—the girl's mother—who spun on silently; two young men, one of whom read, or seemed to read, though his eyes roamed from his book, and looked bloodshot. The other gazed moodily at the girl.

This was the picture—a family group, Philip decided—and he began, in true artist fashion, to conjecture the history, the thoughts, the sorrows and hopes of these people. They were poor—painfully poor, he saw, by many tokens—yet not common peasants. The girl wore none of the silver chains with which the village maidens decked themselves, and there was a refinement in her face, as well as her mother's.

"I should like to draw that face," the young man thought; and he began to conjecture about the possibility of delaying his tramp till to-morrow.

Just then a step in the distance startled him. He must not be caught looking into a peasant's windows, however much he longed to study "folk-life" for his "views afoot."

He drew back to the shelter of one of the old pines near. How balmy the night was, with a spicy breath in the air from the aromatic trees! Under his feet the gentian starred the grass; overhanging him were the silver-crested peaks. An unaccustomed sense of the sweetness of being filled his breast. Life and its burdens "seemed touched and turned to finest air."

But the step drew nearer. Another young man seemed attracted by the lighted window. The full splendor of the moonlight showed his face and figure. A handsome fellow, in a hunting-dress, with haughty, high-bred features, a self-indulgent mouth, fair hair and golden moustache. He only gave a hasty glance and then moved away, as a little clock within struck the hour of nine.

Philip was somewhat surprised the next moment to see the cottage-door open, and the young girl come out.

The newcomer went forward with ardor.

"My angel," he said, in German, "I come for my answer. Is it 'Yes'?"

The girl drew back and cast a frightened look around.

"Herr Baron!"

A CURIOUS NEST IN AN OLD COAT.—SEE PAGE 687.

THE DAY WITHOUT A MORROW.—"THE FROZEN TIDE SWEPT LIKE A REMORSELESS SEA OVER THE HOUSE AND ITS SLEEPERS."—SEE PAGE 687.

"Call me Gustave!" he cried, impetuously. "I am Gustave, to you!"

"I cannot forget," the girl went on, simply, "the difference between us, and I think you do not. I think you are mindful of your rank, even when you talk of love."

"Constance," he said, reproachfully, taking her hand, "you are very cold to me to-night. How have I deserved it?"

Philip could see her raise her intense blue eyes to her lover's face. He could almost see the sudden flush come into her cheek, and he heard her say:

"I wish I were as cold to you as the eternal snows on the mountain-tops yonder," with a passionate bitterness which made his heart throb with sympathy.

Gustave paused a moment. Well he knew the thoughts which were surging through the girl's brain at that moment. He was a nobleman, and she far below him. His love was not pure enough, or noble enough, to think of ennobling her—of raising her to the dignity of wife. He cared for her as he had never cared for a woman before. He knew she was pure as a snowdrift, but his love was the passion of a voluptuary, cruel as the grave. But he knew the nature he had to deal with, and he studied his words now. He had a mournfully musical voice as he answered:

"My darling, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. You recognize these—these social barriers, and they trouble you. They do not trouble me. What do we care for the world and its opinions? We are our own world. We will go together and make a new Eden for ourselves, better than the old one. I have a pretty little hunting-lodge among the Bavarian Alps."

"Oh, no mountains!" cried the girl. "I could not go among the mountains, so high, so pure, so full of memories of my childhood!"

"But, my dear, are you so happy here, starving on a pittance, everything about you so coarse and unrefined,

when you were made for the lilies and roses of life? Think of your destiny if you refuse my love—to stitch yourself to death over other women's finery at Madame Sonnenthaler's, instead of decking yourself in lovely things."

"Hush, Gustave!" cried the girl. "If I go with you it is because I love you, nothing else. Give me no more unworthy motive for throwing myself away."

"We will go to Italy, my love!" cried the man, soothingly. "It will be cool enough already by Lake Como. Think of that gem of a lake! I longed to settle down by it the very first time I saw it, and with you, ah——"

"It will break my mother's heart," Constance said, gloomily.

"Oh, she has her boys, and you can write that you are well and happy; say secretly married, if you like."

"Gustave, can I lie to my mother?" indignantly interrupted the girl.

"It would be excusable; merely to make her mind easy. Trust me, after the first surprise she will reconcile herself. You must leave her, you say; leave her, then, for my arms, my eternal love, instead of going as a bondwoman to a *modiste*. Oh, can you pause a moment, my darling?"

The last words seemed to conquer any remaining scruples of the girl. She covered her face with her hands, and something like a sob reached Philip's ears. Then her lover clasped her in his arms, covered her face and hands with kisses, murmuring:

"To-morrow night, then, at this hour, I will be here. Oh, my angel, how blessed you make me!"

The girl timidly raised her head.

"You had better go now. I am afraid of my brother—of Jean. If he knew, he would kill me, or you."

"Ah, but he shall not know!" Gustave answered, gayly.

"Perhaps I imagine it, but he has given me dark looks lately. I cannot meet his eye."

"Poor little frightened bird!" answered Gustave. "I will take you away from it all to a sunny nest. To-morrow, is it, sweetest? Good-by."

And with more kisses he was gone. The girl waited a moment, and then went back into the house.

As she lingered, Philip longed to rush out of his concealment to beg her to pause a moment, to think, to resist the subtle tempter, but he dared not. At all events, he resolved to spend the night at the little cottage, if he could. Perhaps some word might come to him—some chance word, which would arrest the victim before the sacrifice.

While he thought, the door once more opened, and the two young men came out. One walked up and down restlessly; the other stood staring at the heavens.

"Are you moonstruck, Heinrich?" said the restless one, suddenly stopping.

"No; I am taking a farewell of all, Jean."

"What! going?"

"Yes; going at last. I should madden here. What is there but the lowest drudgery for us? I am going to Paris to study art."

"But the money, Heinrich?"

A dark cloud passed over the other's face, and he was silent a moment.

"The money I shall beg, borrow or steal!" he answered, harshly.

His brother looked at him curiously.

"Why, Heinrich, old boy, I do not know you to-night, there is such a defiant look about you. You look exactly as if you had had a tussle with somebody, hand-to-hand."

"Maybe I have," the other answered, with a strange laugh. "Fate has always been against me; now I am going to conquer Fate. I go to-morrow, and I shall not come back till I am somebody."

"And the mother?"

"Oh, I shall have no good-byes," the other said, evidently hardening himself. "Tears from her have melted my purpose before, and may again. I leave the dear mother to you, Jean."

"And Constance? Have you noticed the young man who has been haunting her path? Yes; I must stay. My sister shall not be left unaided. I have been on the watch. Because he is noble, I suppose he thinks he has a right to pluck all the pretty wayside flowers. Curse him! if I find he means dishonor, I would stab him to the heart; and to-morrow I will know."

"Why to-morrow?" asked the other.

"Because, just a few moments ago he was here. I missed Constance, but did not follow; only I saw in the clear moonlight two figures, and I caught just one word as I strained my ears to listen."

"And that word?"

"Was 'To-morrow.' So, when you are making your way into new adventures, think of me here, watching and waiting. If—if I kill him, I must fly. Perhaps you will see me then in that wonderful Paris. A good place to lose oneself in, they say."

"There; mother has stopped spinning," Heinrich answered. "We had better go in."

And Philip did not wait long then, for he feared the little cottage might be closed. So, after giving enough time not to appear to follow too closely, he tapped at the door.

One of the young men opened it. Philip's dress and appearance betokened a traveler, and he was politely greeted.

"I find I have been walking too much," he said, with a pleasant smile. "We pedestrians are apt to overdo the matter, for it's like intoxicating drink to one at first. So, if you will only let me have a blanket for the night, I will not ask for a bed."

Frau Herder, with a real courtesy, simply bade him welcome, and brought out some goat's-milk cheese and bread for his refreshment, spite of his remonstrance.

Constance, after the word of greeting, sat silent, her blue eyes dreamy, as if in thought she followed her worthless lover; a look of pain, too, on her face, as if she could not give up innocence and purity without a pang which would mar her whole life.

The two young men looked at the stranger with kindling interest.

"American!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Ah, that is the land. There one has a chance. I shall go to America some day. Here everything is crowded. I shall not carve wood all my life. I shall be a real artist."

"Yes, there is a chance for all of us," Philip answered, heartily; "but the very worst trade with us is that of an artist. Our people are too utilitarian. Invent a patent shaving-soap, or a reversible pie-board, and you may make a fortune. Paint signs, even, and you can live; but pictures—you will starve on them. I am something of a dauber myself, and I know."

Heinrich's face fell.

"Paris, then, is better; but I shall see the New World some time, for all that," he murmured.

"And the fraulein?—her home here is too dear, perhaps, for her to have that wish," Philip ventured to say, with a glance at Constance's preoccupied face.

A sudden flush told him that she remembered her pur-

pose of deserting that sheltered and innocent home. She only bowed, for her lips seemed to refuse to form themselves into words.

"A home with a mother! that should indeed be dear to every daughter's heart. The sons go out into the noisy world of strife; the daughters can remain in that sweet shelter of peace and love. There is no other love like it. My mother is dead," he went on, half in apology, "and as I looked at her white, still face in the coffin, I felt glad that I had never brought a tear into those eyes."

Frau Herder looked kindly at the young man as he spoke, and Constance cast a half-frightened, half-questioning glance at him, as if he were some stray young seer who had suddenly appeared to lay bare the inmost thoughts and intents of her heart.

After a somewhat longer talk, the stranger was shown to a little room—bare, indeed, but neat—with a snowy curtain and pure white bed. He drew the curtain aside, for the strange beauty of the night enthralled him, and, though weary, he did not feel like sleep.

What a wonderful scene! Every snowy peak holding up in eternal silence its white crown, and over all the blue sky for a dome. He saw before him, clearly, the road he was to travel on the morrow—how it led up, up by the steep precipice, by the mountain gorge among the dark pines, by walls of rock where mountain streamlets glittered, to the eternal sea of ice. A strange sense of the greatness of God came over him as he looked at His magnificent creation.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" came into his mind. He felt like an atom, a speck on this great world. If God should forget him, what wonder? But then other words of Holy Writ echoed through his brain: "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without my Father. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" If so, God would care for His own—for this young girl who was trembling on the brink of a great sin, who was letting the white robe of her purity slip away from her like a worn-out garment; of this youth who held that vengeance was his; of this young man who dreamed of helping himself to fame by questionable means. God read all their hearts. He who held the destinies of nations in His hands, held also the tangled web of human life. He knew each thread. He could work out His own pattern. And with an ineffable sense of relief, Philip South, in thinking these things, fell asleep.

Constance was looking on the same scene, in bitterness of heart. Why must she choose on the morrow? Why had God made her so low and her lover so high? Why had she ever met him? But there was nothing else to do. She could not give him up. She shuddered at the thought of life without him. She could not look forward without a pang to what life would be with him. She remembered her father and his strict notions. Was it not enough to make him rise from his grave if he knew that his darling was choosing dishonor for her portion? At the thought a strange chill pervaded the air. Her vague fears, like the wand of a magician, had called up the phantom. Coldly the wind from the charnel-house swept over her face. Once more that face, severely kind, shone on her, but there was a terrible look in the great, cavernous eyes—a threatening in the gesture of the skinny hand. Half-fainting, she covered her face, and when she looked up it was gone. Her mother slept peacefully. The white curtain only swayed in the soft night-air. How still it was! as if the very heavens were leaning down to hear her thoughts, so she was afraid to think. She crept shuddering into bed, and tried to shut out thought.

Heinrich and Jean were together in the next room. Heinrich sat moodily by the table, where he had gathered together his few belongings; pitiably few they seemed, but he sat there long after his brother slept, and then took from his leathern pocketbook a scrap of paper, and looked at it furtively. Let us look at it, too. It is a forged check on a bank in Berne for five hundred francs, and his hands shake as he holds it! Never before had he been so tempted. His whole life seemed marred for the want of this one chance, and the future was full of dazzling dreams. It had seemed a small thing. He could make restitution some day, but still he stared with horror-struck eyes at the paper, as if it were a bond with Satan, and he had signed his soul away upon it.

But then, it opened the door of the world to him—the door of fortune, perhaps, or fame, for nothing was too great for this young dreamer. He did not think that he had opened, too, the door of his heart to sin, that thenceforth all unclean things could enter and make their home there. He knew that he had ceased to pray since he had written it; that the bit of white paper had built up a wall between his soul and God.

"To-morrow," he murmured; and his dreams of the future passed into dreams of the night.

Jean slept heavily. All the night before his anger had kept him awake; now his purpose was fixed, and he slept. He would save his sister from shame if he died in the attempt. It would be a noble death to die, but he hoped he might first strike the breath of life out of the dastard soul who fancied his patent of nobility a warrant for the most ignoble deeds. To be sure, he had heard somewhere the time-worn words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," but he cast away such figments of faith impatiently. "The mills of the gods grind slowly." They were too slow for him; he would revenge himself. So he said, with clinched fist and shut teeth, as he laid himself to sleep, "To-morrow!"

The moon sailed majestically on her way upon that tideless sea. The mountains, fixed and eternal, held up their snow-crowned heads; a little wind shivered among the dark pines, then swelled a little and moaned about the lonely house. Then suddenly, with ponderous roar and reverberation, as of cannon, came down the avalanche, that thunderbolt of snow! In a moment the echoes died away, but the frozen tide had swept like a remorseless sea over the house and its sleepers. God, reaching down from starry spheres, had saved them from themselves. Death, kinder than Life, had given them peace. Yet they had sinned in will, you say. Ah, who shall measure the forgiveness of God?

Over the desolation, the white calm of that frozen sea, a silence brooded for a while. Then anxious neighbors gathered about, and the work among the *débris* commenced. First was discovered the body of Frau Herder.

"*Ach, mein Gott!* the good mother!" cried one. "How peaceful her face is! I have not seen that look upon it since her good man died, five years ago."

Yes, there she lay, younger-looking than she had been the night before; peaceful as if death had been a welcome messenger; as if she had most willingly dropped the burdens of her toilsome life, and passed over the sea of ice into the sunshine of God's face for ever.

And Constance, still pure, preserved from the weakness of her own will, the fatal fondness of her own heart, came next. Like a broken lily she lay there, and many tears fell at the sight; for no one but the angels knew how much better was death than life for her—how much better death than shame.

And then the two brothers—near together were they found; Heinrich, who had taken a longer journey than he

had planned, where no forged check was needed as a passport; Jean, who had dreamed his dream of vengeance, but had passed with unstained hands into his Maker's presence, saved from the guilt of blood.

And Philip—what shall we say of him? His journey was ended; no new country to be explored now. or, rather—

> "Instead of any upon earth,
> The civic heavens receive him."

That better country! He had entered through the gates of the New Jerusalem, instead of the mountain passes—the golden streets—the river of life. Instead of the mountains, he had gone to Summer high in bliss upon the hills of God!

So, for each of them, the day had been without a morrow.

FLYING FROM THE AVALANCHE.

He who would proceed too fast is liable to take very false steps. It matters not at what time, but on what terms, a negotiation is concluded. It is much better to finish matters later than to ruin them by precipitation; and it often happens that we even delay, by our impatience, that which we were too anxious to push forward.

## A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the War of American Independence no man took a bolder stand on behalf of the revolted Colonies than the Reverend James Caldwell, the "soldier-parson" of New Jersey.

He was a native of Virginia, and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown (now Elizabeth) in 1761. From the inception of the struggle for independence Mr. Caldwell took a very active part, and became the special object of hatred to the Tories in New York and New Jersey.

He served as chaplain in Colonel Dayton's regiment of the New Jersey Brigade, and was at all times prominent for his bold patriotism and fervent zeal for his country's cause.

The murder of Mrs. Caldwell by a British soldier, and the assassination of her husband, a few months later, by a soldier of the Continental Army, form a double tragedy of painful yet thrilling interest.

The circumstances of the murder of Mrs. Caldwell, an act of fiendish barbarity that has few parallels in civilized warfare, were as follows: On June 6th, 1780, a force of six thousand British troops left New York and landed during that night and the following morning at Elizabethtown Point, intending to surprise the American force at Short Hills, and if successful, to push on to Morristown and attack Washington's camp at that place.

After a slight skirmish in the streets of Elizabethtown, during which the British general, Stirling, received a wound from which he afterward died, the invading column advanced toward Short Hills.

News of the landing of the British troops had been sent with all speed to the signal-post on Prospect Hill, in the rear of Springfield; the signal-gun was fired and the tar-barrel blazed up, rousing all the country round.

In the American camp at Morristown the rattle of drums and the sharp notes of the bugle called "to arms," and the troops were speedily on the march to meet the enemy.

In the meantime the militia had assembled from all quarters, and, joining Colonel Dayton's detachment, which had fallen back from Elizabethtown, with the remainder of the brigade under General Maxwell, presented a stubborn resistance to the foe.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"MRS. CALDWELL ROSE FROM HER SEAT TO LOOK OUT, WHEN THE SOLDIER FIRED HIS MUSKET AT HER THROUGH THE WINDOW."

A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"MR. CALDWELL DISTRIBUTING PSALM-BOOKS FOR WADDING, AND SHOUTING, 'NOW, PUT WATTS INTO THEM, BOYS! GIVE 'EM WATTS!'"

By continual skirmishing the British advance was much retarded, and finally checked at a point just beyond the village of Connecticut Farms.

During the afternoon this hastily gathered and undisciplined handful of Continentals, militia and farmers boldly attacked the British regulars and drove them back for some distance; but on the British bringing up fifteen hundred fresh troops the Americans were compelled to retire to their former position.

The British commander, however, soon learned that Washington had occupied with his entire force the strong position at Short Hills, and he at once determined to retreat.

The village of Connecticut Farms was then given up to pillage. After the dwellings had been thoroughly ransacked they were given to the flames. The church edifice shared the same fate.

The British commenced their retreat about ten o'clock the same evening, during a violent thunder-storm; but, despite the severity of the weather, the militia followed and harassed the retreating column until it reached the shore of Staten Island Sound. The total loss of the British was about two hundred men; that of the Americans, seventy-three.

It was during the sack of the village that Mrs. Caldwell was murdered in the parsonage then occupied by the minister's family. On the arrival of the Royal troops, Mrs. Caldwell, at their demand, provided refreshments for the officers, and when they left the house she retired, with her housekeeper and children, to a back room, for security against stray shots, should the contending forces become engaged near the house. The servant who had accompanied her to this apartment, on looking out of the window, told her mistress that a red-coat soldier had jumped over the fence, and was approaching the window with a gun. Mrs. Caldwell rose from her seat to look out, when the soldier fired his musket at her through the window. She was shot through the breast, and instantly expired. The brutal soldiery fired the house, and it was with difficulty that her horror-stricken friends obtained permission to remove her body before the house was consumed.

This shameful deed raised a storm of passionate indignation that added not a little to the hatred with which the troops of King George were ever regarded in this locality.

A few days later, on June 23d, the British made a second attempt to capture the American post at Short Hills, no less a person than Sir Henry Clinton commanding the expedition. Advancing in two columns, the British force reached Springfield, where the Americans made a stand, and a sharp contest ensued.

It is related that Mr. Caldwell showed the utmost ardor in the fight, as if he would avenge himself for the murder of his beloved wife, and when the men of his regiment had exhausted their supply of wadding for their muskets, he ran to the Presbyterian Church near by, and returned with an armful of psalm-books, which he distributed among the men, shouting, "Now put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!"

Although the Provincials—being much inferior in numbers to the British—were at first compelled to give ground, they rallied in ever-increasing numbers, and the Royal troops were again forced to retreat. In passing through Springfield they plundered and burned it, but were pursued by the militia to their entrenchments at Elizabethtown Point, suffering severely from the incessant skirmishing. The total loss of the Royal troops in this "expedition to the Jerseys," as it was called, was not less than five hundred killed, wounded and missing

After the death of his wife, Mr. Caldwell continued in the discharge of his various duties—now as pastor, now as soldier—until the 24th of November, 1781, when he was assassinated by a Continental soldier at the landing at Elizabethtown Point.

Mr. Caldwell had gone to the Point, on the arrival of the flag-of-truce boat from New York, to meet a young lady expected to arrive on a visit to her sister, one of his congregation. What then occurred is thus stated by the *New Jersey Gazette* of December 12th, 1781:

"When he arrived there, the officer then commanding the post at Elizabethtown, being on board the flag-sloop, asked him whether he would go on board. He then stepped on board of the sloop, and was informed that the young lady had already gone to the town. Being about to return, a person in the sloop asked him whether he would take a small parcel tied up in a handkerchief. Mr. Caldwell consented to take it went on shore, and was driving off, when a soldier stepped up to him and said: 'I must see if you have seizable goods in that bundle!' Mr. Caldwell then asked the soldier if he would suffer him to return the bundle to the sloop. To this request the soldier readily agreeing, Mr. Caldwell took the bundle, and was stepping on board the sloop to return it, when the murderer, who was on the quarter-deck and within about two yards of him, said, 'Damn you, stop!' Mr. Caldwell instantly stopped, and immediately on his stopping the soldier presented his musket and shot him. He fell down and instantly expired, without a groan."

The murderer was an Irishman, named Morgan, one of the "twelve months' men" of the American army, and seems to have been a man of bad reputation. He was at once secured and delivered to the civil authorities.

Mr. Caldwell's funeral took place on November 17th, 1781. All business was suspended, and the entire population of the town gathered—a grief-stricken and tearful multitude—around the body of their beloved pastor.

After all had been given an opportunity to view the corpse, and before the coffin was closed, Dr. Boudinot came forward, leading the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, now doubly orphaned, and, placing them around the bier of their parent, made an address of surpassing pathos to the multitude in their behalf.

The people were deeply moved by his words, and when he concluded several of the most prominent citizens stepped forward and formally adopted the bereaved little ones.

It was an hour of deep and powerful emotion, and, as the sad procession moved slowly to the grave, tears were in many eyes unused to weep.

Morgan, the dastardly assassin, was tried at Westfield, New Jersey, on January 24th, 1782; found guilty of willful murder; and hung on January 29th, at the same place. The scene of his execution still bears the name of Gallows Hill.

It was generally affirmed at the time that the murderer had been bribed by the British to commit the crime, and this belief is widespread among the people of Union County to this day. No evidence, however, of the truth of this charge has ever been adduced, and it is scarcely credible that such could have been the case.

Mr. Caldwell was laid by the side of his murdered wife, and a plain marble slab, with an appropriate inscription, was raised above them. In 1845 this was replaced by a costly and elegant monument, which still serves to perpetuate the memory of these martyrs to their country's freedom.

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# CLOTH OF GOLD AND CLOTH OF FRIEZE.

"Cloth of gold, do not despise
If thou art wed to cloth of frieze;
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold
If thou art wed to cloth of gold."

A YOUNG man, in a round shooting-jacket, wide felt hat, and heavy nailed boots intended for marching over the plowed fields in search of the brown, gold-tinted pheasants, stood under an old beech, the leaves of which fluttered down on him, as a gentle wind stirred its great branches, for it was the first week in October. His gun rested against the trunk of the tree, a bag, partially filled with game, lay at his feet, and a couple of dogs moved restlessly about, smelling out lively squirrels, and poking their noses into the decayed trunks of trees, suspicious of lurking foes.

Standing directly before him was a young woman, clad in a stuff gown of a sober brown hue, relieved only by a linen collar, fastened with a bow of cheap blue ribbon. She held in her hand a wide hat of coarse country straw, and her face, gravely attentive, was turned to that of her companion, who was speaking earnestly, though calmly.

"You know, Eleanor," he was saying, "I have now no one to consult but myself; and I believe, calmly and dispassionately, that in making this proposal, I am securing my own happiness—of course, dependent on your answer."

He paused, and looked at her with a grave kindliness, which would have become a far older man. There was little of the ardor of a youthful lover in the glance, and his eyes met hers with a searching clearness in their brown depths.

Hers were not untroubled as they returned his gaze. A momentary look of exceeding bitterness swept across her face.

"Had your mother lived," she said, in a hard voice, "you would never have asked me to become the lady of Abbevford."

"No," he said, honestly, while a shade of intense sad-

ness crossed his thoughtful countenance. "Pardon me, Eleanor, if I wound you; but while my mother lived, I found her companionship sufficient. Now, I am completely alone, save for distant and unvalued relations. In your face and mind I see much to remind me of my beloved mother, and I have implicit faith in the purity of your soul."

"Yet, Raymond, I am but the daughter of your gamekeeper," returned the girl, half sadly; "and am neither by education or birth entitled to the position you would raise me to."

Raymond of Abbeyford took the girl's hands in his.

"Leave the arranging of those questions to me, child," he said, smilingly. "Is your answer to my suit 'Yes,' or 'No'?"

"Yes," she said, softly; and, as she spoke, the Autumn wind stirred the branches of the old beech with a mournful undertone, scattering the pale yellow leaves on the heads of the young people beneath, as, for the first time in his life, he drew Eleanor to his heart, and kissing her once, released her.

As Eleanor drew back from her lover's arms, a brawny, middle-aged man, in the velveteen jacket and leggings of a gamekeeper, emerged from a neighboring bypath.

A gun was over his shoulder, and a pointer-dog followed at his heels. His rugged face was pallid with anger, and it was evident that he had witnessed the embrace of the lovers.

"Well, lass," he said, as he paused before them, and fixed a stern glance on the calm countenance of Raymond, "hie home wi' ee; I've summat to say to t' squoire."

"You can have nothing to say to me for the future, Pendeal," said the young man, quietly, "from which Eleanor need be excluded, for I have just obtained her promise to become my wife."

Had the dog at his heels suddenly become a roaring lion, with jaws open to devour him, Pendeal's bronzed countenance could not have shown a more thunderstruck expression. He gazed blankly at Raymond, and then his eyes turned slowly on his daughter, as though seeking a further explanation. He evidently found it in the uncommon beauty of the girl, for he slowly remarked:

"Well, she *be* a rare one to look at, she be."

Raymond's face flushed very deeply.

"Eleanor is very lovely," he said; "but it is her beautiful heart and elevated mind which are her fascinations to me."

Pendeal glanced from one to the other thoughtfully, and ruminated deeply for a little time, during which Eleanor stood looking absently out over the gray landscape, and Raymond watched her observantly, and so lost himself in his gaze that at Pendeal's voice he started.

"Hearken to me, squoire, and thou, Nell; turn thy face hither, and mind my words!"

There was a look of straightforward candor and rough dignity about the man that impressed Raymond strongly.

"Now, look'ee 'ere," he continued, placing the butt of his gun on the ground, and leaning on it. "I must speak my mind on the business thou'st been about, squoire, and Nell—and this be's it: I think, squoire, that thou'st best bide a bit, and think it over. Nell, here, though a rare comely lass, is not in thy degree; she wunt be likely to settle into thy ways, or, if she do, thou'lt ever be thinking that it's not rale, but a kind of play-actin', and that'll make thee distrustful of her in thy heart; then she'll know what's rankling secretly betwixt ye, and she'll become disdainful of thy gold that bought her, and make thy heart sair as well as her own. Take heed, squoire and Nell, afore it's too late."

He looked anxiously at them both, and Raymond caught his brown, coarse hand in a warm grasp.

"Pendeal," he said, warmly, "I always admired your character, and your advice now, though founded on a wrong idea, increases my respect for you. Eleanor, tell your father that it is not my gold you are seeking."

Pendeal's eyes looked anxiously and sorrowfully on his daughter, who turned a shade paler, yet faced them both with a calm dignity very remarkable in one of her lowly origin.

"I can't say more or less than no," she said, gently. "It's not my way to say much, but I do now solemnly say that it is not your gold I'm seeking, Raymond."

The young man caught her hand in his.

"I believe you," he said; "and, Pendeal, do not judge so hardly of either of us. Time will show that the step we have decided on is the one most conducive to our happiness. I have full trust in my Eleanor."

Pendeal looked soberly on the ground, moving the rustling leaves with the butt of his gun.

"I hope thou'st roight, squoire an' Nell," he said; "but ye're both in your ways the pridiest pair I ever seed, an' it's not well for pride and pride to mate. Now, Nell, lass, if thou'dst chosen Ben Gwyllym ——"

"I am going home, father," interrupted Nell, shivering. "I've no cloak, and the wind's piercing up here. Good-by, Raymond."

"I wish, Pendeal," said Raymond, as Eleanor placed her hand on her father's arm, and turned away, "that you'd come up to me this evening; I have much to speak to you about."

Pendeal made a homely bow, and, whistling to his dog, went away with his daughter.

* * * * * * *

Eleanor was seated beside the hearth alone, save for the silent companionship of a superannuated deer-hound, who lay on the hearthstone, his huge head at her feet, and his dull eyes fixed sleepily but lovingly on the face of his young mistress.

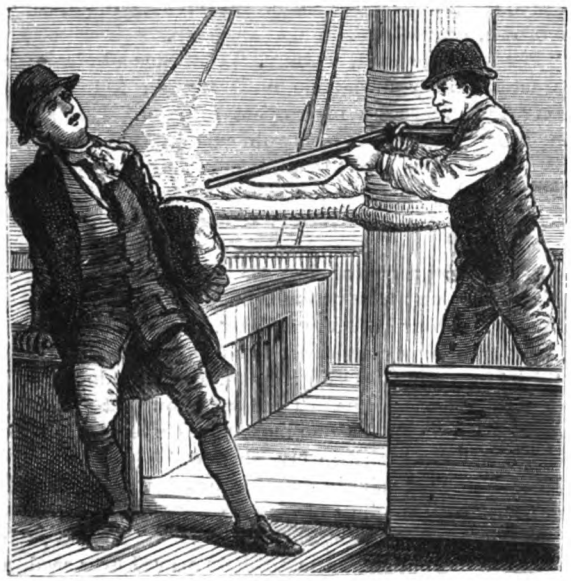
The room was just such an apartment as one sees in thousands of English cottages, and displayed no attempt at picturesque adorning, and no other refinement save that of the most scrupulous cleanliness and extreme neatness.

It was evident that her work was mechanically performed, and her deep, liquid black eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the leaping blaze. She looked, in the ruddy glow, more youthful than in the raw, gray tints of the Autumn afternoon, and her pliant, elegant figure had all the slender grace of seventeen. Her features were severely classical, and required only the very rosy glow lent by the fire to warm them into perfect beauty; for generally her face was singularly pale—a healthy pallor, however, which left the soft, firm skin purely pale, yet so sensitive to the hurrying to and fro of the young blood, that shadowy waves of color were constantly flitting over cheek, neck and brow, like the wavering, rosy mists of a Summer's morning. Her hands were long and fine in shape, but brown and hardened with continual labor.

This beautiful Eleanor of the classic brow and coronal of red-brown hair was a careful housewife, who wore a checked apron, and knitted long stockings for her father to wear with his rusty velveteen small-clothes.

She was "turning the heel" of such an article now, and bending closer to the blaze, in order the more clearly to discern her work, when over the crackling leaves outside came a heavy, firm step, which paused at the door, and roused Eleanor from her bending attitude with a start.

A rap on the panel of the door followed, and after a second's hesitation, she rose, and walked to it very slowly, and



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"THE SOLDIER PRESENTED HIS MUSKET AND SHOT MR. CALDWELL. HE FELL DOWN AND INSTANTLY EXPIRED, WITHOUT A GROAN."—SEE PAGE 693.

as one moves along a path leading to an undesired object; she let down the chain, drew back the bolt, and opened the door.

The firelight streaming from the open door, and sparkling through the tiny casement, could not enliven the dismal scene; but it found more success in the face of the young man who stood on the threshold, and its reflection danced in his bright blue eyes, and lighted little sparkles all over his curly, reddish beard and short, crisp hair.

His ruddy face beamed and glowed as he smiled down on the slender Eleanor, and he put out a muscular, mahogany-colored hand, into which, after an imperceptible hesitation, hers went, but freed itself again instantly.

"Is father in, Nell?" he queried, familiarly. "No! well, that's right; it's to *you* my visit is to-night, so I'll just come in, though you're not asking me very warmly." And with a laugh that proclaimed how humorous the ridiculous idea that his welcome was not cordial appeared to him, he took the door from Nell's unwilling fingers, and entered unbidden, closing it behind him.

In complete silence, Nell marched regally back to her straw-chair, and seated herself again, while her visitor drew a low settle to the blazing hearth, and throwing off his felt hat, ran his fingers through his curly hair, and glanced gayly up at Nell, whose nimble fingers were again busy with the stocking.

Her eyes were cast down until the long, curled lashes completely shaded them, and her fine lips were tightly compressed.

"Where's father, Nell?" queried the young man. "He don't often leave his snug corner o' nights."

"He's up with—that is, he had business at the abbey," replied Eleanor, quietly turning the stocking in her hand.

"Ha! that just brings me to what I came about. Do you know, Nell, squire has renewed the lease of the Gwyllym homestead at the old rent?"

"I'm sure I'm glad for your sake, Mr. Gwyllym," said Nell, stiffly. She had yet much to learn in the polite art of concealing her feelings. Gwyllym's blue eyes sparkled.

"If it's for my sake you're glad," he said, quickly, "why, I'm glad too; but, Nell, you know that though the old house has sheltered the Gwyllyms for over two hundred years, I'd turn my back on it to-morrow if you—if I hadn't the hope of seeing you mistress there some day."

He paused, breathless, and ruddier than ever, and cast an earnest glance at the beautiful face above him. Something he saw there made him rise to his feet, and simultaneously Nell stood up facing him.

She put out her hand, dropping the knitting on the floor with a curious gesture of entreaty and command.

"Stop!" she said, hurriedly. "I can't listen to you, Mr. Gwyllym, for this very day I have promised to marry another."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes, it's true," she answered, mechanically lifting her work from the floor, and resuming her seat; "and, remember, I broke no promise to you."

Her voice was drearily scornful, and she turned her eyes on the leaping blaze, away from his slowly paling face and startled glance.

"I can't believe it!" he burst forth, presently. "Why, Eleanor Pendea, had you no eyes in your soul that could see that I loved you better than my very life?"

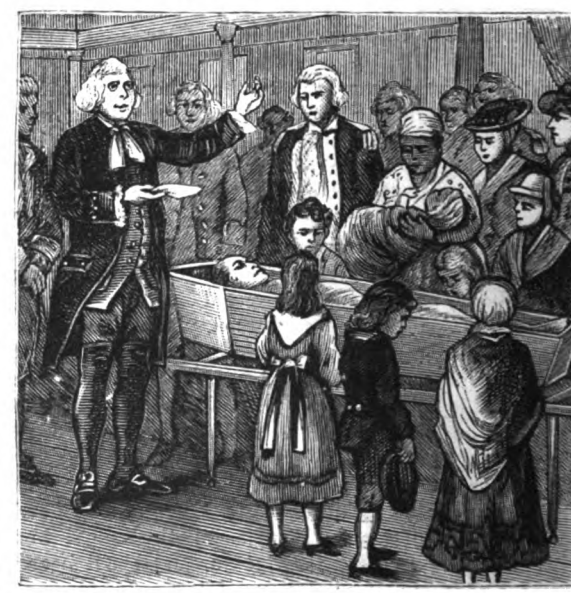
One of the sudden rushes of color peculiar to her dyed Nell's pale face.

"You never spoke," she said, passionately. "You followed me up and down, and people spoke our names together, and Sunday last, coming from church, I heard Bess Williams and young Tregarth saying that you were only trying to make a gazing-stock of me in the place, and that the sun'd turn in the sky before one of the proud Gwyllyms would condescend to marry a keeper's daughter."

She stopped, nearly strangled with the passionate sobs her fiery pride was keeping back, and closing her lips firmly, turned again toward the fire. For a few moments there was silence in the cottage, broken only by the loud chirp of the cricket, and during this pause, Gwyllym looked intently at the averted face of his companion. Then he spoke in the voice of a man faithfully endeavoring to suppress a painful emotion.

"I see, Nell," he said, "that the bright part of life is over for me; but I want you to remember this, that the reason I kept silent so long was only because there was such a sight of trouble about getting the lease renewed. You see, Mr. Newman, the agent, was dead against my having it, and without it I'd be but a very poor man, not able to marry for ——"

But here Nell interrupted him impetuously.



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"DOCTOR BOUDINOT ADDRESSED THE MULTITUDE IN BEHALF OF THE NINE NOW DOUBLY ORPHANED CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. CALDWELL."

CLOTH OF GOLD AND CLOTH OF FRIEZE.—"'PRAY BE CAREFUL,' URGED GWYLLYM, AS MRS. RAYMOND PREPARED TO GO DOWN. 'THE PATH IS SLIPPERY, AND ONE FALSE STEP——' 'HAS ALREADY BEEN TAKEN!' SAID A FURIOUS VOICE, CLOSE ON THEM."

"And what am I but a poor girl, only used to hard work and hard fare? and I'd have thought myself happier than the grandest lady in the land if you ——"

She stopped, and bit her fine lips until a drop of crimson fell on her trembling hand.

"I'm glad you've stopped, Nell," said young Gwyllym. "When you'd be the trusted, honored wife of another man, you'd be angry with yourself for having spoken the words that are in your heart. Dear Nell, I have only myself to blame for this blow, and I do hope and pray you'll be a happy woman yet; but you'll always do me justice, and remember why I put off speaking?"

Quite unable to reply, Nell glanced rapidly at him, and leant her forehead on her hand. Gwyllym went on:

"There's one thing I'd like you to tell me, and that is, who—who you are going to marry?"

"You'll know soon enough," said Eleanor; "'twould cut my heart to tell you. You'll know soon enough."

"I'm not so sure of that, for I'll be off at daybreak on my road to California. I always intended to go there if I didn't get the lease."

Nell lifted her head with a startled look in her dark eyes, and at the same moment the door opened, and Pendeal entered the cottage.

"Ha, Gwyllym," he said, as he took off his otter-skin cap, "thou here, lad!"

His honest, brown face and cheery voice were curiously sober, and he glanced from his daughter to her guest with inquiring gravity.

Gwyllym lifted his hat from the floor, where it had fallen, and twirled it in his fingers.

"Yes, I came to tell Nell and you that I'm off to California to-morrow, and to bid you good-by."

With that word "good-by," we will drop the curtain on the first part of the history of Eleanor Pendeal.

* * * * * * *

"How very romantic!" ejaculated Lady Frances Maur, leaning her blonde head luxuriously back on the down cushion of her chaise-lounge. "Really, mamma, it's quite a charming episode."

The still handsome cheek of the Duchess of Ivesbro' flushed a warm red.

"I don't agree with you, my dear. A man in your cousin's position has higher duties in life than simply pleasing himself. He owed it to his family to marry in his own rank."

"Our little Grace, for instance," said Lady Frances, sweetly; "it would have been a very nice match for her, dear child."

"Or yourself, Frances," said the duchess, innocently. "Indeed, I frequently thought that your *aplomb* and tact were just the very qualities Raymond would have required in a wife—he is so deficient in both himself, poor fellow."

"Mamma!" said Lady Frances, in a tone of soft reproach, "and I in mourning yet for Mr. Maur!"

The mourning consisted of a white muslin, with manifold ruches of violet ribbon, and jet bandeaux in the soft yellow hair of the widow of Mr. Maur.

The duchess put ten stitches in the banner-screen she was working before she resumed:

"Raymond says his wife is extremely lovely and accomplished. I wonder is she any relation of the Pendeals of Blackrock?—a very old family, though very much impoverished."

"I don't imagine it likely," returned Lady Frances; "but no matter who she is, I suppose we'll have to notice her, or cut Raymond altogether."

"Your papa would never allow that," said the duchess, quickly. "Raymond is the king of the county, and as he does not intend entering Parliament, he can return your brother Normanby. Oh, we must certainly be polite to this Pendeal girl."

"Imagine his keeping his marriage concealed for five years!" said Lady Frances, languidly. "I suppose the rough diamond was in course of polishing. Will you write, or shall I?"

"I think we ought both to do so. I do hope the girl isn't a pretty dowdy."

"Don't annoy yourself, mamma. We can reform her toilets when she comes under our influence. I wonder does she retain a secret longing for her primitive cloth of frieze?"

"I think we had better invite them a few days earlier than our other guests, in order that we may observe her style," said the duchess; "and I think, Frances, if old Lady Cacklethorpe is too curious concerning her, you had better say that you think she is a Pendeal of Blackrock. I shall go into the library now, and write my invitation to the Raymonds of Abbeyford."

The stately old lady sailed from the apartment, and Lady Frances was left to her reflections.

Lady Frances Maur was a fair, sleek young woman, slender, graceful and irreproachable in style, if not in feature. Her eyes were emerald, her nose aristocratic, and her lips small, flat and thin. She smiled as her mother left the pleasant, perfumed morning-room.

"Mrs. Raymond of Abbeyford," she said, very softly and sweetly, "you made a fatal, though unconscious, mistake in crossing the path of Frances Maur."

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There was a pleasant Christmas gathering at Ivesbro' Castle, to keep the festive season. The Raymonds of Abbeyford were there, and Lady Frances Maur, who, indeed, generally preferred the princely establishment of the duke to her own cottage at Richmond.

There were other guests expected—a millionaire who had made his fortune miraculously across the Atlantic and somehow got into society, and two or three men, fellow-soldiers of the duke's younger son, Lord Normanby, military lions, bringing home scars and laurels from the burning sands of India.

At present the sterner sex was represented only by the literary lions, and some half-dozen ineligible cousins and society-men, so Lady Frances was at liberty to rest on her oars and amuse herself.

It was after the eight-o'clock dinner, and the ladies of the party were gathered in the white drawing-room, endeavoring to while away the time until the appearance of the gentlemen. Only two of the party could be said to be thoroughly awake, and these were Lady Frances Maur and Mrs. Raymond. The latter sat by one of the double row of marble pillars.

She was altered just as much as one would have expected. Her bearing was more assured, and education and refinement of associations had increased the spiritual expression of her beauty. Her form was more developed, and the fine hands were now white as the snow lying outside.

Presently, rustling over the white velvet carpet—with its painted flowers scattered sparsely over it, glowing as though dropped from the hand of Summer herself—came Lady Frances, radiant in white satin and jet; and, wheeling a low chair to Mrs. Raymond's side, seated herself.

"You must be *ennuyée* to death," she said, fanning herself languidly. "However, if you are fond of music, you'll be charmed when Madame Goldenburgh sings, presently. Of course, you adore opera?"

"I have not yet visited the opera," said Mrs. Raymond. "I was at school in Paris until very lately."

"Yes, so Raymond told us. How romantic your marriage was! By-the-way, old Lady Cacklethorpe—that old lady dozing in the corner—tells me that she formerly knew your family, the Pendeals of Blackrock."

Mrs. Raymond raised her proud, dark eyes to the twinkling emeralds of Lady Frances.

"Lady Cacklethorpe is under some mistake. I never even heard of the family you mention," she said. "What a lovely engraving this is of Sebastian and Miranda!"

"Beautiful! But Lady Cacklethorpe will be so disappointed when she hears that you are not one of the Pendeals of Blackrock."

Mrs. Raymond closed the volume.

"I understood from my husband that he had informed you of my parentage," she said, so haughtily that the long green eyes of the widow opened in astonishment. "My father was a keeper on the Abbeyford estate, and my mother a farmer's daughter. Pray, take an early opportunity of enlightening Lady Cacklethorpe—or shall I?"

Lady Frances was put down.

"Not for worlds, Mrs. Raymond," she said, eagerly. "Your husband would be annoyed. Pray, take the advice of a friend, and do not disclaim the Blackrock connection."

A burning tide of color swept over Mrs. Raymond's face.

"Lady Frances," she said, coldly, "I have no cause to be ashamed of my parentage, neither shall I disclaim it—of that you may assure yourself."

Lady Frances shrugged her gleaming white shoulders, and rose from her seat. She patted Mrs. Raymond's white hand.

"I do so admire candor," she said; "I dote upon it, in fact; but consider, Eleanor—may I call you so?—how angry you may make Raymond by such a course."

"I cannot help it," said Eleanor, with spirit; and, shaking her finger archly at her, Lady Frances sailed away, leaving the young wife cold at heart, as she pondered over the words of her husband's cousin.

A satisfied smile played round the flat lips of Lady Frances as she thought, "The thin edge of the wedge! my dear Mrs. Raymond, on the word of a disappointed woman, you shan't be the *happy* mistress of Abbeyford."

As the drawing-room door opened to admit the gentlemen, Eleanor became aware that several faces she had not observed at dinner were amongst the group, and the pleased exclamation from the duchess, of "My dear Normanby!" told her that the strangers were the younger son and his friends. She looked at them curiously from her quiet corner. They were of the usual type of the young Englishman—rather tall, rather athletic, for the most part blonde, and extremely dignified and languid.

As the last of the group entered, she half-started from her chair, but reseated herself with a little bitter smile at her own folly; but though she said to herself how foolish she was, she could not turn her gaze from the lofty form of the newcomer, a bronzed man of some five-and-thirty, with a reddish-brown beard, and crisp curly hair. He made his way quietly to pay his respects to the duchess, who received him with much *empressement*, and immediately presented him to Lady Frances, who stood talking with him for some moments, with a faint pink dyeing her smooth cheeks and her light eyes glittering.

She dropped her fan, and he stooped, picked it up, and presented it to her with an air of easy grace; and still Mrs. Raymond sat and watched him with curious, troubled eyes, and a complete forgetfulness of her surroundings.

The room was lively enough now, with a subdued flutter and rustle, broken now and then by a silvery laugh. Presently Eleanor saw the newcomer offer his arm to Lady Frances and lead her to the harp to accompany Madame Goldenburgh, who was about to sing; and after seating her at the instrument, he came toward the spot where Mrs. Raymond was sitting partially hidden by the pillar.

"Eleanor!" he said, in a low, deep voice.

Like one dreaming, the young woman stretched her hand out to him, and then suddenly dropped it on her lap again. She pointed to the chair Lady Frances had vacated, and obeying the gesture, he seated himself beside her; and thus, after the lapse of years, Eleanor Raymond and Gwyllym met.

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"I wonder *why* it is," soliloquized Lady Frances, as, after dismissing her maid, she stood before the cheval-glass in her drawing-room, and then surveyed herself with critical eyes, "that I quite fail to attract this Gwyllym? I make no more impression on him than the blow of my glove would on a rock. He seems perfectly obtuse to the fact that he might ally himself with one of the noblest Houses in England, *parvenu* though he be. I really can't understand it. There must be some counter influence at work. But there is the dinner-bell!"

She cast a last scrutinizing glance at her radiant form, the faint *rouge* on her smooth cheeks lending a brighter sparkle to her glittering eyes, and the sombre drapery of her black lace dress enhancing the extreme whiteness of her fine neck and wieldy, sloping shoulders, and then passed from the room down to the drawing-room. As she entered the apartment, Raymond, with an anxious and rather angry countenance, advanced to meet her.

"Eleanor is too unwell to leave her apartment," he whispered, as he offered his arm. "I wish you could persuade her to come down in the evening; there are so many people here to-night whose acquaintance I particularly wish her to make."

"But if she is really ill?" said Lady Frances.

"The fact is," said Raymond, hesitatingly, "I don't think she's ill at all. I—in fact, we had something approaching to a quarrel, and she is strangely obstinate."

"Strange!" said Lady Frances. "Eleanor seems a very sweet and sensible woman."

Raymond's brow darkened.

"She understands my wishes on one point," he said, hotly, "and yet makes a point of disregarding them. She actually gave Lady Cacklethorpe full information concerning her origin, and it will be all over the country in a week."

"You could not expect to keep it secret," said Lady Frances, turning her head away in order to hide a smile of triumphant malice. "I think Eleanor shows a fine spirit in not displaying any false shame. Perhaps when she acquires a certain knowledge of the world, she will consult your wishes on that point. Until then I would recommend patience."

For the first time in his life Raymond felt his heart warm toward his cousin, and a faint regret began to shape itself in his heart that he had not sought the fair, lofty, suave woman who knew the world, and held a high place in it, in preference to the beautiful but willful Eleanor.

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Another year had passed, and a large party was again gathered for the festive season, this time under the roof-tree of the Raymonds. Abbeyford was not the place selected for their hospitalities, but an estate nearer London; for, since his marriage, Raymond had never once revisited the home of his childhood. Many of those who had been of the Castle party the year before were at the Cascades; and two of them in new characters. Lady Frances, the

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE THE DOGS WERE DANCING ABOUT IN A GREAT STATE OF EXCITEMENT AT THE ESCAPE OF THEIR PREY."—SEE PAGE 702.

noble, but poor, widow of General Maur, had secured the millionaire, so far as a superb engagement-ring, and the drawing-up of very generous settlements, can be said to secure a man; and they were both guests of the Raymonds—Lady Frances, brilliant, triumphant, suave, and more malicious than ever; Gwyllym, worn-looking, reserved and rather haughty. Lady Cacklethorpe was there.

Between Raymond and his wife a barrier had arisen; or, rather, the feeble tie which had ever existed between them had crumbled completely away, and, before the world moving hand-in-hand, in serene discharge of mutual duty, morally they were as completely apart and separate as it was possible for two people to be.

Of course, I freely admit that Eleanor was chiefly to blame for this. Instead of yielding to her husband's wishes in one respect, she had from the first "set her face as a flint," and raised the banner of her own pride against his. She never suffered society to forget the fact that she was a keeper's daughter.

Had Raymond really loved her, I question if this would have happened; but he had married her from caprice, and she, unfortunate woman, had given him her hand, as she would at the moment have given it to her mortal enemy, suffering from sorely wounded pride and love; so she heartily despised his gold, his ancient name, and, above all, his arrogant, overbearing pride, and trampled this last under her slender feet.

*He* leaned over Lady Frances' chair, and deferred to her slightest wish, even when that wish ran counter to those of his wife; and Mrs. Raymond, in the irreproachable language and very refinement of which her thrilling voice was capable, amused select little votaries with quaint tales and characteristic anecdotes of the wild Cornish people amongst whom she had spent her girlhood.

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Lady Frances enjoyed life only as she enjoyed French cookery, highly seasoned. In the nursery she had intrigued for forbidden *bonbons*, in the schoolroom for unwarranted holidays, and in society to secure her cousin Raymond; and, having failed in this last, in a fit of *pique*, she had married General Maur, and repented it in inexpensive toilets and a rather limited *ménage*, until his death set her free again. Then she had intrigued for one eligible party after another, and failed, until Gwyllym had fallen into her net; and now, having secured him, she was already intriguing to get rid of him, as the wealthy old Marquis St. Tottrigton had declared himself, not knowing of her "entanglement," as she secretly styled it, with Gwyllym.

"I can't break it off without some cause," she meditated, and she set herself to discover or make one. As frequently happens, Fate favored her.

It was Christmas Eve, and, after making a resplendent toilet, Lady Frances opened the door of her room, and was about gliding forth into the long corridor, when she observed Mrs. Raymond advancing up it from her own apartments. Obeying the intriguing instincts of her nature, Lady Frances drew back, and, holding the door slightly open, she took a stealthy survey of her hostess.

Magnificent in rose-colored velvet and flashing diamonds, Eleanor came on, unconscious of the green eyes watching her. As she advanced, another door opened, and Gwyllym came hurriedly out. He was pale, and rather excited, and the eyes of Lady Frances glittered with astonishment as she observed Eleanor make a full pause, and that the quick blood leaped over her white face and slender throat as Gwyllym turned toward her.

She was too distant to hear the words that passed between them; but she saw that Mrs. Raymond clasped her hands in great agitation, in the action dropping her black lace fan. She trembled violently, and laid her hand on Gwyllym's arm so as to steady herself, and then, in rather a raised, excited voice, she said:

"I will go, now. Oh, Gwyllym, don't try to dissuade me!"

Her former acquaintance with Gwyllym had been the one point on which Mrs. Raymond had remained silent, and Lady Frances was really astonished.

Gwyllym seized her hand in his, and spoke low and earnestly for a couple of minutes, during which Mrs. Raymond appeared much agitated; but when he ceased, she said:

"I leave all to you—arrange everything as you think best; but, oh, be careful that Raymond discovers nothing!"

Gwyllym's answer was inaudible, though Lady Frances nearly strangled herself lest a breath of hers should prevent the words reaching her straining ear. The sound of an opening door and the rustling of approaching silks startled the pair, and Gwyllym retreated to his own room,

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"THE HUNTERS BUILT A PILE OF DRY STICKS AND MOSS, TO WHICH A LIGHT WAS APPLIED."

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"'I TOLD YOU HE'D HAVE TO SHOW OUT, LADS!' CRIED UNCLE BEN, AS HE DELIBERATELY RAISED HIS RIFLE."

while, hastily wringing her hands, Mrs. Raymond turned back, and re-entered her apartment.

With the speed of that agile animal, the cat, Lady Frances rushed noiselessly up the corridor, and pounced upon Mrs. Raymond's fan, which was still lying where she had dropped it, and quietly placed it in her pocket.

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"Mrs. Raymond," said Lady Frances, softly, "let me give you your fan. I found it on the corridor floor."

Mrs. Raymond turned mechanically from the window against which she was leaning, and looked blankly at the blooming Lady Frances. The cold moonlight was streaming in a tide of frosty, silvery light over Eleanor, and her face looked spectral in its pallor. There were black circles round her fine eyes, and in her cold fingers she was holding a slip of paper, the writing on which she had been deciphering by the moonlight, for the heavy draperies behind which she stood intercepted the drawing-room illumination ere it reached her.

'Won't you sing?" continued Lady Frances. "I made Mr. Gwyllym come and ask you, some half-hour ago; but he must have forgotten my message."

"I cannot sing to-night," said Mrs. Raymond, in a slightly tremulous voice. "I do not feel very well."

"Poor darling!" murmured Lady Frances, passing her arm tenderly round Eleanor, and thus bringing her green eyes to bear on the writing on the paper. "You really are looking pale, and, I declare, you are trembling! I must tell Raymond."

In the meantime, she read:

"Meet me to-morrow, as early as possible, at the Waterfall. I will have a carriage in readiness——"

There were a few words more, but Mrs. Raymond crushed the paper in her hand before Lady Frances could decipher them.

"I am quite well," she said, resuming her usual composure of manner. "You need not alarm either yourself or my husband, Lady Frances."

"Oh," said Lady Frances, innocently, "I thought I understood you to say that you were indisposed."

Eleanor blushed hotly, and freed herself from the embrace of the smooth, round, snowy arm, with a gold serpent twining round it.

They emerged from the shadow of the gold-colored curtains, and Lady Frances nodded and smiled sparklingly at Gwyllym, whose haggard eyes were fixed on them from the opposite side of the room.

"I quite forgive you, you fool," she was thinking, "for deserting from my standard, as it clears an obstacle from my path, and helps me to a very neat little retaliation on my solemn cousin. After all, what would life be worth without seasoning?"

Lady Frances heartily despised Eleanor. Had she succeeded in carrying on a secret intrigue, blindfolding her husband and friends, she would have absolutely respected her, as it was, her poor little manœuvres were so palpable to the watchful green eyes, that nothing was left for her ladyship to feel but unmitigated contempt.

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The Waterfall was a spot on a very secluded portion of the estate, and took its name from a slender cascade which leaped over the rocks below, through which it then took its devious way in the shape of a laughing, leaping rivulet. The valley lay outside the confines of the estate, and an exceedingly precipitous path led down the face of the cliff into it, and so gave access to the high road, which likewise ran through the valley. The brow of the cliff was covered with thickets of evergreens, now white with snow; and, sheltered by one of these *bosquets* close to the descending path, stood Eleanor, wrapped in a heavy shawl, and yet shivering in the wintry air, and clinging to her companion's arm.

"You are *sure* Raymond went with the others to church?" she said, anxiously; "I dread encountering him *now*."

"I saw him leave with Lady Frances," replied Gwyllym. "The carriage ought to have been waiting on the valley road below. I can't think what can have delayed it."

Eleanor sighed heavily.

"I am a great trouble to you," she said, timidly.

"Eleanor," said Gwyllym, "you know well that your lightest wish is law to me. It was for your sake alone that I engaged myself to your husband's cousin, in order that you might never guess how dear you are to me. See! idiot that I am, I have undone all now. I thought to see you day by day as a friend, and *that* I found impossible, after to-day—but see, there is the carriage."

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"THE BEAR FELL WITH A CRASH UPON THE POOR DOG, AND BROKE BOTH BACK AND NECK."

It was rolling up the valley road, and Gwyllym hurriedly led Eleanor to the pathway in the cliff.

"I will descend first," he said, "and so assist you down."

"No," said Eleanor; "I can descend more easily unassisted. You know, as a girl, none of our Cornish cliffs were too frightful for me to scale. I will ask you to hold my muff and shawl."

"Pray be careful," urged Gwyllym, as Mrs. Raymond prepared to go down. "The path is slippery with ice, and one false step——"

"Has already been taken!" said a furious voice close on them, and Raymond sprang from the thicket; and, with the countenance and air of a maniac, rushed toward Eleanor, evidently purposing to drag her back.

His pale countenance was so horrible in its fury that Eleanor, whose foot was already on the downward path, involuntarily threw herself forward to escape his grasp, and there was a wild, long scream, the rushing of a body through the hanging ferns and snowy pendent creepers, sparsely scattered on the face of the cliff; and then a dark heap on the sharp rocks below; then a silence, complete, unbroken and fearful, and the spirit of Mrs. Raymond of Abbeyford had deserted its mutilated home.

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The body of Eleanor Raymond lay in state for many days in her husband's home, under a velvet pall, blazoned with the arms of the Raymond family, and then was laid away in the family vault; and in the chancel of the village church a magnificent monument rose to her memory.

The two papers which cleared the memory of the unfortunate Eleanor will explain matters. Raymond found them on his library-table when he entered it the first time after the tragic event. The first was a short letter, and ran as follows:

"DEAR HUSBAND: This is the last time I shall ever disobey you; but to-night Mr. Gwyllym received a telegram from the doctor attending my father, saying that he cannot survive many days, and that he calls constantly for me. I have so often entreated in vain, during his illness, to be allowed to see him, that I think it is useless to ask you again, so Mr. Gwyllym has arranged for my going to town unknown to you. He will explain everything to you, and I do heartily hope you will not long remain angry with

"Your wife, ELEANOR RAYMOND."

The second paper was the telegram alluded to in the letter.

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I am unfeignedly glad to be in a position to state that Lord Tottrigton did not marry Lady Frances, but eloped the very night before the wedding with a charming *coryphée* from the opera-house, young enough to be his granddaughter.

It is not a pleasant thing for a pretty woman to be hated, and Lady Frances sometimes heaves a zephyr of a sigh as she reflects there are two men in the world who hate her with a loathing impossible to describe; one, a melancholy man, who wanders restlessly about the earth; and the other, a dark, misanthropic, wifeless, childless man, who lives alone, and broods over the memory of the woman done to death by the slanderous tongue of his cousin and his own maniacal pride.

So closes the history of the last of the Raymonds of Abbeyford.

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THE only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement, the more especially when fortune has raised them above our level.

# A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.

I HAD been alone in the woods, and killed at least half a dozen bears by myself, before I had a chance of taking part in a regular hunting frolic. At length I was invited by Major C—— to make one of a party of about a dozen in a regular camp-hunt through a swampy district on the banks of the Caney Creek, which was well known to be alive with game of every description.

The swamp had originally been the bed of the River Colorado, which had changed its course into a new channel. In a few spots stouter vegetation had forced its way through the brake, but still the canes were the principal feature of the jungle, growing together in dense clusters of great height. These patches extended, in some cases, over several square miles of ground, and were so matted and tangled together with briers, wild vines and other creeping-plants, that the only method of getting through was literally to carve out a road with the hunting-knife. This was often indispensable when the hounds had treed their quarry, or had found him more than a match for their united strength.

"Old Ben Thompson has promised to join us—so we are pretty certain of sport," said the major, as he wished me good-by, after receiving my promise to join the expedition.

Ben Thompson, or "Uncle Ben," as he was more commonly called, was one of the oldest settlers in the State of Texas, and the keenest sportsman that ever drew trigger. His chief characteristic was a deep and undying hatred of the Mexicans; the reason for which was that he had lost two sons engaged in the "War of Independence," which Texas waged against Mexico. Uncle Ben bitterly lamented their death, and swore a solemn oath never to shave until he had slain Santa Anna, or heard of his death. At the period of which I speak—thirteen years ago—Ben Thompson's beard reached nearly to his waist, so that by this time it must descend to his toes.

The party consisted of experienced hunters, most of whom could exhibit an ugly scar or two received in the chase. They were men who could live in the woods and hold their own against bears or Indians; yet they placed themselves without the least hesitation under the command of Uncle Ben, as though they had been novices from the city—a striking proof of the esteem in which he was held, and the qualifications he was known to possess.

About an hour before sunset we reached the spot where it was proposed to camp for the night, and all speedily staked their horses, after watering them at a small brook. Our lower limbs were so stiffened by the ride, that we were not sorry to stretch them once more on firm ground. A fire was kindled against a huge fallen tree, which formed an admirable back-log; huge branches were heaped upon it, and soon a blazing flame illumined the gloom of the forest, shooting up showers of sparks, each time the logs were stirred, toward the blue, star-spangled sky above. Comfortable couches were formed out of the young cane-tops, upon which blankets were spread.

The injunctions of our leader were "early to bed and early to rise," and when we sat down first, we intended to obey; but, after a supper of venison-ribs (we had killed a good fat buck by the way) and tin cups of *café noir*, we filled the same utensils with hot grog, lit our pipes, and listened to a multitude of good stories, to which the scene and the occasion gave rise. The pipes would not burn out with the story, and had to be refilled in the middle of the next good tale; and it was not until one of the party announced that only a couple of hours' sleep could be allowed to us, that the hunters rolled themselves

in their blankets. The short space of sleeping-time passed away, and as soon as it became light and the birds tuned their pipes, all hands aroused themselves for the coming bear-hunt.

But before the hunt began, the most careful sportsmen of the party found many little things to do. After a night passed in the woods, the dew leaves its damp marks upon the guns; bullet-pouches have been left carelessly on the wet grass, blankets have to be rolled up, horses to be saddled, to say nothing of preparing and swallowing a breakfast much resembling the previous evening's supper; so that the sun had been up at least an hour before we were all ready.

The pack of hounds was tolerably large and very mixed in character, comprising dogs of every breed and age. Some were quite reserved old hounds, thoroughly up to their business, and in many cases bearing marks of former encounters on their skins. These old stagers seemed to have a thorough contempt for the younger members of the association, who would scamper off after rabbits, squirrels and other small animals. The old dogs paid no attention to the yells and barks of the youngsters, though they would seemingly sneer at some puppy as he bounded by, as if to say, "Just wait till a bear's a-foot, and we'll see whether you'll be so forward."

"Keep your eye on Spring—that black dog!" said Major C——. "If he gives tongue, you may bet high that it's a find."

"You wait till Rush puts in a word or two!" exclaimed Uncle Ben. "He never lies. He don't bark, Rush don't, but he means business."

Ben Thompson, as leader, had command of everything connected with the hunt, and assigned to each man his station in the canebrake. As it was impossible to say which way the bear would pass when roused by the hounds, there was no grumbling at the arrangements made. Each hunter remained at his post, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound that might indicate the tidings that the bear was roused from his den.

Half an hour passed away. Uncle Ben was by turns in every part of the thicket, cheering the dogs, and occasionally correcting them when inclined to be wild or careless.

"They'll find the varmint soon," he said, "if he's anywhere hereabouts."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Rush, his own dog, put his nose to the ground, then lifted it, stooped down once more, as if to make sure, and finally gave a long, deep growl. Two or three others came running up at the sound, and confirmed the decision.

"That's the right music!" shouted Uncle Ben. "Hark to the old dog, lads!"

A loud blast on the old hunter's horn called up the stragglers, and in a few moments the whole pack plunged into the forest in one direction, waking the echoes with their musical cries. From the heavy growth of the canes, the hounds could make but slow progress, while the weight and strength of the bear enabled him to crush through the reeds, which closed up again behind him.

Most of the hunters, disregarding Uncle Ben's injunctions to remain at their posts, followed the pack, the cane crashing beneath their tread, while the cries of the hounds became fainter each minute.

"Come along, lads! He can't go far that way—the river will stop him!" shouted Uncle Ben, with a voice as clear as a bell. "Come along, lads, and we'll give him pepper as he comes back. But don't keep together in a bunch—spread out a bit."

After a sharp run, made up of creeping and crawling through the jungle, and running over the open space, it became evident, from the increasing distinctness of the dogs' voices, that the bear had turned back from the river, and was once more making his way toward us on a course parallel to that which he had taken before.

Then the clamor seemed stationary for a short time, then again it seemed as though he were dodging backward and forward over nearly the same ground. All pressed forward to intercept the bear, and, if possible, get the first shot at him.

At length a continuous yelling and clamor proceeding from one spot made it quite evident that the bear had either come to bay or had ascended a tree. All hands hastened forward, and it was soon discovered that the latter was the case. The bear had climbed a huge tree, and then disappeared into a hole where the branches forked, about thirty feet from the ground.

At the foot of the tree the dogs were dancing about in a state of great excitement at the escape of their prey, scratching at the ground, and gnawing at the roots; some of the old ones were stretched out, seemingly perfectly exhausted with the sharp chase, though as soon as the hunters made their appearance they leaped up, ready and willing to renew their efforts at the shortest notice.

By some oversight, which seldom occurs in an American hunting-party, no one had thought of bringing an ax, and for a few seconds we all stared at each other, looking, as may be supposed, very foolish.

"What's to be done, Ben?" asked Major C——.

"Why, make him show out, to be sure," was the response.

"It's all very well to say that, Ben," replied the major; "but how, in the name of heaven, are we to do it?"

"Smoke!"

"Of course! How thick-headed I must be not to have thought of that!"

"If, as I fancy, the tree is hollow right down to the roots," continued old Thompson, "we'll make a fire there, and soon cure his bacon; and if it isn't, why, we can throw some moss and chunks of dry wood up into the hollow. Never you fear, boys—I'll make the varmint show."

And Uncle Ben soon showed himself equal to the task. The tree was found to be hollow right down to the ground, and where the large roots branched off there was a slight opening. Round this the hunters built a pile of dry sticks and moss, to which a light was applied; this, being fanned by their broad *sombreros*, soon burst out into a splendid fire. Before long, faint wreaths of smoke were seen to ascend from the hole between the forks of the branches where the bear had entered; and the bear could be heard moving about within the tree, and grunting in evident disapprobation of the method adopted by the hunters.

The flame, fanned by hats, soon communicated with the rotten touchwood inside the hollow trunk. Heaps of damp green moss were piled up, and clouds of dense smoke driven by the wind up the hollow tree, which formed a capital chimney, till it at length compelled poor Cuffy to fly to ills he knew not of, rather than bear with those he had. Accordingly, he made his appearance at the mouth of the hole, the very impersonation of impotent rage and terror. His once glossy-black coat was singed to a rusty brown color, his eyes were blinded by the smoke, and his jaws were covered with foam.

"I told you he'd have to show out, lads!" cried Uncle Ben, as he deliberately raised his rifle.

The smoke puffed from the muzzle of the piece as the bullet struck him. The ounce of lead buried itself in his flesh, and the bear, giving a start up, seemingly crouched

down again. The old hunter coolly wiped out his rifle with a bunch of tow attached to the end of his loading-rod, and the others immediately discharged their shot-guns at the bear.

"Fire away, boys!" cried Uncle Ben, in sneering tones; "I'd make a sieve of his old hide, I would, if I was you."

"Do you want the varmint to get clean away?" answered one of the men.

"Why, the bear's dead!" exclaimed Major C——, after a more close inspection.

"I should think that he was," answered Ben. "Didn't you see me shoot him?"

"Certainly. But then he looked alive."

"I killed that bar as dead as a herring the first shot—I never shoots twice; but, in course, so long as other folks choose to pepper away, it's no business of mine."

Having sufficiently disgraced the shotguns, Uncle Ben leisurely finished loading his piece.

The dead bear was all this while in the fork of the tree, at a height of at least thirty feet from the ground on which we were standing, and it was necessary to get him down before we could despoil him of his furry robe. Uncle Ben volunteered to ascend and roll the animal from its resting-place.

Around the trunk was twisted a stout grape-vine, which afforded the hunter a means of ascent, and in a few minutes he was beside the bear. With much exertion he managed to push it over so far that the weight of one portion overbalanced the remainder, and the carcass fell heavily, the dead bear seeming to clutch at something as he fell, but his paws only cut the clean air.

But the animal was destined to be avenged even in death, and his vengeance cost poor Uncle Ben dearly. His dog Rush, anxious to be foremost in worrying the bear when dead, as he had been in the chase, rushed in too soon; the bear, a large, full-grown one, weighing five hundred and fifty pounds, fell with a crash upon the poor dog, and broke both back and neck. The old hunter was almost as much grieved by this unfortunate occurrence as if he had lost a child; while his sorrow cast a gloom over us all.

"Ah!" said he, as he knelt beside the dead hound, "he was a good dog, was poor Rush. I didn't think a very great deal of him when he was a pup, but he soon fought his way into notice—and you all know what a dog he was this morning One thing is certain, though—if, as the redskins say, dogs go to the happy hunting-grounds, Rush will be certain to have plenty of good meat and a kind master, for he was a brave and a truthful dog!"

So died the first bear I ever saw killed in a regular hunt. Others were killed that day, but an account of the chase would be in a great measure a repetition. The danger was very small compared with the size and strength of the game we were following; in fact, a walk through the crowded streets of New York on a damp, foggy day is attended with far more danger to life and limb than the pursuit of the black bear in the forests and canebrakes of Texas and the neighboring States.

THE ARRIVAL AT THE BALL.

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WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

# THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.

## Chapter I.

One hot August forenoon, some years ago, two men met at a certain point of the coast of Normandy, and shook hands with mutual good-will.

The elder of these men had lived in the world about five-and-thirty years; he had had losses, and successes as well; but the latter, happening to have arrived a year or so after he had got tired of waiting for them, found him grown a trifle soured and cynical, and apt to carp at the sunshine which had withheld its warmth from his bones until they had contracted an ineradicable chill. His bitterness was perhaps more of the head than of the heart, but was none the less observable on that account. He was an Englishman by birth, and a born painter also—at least, in his own opinion. He had begun his career with the firm persuasion that his genius entitled him not only to hang on the line at the Academy, but to be one of the hangmen. The Royal Academicians did not immediately fall in with his views on either point; and when, after many years, they relented, and gave his picture the place of honor, and intimated their purpose of filling with his name the first vacancy on their august roll, this lofty and unforgiving gentleman made a bow and begged to be excused. He had made his name known without the Academy's help; he had won pecuniary independence in a land where the word of the Academy was not law; and he would now, therefore, with all due respect to the members of that body, see every mother's son of them at the deuce before he would have anything to do with them. Such an ultimatum necessarily finished the episode; the Academy preserved a dignified silence, and the lofty and unforgiving gentleman continued to spend the best part of his time in Paris.

THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.—"'MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF THIS DANCE?' INQUIRED JEFF, WITH HIS SWEETEST EMPHASIS."

He exhibited every year in the Salon, and related the story of his quarrel with the English potentates to whomsoever cared to hear an amusing anecdote caustically related. He was a harsh-featured, lengthy and meagre personage, this same cynical artist, but he prided himself on the Parisian polish of his manners and his French accent, and he was, in fact, a good deal of a favorite in society.

The man who shook hands with the person above described was in most respects as unlike him as could be imagined. To begin with, he was an American; and, sentimental twaddle to the contrary notwithstanding, there is

no nationality so irreconcilable with the English, and so incapable of sympathy with them, as that which styles itself American. But this man, in addition to his Americanism, was full ten years the junior of the other, and nearly the same number of inches shorter. His face was smooth and almost boyish, handsome even to an unusual degree, yet open to one criticism—that of being perfectly in harmony with the figure of its owner. The world has seen many great men under six feet high; but in them the countenance possessed the power or the nobility that more than compensates for defective stature; and in looking upon it, the beholder quite forgot to be critical as to the greater or less degree of its elevation above the earth's surface. In a word, the face of this young American was the face of a short American—a recommendation, doubtless, from the purely æsthetic standpoint, but otherwise unfortunate. The lively blue eyes lacked depth and sternness; the fine straight nose might well have been a thought longer or higher; the mouth was too little and too academic in its curves; the forehead, though capacious, lacked the fine and expressive modeling which announces a master intellect For the rest, this young American had a clear, deep color in his cheeks, such as any woman might have envied, and the only fault of which was that no emotion had power either to diminish or to heighten its intensity; soft, dark hair, a small, silky mustache, and broad, white teeth. The best feature in his face was probably the chin, which betokened a vigorous and persistent will. In figure he was square-shouldered, and rather plump than lean; his hands and feet were small and well-shaped. If the enumeration of these merely physical details seems out of proportion with what was specified on that score in the portrait of the Englishman, it should be remembered that the younger man had as yet achieved little in the world beyond this attractive personal appearance. His moral and social history were yet to make. He was the son of a Boston millionaire; he had been educated at Harvard College; he was courted and caressed in Beacon Street drawing-rooms; and he had written quite a number of poems, odes, lyrics and sonnets, philosophical, commemorational, imaginative and erotic, which, reversing the natural sequence of states, first led a brilliant butterfly life in newspapers and magazines, and afterward shut themselves up in the chrysalid of a gilt-edged, cloth-embossed volume, whence they afterward showed no symptom of emerging.

These two men, such as they are here shadowed forth, found themselves face to face by the water's edge on that sultry August morning, and greeted each other with hearty enough cordiality.

As if to compensate for their physical dissimilarity, they were dressed almost precisely alike. Both had on shoes made of a flat sole of plaited hemp, with stout linen uppers curiously embroidered with red and blue braid, and laced round the ankle after the manner of the ancient sandal. Both wore a kind of straw bonnet, high-crowned and wide-brimmed, clewed down on either side the face by a broad ribbon tied under the chin. Neither possessed any other essential article of clothing, except a close-fitting tunic or set of tights, with the legs and arms cut off close to the body. Over this was lightly thrown a long mantle of Turkish-towel stuff. The tights were striped horizontally, alternate white and blue for the Englishman, and red and white for the American; and herein lay the sole distinction between their respective costumes. It is true that the American's fitted much the more closely and smoothly of the two; but that is neither here nor there.

In front of these simply-attired friends, and breaking in baby ripples at their feet, stretched in slumbrous calm a pale and turquoise ocean, destitute of any visible horizon. A tender haze which brooded in that region so intermingled sea and air that distant ships seemed to sail in the clouds, and clouds to voyage upon the water.

Behind them rose a mounded beach of purple shingle, uncomfortable to tread upon, but invaluable as a bulwark against the incursion of high tides into the low-lying village beyond.

This village snuggled in the valley formed between the two hills which abutted at either extremity of the beach in precipitous cliffs, reflecting their pallid faces in the molten surface of the Summer sea.

Between the village and the beach, and surmounting the latter like a fort, extended the casino parade, an embankment of masonry lying parallel with the shore, and backed by the casino itself, long, low and flat-roofed, all windows and awnings. It contained a card-room, billiard-room, restaurant and theatre, the last transmutable into a ball-room by the simple process of removing the pit seats.

The persons of whom I write were not alone by the water's edge; on the contrary, they had scarcely more than elbow-room. On either side of them stood, chattered and gesticulated a hundred human beings of both sexes and all ages, arrayed more or less on the same general principle already detailed A hundred others paddled, plunged and bobbed in the pellucid element in front. Twice as many lounged, fluttered and ogled in serried groups in the rear—these last resplendent in the latest Parisian fashions for the month of August.

Down upon this gay scene of color, sparkle and sound glowed the hot, lazy sun, longing for the still nine-hours-distant time when he might cool his own sweltering sides in the luxury of a sea-bath.

Beyond the average range of the swimmers sped hither and thither a score of light skiffs or canoes, whose occupants prudently wore their bathing dresses and sat heedfully amidships as they plied their long paddles.

Finally, I may mention the diving-board, an infernal machine of a thirty-foot plank supported at a third of its length on the axle of a tall pair of wheels, and so rolled into the water, to be rushed up and jumped off of by dashing divers.

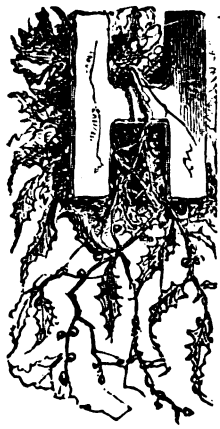
That diving-board was a daily thorn in the side of the English artist, who was not a dashing diver, and who would have greatly preferred to take to the water like a duck—that is, quietly and smoothly—but whom a false pride constrained to mount that penitential plank morning after morning, and upset himself off the end of it with an agonized effort—seldom or never successful—to strike the water vertically.

It may be as well to mention here, since the truth is sure to crop out sooner or later, that the name of the cynical and Frenchified English artist was Mr. Claude Campbell, and that he was, consequently, no less a personage than myself, who write concerning him. Let this confession put the reader on his guard against whatever exaggerative or prejudicial statements he may fancy he detects in what I have told or have yet to tell. I do not pretend to be an absolutely impartial historian of events in which myself have been an actor. I promise only to set down things as they appeared to me at the time, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Did I make the world, or even organize human society? No; nor am I responsible for the logic of events, which, on the other hand, has often struck me as being a shocking bad system of logic.

As for the red-cheeked American, he was Jefferson Montgomery, Esquire, of Boston, as aforesaid, and he shall speak for himself.

CHAPTER II.



HULLO, Jeff! Just a year since we parted on Beacon Hill."

"My *dear* Campbell," said Jeff, giving my hand a strong pressure, while his blue eyes beamed and his white teeth flashed, "this is *really very nice*. Have you been here long?"

"Maybe a week."

"A *week?* Really, how *very strange!*"

"Why strange?" was my inquiry.

"Why, that we shouldn't have encountered previously."

"On the contrary, the strangeness is in our meeting at all. I came here to make studies, and you, I presume, to make conquests. How many, so far?"

"Oh, you old cynic! I don't know a soul in the place. It was an accident my being here at all, and I've been doing nothing but admire these lovely cliffs and the poetic scenery."

"Poetic! That reminds me. Pardon my thoughtlessness, Jeff. You have been wooing the muse, of course?"

"Well, I confess I have been attempting something; it's unfinished as yet, but I hope it is fresh and strong; and I believe it to be original in treatment as well as in idea. It will be my most ambitious effort so far. A pagan maid falls in love with the Spirit of the Ocean, and a poet is in love with her, and between these two loves——"

"She comes to the ground, or into the water—which is it?"

"You are always so ready to mock, Campbell. But of course if doesn't come from the heart; it's only your badinage. And really, don't you think the conception fine? I should like to read you my description of the pagan maid."

"Portrait of anybody in particular."

"Well, between you and me, Campbell, there *is* a young lady here—I don't know who she is, but she really does seem to be almost the type I need—for my poem, I mean. A noble creature—the true, grand pagan style. You would like her; she would charm the artist equally with the poet."

"So you have been trotting up hill and down dale after a pagan, and call it writing a poem on metaphysical abstractions! Do you never mean to give up this sort of thing, my dear boy?"

"Really, what do you mean?"

"Dangling after women the way you do."

"What an expression! Every cultivated man feels it his duty to love woman and to frequent her society."

"But why not choose out a representative woman and frequent the whole sex in her person?"

"Do you advocate marriage, then?" asked the poet, his blue eyes pensively interrogating the horizon.

"I say that, if you must make an ass of yourself at all, you should confine yourself within the narrowest possible limits."

"Have you ever contemplated matrimony, Campbell?"

"It is the last thing I should contemplate for myself."

"You have never yearned for a counter-soul?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I venture to say I never have," I replied. "But what would be folly in me would be philanthropy in you."

Jeff heaved a long sigh.

"Let me whisper you a secret. You know my papa made a fortune in the Crimean war. We had a contract to furnish the Russians with brierwood pipes. Well, Russia is now on the eve of another conflict, and papa has sent me over to arrange the terms of another contract."

"But what has this to do with your getting married?"

"Why, the person who manages the business on the Russian side is our old friend—the same who concluded the arrangements with papa twenty-five years ago. Our relations have always remained intimate and cordial. And immediately subsequent to the Russian war this commissioner married, and—had—oh!"

The poet's voice died away; his eyes were fixed upon something a little further along the beach.

"There!" he murmured. "Oh, is she not—divine?"

"Ha! that is your pagan, is it?"

"Going out in a canoe," continued Jeff.

This young and strikingly handsome girl, of proportions almost statuesque, was not seen by me now for the first time. I had, in fact, noticed her shortly after my arrival in town, and had taken that pleasure in observing her which an artist feels for whatever is thoroughly picturesque. Who she was, I knew no more than Jeff, and it was not to be expected that another man's admiration of her should be disagreeable to me; but some men are not any man, and I must admit that the revelation of her identity with the subject of Jeff's rhapsodies affected me unpleasantly. The girl's beauty, patent to me, was not of a type to reveal itself to every careless and uneducated eye. But I will not attempt to defend my feeling. I simply state it.

The young lady took her seat in the canoe and grasped the paddle, and an elderly, mustached gentleman pushed her off from shore. She was dressed in a rather remarkable bathing-suit of black, slashed with scarlet; her round, firm arms were bare from the shoulder, and her legs from the knee; her hair was gathered up in the customary oilskin cap. With two or three vigorous strokes she sent her skiff well out beyond the crowd of bathers.

When I turned again toward Jeff, I found he was no longer at my side; he was walking up the diving-board, on the end of which he balanced himself a moment, and then launched himself head-foremost into the water, which closed over him with scarce a ripple. Presently his head appeared some distance beyond the spot at which he had entered, and he began swimming seaward with vigorous strokes. He was directly in the wake of the fair pagan, who, unaware of his pursuit, was paddling leisurely toward the thickening haze on the horizon, herself and her canoe mirrored distinctly on the glassy surface.

"Does he propose to overtake her and make her hear his poetry *tête-à-tête* in twelve fathoms of water?" I asked myself. "At any rate, he resembles Byron in his swimming powers. And how neatly the fellow took the water! Let me see if I can't acquit myself as well as a Boston republican."

With a sudden access of valor I snatched off my *peignoir* and cast it behind me, and, without stopping to see where it fell, I mounted the fatal plank with deliberate steps, saw the treacherous element smile for a moment beneath me, shut my eyes, and let myself go.

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CHAPTER III.

I FORESAW, in that instant of time which intervened between my last foot leaving the plank and my head reaching the water, that I was going to make a failure more than usually ignominious. A sounding thwack, taking effect along the entire length of my frame, and a painfully tingling sensation, only partly the result of shame, immediately apprised me that my prophetic instinct had not

been at fault. I sank, however, and I was glad to sink; for, though I dislike having my head under water, my wounded self-esteem made me dread putting it out again. Much as I have seen and suffered, and callous though I have become to most of the attacks of destiny, upon some points I am still sensitive. In a decent suit of clothes and a dignified attitude, I can sustain almost any misfortune; but if my personal appearance be laughable, or my position a false one, my soul has much ado to maintain her constancy.

Need was, however, that I should emerge at last, and up I bobbed accordingly. I swam about moodily and unsociably during my customary fifteen minutes; and such was the dejection of my spirits that the water seemed colder than usual, and as I waded my way up a steep incline of the shingle on my way out, there was a tendency to convulsive shudderings in the muscles of my lower jaw. Chilled, humiliated, and conscious that I cut a ridiculous figure before a fashionable and merciless world, I only wished to seize my *peignoir*, wrap it round me, and vanish from the view and memory of mankind.

Some men are cowed by one thing, some by another; and, once cowed, a man is no better than a whipped schoolboy, and feels far less respectable.

I hastened, then, to hide my discomfiture in my *peignoir*; but at that moment the certainty flashed upon me that I knew not where my *peignoir* was. I had omitted to note the place where I had laid it down—all places on a shingle beach are alike, especially when that beach is crowded to the water's edge.

I was standing face to face with the crowd, dressed in the curtailment of costume already described, which, hanging in dripping folds about my meagre form, rendered grotesque that which by nature was ungainly merely.

For the first time in my life I regretted my six feet of stature; at five feet I should have felt less defenseless, as well as appeared less conspicuous. There I stood before the world, shivering, lost, and helpless.

What was I to do? It was a pressing question, for every moment rendered the situation not only physically but morally more intolerable.

Should I return to the water, whence I came?

Too late! Not only would I catch my death—a minor evil—but the world by this time knew that I had started to come out, and by detecting the cowardice of my retreat would render it cowardice thrown away.

Should I steal the first *peignoir* that came to hand, and fly? Hundreds were scattered about. It was but reaching forth my hand.

No, I could not steal; not because I was too honest—far from it; a cowed man is beyond the reach of scruples—but because I lacked the courage to be a thief. I feared detection, and knew I lacked the effrontery to brazen out the robbery.

Should I pretend that I never had any *peignoir*, and stalk insouciantly through the crowd and up to the beach as I was?

Impossible. I had not the spirits for such a *tour de force* in the first place, and in the second I had not the figure for it. Moreover, the *mairie* had issued edicts against bathers promenading without *peignoirs*, and the thought of being arrested by a squad of gendarmes and marched in my present condition to a lock-up was not to be contemplated.

I must, therefore, either stand where I was until my *peignoir* came to me, or institute a deliberate search after my *peignoir*. To search, perhaps for hours, amidst a wilderness of spotless hostile skirts and immaculate shrinking pantaloons for a *peignoir* scarcely distinguishable from any other *peignoir*, and which, too, might have already been appropriated by some person more heedless (or more self-possessed) than myself! Decidedly, there are times in a man's life when he is forced to avow that Providence has omitted to endow human beings with the only boon really worth their having—the power, namely, of instant and unobtrusive self-annihilation.

My search began. I went to a *peignoir* and examined it—it was not mine. With shaking limbs I blundered toward another a few yards off—it was not mine.

At this juncture I heard, and affected not to hear, a titter of laughter. With my heart full of murder and suicide I pounced upon a *peignoir* quite near at hand. It was the same I had examined first. My brain began to reel.

"Monsieur!" said a gentle voice near me. "Pardon, monsieur!"

Could such words be addressed to me? As I tottered on the shifting pebbles, throwing dazed glances here and there, I became aware that a lady, middle-aged and of noble demeanor, was standing beside me with a folded *peignoir* in her hands.

"Pardon, but did monsieur chance to be searching for anything?" she asked in French.

"My *peignoir*——"

"I have perceived that monsieur dropped this upon entering the water; it shall be his, perhaps?" And, with a smile too truly polite even to seem compassionate, this angel of mature years placed my own identical *peignoir* in my arms.

I clutched it as Macbeth clutched at the phantom dagger; only, more fortunate than the thane, I felt it in my grasp. Some part of my senses returned to me.

"Madame," I stuttered as well as my chattering teeth would let me, "you come from doing me the greatest favor woman can confer upon man. I shall never forget it. I thank you, madame, from the depths of my soul, and I salute you with the most distinguished gratitude and respect."

The doer of this noble action bowed and smiled graciously, and I, with my *peignoir* about me, stalked boldly through the crowd to my toilet-cabin. The distance was not great, but such was the glow of gratitude in my heart that by the time I arrived there I was not only warm, but almost dry. Nor did the effect of this kindness stop at my skin; my immortal part, as Jeff might have called it, was sweetened and exalted; never, that I could remember, had I been succored so opportunely or in such poignant need. Be that lady whom she might, she was worthy of all homage, and if it would have done her any good I believe that, confirmed bachelor though I was, I would have offered her my hand and heart as soon as I had finished my toilet.

But I trusted to my good genius to find me some better way of requiting her favor. It is sad to reflect how few ways there are of obliging our fellow-creatures. People would do more for one another, but for the difficulty of finding something at once practical and practicable to do.

The first thing that attracted my notice, when I issued from my cabin and returned to the beach, was that the haze, which all the morning had lain along the horizon, had now thickened greatly and advanced upon the shore. Nothing was visible at twenty paces, and the fog, shone through by the sun, drifted softly over the bustling crowd, which was already beginning to stream homeward.

It was a pretty spectacle, but one likely to be regarded with different feelings by an Englishman safe on dry land and an American lost in twelve fathoms of water. Jeff had not come back to shore, and, being out of sight of land,

it necessarily followed that he was lost. The danger was graver than might at first sight have appeared, for the swimmer had had time to get fully a mile out to sea, and at that distance there were strong currents which might sweep him away altogether. I scanned the white blank before me with anxious eyes, but it revealed nothing. Poor Jeff!

I began to experience that uncomfortable sensation occasioned by knowing a friend to be in peril, and feeling the necessity of doing something to rescue him. More grievous, but more convenient is it, when the inevitable occurs at once, and saves us the annoyance of suspense. I could have sorrowed heartily and sincerely over the poor poet's drowned body laid out upon the shingle, but there was no satisfaction in taking measures to ascertain whether or not the corpse were an accomplished fact—to postpone, in other words, the luxury of grief for the anguish of action.

A group of sailors were collected round a boat at the water's edge, which they seemed to be on the point of launching. A lady was haranguing them earnestly. As I approached, I recognized her as the heroine of my late adventure with the *peignoir*. She was saying:

"It was in that direction that I last saw her. She is already, perhaps, a kilometre distant. There is no time to lose, mind you. Behold me distracted!"

Here was my opportunity; I could kill both my birds with one stone. I stepped forward with raised hat, and placed myself at the disposal of feminine distress. Having respectfully recalled myself to her recollection, I begged to be honored with the distinction of being permitted to promote the alleviation of the anxiety under which she appeared to be laboring.

Madame hereupon vouchsafed to inform me that mademoiselle, her daughter, had paddled away with herself into the fog, and there was fear that she might be lost in unknown oceans.

Entreating her to be tranquil, and to expect my return with her daughter in less than a quarter of an hour, I clambered into the boat with all possible dignity and dispatch, and bade my men shove off. Madame observed my departure with eyes that were genuinely moist.

It was a tolerably mild piece of heroism. Had I been ten years younger, I might have wished that the waves had been running mountains high; but at thirty-five—the age of sense and of feeling combined—I was better pleased with the conditions as they were. I admired, too, the kindly ingenuity with which Fate had brought me acquainted with the mamma of the beautiful pagan, and under circumstances so promising.

But it is unsafe to call Fate good-humored; it spoils her temper. Our boat was barely afloat when an event occurred which rendered our proposed voyage unnecessary. Somehow or other, without noise and without premonition, the fog rolled swiftly back to the horizon whence it came; and there was mademoiselle not more than a hundred yards from the shore. She was paddling in with admirable coolness and indifference; and close behind her I was happy to see the black head and rosy visage of the poet, who was swimming on his back, with every appearance of ease and comfort.

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## Chapter IV.

I hastened to get on shore again and offer to madame my congratulations. She replied that her obligations to monsieur were none the less. His courtesy, his chivalry, had been such as one never sees paralleled.

Monsieur, covered with confusion at consideration so undeserved, changes the subject by calling the attention of madame to the charming picture made by mademoiselle in approaching the beach. Had he had his sketch-book with him, he would have been tempted to make a little drawing of mademoiselle.

Ah! monsieur was, then, an artist? Madame, and mademoiselle likewise, were all given to artists. They had made purchase of several pictures during their residence in Paris.

Monsieur will venture to call himself an artist, and will, furthermore, have the assurance to make madame acquainted with his name—M. Claude Campbell, at the service of madame.

But truly! and did Monsieur Campbell happen to know this Campbell—he, the great Campbell—he who painted this picture divine which exhibited itself at the last Salon, and was entitled the "Ruined Rampart"?

Monsieur, even in blushing and being overwhelmed, assures madame that he is that same fortunate Campbell whose unworthy effort madame comes from qualifying with such generosity.

Great God! Monsieur is he, then, indeed that sublime, that adored man of genius? What happy chance! What charming *rencontre!* But in this case madame hopes that the name of the Countess Semaroff will be to monsieur not altogether unfamiliar?

Oh, heaven! Is it possible that monsieur is so happy as to kiss the hand of the noble lady who deigned to constitute herself the purchaser of the above-mentioned "Ruined Rampart"? Monsieur is of a verity transported.

The Countess Semaroff observes that the mademoiselle—the Countess Almara, in effect—will partake of her mamma's enchantment in meeting Monsieur Campbell, of whose genius she is an ardent admirer.

Our rude and artless talk was suspended at this point by the disembarkation of the Countess Almara. Apprehending that the simplicity of her costume might render my immediate presentation undesirable, I exchanged a cordial *au revoir* with the Countess Semaroff, and discreetly withdrew.

The beautiful pagan, after exchanging a few sentences with her mother, the latter speaking earnestly and the former laughingly, proceeded to take her turn upon the diving-board, and acquitted herself in a manner truly admirable. She dove like a plummet, and her white feet flashed beneath the surface as succinctly as a mermaid's tail. Up she came, fresh and dripping, within a few yards of my returned prodigal, the Boston poet; but no signal of recognition that I could detect passed between them. To suppose that the ardent and romantic Jefferson had failed to improve the occasion of being isolated from the world under such peculiar circumstances with the subject of his late rhapsodies seemed to me, however, highly improbable. But the young countess had doubtless played discretion under the watchful maternal eye; and Jeff, perhaps, intended to conceal his escapade from my friendly inquisition. I was resolved, nevertheless, to penetrate his reticence, and promised myself the pleasure of listening to an entertaining story over our *déjeuner*. As to my own accidental introduction to the countess's mother, and the unexpected tie between us, I judged it advisable to forbear mentioning it just at present.

The poet reached his depth and waded ashore. I stepped forward to meet him, raising my cap.

"Captain Webb, I presume?"

"Oh—but Campbell!" exclaimed he, with an ineffable look, "was she not heavenly?"

"Postpone your ecstasies; you'll be a rheumatic cripple for life, as it is. Do you know you've been in an hour?"

"It doesn't seem ten minutes—and yet I have lived a lifetime, too!"

"You have water on the brain. Do you know where your *peignoir* is?"

Somewhat to my mortification, he did know; and, as he threw it over his shoulders, remarked, placidly:

"But really, I'm not in the least cold. Men of my age have hearts, Campbell, and a heart on fire keeps the blood warm under all circumstances."

"It takes a Bostonian to have a heart warranted to burn under water for an hour."

"And then," he continued, without heeding me, "did not a goddess keep the flame alive with her ambrosial breath?"

"Decidedly he must have had an adventure," thought I. "But dispatch your toilet, young man, and then you shall *déjeuner* with me, and we'll have chablis and cigarettes."

"I shall be most happy, indeed. I won't be a moment dressing," said the poet, beamingly; and he dodged into his cabin.

"Pathetic little youth!" thought I, as I paced the parade to and fro. "Good fellow at bottom, but so soft!—the sort of creature that men trample on and women make game of. He has that most inoffensive of qualities—inoffensiveness. Poor Jeff! Ah! here he comes! Now let us watch him expand under the influence of chablis."

The unsuspecting poet took my arm, and we set out for my lodgings.

"How charming the Old World is!" he remarked, presently.

"You are an American, and everything here delights you by contrast."

"But I'm patriotic—very. I'm a descendant of the Puritans, and my forefathers fought on Bunker Hill."

"Yes, you Yankees are always bringing up the men of '76, whom, were you to meet them on Beacon Street today, you would cut dead. Since you have really contrived to civilize yourselves a little in the past century, why do you insist upon falling back on the reputations of a parcel of tagrag farmers who were shot ages before you were born? If I were a Yankee I'd keep mum about them."

"Ah, you may talk, but, at least, you know America is the greatest country on earth," rejoined my friend, with unruffled good-humor. "I'm sure you were delighted with your visit last year."

"I confess to some scenery; beyond that, one sees in the States only things which he thanks Heaven he hasn't got at home. America makes Europeans grateful and contented."

"I defy you to put your finger on one feature of civilization here that does not exist in a superior form in the States. There, now!"

"To begin with, then, why do you take the trouble to come over here to get a wife, if there are more desirable wives to be had in Boston?"

"How do you know that?"

"How? Have I heard anything from you this morning except about pagan goddesses?"

"Oh, you mean her? Yes—oh, yes!"

"Good heavens! does the man mean to insinuate that he has any other woman in this hemisphere in his eye?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my father sent me over here just for that very purpose—that and the pipes."

"What and the pipes?"

"To meet the young lady I am going to marry."

"And is your beautiful pagan the young lady you are to marry, pray?"

"Ah, I just wish she was!" said Jeff, very ruefully.

"This is becoming interesting, my young friend. But here's my house; we'll have our breakfast, and then a consultation over our wine. Come in."

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### Chapter V.

I REPRESSED my curiosity during the meal, but when we had settled down to our second bottle and the cigarettes, I fixed my eyes on my companion, and said:

"Well?"

"Did you see that dive?" he asked.

"Hers?"

"Hers, of course. Everything I say or do means her, now and for ever, one and inseparable!" cried Jeff, upon whom the wine was evidently beginning to work.

"But what about the other young lady?"

"Sink the other young lady, sir! I never have seen her, and I never want to!"

"Well, then, about the pagan? Did the fog reveal your souls to one another?"

"Now, Campbell, I wish you would please not chaff," said Jeff, seriously. "I don't like a man to be always cynical. Is there really nothing sacred to you anywhere? We Bostonians are not brought up so; and this is a sacred subject to me."

"Not more so than to me, my dear fellow. You shan't have cause to complain of me again."

"I accept your apology," said Jeff, with dignity. "Your health."

We emptied our glasses.

"Who was that handsome middle-aged lady you were talking with?" Jeff asked.

The question rather took me aback.

"You are more the traditional Yankee than I had imagined; you pretend to tell a story, and only ask a question. As for that lady, I never saw her before in my life. I should fancy her a Pole or an Austrian. But do get on with your story."

"There is no real story with a beginning, middle and end. Real life doesn't arrange itself in that way."

"There is always a middle, at any rate."

"I will plunge *in medias res*, then. Did you observe her paddling out?"

"To be sure I did."

"And did you divine her object?"

"Well, as to that——"

"My dear Campbell, don't you see that it was a case of *fugit inter salices?* She paddled out in order that I might pursue her."

"Oh! How did you find out that?"

"By intuition!" cried the poet, enthusiastically. "We are in such complete sympathy, she and I, that I feel what she feels. A motion of the shoulder, a turn of the neck, a flirt of the paddle, all bear a secret meaning to my eye. Why, for a quarter of an hour after starting out this morning, I could see nothing but her back; and you know there isn't ordinarily much—conversation in a person's back."

"I believe you are right, Jeff."

"But in this case," he continued, warmly, "I saw through her back all that was going on in her mind."

"Poetic insight. I have heard of it before, but never knew it to act so powerfully as it does on you."

"Yes; and in proof that I'm not mistaken, she did just what I knew she would do beforehand."

"And what was that?"

"How good this chablis is! The first thing she did was to paddle straight out to sea. She did that to try my faith."

"Did she succeed?"

"A poet's faith can move mountains," said Jeff, a little inconsequently. "Had I been as others—had I been less terribly in earnest—I should have got discouraged or offended and given up the chase. But that is not the Puritan style. I kept right on, and at last I forced her to alter her tactics."

"And all this through the back of her head? Wonderful!"

"Well, so she altered her tactics, and—what do you think?"

"I haven't a glimmering."

"She stopped—short," said Jeff, leaning across the table with his blue eyes wide open, and speaking in an impressive undertone; "and there she sat perfectly still, with her back still turned toward me."

"So that you might continue to read her thoughts?"

"Campbell, I trust you are not scoffing?"

"My dear fellow——"

"You are my friend, but there are some things——"

"Nothing injures friendship so much as unjust suspicions, Jeff," I said, with a solemnity almost equaling his own. He softened at once.

"Forgive me, old fellow; I was hasty. The blood of Bunker Hill, you know. Well, and so I gained upon her—and here's her health, Campbell."

"Bumpers!" said I; and again we set down our glasses empty. I began to feel a little warmed up myself.

"At last I was within ten yards of her. Just then I ran into one of those horrid blue jelly-fish, and it startled me so that I made a splash, and she——"

"Turned round?" I suggested, for he had paused, agitatedly.

"Any other woman would have turned round—she did not. She started perceptibly, dipped her paddle on the right side of the canoe, and shot diagonally toward the left. For a moment I saw her in profile."

"Well, didn't she tip you a wink? I beg your pardon, Jeff, upon my word. I mean, did she not, at the moment of the profile, bend upon you a smile or glance of encouragement?"

"What encouragement did I need? Besides, the time for encouragement had not yet come; I was still at the period of probation."

"Her tacking, then, was a fresh trial of your constancy?"

"Not of my constancy—that was already confirmed—but of another quality—my self-respect. Respect, Campbell, is ever the basis of true love. This was a most critical juncture in our acquaintance. Had I slavishly followed her tack I should have lost more ground morally than I gained materially. No, I did not tack; I kept straight on, and, as she had paused again, I was soon beyond her. It was at that supreme moment that we found ourselves enveloped in the fog—alone together, between sea and heaven!"

"Jeff, this is becoming exciting."

"I kept on. By-and-by, however, I stopped. I could now barely detect the outlines of her canoe through the pallid film of the mist; but anon the outlines grew distincter—she was approaching! Right on she came, with graceful strength, and paused within about a paddle's length,

"A moment eye to eye they staid,
The poet and the pagan maid."

"Jeff, this is poetry!"

"A verse I composed at the time. Do you like it?"

"Can you ask? But this suspense is wearing me out. Do, pray, come to the point."

"What point, dear Campbell?"

"Hang it! the point of contact."

"Sir, I fail to understand you!" said the majestic Jeff.

"Gammon! Who understands better than a poet the dramatic necessity of a point of contact? Here are your characters lost—I mean, here are your poet and your pagan maid lost in your fog, and staying eye to eye. Beyond reach of outside help, you are all in all to each other. 'Bonjour, countess.' 'Bonjour, monsieur.' 'We appear to be lost.' 'I fear you are fatigued,' she says. 'The delight of conversing with the Countess Almara would suffice to restore me, were that the case.' 'Perhaps if you were to rest your hand on the gunwale,' she continues. 'You overwhelm me,' murmur you. 'Nay, I would keep you from being overwhelmed,' she smiles. 'You are my guiding-star!' you exclaim. 'If I only knew whither to guide you. And mamma will be so anxious,' she sighs. 'Knows the Countess Semaroff that we are together?' you inquire. Just at this instant another of those horrid blue jelly-fish comes along, causing you to give another splash and sink. She screams, stretches out her hand to save you; you catch it, press it impulsively to your lips. . . . Well, there's your point of contact—now go ahead."

The close and serious attention which Jeff had given to this sally of mine had stimulated me to make it as absurd as possible, and maybe that last glass of chablis had something to do with my sprightliness. But in proportion as I warmed, Jeff seemed to cool; he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and directed a profound gaze into the bottom of his empty wine-glass. At length he muttered these singular words:

"How curiously things come out!"

"But what happened after you kissed her hand?"

"I didn't kiss it," sighed the poet.

"Not after accepting the support of her canoe?"

"I didn't accept it; she didn't offer it."

"Nor speak about it at all?"

"She said nothing; I said nothing; neither of us said anything."

"Then why, in the name of stupefaction, did you take the trouble to get lost in the fog with her? Better have staid on shore."

"Had I known the Countess Semaroff was there, perhaps I should," said Jeff, looking up.

I colored in spite of myself. I, a man of five-and-thirty, had been carried away to reveal to this boy the secret of my acquaintance with these ladies. I should now have no excuse to offer for not introducing him. Verily, that chablis cut both ways. I hastened to revert to our original topic.

"So there was no point of contact, after all?"

"Not what you would call such, oh you English materialist!" said the poet, eloquently. "But our points of view are so incompatible. Is not the soul more than the body? and, if so, is not a look of the eyes more than a touch of the hand? Our spirits met, Campbell, though our earthly frames held aloof."

"But would your spirits have met any less had your earthly frames behaved in a more materialistic and intelligible way?"

Jeff shook his head dreamily.

"You are of those who know not how to enjoy the rose

upon its stalk. You must needs cull it and insert it in your *boutonnière*. You are not sensitive enough to apprehend the rarest delight of the *grande passion*—that of regarding the beloved object in her intact state ere the pure sphere of her personality has been invaded by materialistic approach."

"Well, Jeff, it's evident you know more about women than I do. But, admitting what you say, I still maintain (provided your intentions with the countess are really serious) that you are not taking the nearest way to a matrimonial issue. The flesh is sluggish, but it has its compensations."

The inspired Bostonian took his cigarette between two fingers and waved it in an illustrative manner as he said:

"Suppose, dear Campbell, you were starting on a journey through a delicious tract of country—a winding valley, say—and suppose, before setting out, you climbed a hill commanding this valley, and took a bird's-eye view of your proposed route. Would you enjoy that journey more, or less, for having anticipated it spiritually by that glance?"

"Ha! methinks I conceive you. Your psychological business is merely a sort of barmecide feast, designed to whet the palate for solid viands to follow? Having brought the transcendental part of your love-making to a happy issue, you now propose to pursue the game upon a practical basis?"

"Yes, I mean to marry her now," said he.

"And leave the other without even a bird's-eye view?"

"By-the-by, I must tell you about that. You know I was saying this morning that the Russian commissioner, our friend, had married. Well, he had a daughter, and this daughter and I were by our respective papas destined for each other."

"I see—a union of policy, like those of the royal families of Europe."

"To me the idea of utilizing the sacred covenant of marriage in the interest of mere business always seemed horrible and revolting. I told my father so."

"And he, I'll venture to say, told you you were a sentimental young idiot!"

"If that had been all——" said Jeff, wagging his head significantly.

"Well, what was there more?"

"Only this. After I had protested one day, with all the eloquence I could muster, against the cold-blooded inhumanity of binding down two fresh young souls, who had never seen each other, to such a contract, he replied (you remember his dogmatic, high-handed way), 'Either you marry her, or you live on three hundred pounds per annum!'"

"In that case," said I, not without a secret feeling of relief, "you certainly won't marry the pagan maid?"

"Why not?"

"Because, to go no further, you won't get her to take you at three hundred pounds per annum. You don't know what living on such an income means. I do; and I can tell you that, even without a wife and children, it's no joke."

"But, dear Campbell, you seem to forget that I love her."

"Take the advice of a man who has seen more of the world than you have, and forget it yourself. I am talking seriously now, Jeff, and for your good. You do not love this Countess Almara, and, to be frank with you, it is not possible that she ever should care for you. You have a strong will; use it on the side of common sense and—filial piety. Where were you to meet your intended?"

"Paris was the rendezvous appointed, but——"

"Pack up your traps and be off to Paris this very afternoon!"

"But it wasn't for a week yet that——"

"Never mind. Get away from here; that's the main point. Don't remain within reach of temptation."

"Campbell, this is not temptation; it's a foregone conclusion. I am going to marry the Countess Almara. Our meeting here was fated. I shall not go to Paris."

"But I tell you the Countess Almara won't have you."

Jeff was silent awhile. Presently he looked up and said: "How do you know she won't?"

"Well—never mind," I thought it prudent to reply.

There was another silence. Suddenly Jeff said:

"Campbell, if I went to Paris would you go with me?"

This turn embarrassed me again. It would not exactly suit my convenience to go to Paris that afternoon. There were some things I wanted to—attend to. I wondered whether my young friend was becoming suspicious.

"Could I be of any service to you there?" I inquired.

"After all, I don't know that you could," said he, after a moment's reflection. "Besides, thanking you all the same for your advice, dear Campbell, I've made up my mind to stay here. I can never love, much less marry, any other woman than the Countess Almara."

There was a certain element of nobility in the placid obstinacy of the young fellow, who was committing the amazing folly of resigning ten thousand a year for the sake of a girl to whom he had never spoken, and, until the last two or three days, never seen, that touched me a little, and made me resolve not to let him ruin himself without another effort to save him.

"Jeff, you are an ass," I said, bluntly. "Your brain has been addled with the pursuit of what you are pleased to imagine poetry, until you have grown to believe that a man can live on love and lyrics instead of on beefsteak and bullion. You say that you can never love any but the Countess Almara; I say it is, at all events, your duty to try. Go to Paris, and at least make the acquaintance of the young lady your father has selected for you. If you find her unlovable, at all events that will be some satisfaction."

"Thank you very much, Campbell, but I can't, really."

"You persist in running your head against a wall?"

Jeff smiled mildly, and said nothing.

"All right; *liberavi animam meam*. I wash my hands of you. One thing: I can't take the responsibility of giving you an introduction."

"You know them both, then?"

"Well, I have not been presented to the young lady yet, but——"

"I shall be happy to present you when I know her myself," said Jeff, forgivingly; "and when we are married, I trust you and I will be better friends than ever."

"Oh! fathomless self-conceit and fatuity of Bostonian youth!" I muttered to myself, as I lit a final cigarette and preceded the poet to the door. "Poor Jeff! upon my soul, I'm sorry for him!"

And when we parted outside I shook his hand with a feeling not far removed from respect mingling with my impatience, and I watched him walk away with a kindly hope that the Providence which presides over children and fools might keep a beneficent eye upon the poor little poet.

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## Chapter VI.

I was in rather an ill-humor that afternoon. After a short turn about the town I returned to my *atelier* and tried to paint; but color had lost its harmony for me, and composition its meaning.

The clock—the tall Norman clock with its round face of embossed brass and its huge, slow-swinging pendulum—struck half-past three. I got up and rang the bell. Presently a withered old lady appeared, in a black gown, white cap and apron, neat blue stockings, and low shoes.

"Madame Enault," I said, "I shall leave you this afternoon. That a porter be here at five o'clock, to take my baggage to the diligence; and, if you please, that we make up our little accounts."

Madame Enault was crushed. She was sent to grass! Monsieur going to leave that very day, even?

"Perfectly."

Monsieur had perhaps encountered something to miscontent him? Madame Enault would do anything in her power to render things more satisfactory to monsieur.

"Madame misconstrues me. It is that affairs demand my departure."

Monsieur, will he pardon Madame Enault?

"But without doubt."

Monsieur will, then, recollect that, in coming here, he was so good as to engage the rooms for six weeks, whereas only one week has elapsed——

"You are completely in reason, madame, and you will be paid for the whole six weeks precisely as if I had remained."

Madame drops a courtesy, and will instantly apprise a porter of monsieur's intentions.

I now proceeded to pack my trunks and painting gear, and then, it being a little after four, I sallied forth for a farewell stroll on the parade. It was a magnificent afternoon. A fresh, cool breeze had replaced the lazy calm of the morning. The horizon line and the profile of the cliffs were defined sharp and clear. Great white castellated clouds sailed across the blue, and rhythmic waves came tumbling in frothy profusion along the beach. The whole scene was like a shout of joy, and it had never spoken so feelingly to me as now that I was saying good-by to it.

THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.—"'BEFORE YOU GO, COUNTESS, I WISH, MERELY OUT OF CURIOSITY, THAT YOU WOULD TELL ME ONE THING: ARE YOU AN ANGEL, OR A DEVIL?'"

As I turned away after a long look seaward, I met the Countess Semaroff and her daughter face to face.

I bowed. Madame smiled and gave me her hand, and before withdrawing it she looked at her daughter and said:

"My very dear, this is Monsieur Campbell. Ah, monsieur, it has been a dream of my daughter to meet you."

"I trust mademoiselle will not find in me an illustration of the proverb, 'Songe, mensonge,'" I said, clumsily enough.

Mademoiselle smiled slightly, as courtesy required, but

all the while her eyes rested upon me searchingly and doubtfully, as though to satisfy herself whether I were to be believed in or distrusted, whether she might expect to find in the artist the complement and justification of his works.

Strange and striking in other respects as was the beauty of the young countess, it was her eyes that individualized her and rendered her a paragon among women. Large and perfectly black they were—so black that it was a wonder to see them so full of light. The iris was of breadth so unusual that, like a black sun between two clouds, its upper and lower rims were infringed upon by the imperial eyelids. The human eye, as every portrait-painter knows, has in itself but a narrow range of expression; it is the setting that imports. Now, the Countess Almara's upper eyelid was falconlike—straight above the pupil, and falling away thence toward the cheek in a long, sweeping curve—a bold, lavish eyelid, indicative of keen intelligence and a noble temper. In singular contrast with this was the lower lid, most sensitively and changefully fashioned, responsive to every shifting emotion, sad, mirthful, wistful, pleasurable, tender; this it was that betrayed the woman, as the other announced the countess. Like the shimmer of light upon water, the delicate nerves in this region were never at rest; here, as upon a photographic plate, was visible the impress of each word or unuttered thought. Thus it might be affirmed of the Countess Almara that she had two eyes where other women have but one; and certainly she was able to do four times more execution with her pair than most daughters of Eve can accomplish.

There was a fine unconventionality in the cast of her features, which was in itself an element of life. The low and broad forehead terminated in far-reaching and strongly defined eyebrows. The nose, long and finely chiseled, especially about the nostrils, descended from between the eyes in a line which, toward the end, had just enough of an upward tendency to redeem it from classic tameness. Tameness, in fact, is the word most expressive of everything that the young countess was not. Her mouth was generous; the upper lip, short and slender, lay like a coral snake upon the full and voluptuously molded lip below; thence curved forth the chin, clean-cut and mettlesome, which she habitually carried high, and to which she communicated movements of fascinating willfulness. Her profile, as a whole, was therefore of the concave rather than the convex order, and possessed a charmingly wild, barbaric quality, by no means inconsistent with a thorough refinement.

Of her grand figure I have already spoken. Her bearing was elastic and vigorous, yet pervaded always by the subtle and inevitable dignity of a high-bred lady. A kind of scarlet barret-cap surmounted the heavy black coil of her hair; and she wore a close-fitting dress of black serge, with a scarlet bow fluttering at the throat and a scarlet belt around the waist. It was a costume simple to severity, but in which she looked diabolically handsome. Her only ornaments on this occasion were two broad hoops of gold in her ears, and, on her left hand, an antique ring with an enormous ruby in it. Such a ruby, not one lady in a thousand would dare to put on; it must have come to her, I thought, from the tomb of some early royal ancestress. It harmonized well with what I took to be the essential character of the Countess Almara.

"I have much happiness in speaking to Monsieur Campbell," she said, after a moment, in a deep, fresh voice. "To me it is not as if I were speaking to a stranger."

We walked on slowly, the young countess between her mother and me. I felt a childish desire to utter something brilliant and profound; and, knowing by experience that such a wish is always fatal to the deed, I took refuge in the intensity of commonplace.

"Mademoiselle finds this place enjoyable?"

"After the city, truly, yes."

"Paris is, indeed, hot in this month?"

"It is from St. Petersburg that we come here."

"Mademoiselle the countess is, then, a Russian?"

Here the elder lady interposed, with a smile:

"Not altogether Russian, monsieur. For my part, I am a Circassian. My father was attached to the Court of the Czar after the conquest of our poor country. I was married among our conquerors—what will you? For Almara, she may be called the Reconciliation, is it not?"

"If all quarrels could find such reconciliation——" I began.

The Countess Semaroff laughed good-naturedly.

"There, you are *spirituel;* one sees you have lived much in Paris," she was kind enough to say.

"But it is not in the *salons* of Paris that you have found the power to conceive your pictures. I refer not to the execution—the *technique*—all that which labor and experience may acquire; but it is the thought, look you, the life, that is in your work; and this can be found not in any city, not in any society, but only in the man himself, who feels, who sees."

It was the young countess who spoke thus, and with an energy of tone and expression that caused those nerves of self-approbation which are situated somewhere in the back part of a man's throat to thrill pleasantly. I had not expected to find in so young a woman an appreciation at once so earnest and intelligent.

"You have studied art yourself?" I said to her.

"Behold, my very dear, you will permit that I sit on the bench and read my letter while you and Monsieur Campbell have your little debate. When you are fatigued you shall rejoin me. Go, then."

And with this the good countess established herself upon a seat sheltered from the breeze, but which we would pass and repass at every turn of our promenade. Our conversation continued.

"I do not name myself student; I am a lover," said the Countess Almara. "My life has not been a school; it has been a passion. I cannot talk learnedly, as do many; I know not the names of things; but I know what reaches my heart; that I understand and never forget."

"It is, then, that your heart has taught you more than the heads of many students teach them."

"I should like to believe that!" she exclaimed, with animation. "I like not to be told, 'You must believe this; you must say that.' I would believe and say because I cannot help it. Figure to yourself that my life has not been altogether after the *convenances.* A child, I lived in a grand chateau beside a lake; beyond the lake was a mountain, and on all sides a forest. I had a gun, I hunted, and I swam and rowed upon the lake, and I had my horses and my dogs. To sew, to play with dolls, look you, I cared not for it. I am not as the French, not even as the Russians; like my mother, I am Circassian; yes, I am more Circassian than she, instead of less."

"I believe it well. But later you left this chateau—you traveled?"

"I have been to many places and seen much society, and I have learned to behave *comme il faut* and to speak the French. But it is only a little comedy that I act; I feel that within me remains always the little girl of the lake and forest, but dressed differently, and with a face that does not tell the truth, as then. I can look happy when I am sad, and grave when I wish to laugh."

"But you are happier than you were before?"

"Oh, for example, behold a question of difficulty," said the countess, shrugging her shoulders. "One is never happy as in childhood; but, in fine, one finds a way to be happy. To love what is beautiful is happiness, but then it is a happiness full of all that is most sad."

"It is not often that one has discovered that truth at your age, mademoiselle."

"But it is true, is it not? For beauty dies; or if not beauty, then the eye, the soul, that has enjoyed it. Why was it ever shown to us? It only makes us long for what never comes—for what can never be."

This gloomy philosophy, uttered by one who should have seen as yet only the sunshine of life, roused me to attempt what, for me, was the anomaly of vindicating the more hopeful view. Some platitude I brought forth about the soul finding in another world the fulfillment of unsatisfied aspirations, and I asked her whether she doubted immortality.

We were leaning on the broad wooden railing of the promenade, looking seaward. The countess was turning her ring absently on her forefinger.

"There ought to be immortality," said she, "to recompense us, not for what we have suffered in the world, but for what we have enjoyed."

"Yes, you could not have hit upon a stronger argument," returned I, after a moment's thought.

"Is it strong enough?"

"Strong enough, certainly, to justify hope."

"Ah, my God! one hopes without any justification at all. You conceive, monsieur, I am not of those who believe all we are told of the holy Greek Church. To believe, and after all to be deceived! I could not bear it. I have not found any one so wise as to make all doubts seem foolish. But I have found many things that tell me, 'Destiny mocks you.' Yes," she added, turning toward me with a kind of fierceness in her look—"yes, destiny mocks me!"

"This girl has sustained some terrible injustice in her life," I thought to myself. "It glows in her words like the fire in her ruby." After a pause she spoke again.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur, a life that feels itself strong and capable of all enjoyments and aspirations; and this life, in the midst of its joy and freedom, one day meets its destiny, which says: 'You are a slave; your aspirations are ashes; your joy shall make you weep; you shall become all that you despise. If you struggle to be free, you shall but dig your dungeon deeper. So it shall be to the end; but I do not forbid you to hope.' Well, is not that mockery?"

"Destiny has not that power over us. I who speak to you have suffered, mademoiselle, but I have not found that suffering degrades. It chills, perhaps."

"Ah, you speak of men. I am a woman—it is another thing, that. But behold me who discourse thus to you, who see me for the first time—who think me mad!"

"Oh, countess!"

"Do you know why I say to you these things, which I have said before to no one—to no one, Monsieur Campbell? It is because they grew in my mind as I looked at your picture—your picture, that is now mine as well. Many hours have I looked at it, and I said, 'The man who has conceived that, he has known what are the secrets of life. If I meet him I will tell him these secrets of mine; he is worthy to hear them. He can interpret mysteries.' But your interpretation is profound, monsieur; not every one can read it."

"If I could always paint for such as you, countess, I might some day realize my ideal."

She stood meditatively, her hands hanging folded and her eyes dreaming.

"When I saw that picture," she said, at length, "I felt that it was the picture of my soul. There she sits within her rampart, which was once whole and sound. But now there is a breach, and that breach will never be built up again—never, never. Once the enemy has entered; and though for years and years she may watch and guard, yet at some hour, some moment even, her eyes will droop and her hand waver. . . . Then he springs and clutches her, and it is ended. See him where he lurks there outside among the bushes! He waits; he is sure. And she—regard that terror in her eyes! Monsieur, it is a sublime thing to be a great painter."

She held out her hand to me impulsively; there were tears in her eyes, but she smiled them away with a willful defiance. Our hands just touched; then she withdrew hers.

"You see I have not had your picture for nothing; I have looked at it," she said.

I was deeply touched. "You have seen through it into the heart that conceived it."

"Let us talk of other things!" she exclaimed, abruptly, in a lighter tone. "Come, let us walk; else madame, my mother, will think again that I am lost."

We resumed our promenade accordingly, but for awhile in silence.

"You look at my ruby. Do you find it handsome?" She had been turning and twisting the ring upon her finger, and my eyes had more than once been drawn to it. Almost as soon as she had spoken she slipped the ring off and laid it in my hand.

"It is a real antique," I said, concealing the surprise this sudden act inspired in me. "It is an heirloom in your family, perhaps?"

"It is a magic ring; there is a spell connected with it," said the countess, laughing.

"Let me not be the breaker of the spell," I rejoined, holding it toward her. But, instead of taking it from me, she extended her long, taper finger, and I put the ring on it.

"There, you have put it on, and now it will never again come off," she said, with a strange smile. "It is the ring of my destiny."

"Yours should be a rich destiny, then."

"Yes, I shall be rich; I shall make a figure in the world," she replied, still smiling. "Nevertheless, the spell is a curse; for so long as I wear the ring I must be miserable, and if I lose it I shall be wicked."

"Is there no third alternative?"

"There was, but now the moment is passed. That is your fault, monsieur."

"My fault?"

"If, when I gave you the ring, just now, and it was in your power, you had flung it far, far away into the sea, then the curse would have left me, and I should have been free, always."

"If that be all, I'll soon set you at liberty. Give me the ring."

She shook her head. "It is now too late. Such a chance can come only once. Have I not told you destiny mocks always? Behold my mother, who beckons us."

We approached madame, who took her daughter's hand affectionately in hers. "My very dear, we dine to-day at half-past four; we must make our toilet early. But, my God! how your hand is cold, my child! You have been chilled by that fog this morning."

The Countess Almara laughed. "It was not I; it was that poor young man with the black hair and the blue eyes,

who was swimming so far out; that he should have been chilled I could believe it. In effect, it was droll," she continued, turning to me. "Figure to yourself this little man—he was very little—little like that," and she held her palm about four feet from the ground. "Well, he swims out a fine distance, even as far as I go in the canoe. When the fog comes, I hear a splash; I look round; I perceive this unfortunate infant. I think he shall be drowned, and I go toward him to preserve him. Then I see that this infant it is a man; and this man he seems to fear me more than to be drowned, for he swims away when I approach. So I return toward the shore, but slowly, so that he may see me and follow me; and, in fine, when we are nearly arrived, the fog dissolves itself, and behold us."

"Do you by hazard know this gentleman?" inquired the Countess Semaroff of me. "He has the air of an Englishman."

"No; he is an American," I answered, with a touch of prevarication.

"Ah, these Americans, how I hate them!" murmured the Countess Almara.

Madame rose with a shrug of her shoulders. "We shall have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Campbell at the dance this evening?"

"Without doubt—that is—no. I am to depart by the diligence, even at the present hour."

"Depart to-day? Impossible! After having met monsieur, to lose him so soon!"

"Madame, I am desolated, but—affairs."

"You will not go to-day?" said the Countess Almara, in a voice so low that it could have been audible only to myself.

"Perhaps, indeed, I could manage to postpone for a few days," I resumed, still addressing myself to madame.

"Good. We remain here but a few days longer ourselves; and when we go, you shall accompany us. That will be charming. Is it agreed?"

"Madame, a thousand acknowledgments."

"Till this evening, then."

I bowed low. The Countess Almara laid her hand in mine, our eyes met, her lips seemed to form the word "Merci," but she did not utter it aloud; then she turned brusquely and followed her mother, and they were soon out of sight.

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## Chapter VII.

I drew a long breath, stroked my beard thoughtfully, looked at my watch, and set out at a brisk pace for my lodgings. Before I had gone far, I heard my name called, and, turning, saw Mr. Jefferson Montgomery, who signaled to me with one gloved hand while with the other he lifted his hat in adieu to an elderly gentleman with a tremendous sweeping mustache. My friend now hastened toward me, his white teeth flashing, his blue eyes beaming, and with a general air of prosperity and benevolence.

"I am so glad to see you, dear Campbell! But they told me you were going to leave us. Surely, you're not?"

"What an idea! I shall be here at least a week."

Jeff took my arm with perfect cordiality and good faith. I did not want him, but there was nothing for it but to let the poor little man come. Arrived at my house, I sent him up-stairs, while I stopped to have a word with my landlady.

"Madame Enault, I shall be able to remain another week."

Madame Enault was delighted, but would monsieur pardon her?

"Freely and completely. What then?"

Only that, since monsieur's notice to leave, another monsieur had engaged the rooms, and Madame Enault had agreed with him for a month.

"Then let him know that you misunderstood me, and that he must go elsewhere."

To a marvel; only, alas! this gentleman had deposited the hire of the rooms in advance.

"You will return his deposit to him."

Perfectly, but that, having had a heavy bill to meet, Madame Enault had been constrained to pay the money away.

"Ah! and madame requires me to supply her with the cash in question?"

Monsieur had exactly divined the necessity that unfortunately existed.

Providence had treated me too well for me to be severe with so thrifty and unimpeachable a landlady; accordingly a financial transaction took place, the porter was remanded, and I went up-stairs.

"And so you have been introduced?" said Jeff. He was reclining, Adonis-like, upon the lounge, exquisitely dressed.

"To whom do you refer?"

"Now, don't be English and reticent. Whom should I mean but my countess? I do so want to hear your opinion of her."

I could not help laughing a little, for to be seriously angry with the bard of Beacon Street was not easy.

"Unless you wish to write yourself down irrevocably an ass, my dear boy, you will not again apply the possessive pronoun to the Countess Almara. It sounds much as if a horse-fly should speak of his proprietorship of a four-in-hand."

"My dear Campbell, you are really impolite."

"I know it, and I hold you responsible for forcing me to address you with such brutality. I'm not accustomed to it."

"How you do go on!" sighed Jeff, wiping his eyebrows with his cambric handkerchief. "One never knows when you're in earnest. But, really, don't you think we shall make a first-rate match?"

"Gracious Powers! Do you know that there are probably not two men living for whom the Countess Almara would not be more than a match?"

"Exactly. In fact, there is only one who could mate with her on equal terms, and—well, I happen to be he."

Jeff uttered this with perfect modesty and conviction.

"My young friend, your chances with that young lady are not only hopeless—they are ridiculous. She actually cannot maintain gravity at the thought of you. Must I reveal that she speaks of the *pauvre enfant*, that she is convinced you are only four feet high, and that she declares she frightened you terribly in the fog this morning? Eloquent looks and sympathy of souls, indeed!" and I laughed rudely.

"I don't believe a word you say," replied Jeff, laughing also. "But there is one thing that I do begin to believe."

"What is that?"

"That I've got a rival, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have an entirely too lively imagination," was my cold reply.

"Ah, Campbell, you are very deep—very. If I were less sure of my countess than I am, I declare I should feel uneasy."

"Merely for curiosity's sake, where do you find encouragement?"

"You were in earnest, then, when you said this morning that you knew less than I about women? Your difficulty is, probably, that you regard woman as a species of man,

when, in fact, no woman who amounts to anything has a particle of masculinity about her. They may pretend to it sometimes, just to bamboozle fellows who are inexperienced; but they drop it in the presence of a man who sees through them."

"Through their backs. I understand."

"Exactly. Well, then, my countess, when I have my eye upon her, is her simple womanly self, because she knows my insight is unerring; but with you I'll wager she talks literature and art, and morals, and things of that kind, eh?"

"I will not deny it, Jeff."

"Of course she did; and why? Because she knew she could make you believe she really cared for such things; and, woman-like, she couldn't resist humbugging you."

"And her laughing at you, her contemptuous allusions to your stature, and so forth, were also impositions upon my naïve ignorance of the sex?"

"Indeed, my dear Campbell, they were."

"It is me, then, and not you, that she considers ridiculous?"

"At all events, you can see that it's not me," said Jeff, leniently. "Why, just consider the points in me which she professed to consider laughable. My height! Now, the last thing a woman bothers herself about in a man is his height. When there is a question of physical attractions, she looks first at his shoulders, then at his eyes, then at his feet and hands, then at his chin. If these please her, his height may take care of itself; and if you won't mind my saying it, the less it has to take care of the better. Look at Napoleon Bonaparte, Martin Luther, Frederick the Great, Benjamin Franklin, Plato, General Grant. Why, pretty nearly everybody who has stood a head and shoulders above his generation has been under five feet eight."

"Bravo, Jeff! You are both eloquent and sagacious. Beacon Street should be proud of you."

"Knowledge of this kind is a matter of temperament and intuition. Experience can but confirm what the soul has already divined; and if the previous divination do not exist, age and experience are just so much to the bad, if you won't mind my saying so. And so she ridiculed the fog incident?"

"She alluded to it with an apparent spice of humor."

"Dear girl!" murmured the poet, tenderly. "That seeming ridicule was almost as direct an avowal of affection as a modest woman could have made. That mutual, voiceless self-revelation of ours, which my dear Campbell professes to discredit, has evidently stirred my countess to her depths. It has aroused the potent germs of the master passion of her life. She trembles to confess herself to herself; how, then, could she do otherwise than vail herself from a stranger? and what better vail than a simulated mirth and mockery? But really, now, you don't need me to tell you this; it's the A B C of the feminine nature."

"Jeff, you puzzle me; you are either more or less than human. At all events, you are an incarnate solution of the old problem how to make the best of it. Well, what are your proximate intentions?"

"To dance the 'Boston' with her this evening."

"You will be at the ball, then?"

"Indeed, yes. Shall not you?"

"I shall; for, since you are definitely resolved upon playing the donkey, I want to be in a position to hear your opening bray."

"At ten o'clock, then; but it will be a variation upon 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'" answered the poet, with imperturbable geniality, and so we parted.

## Chapter VIII.

THE ball—or rather, the *soirée dansante*—was announced for nine o'clock, and at thirty minutes after that hour I passed through the doorway.

An oblong hall, the floor space framed in on three sides by an embankment of benches, with the orchestra on the fourth.

In the pauses of the dance and clatter, the roar of the surf came in through the open door upon the wings of the cool salt breeze.

A moment's inspection of the whirlpool satisfied me that it did not contain the Countess Almara. As I was proceeding to a scrutiny of the benches, the *frou-frou* of a crisp skirt along the aisle caused me to turn and find my face within eighteen inches of the clear, firm cheek of the beautiful pagan. She and her mother passed without appearing to see me; and they were followed by a military-looking personage of some fifty years of age, bald-headed, broad-shouldered and bulky, whom I fancied I had noticed once or twice before. After seeing the ladies into their seats, he returned past me up the aisle and went out.

Presently I came down, exchanged greetings with my friends, and sat in a vacant seat near the Countess Almara. Her manner was distraught and preoccupied; her smile came only from her lips, and though she looked me in the face occasionally, with a certain intentness, she seemed scarcely to see me or to comprehend my words.

Her personal appearance was more diabolically handsome than ever. As usual, her colors were black and red, but, being in silk, they were exceptionally effective. There was a glimpse of warm white neck and smooth rounded arms; her hair, coiled on the top of her head, revealed the graceful bend of the nape. Her bracelet and necklace matched the earrings of the morning, and beneath the delicate film of her glove was discernible the form of the great ruby.

"Might I have the honor of this dance?"

"Not yet, not yet. In this moment I feel myself unable. Let us rather talk. I am not myself; you see it. Listen to the sea. My God! how it roars! I wish I were out on it in my canoe with the great waves."

I laughed to disguise the concern which her manifest agitation caused me.

"In that case, mademoiselle, you would be without the advantage of my society; and I doubt whether my little friend, Montgomery, even, would venture to swim after you on such a night as this."

"Oh, he is your friend, then, this Monsieur Mont—Mont-go-merie? And I have spoken of him to you slightingly! I did not know, and I am foolish; I speak without forethought. You will forget it? Yes."

"If anyone should apologize, it is I, for not having warned you beforehand of our tender relations. But be reassured: Monsieur Montgomery is a poet, and intends making you the heroine of an epic. If you are gracious to him this evening, he will forgive you anything."

"It is not of him that I shall demand pardon," said the countess, with the slightest imaginable intonation of scorn. "But he is your friend, and you shall see how I will be polite."

She breathed and moved nervously, her thoughts being evidently absorbed in some subject foreign enough to

anything I could guess. Her eyes were restless, and she fanned her flushed cheeks in vain.

"What day is this?" she demanded, suddenly.

"The fifteenth of August."

"I shall remember it always—always."

The hand that held the fan drooped, and, seemingly by accident, touched my own. The momentary glance that swept my face showed an inward trouble and appeal, and, if I read it aright, a something deeper and more passionate beyond. With the unexpectedness that was one of her characteristics, she rose to her feet.

"Come, I feel better at present; let us dance—come."

In her preoccupation she had not perceived that the music had ceased some minutes, and the dancers all left the floor.

"What hast thou, then, dear one?" inquired the Countess Semaroff, looking up through her eye-glasses.

Almara perceived her blunder, and I could mark a pulsation of anger pass through her body, while she muttered behind her teeth:

"That I am imbecile!"

"Don't you find it very warm here? Suppose we take a turn to the door?" I suggested.

She thanked me with a look, exchanged a glance and a word with her mother, and, taking my arm, we began to move down the aisle.

Presentiments, though commonly deceptive, do nevertheless exist. Just at this time I had a presentiment that some crisis was impending. If I could secure a few minutes' privacy with the young countess, I was resolved to tell her a secret which already burned within me, though I myself had not known it until this very evening. But I felt conviction, I felt confidence, and I felt that there was no time like the present.

Events the most insignificant upset purposes the most momentous. There were two doors to the hall, and in order to reach the one at which we were aiming, it was necessary to cross the floor. As we stepped on the floor at one side a couple of gentlemen appeared on the other; we met in the very centre of the hall, but it was not until I felt the countess press my arm that I thought to notice who either of the gentlemen was. To my ineffable annoyance, I then recognized the infatuated Jeff leaning on the arm of the bulky gentleman with the mustaches, who was positively in the act of introducing him to my partner.

The countess seemed as much taken by surprise as myself. She returned Jeff's elaborate obeisance with a grand courtesy, and then stood erect and silent, her hand still resting within my arm. The music struck up another waltz.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" inquired Jeff, with his sweetest emphasis.

I waited to hear the countess say she was engaged, and to pass on with her; but, after an instant's pause, she slowly relinquished my arm, and, uttering the conventional words, "Je veux bien," she resigned herself to the triumphant Bostonian.

Then, when it was too late, I realized that our engagement had been for the previous dance, and not for this one, if indeed there had been any definite engagement at all, and that, as I had heard Jeff's request in silence, the countess had been forced to suppose that I desired we should part. It was one of those absurd misapprehensions which occur in ball-rooms as well as in other places, but which I had never found so vexatious as in the present instance.

The intangible trammels of society and etiquette are as strong as the thread that bound Fenrir, and I finally made up my mind that I might as well go home.

"Before you go, dear Monsieur Campbell," said the Countess Semaroff, with a glance at the count, "we will venture to entreat of you a great favor."

"I despair of expressing to you the extent of the obligation which your condescension would impose upon us," added the count, with his bland, impassive politeness.

"Am I really, then, so fortunate as to be able to contribute in any way to the pleasure of the count and countess? What happiness!"

"Behold how it becomes ravishing!" exclaimed the countess. "Almara, my very dear, Monsieur Campbell will perhaps consent."

The young countess had been sitting with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, absorbed apparently in her own thoughts, which were who knows how far removed from the confiding chit-chat which poor Jeff was babbling at her ear. She now raised her head and turned her eyes upon me. The deep sentiment contained in that look would have drawn from me, had she required it, the sacrifice even of that happiness which was to be the substance of my life. She said not a word.

"Thou must ask monsieur; do thou ask him, Almara," continued the countess, smiling, "since it concerns thee."

"Is it that you would paint a portrait of me?" said Almara, simply.

"Merely a sketch, dear monsieur," put in the mother, persuasively. "The opportunity may not again occur for us. It is not often one has the fortune to meet Monsieur Campbell."

"And there can be but one Monsieur Campbell in the world," added the count, with a bow.

"Something, at all events—a likeness, merely—a work of three days," subjoined madame, earnestly.

"It will give me great pleasure to sketch mademoiselle," said I. "Four or five sittings will suffice. To-morrow, after the bath, we will speak further on the subject. At present I must retire. Madame the countess, monsieur, mademoiselle, *au revoir*."

"Good-night, Campbell," spoke up Jeff, as I moved away. "Thank you ever so much; but you must expect to find me a severe critic. *Au revoir*."

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## Chapter IX.

The sittings began, and fulfilled all our anticipations—Almara's and mine. The further I penetrated into her mind and heart, the richer did these appear. Our speech and bearing still observed a chivalrous sort of ceremony toward one another; we did not as yet permit ourselves to be frankly lovers. But our reserve was only an instinctive device for gaining a deeper realization of our happiness. Strong natures often illustrate this paradox: they are repelled for a time by the intensity of their attraction to each other.

But why did I not declare the state of affairs at once to the count and countess, and thus settle a question of such vital moment to me? In the first place, I could plead the lover's excuse—the desire to keep the secret of his heart for a time vailed, even from her he loved. But, besides this, I felt uncertain how the avowal would be received; not by Almara herself—I was sure of her—but by her parents.

Another source of my hesitation had to do with the mystery which still continued to invest my beautiful sitter—that mystery which seemed concentrated in her ruby. What it might be I knew not; Almara quietly but resolutely foiled all my attempts to lead the conversation up to the subject. Of course I was not able, situated as we were, to make any serious attack upon her reserve; but it

was evident that her secret would probably remain a secret until all concealments were finally at an end between us. All that troubled me in the matter was a fear lest it should turn out to be a hindrance to our union; but, as time went on, this apprehension faded from my mind. Almara was gradually losing those traces of depression and anxiety which she had betrayed in our first interviews. The sunnier side of her character came out; she chatted with gayety and abandon; the shadow of pain and revolt was passing away. She still turned and twisted the heavy ring upon her finger, but now rather caressingly than impatiently. And once, I remember, as she and I and the rest, including Jeff, were sitting after sundown round a table outside the casino, laughing, gossiping, admiring the afterglow along the western horizon, and sipping iced coffee out of tall glasses, on this evening of the last day but one of the sittings, I saw her lift her hand to her lips with one of those unexpected movements of hers and bestow a quick kiss upon the ruby. No one seemed to notice this strange gesture, which indeed was so managed as to have escaped any eye less keen than a lover's. What was the meaning of it? Almara's glance met mine! for a moment she seemed disconcerted, but the next moment laughed and said, saucily:

"Monsieur Campbell, do you know a cure for burnt fingers?"

The next day at noon the last sitting was over. I sat alone in the *atelier*, adding the finishing touches to the portrait. At four o'clock, the whole party, not forgetting Jeff, were to be present for the "private view."

No one, not even Almara, had thus far been permitted to see the picture; and as for my Boston friend, I had not suffered him even to be present at any of the sittings. Besides that, the little man had a disturbing effect upon me; I wished these hours to be as far as possible sacred to my sitter and myself—oases of serene communion, uninvaded by Bostonian ineptitudes. On the other hand, I must plead guilty to having used Jeff (or allowed Almara to use him), outside the studio, in a manner perhaps inconsistent with the strict loyalty of friendship.

No definite words had passed between her and me on the subject, but, by a tacit agreement, the unsuspecting poet was made to do duty as a blind.

About half an hour before the time appointed for receiving my visitors, there was a knock at my door, and Jeff came in. He was as neat, complacent and pretty as a miniature on ivory. I had just put the last touch to the canvas, and was standing back in thoughtful contemplation of the work.

"Well, how do you like it?" I asked him, after the first words.

"Campbell, I am almost satisfied; and that, from me, is the highest eulogy that can be bestowed upon you."

"You never told me that you were the final umpire in art criticism."

"Oh, I only pretend to be the final umpire on the subject of Almara."

"Come, Jeff, let this farce have an end," said I, laying my hand kindly on his shoulder. "From this hour you must give up your pretensions in that quarter. To use the homely phrase, the Countess Almara is meat for—well, let us say, for your elders."

"Oh, my dear fellow, not at all; we suit each other perfectly. But I knew we should; you remember my telling you so? I should think you would have noticed it this week past, yourself."

"What I have noticed, my poor Jeff, has caused me more than one twinge of conscience. You must try and forgive me. The fact is, the Countess Almara and I——"

The poet interrupted me with a harsh laugh.

"Twinge of conscience, did you say?. Twinge of jealousy, you mean. My dear old Campbell, if I have anything to forgive, I forgive it with all my heart. But my object in coming here so early was to ask you to forgive me."

"Ah, I fancy I understand you, and I admit having thought you rather reprehensible on that score. Considering that your father made that provisional arrangement regarding your income in case you thwarted his wishes——"

"Yes, but that was only in case I——"

"In case you married any one but the lady he had selected for you. Exactly. And you decided that you preferred the countess to the income."

"Really, you are mistaken, Campbell. I have no idea of risking my income. I know the value of money."

"All I was going to say was that you have not been acting quite ingenuously toward the Count and Countess Semaroff, not to speak of their daughter. They look upon you as a young gentleman able to dispose of ten thousand pounds a year. Now, if you had proposed to them for her hand without letting them know——"

"Proposed to them for it? But, my dear Campbell, that was all settled from the beginning."

"Do you mean to say they have admitted you as a suitor?"

"Why, what else could I mean?"

"And you omitted to tell them that, in case you married her, you would have but three hundred pounds income?"

"Indeed, I told them nothing of the sort. Why should I?"

"Because an honest man in your place would have told them," I replied, coldly. "You are sailing under false colors. You are giving yourself out to be a millionaire, when you have only the salary of a clerk."

"But isn't a clerk with ten thousand a year a pretty decent millionaire?"

"But you will have ten thousand a year only as long as you are unmarried."

"That is so far the case that, after I'm married, I shall have twenty thousand a year—my wife's income added to my own."

"Well, Montgomery, I don't care to beat about the bush with you. If you can reconcile your conduct with your own code of honesty, it's no concern of mine. But, as regards the Countess Almara—I am going to marry her myself."

"You! Oh, you are joking?"

"I have loved her from the first. She loves me——"

"Oh, I say! Ha, ha, ha! Has she told you so?"

"We have not openly declared ourselves in so many words—you are welcome to whatever consolation that may afford you—but there are other means of coming to an understanding than by words."

"Well, that is true, at any rate. It is for that I came to ask your pardon, Campbell. But, really, was it not in great measure your own fault?"

"Upon my word, Montgomery, I fail to catch your drift."

"Well, the long and short of it is, she's been flirting with you."

"With me? You surprise me!"

"You see, she didn't want you to suspect our engagement. You remember that first conversation you had with her, when she made those allusions to my height, and said she hated Americans, and so on?"

I made a sign of assent.

"When she said those absurd things, though only in fun, she did not know that I was her intended; and when, a few hours later, we found each other out, she naturally felt annoyed at having spoken of me to a stranger in such terms. You understand?"

"Pray go on," I said, taking up my palette and brushes and standing before the canvas, so that my face was turned from the speaker.

"So she begged her mother and me not to let you suspect; and the more thoroughly to lull your suspicions (and also because the girl is a born flirt, as all feminine women are) she—just—you know what—made love to you in a mild way, I suppose."

Jeff paused.

"The man is mad—raving mad!" I muttered, still making pretense of retouching my background. Jeff flowed on:

"Of course a man like you, a man of the world, a great artist, and getting on in the forties—of course, I knew you'd only be amused, and would take nothing seriously; and you know you scoffed at the notion of matrimony when I asked you about it. But still, she can be so attractive when she chooses, that latterly I began to fear you might be the least bit fetched, after all. I told Allie I'd never forgive her if it turned out so."

"Told—*who?*"

"Allie—Almara, you know. We always called each other 'Allie' and 'Jeffie' in our letters."

"Letters? You corresponded, then?"

"Regularly—for the last five years."

"I see; and—and so it's been a settled thing—but—is this your first meeting?"

"Yes, and that is what made it so amusing. It had been arranged, you know, that I was to meet them in Paris on the 20th——"

"Meet whom? You must excuse me, but you have such an unsystematic way of imparting your information. I'm a bit confused."

"To meet the Semaroffs. The count is the Russian commissioner with whom we are in treaty about the cigarette holders. We were to be formally betrothed in Paris, Allie and I——"

"Would you mind calling her the Countess Almara, in speaking of her to me? I—I have unpleasant associations with the other name. Go on."

"The point is that, happening to stop here on my way, I was a good deal taken with the 'beautiful pagan,' without, of course, knowing who she was; and I might have made myself very unhappy about her if it hadn't been for you."

"Eh?"

"Yes, a fact. The first I knew of my pagan maid being one and the same with Allie—Countess, I mean—was your mentioning her name to me that first day at breakfast. Don't you remember my remarking how strangely things came out? It was accident our both happening to be here, but it was you who made us known to each other. Wasn't it curious?"

"Very curious, very amusing, the whole thing—ha, ha! And so that story about the three hundred a year was—part of your poem, I suppose?"

"Not at all. But the Countess Almara being my papa's selection, I risked nothing in marrying her. I tried to explain it to you at the time, but you pitched into me so, and insisted upon my leaving her and marrying somebody else, that at last, just for the fun of the thing, I allowed you to believe that I was really as great a fool as you took me for."

Hereupon ensued a pause of some minutes. Jeff, I believe, lit a cigarette. What I did, I have no recollection; but I must have remained standing before the easel. At length I felt that Jeff was standing behind me.

"It couldn't be better, really," he said. "They'll like it so much at home."

"Beg pardon?"

"It's to go to Boston, you know, to give papa and mamma an idea of how their daughter-in-law looks. Ah, you've put in the ring, too! I'm glad of that. Handsome ruby, isn't it?"

"An antique. Such rings are not made nowadays."

"Except by Tiffany; he manufactures them after the antique models. I got this at his store in New York six months ago, and paid fifteen hundred dollars for it. By-the-way, my dear Campbell, how much will this sketch be?"

"Hum, let me see. How long have I been over it?"

"Just six days."

"Well, then, I'll let it go for six thousand pounds. I don't care to make money out of friends!"

The smoke of Jeff's cigarette got into his windpipe; and while he was coughing the door opened, and the two countesses, followed by the count, came in.

After the portrait had been criticized and the compliments exchanged, I drew near to Almara, who was standing apart from the others, near the easel.

"Countess, permit my congratulations?"

There was a slight, involuntary quivering of the eyebrows and of the corner of the mouth, and she kept her eyes upon the portrait as she said, in a low tone:

"You know it, then?"

"Your future husband has just told me."

She shifted her position a little, and began to blush, slowly.

"I have included a portrait of the ruby, you observe," I went on. "Are you satisfied with it?"

"Very well—excellent," she said, mechanically.

"I was not sure whether you might prefer to have it omitted. That evening on the beach, you remember, you seemed to wish it out of the way. I will conjure it away even now, if you say the word;" and I took up the palette and brushes.

There was a pause; she understood me; the color gradually left her face, which she still kept averted. At length, with a perceptible effort, she said:

"It had better remain."

"I think so too," I said, laying down the palette. The company was now prepared to depart.

"Before you go, countess, I wish—merely out of curiosity—that you would tell me one thing."

"Well, monsieur?"

"Are you an angel, or a devil?"

Then at last she raised her face, pale as marble, and her black eyes met mine in a quiet, strange look. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I know not—well, I am a woman. Adieu. You will not forget me." And there, at all events, she spoke no more than truth.

The modest price which I had put upon my portrait appeared to overtax the resources of Beacon Street, and the work remained upon my hands.

That night Madame Enault's chimney caught fire—an occurrence unprecedented in the middle of August. I explained that I had burnt up some rubbish, which had proved to be remarkably inflammable, and made the fullest apologies; but the good lady's nerves did not recover their tone until after the imbibition of tincture of argentum—a sound dose.

This, so far as I can recollect, was the last noticeable episode of my Summer holiday.

# A TALE OF TWO TUBS.

Mr. Bill Topham lay dozing upon a bench in his boat-house, waiting for the customers who failed to be won by the liberal inducements recorded upon the signboard nailed over his door. This carefully worded advertisement announced in two brief paragraphs the nature and terms of his business:

"BOATES TO LET—25 CENTS THE HOUR."

That Mr. Topham had enjoyed a taste of seafaring life, no one who had ever read any of those exciting tales of Captain Marryat, so enchanting to the youthful mind, could fail to perceive.

His shirt was of the traditional navy-blue flannel, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, displaying an elaborate piece of tattooing on the right arm representing an almost nude female—the figure done in red ink, the hair, mouth and eyes in blue. One foot was gracefully poised in the air, while the other rested on a globe bearing the inscription "Sweet William."

I am not prepared to say that this female was intended to represent Mr. Topham's lady-love, as the inscription would lead one to suppose, although the globe bearing his name and resting beneath her foot, might, indeed, be typical of his utter subjugation; yet, for the sake of his sweetheart's modesty and his own reputation as a married man and a father, *I* am inclined to hope that the portrait was merely a fancy sketch.

Mr. Topham, as I have said, lay dozing upon his back. His hands were clasped under his head, his legs carelessly crossed, and he rolled a generous quid from side to side of his mouth, occasionally stopping to vary the monotony of the situation by turning to expectorate, with admirable force and accuracy of aim, at a nail-head, which, projecting an inch or two from the floor, afforded an excellent mark for the display of his skill.

The tide had risen nearly to flood, and the slanting beams of the afternoon sun came dancing over the water and flickering in the face of the skipper, who began to shift uneasily under their glare.

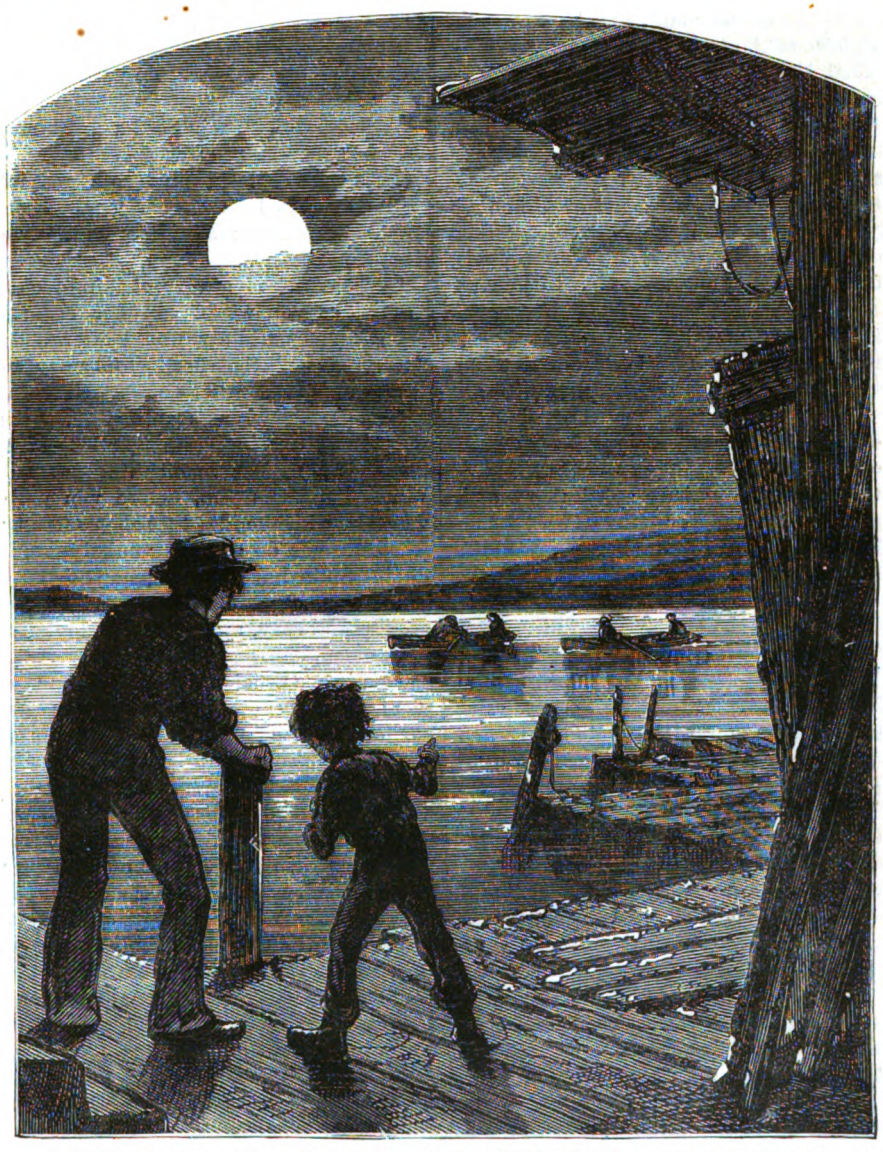
A swallow glanced by the open door, twittering a loud rebuke at the sleeper's laziness; and a huge bluebottle-fly of inquiring disposition went rambling about the skipper's nose, until arrested in its course by a loud, impatient snore.

This last had the effect of arousing a boy of exceedingly frowsy appearance, who had been asleep on the other side of the boat-house, curled up on a coil of rope.

"Wake up, Bill!" said he of the frowsy head, as voices were heard out on the sands; "here they be!"

"'S fact, by gol!" said Bill, turning lazily to the door which faced the sands, and staring sleepily up the beach.

A gentleman with shawls and wraps on his arm, evidently prepared for a pull, was handing a dainty little lady across the planks to the boat-house.



A TALE OF TWO TUBS.—"'NOW!' AS THE WORDS LEFT HENDERSON'S LIPS THERE WAS A LITTLE MORE WEIGHT THROWN ON THE BEGINNING OF HIS STROKE, A QUICKENING OF THE RECOVER, AND THE 'DOLLY' DREW UP, HAND OVER HAND, ON THE LEADING BOAT."

"Arternoon, Mr. Henderson. Goin' to take a row, I s'pose, and want a good, even-pullin' boat, now, I'll 'low?" said the skipper.

"Yes," said the gentleman; "we want a light, easy-going boat."

"A light, easy-goin' boat," said the skipper, meditatively—"an' fast?"

"And fast."

"And comf'able fur ladies, I s'pose?"

"Yes, of course—I take two."

"An' rudder, an' rudder-lines fur ladies ter steer—takin' turns, off an' on?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Topham—rudder and lines, and all that; only be lively about it."

"Now wait a bit," said the skipper, with the air of a man not to be hurried in a moment of grave deliberation. "Le's see! He wants an easy-pullin' boat, *an'* fast, *an'* com fable fur ladies, *an'* rudder an' rudder-lines fur ladies ter steer, takin' turns off an' on. Why, then—Dick, give 'em the *Sylph!*"

He said this with such an air of relief, and such a clearing up of the lines of care on his face, that you would have thought the selection had to be made from a whole navy of row-boats; whereas, by actual count, his stock was limited to two—the *Sylph* and the *Dolly*.

The frowsy-headed boy brought round the *Sylph*, and moored her to the float.

"Ye gods! what a misnomer!" said the gentleman, when he saw the rounded outlines of the tub.

The frowsy-headed boy stared stupidly.

"We shall resemble the three wise men of Gotham," said the little lady, in a pleasant, flute-like treble, "when Miss Chester comes to fill out the trio. Ah! there she is, and Mr. Kent with her. Did you invite him to join us, Ted?"

"No!" said Ted, sharply.

Something in his voice, and the hostile stare with which he greeted the intruder, made the girl turn quickly toward her brother.

"Why, Ted," said she, in a low voice, "you don't *care?*"

"But I do, Nettie!" said he.

As he spoke, the approaching lady spied them, and, with a wave of her sunshade, came running down the narrow bridge to the float, disregarding her companion's proffered hand of assistance, and his warning cry, "Take care, Miss Chester!"

"My dearest Nettie," said she to the girl in the boat, "I must ask you to intercede for me with your brother. He looks so dreadfully savage already at my keeping him waiting, that I don't dare to plead my own cause. But seriously, I met Mr. Kent just out of the hotel, and when I told him of our proposed pull, he reminded me of a promise I made to go boating with *him* this afternoon. So you see I've got myself into a dreadful muddle, and must appeal to your brother's generosity. Won't you compromise, Mr. Henderson, and give Mr. Kent a place?"

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Miss Chester," said Henderson, stiffly; "but our boat won't carry four with any comfort. Of course, under the circumstances, your prior engagement holds good, and Mr. Kent, no doubt, will be able to get another boat. Shove off, will you?"

This last in a strange tone to the frowsy-headed boy.

Miss Chester walked back to her escort.

"What an ill-tempered brute that Henderson is!" said he.

Miss Chester shrugged her shoulders expressively, and then made a melodramatic gesture of despair.

"Rejected by the *Sylph's* party, I am left to your tender mercies, Mr. Kent. Fail me not, or I venture out alone, for I'm determined not to lose my row."

"I shall be only too delighted," said he, coloring with pleasure.

"Shall you?" said she. "Thank you. I was beginning to fear that you would throw me over after witnessing my humiliating rejection by the Hendersons. Am I such a bore?" and she shot him a dangerous glance from her soft brown eyes.

Kent started as if to make some reply, but checked himself, and turned to secure a boat.

He was a manly looking fellow—broad-shouldered, deep in the chest and thin in the flank; crisp brown hair, and a mouth which meant a little obstinacy and no end of endurance—rather grave when in repose, but a flash of ivory when opened in an infectious, and often a jolly, rollicking laugh. Rather over-sensitive, some of his cronies said, but generous, not only with his money, but with his time and comfort—a rare sort of generosity, which made him "the best fellow in the world to get along with." This to his friends. But men whom he disliked—and of these there were not a few—were not long in discovering his opinion of them.

"If Dick Kent don't like you," once said an observant member of his set, "he has a dooced ugly way of lifting his chin and looking near-sighted at you; sort of droops his eyelids and scowls while you're talking—beastly aggravating!"

A habit which prejudiced a great many against Master Dick.

Miss Chester watches him as he goes into the boat-house, with a curious look on her face. That she admires him, any one could see; more than that, any one would scarcely venture to assert.

She herself is a very striking-looking girl. I don't know that you would call her beautiful at first sight, though you certainly would after a day's acquaintance. And yet it isn't that her face is an animated one—indeed, there is no great variety of expression, nor is her conversation particularly enchanting. Her great charm—a rare one among our Manhattan belles—is repose of manner. There is a nameless something in her air and carriage which impresses you, before you have known her five minutes, with the idea that she couldn't make an ungraceful gesture or do anything unladylike, if she tried. You don't care to have her talk, nor do you wish to talk much to her; she captivates by a sweet repose, a sort of restful gravity and easy, sympathetic adaptation to her companion's mood.

This is her usual manner; but, once in a great while, if you are lucky enough to be with her at a moment of great excitement, then you'll see a transformation. The soft brown eyes flash, the bright-red under lip quivers, a vivid flush colors the softly tinted cheek, and perhaps extends to the delicately veined temple; and then, my dear fellow, unless you've a *very* strong head, you'll find yourself in a dangerous vicinity. I've known young men to lose their nerve at such a time. But that is neither here nor there. We're keeping Mr. Kent from selecting his craft.

A second time was Mr. Topham aroused from his slumbers, and again was the grave deliberation gone through with; once more did he have to scratch his head in puzzled contemplation, and finally announce in tones of triumph the result.

"It's a light boat yer want, an' easy, an' seats fur two, an' sculls fur one? Why, then, Dick, give them the *Dolly!*"

"All right, pap!" said the frowsy-headed boy, with filial respect awed into unwonted reverence by Miss Chester's presence. It was only on an occasional relapse into stiff politeness, and then for mere formality's sake, that he addressed his father as "pap." For all ordinary occasions he held to the simpler and more euphonious "Bill."

The *Dolly* was brought round, and Miss Chester helped carefully in; her wraps were settled carefully about her; the frowsy-headed boy pushed off, and a few powerful strokes took them far beyond the float. The frowsy-headed boy watched the rower with critical admiration.

"He's a sculler!" said he, in a commendatory tone; and with this brief note of approval retired to his coil.

The sun faded away, and after a little while the moon shone clear and lit up the water with her peaceful, dreamy

light. The skipper snored musically in unison with the "swish" of the incoming waves; at measured intervals there came a somnolent grunt from the frowsy-headed boy, and even the sail-boats at anchor in the harbor seemed overcome by the general drowsiness, and nodded their mast-heads sleepily in the bay.

About two hours after he had lain down, the skipper was awakened by a noise out on the water; he could distinguish, by the clear moonlight, the two boats heading for the float. They were close together, and coming at a good pace. Something in their appearance caused the skipper to make a sudden exclamation, which aroused the frowsy-headed boy. Both ran out on the float to watch.

"It's a race!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

"The *Sylph's* ahead!" said the skipper.

"The *Dolly* will beat!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

"I'm not so sure!" said the skipper.

"*I* am!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

If they had been a little nearer the two boats, they might have overheard the following dialogues:

THE "SYLPH."

*Lady* (anxiously)—"Oh, Ted! I'm so afraid you'll hurt yourself. You're pale already!"

*Gentleman* (in a low voice, breathing hard)—"Hush, Nettie! I *must* get in ahead of that Kent! Curse him! he's beaten me once to-day."

*Lady*—"Oh, Ted, Ted, take care!"

THE "DOLLY."

*Lady* (excitedly)—"They're only a length ahead. You *must* beat that Mr. Henderson! Faster—faster!"

(No reply from the gentleman.)

*Lady* (still more excited)—"Do you hear, Mr. Kent? I shall die of mortification if they beat us! Why don't you row faster!"

*Gentleman* (calmly)—"Wait."

*Lady* (wild with excitement)—"But he's rowing faster than you. There—there, I thought so! Oh, dear—oh, dear! They're gaining—they're gaining!"

*Gentleman* (glancing over his shoulder)—"Now!"

As the word left his lips there was a little more weight thrown on the beginning of his stroke, an almost imperceptible quickening of the recover, and the *Dolly* drew up, hand over hand, on the leading boat, lapped her, drew even, and then shot in ahead.

"Didn't I say he was a sculler?" said the frowsy-headed boy, with pardonable pride at this proof of his judgment.

He ran to aid the victor in landing; the vanquished, he thought, could take care of himself.

"How splendidly you pulled, Mr. Kent!" said Miss Chester, "and how silly of me to doubt your skill!"

Kent smiled at her enthusiasm, and was inwardly delighted with it.

"I'm so grateful to you for winning!" said she; "what prize will the victor name?"

Kent colored to his temples, and, bending over her, said something in a low tone which made her flush in her turn with wonder and surprise.

She made an attempt to speak, but the words seemed to fail her; and when he had handed her out of the boat and along the bridge from the float to the boat-house, she walked by his side in silence, avoiding his eyes.

Kent left her and went back for the wraps, glowing with good-humor at his success. He passed Miss Henderson on the bridge, and seeing her brother standing on the float, walked up to him, saying:

"Wasn't that a jolly race, Henderson? I tell you what it is: I thought you had me at one time. See here, don't you think you pull too quick a stroke, and hurry too much on the recover—that is, for racing?"

Henderson turned round on him with an ugly look on his face.

"Mr. Kent," said he, "when I need your services as *professional coach*, I will let you know; until then, please keep your criticisms to yourself!"

Kent looked at him a moment with compressed lips, and then boiled over.

"Henderson," said he, "I didn't think you were such an ill-bred ass! This is the second time you've acted like a fool to-day. On the first occasion you only hurt yourself; this time it concerns me, and I warn you that I won't stand it much longer. I heard the remark you made to Willis and De Lancy as I passed you on the promenade last evening; I know you intended me to overhear; and I tell you this thing has got to be stopped, or your insolence shall be chastised as publicly as it deserves. You understand me, you impudent—ah!"

As he was speaking, Henderson struck him full in the face. Kent sprang at him, white with fury, caught him with a rush fairly under the chin, and sent him spinning off the float into the water.

There was a shout of laughter from the "muckers" and fishermen who had collected at the sounds of the fight when he came up, gurgling and splashing, throwing his arms in every direction.

"Coom ashore, lad, an' 'ave anuther round!" shouted a huge, red-faced English fisherman.

The crowd yelled with delight, but the man in the water did not seem disposed to accept the invitation: he gurgled and splashed, and his head went under again. When he came up, his eyes were staring wildly and his arms going like a windmill.

"I doubt yon chap can swim," said the English fisherman. "Tide's turned, an' he's driftin', sure!"

"'S fact, by Jove!" said the skipper. "Run, Dick, fur the rope! in the corner by the nets!"

The big fisherman kicked off his boots and threw aside his reefing-jacket; but there was a splash in the water before him, and a strong swimmer was striking out for the drowning man. It was Kent.

He soon reached Henderson s side, and, grasping him by the collar with his left hand, turned on his side to swim back to the float. Henderson clutched him convulsively by the left knee.

"Let go your hold!" shouted Kent, struggling to get free. "You'll drown us both!"

But Henderson clung to him with all a drowning man's strength. Kent turned on his back, put his right foot on Henderson's chest, close to the neck, and with a mighty thrust from the loin, like the action of a hurdle-racer taking a high leap, wrenched himself free, and, tearing the boating handkerchief from his neck, threw the knotted end to Henderson, crying: "Catch hold!"

Henderson managed to grasp it, and Kent, now out of the other's reach, turned on his side and struck out for the float, swimming with both legs and his right arm. But at every stroke Henderson's head went under, though he clung to the handkerchief like grim death.

Meanwhile the English fisherman had caught up a rope, and was swimming out to them with one end in his hand. By his aid Kent soon got the now insensible Henderson up on the float and laid him on his face, resting the brow on the right forearm.

"Stand aside and give him air!" he called to the crowd. Then he made two of them pull off Henderson's shoes and chafe his feet, while he worked upon his chest in such a way as to create a slight artificial respiration.

This soon had the desired effect. There was a faint, fluttering breath, and then a long-drawn sigh.

"Has anybody got any brandy?" asked Kent.

"Run, Dick!" said the skipper, "up to the house—quick with ye!"

"But there ain't none there," said the frowsy-headed boy. "Marm said the last was gone this mornin'."

"Ye'll find some in a case-bottle under the bed," said the skipper, with something like a knowing twinkle in his left eye. "Quick, now!"

The frowsy-headed boy shot off, and was back in a jiffy with the liquor.

Henderson very soon came to. He opened his eyes, and tried to sit up. Kent supported him with his arm, and gave him a taste of the brandy, which he swallowed with an effort, and then looked about him. When he caught Kent's eye, and saw who was supporting him, he gave a half-sigh, half-groan, and put his hands up to his face. Kent signaled to two of the bystanders.

"Help him up to the hotel," said he, in a whisper, "and get him into a warm bed as soon as possible. I will follow with the ladies."

They helped Henderson to his feet, and walked him slowly up to the hotel. Kent started to find the ladies.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

"Take a pull at the spirits, surr," said the English fisherman, who had already been tasting the skipper's brandy; "it'll take the chill off ye. The ladies 'ave gone up long ago with a strange gent."

Kent took a swallow, and then ran up to the hotel to change his clothes. It was late that night before he got to sleep. He lay awake, thinking over the events of the day, the boat-race, his trouble with Henderson and its dramatic *dénouement*, but principally of Miss Chester and the few words he had whispered in her ear. What made her look at him in that frightened sort of way? Was she surprised? No; surely she must have seen long before this. At any rate, he would speak again the next day. But she was going away in the morning stage! Then he would be up early to see her off and get a few words with her before she left. With this determination he fell asleep.

At the ringing of the first bell he rose and went down to the office.

"Has Miss Chester gone in to breakfast yet?" he asked of the clerk at the desk.

"Miss Chester? Gone an hour ago—left by an early stage. Gentleman came last night for her and her aunt. John" (to a waiter who was passing), "brandy-and-soda to 37, for Mr. Harding. Ah! stop a minute, Mr. Kent; here's a note for you," handing it over the desk. Kent opened it and read:

"MY DEAR MR. KENT: I was so surprised and grieved at what you said to me last evening, that I could scarcely believe you were in earnest.

"I thought, of course, you knew of my engagement to Dr. Winthrop—the gentleman who takes me away to-day. Forgive me, if I have unwittingly deceived you.

"Yours, truly,

"C. CHESTER."

And that was all!

He had finished reading, and was quietly folding the note, when Henderson came into the room. His face was pale, and his eyes had a troubled look; but he walked straight up to Kent and extended his hand.

"Mr. Kent," said he, in a low, broken voice, "I was a jealous brute to quarrel with you yesterday, and your generous bravery shows you are far worthier her——"

"Hush!" said Kent, quietly. "I fancy all cause for our quarreling is removed." Then he handed him the note, and went quickly out of the room.

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HARSH words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

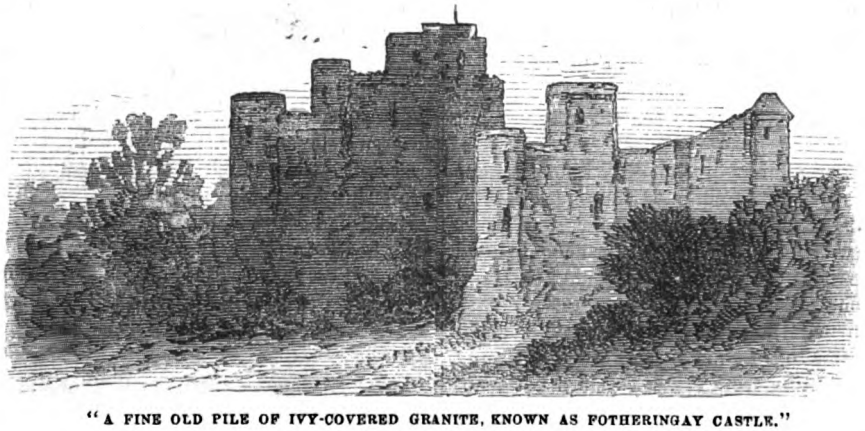
THE FOTHERINGAY DUEL.—"CATCHING HER IN HIS ARMS, HE KISSED HER PASSIONATELY, WHILE SHE CLUNG TO HIM AS SHE HAD NEVER CLUNG TO HER MISERABLE HUSBAND."

# THE FOTHERINGAY DUEL.

SOME hundred odd years ago there stood—perhaps still stands—in the heart of one of the prettiest of England's lowland counties, a fine old pile of ivy-covered granite, known as Fotheringay Castle.

At the date of which I write, it had just undergone a complete remodeling; had been refurnished and redecorated, and now, in more stately magnificence than it had ever before boasted, opened wide its gates to receive home its young master, and the lovely bride to whom, three months before, he had been wedded. With proud, exultant face, Sir Arnold Fotheringay entered the home of his fathers, with his wife upon his arm. The welcoming crowd of servants, some of whom had grown gray in his own and his father's service, fell back respectfully as he advanced, yet turned upon him and the lady, to whom as a gracious mistress he commended them, their honest, eager faces radiant with good-will and unspoken congratulations.

By her own request, Lady Fotheringay was conducted at once to her apartment, where Sir Arnold left her, he himself at once returning to the lower rooms, that he might renew acquaintance with such members of his family as he had not yet seen since his return.



"A FINE OLD PILE OF IVY-COVERED GRANITE, KNOWN AS FOTHERINGAY CASTLE."

Despite his lofty name and high position, Arnold Fotheringay was still a boy in heart, nor was he, indeed, much more in years. His twenty-second birthday had been only a few months passed when Adelaide von Walstein became his wife. He was a handsome, well-grown young fellow, kind and honest-looking, despite his swarthy skin and fierce black eyes; possessed, beyond a doubt, of strong passions and a reckless, headstrong will, yet, withal, generous and affectionate; a kind master, a loyal, steadfast friend.

As he passed now from hall to hall amid his numerous retainers, he met the honest, friendly faces that smiled a welcome upon him from every side, with words of kindly courtesy, and with well-pleased face, upon which the boyish flush, so easily aroused, more than once appeared.

He stood now by a wide, low entrance, opening directly upon the courtyard of the castle.

"I want to take a look at some of my four-legged friends before dinner," he said, addressing a slim, gayly-dressed man, whose shaven face and close-cropped red head smacked strongly of the stables. "The horses are all right, are they?"

"Right as a trevet, Sir Arnold; her ladyship may mount Queenie to-morrow, if she chooses. Mayn't I go with you, Sir Arnold?"

"By no means," replied the young baronet, good-humoredly. "I will take counsel of my own eyes and judgment before I consult yours. I have only time for a passing glance to-night, and you shall do the honors at your leisure to-morrow."

The man bowed and drew back, and alone Sir Arnold left the castle. He had approached within full view of the stables, when from one of them there issued a man who, with step light and easy as Sir Arnold's own, crossed the yard and advanced toward him.

At first sight of that tall, commanding figure, with its careless, graceful tread, Sir Arnold halted in his own advance, while an undisguisable start proclaimed that he recognized—and with no pleasurable feelings—the individual approaching.

After a moment's pause he resumed his walk, but his slackened, hesitating step betrayed how complete a change this unexpected incident had wrought in his feelings. The two continued to advance, and at last stood face to face. Then could plainly be seen, from the strong likeness between them, that they were of the same blood, and probably as much alike in temperament and disposition as they were in face.

The newcomer appeared to be some years Sir Arnold's senior, and he was a taller and, undoubtedly, handsomer man than the young baronet. He was the first to speak.

"Welcome home, Sir Arnold. I trust I am not the last to utter my congratulations?"

Sir Arnold had half extended his hand, but, noticing that his companion's was withheld, he drew back hastily, while, with some irritation in his voice, he said:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Reginald. Of all men, you are the last whom I expected to see this day. What brings you here?"

"Perhaps a longing to abide in the only home I have ever known, and from whence, thanks to your father's will, you have no power to eject me. Fortunately, no expectation of receiving a welcome from its master accompanied that longing. I see it would have been doomed to disappointment had it done so."

"Nonsense!" returned the other, testily. "The claim you are so keen to refer to, of course, does away with any necessity of formal greeting from me. You are here, not as my guest, but as one whose right is indisputable as my own. I can but admit, however, that I should have liked it better had you timed your visit more discreetly. You are aware of my marriage?"

The question was asked in a slow, reluctant voice, while the speaker's face grew crimson to the roots of his hair, and his eyes were resolutely averted from those of his companion. The latter only answered quietly—too quietly, perhaps: "I am very well aware of it, Sir Arnold."

The baronet drew himself up haughtily.

"Then I repeat, Cousin Reginald, since plain speaking seems to be the order of the day, your presence in my house, at this time, is neither delicate nor friendly."

Reginald broke into a loud, discordant laugh.

"What bug-a-boo has scared you now? Think you your possible heir attaches himself to you on murderous deeds intent? or is it, rather, that the happy bridegroom fears for the peace of mind of his loyal spouse, thus brought into dangerous contact with her jilted lover? Speak out, Arnold; is it fear, or jealousy?"

"Neither the one nor the other, as you know right well, Reginald Fotheringay," retorted Sir Arnold, angrily. "Friends, I suppose, you and I can never be, though I, for one, am heartily willing to bury the hatchet, and join hands with you in brotherly trust and affection. Spare me that sneer. I am as well aware as yourself that such an event is little likely to come to pass; but, though I cannot love you, I do not doubt, much less fear, you. You are a Fotheringay and a gentleman, and I shall be the last to dispute your claim to either title. As to the other weakness with which you charge me, be good enough to remember that Adelaide von Walstein is now my wife. It is quite impossible that I should insult her by being jealous of any man."

"Your wife—ay, your wife!" muttered the other, between his tight-set teeth. "Keep her, Arnold, keep her; you have no need for jealousy. Neither I nor any other man will grudge you possession of the prize you have won—the fair, false devil!"

With irrepressible rage the young husband sprang at him, but Reginald Fotheringay caught the uplifted arm in a strong grasp ere it could descend.

"Tut, tut, man, this is folly!" he said, in a more amicable voice than he had yet used. "Let us not renew in manhood the childish altercations that enlivened our youth. Regard my rash words rather as a proof of how little cause you have for uneasiness during my vicinity to your fair bride. I have proved her false, if you have not, and a false woman can never hold a place in the heart of Reginald Fotheringay. There is surely nothing in this fact that we need quarrel over, however. As you have yourself declared, there can never be friendship between us; but, Arnold, I mean what I say when I tell you that I shall be glad if there may be peace."

"It must be a peace, then, which shall curb your insolence. I will not be bearded in my own house by one who——"

He stopped abruptly, perhaps ashamed of the taunt he had been about to utter. Reginald making no reply to the interrupted sentence, the two walked silently toward the castle, the time which had elapsed during the interview rendering impracticable the visit to the stables which Sir Arnold had contemplated.

A hasty inquiry, as they entered, gained for him the information that Lady Fotheringay had descended to the drawing-room, and only waited her husband's return to order dinner.

"Will you go with me now to Lady Fotheringay?" asked Sir Arnold, in a voice plainly indicative of his wish that his companion should decline the invitation.

But Reginald bowed an unhesitating assent, and seeing no way of avoiding the interview for which he would fain have prepared his wife, Sir Arnold led the way to the drawing-room.

It was a frosty evening in October. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth as they entered, and near it, buried in the depths of a vast armchair, sat the mistress of the mansion. The footsteps betraying that her husband was not alone, she raised her head quickly as the two men drew near, and thus, unexpectedly, was she brought face to face with Reginald Fotheringay.

The suddenness of the event utterly overthrew her self-control.

"Rex!" she cried, in a half-frightened voice, her face growing in a moment absolutely colorless.

Save by the mocking smile that curved for a moment Mr. Fotheringay's handsome mouth, he took no notice of her agitation.

"Will Lady Fotheringay accept, upon this auspicious occasion, the congratulations of her most humble kinsman? Late in the day, perhaps, to offer them, but I flatter myself they will be none the less acceptable on that account."

His words and manner were courteous, but the sneer was undisguisable. In a moment Adelaide was herself again.

"Thanks, Mr. Fotheringay," she replied, haughtily. "I cannot but be pleased that you should wish well to me and mine."

Dinner was at the moment announced, and, in rather a hesitating manner, Reginald offered her his arm. Without appearing to notice his action, Lady Fotheringay turned to her husband.

"Will you give me your arm, Sir Arnold?" she said, pointedly; and, flushing high with delight and exultation, Sir Arnold obeyed.

Again that derisive smile flitted over Mr. Fotheringay's face, and, with a bow much lower than the occasion called for, he fell behind the others.

"She has a conscience yet," he muttered.

The fit of absent-mindedness into which this conclusion threw him was not dispelled until some time after they had taken their seats at the table. It was first the almost insolent gayety of the lady, afterward the unnatural talkativeness of her husband, that awakened his attention. Adelaide seemed really desirous that the conversation should resume the tone of scarcely suppressed belligerence it had borne in the drawing-room, while Sir Arnold was evidently more than equally determined that it should not do so. Every word, every accent, every turn of the conversation that could tend to anything personal in the past life either of himself or his companions, he literally pushed aside by the incessant stream of lively, inconsequent talk that flowed from his lips. With an energy that his companions unwittingly yielded to, he led their thoughts into the channels of general conversation, and strove, for some time successfully, to guard every point at which they might be turned aside. His own unwary tongue at last brought about the result he had fought against.

His wife had been giving a long and brilliant account of the different picture-galleries they had visited during their bridal tour, a subject so innocent that Sir Arnold thought himself perfectly safe in encouraging it; with which intent he had taken advantage of a pause in her narration to interpolate:

"Be accurate, Adelaide, or your description is valueless. It was at the Louvre, not the Luxembourg, we saw the Maria de Medici series. Don't you remember? We saw them the day we met De Boville and his friends?"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when Sir Arnold's face turned scarlet, and he cast a hasty, half-frightened look from his wife to his cousin, as if hoping his words had been unnoticed by them. This hope was a vain one, however; Reginald had caught the words, and turned eagerly toward him.

"De Boville? Did you meet De Boville in Paris? Was Lady Clarice with him?"

"What Lady Clarice?" cried Adelaide, sharply. And the first smile which had illumined Reginald's face since his meeting with his cousin brightened it now, as he answered:

"Lady Clarice Snowden that was, Lady Clarice de Boville that is; can it be possible that Arnold has failed to tell you of the romantic wedding in which I bore so prominent a part?"

Sir Arnold's face was pitiful to behold; he made an attempt to stammer forth a jesting evasion, but his wife gave him no opportunity to do so. She turned a white, agonized face upon Reginald.

"Tell me," she said, in a voice utterly unlike her own, "*is* Lady Clarice Snowden the wife of George de Boville? and does Arnold know her to be so?"

"Certainly!" replied Reginald, gazing uneasily at the agitated face of the lady, and the guilty one of her husband. "Lady Clarice became De Boville's wife about the time I went to Rome; indeed, we traveled from Dover to Calais in company. The wedding was a strictly private one, but I wrote a full account of it to Arnold, from Paris. Did you not receive my letter?"

And he turned upon his cousin his keen, searching eyes, which, though puzzled, seemed to defy deception.

Whatever trouble it had been that Sir Arnold feared, he seemed now resolved to brave it out.

"I received the letter," he said, haughtily, "but I did not see fit to make its contents public. Lady Fotheringay, Jervis is waiting to remove your plate."

The pointed allusion to the presence of the servants served to call the lady to some semblance of self-possession; save in the glittering blue eyes she turned upon her husband, no unseemly emotion was betrayed by her, as she asked:

"When did you receive that letter, Sir Arnold?"

His eyes gazed defiantly back into hers.

"One week before our wedding-day," he replied, slowly. And then he fairly shivered under the cold, wrathful gleam those blue eyes cast upon him.

Stern etiquette, however, forced into a surface-peace the turbulent elements which had thus suddenly arisen; nothing further was said upon the subject, and shortly afterward Lady Fotheringay quitted the table.

In passing Reginald she cast upon him a glance so full of passionate anguish, of mingled deprecation and entreaty, that the half-formed suspicion which had arisen in his bosom was confirmed, and he determined to exact from her, upon the first opportunity, that explanation of the past which he had hitherto been painfully anxious to avoid. How or why, he could not see, yet he was confident that some treachery to him was concealed beneath Sir Arnold's strange conduct. An immediate interview with Lady Fotheringay was his mental determination, and, as if that determination had been guessed at by Sir Arnold, every obstacle that could prevent it was thrown in his way.

Together the two men left the dining-room, together entered the apartment wherein Lady Fotheringay awaited them; nor throughout the evening could Reginald either find or make any opportunity to make known his wishes to the lady. He could not but fancy, however, that Adelaide understood and endeavored to forward his purpose, and all

"ADELAIDE, SHIVERING WITH TERROR, SAW THE PALE BLUE GLEAM OF GLISTENING STEEL."

doubts upon this point were set at rest when she, upon retiring for the night, passed near enough to Reginald to drop at his feet a scrap of paper, which, unnoticed by Sir Arnold, he secured.

Opportunity to read it was not now hard to find; his wife having left them, Sir Arnold ceased to maintain any surveillance over his cousin, and eagerly opening the note, Reginald read as follows:

"I cannot sleep until I have spoken to you—alone. I will return to the drawing-room when I can do so unperceived. For God's sake, Reginald, meet or await me there!"

That was all; neither signature nor address; yet Reginald's heart throbbed as it had not done since Adelaide von Walstein, his own betrothed, had clung to him in unavailing grief at their parting, six months before.

What did it all mean? Was it possible that she was less false, less heartless, than he had believed her? Could Arnold—but, no; he checked the thought in its birth; enemies as they were—as they had been from their earliest youth—Arnold was, as he had said of Reginald, a Fotheringay and a gentleman; a dishonorable, an untruthful act was impossible to him. It was all a mystery, but its solution would surely be found in this midnight interview his cousin's wife was about to accord him.

Parting with Arnold at the foot of the staircase, with scarcely a passing scruple Reginald returned to the appointed rendezvous; of the wisdom, to say nothing of the propriety, of his contemplated *tête-à-tête*, his conscience did not fail to whisper doubts, but they were unceremoniously stifled in their birth.

Ordinary rules could not govern a case like this—so he argued; if Adelaide was the wife of his cousin now, she had been his own betrothed when last they met, and whoever was to blame, he had been injured most cruelly by the marriage, and an explanation was most assuredly his due.

Yes! he would see her, if only to tell her how utterly, how entirely he despised her; and then he would renounce the foolish intention he had formed of revenging himself upon them by the constant torment of his presence; he would leave the redressing of his wrongs to a higher Power, and, bidding farewell for ever to the two beings who had caused him so much misery, he would return to Germany, and bury himself for the remainder of his life among the books which were now his only friends.

The tiny French clock that stood over the fireplace had just chimed the hour of one, when a light footstep and the rustling a woman's dress betrayed to Reginald the approach of the lady whose pleasure he awaited. He rose from his chair, and with grave, courteous mien stood before her as she advanced. When he gazed upon her confused and agitated face, and met the frightened, deprecating glance of the large blue eyes he had once so dearly loved, imperfectly though he understood the reason of her presence here, he yet felt instinctively that the position was one against which her delicacy revolted, and the natural kindliness of his nature overcame the bitterness which had lately filled his heart against her.

"Will you be seated, Lady Fotheringay?" he said, gently.

She gazed at him speechlessly for a moment, then, "Oh, Rex!" she gasped, and burst into tears.

He silently handed her to a chair, into which she sank, while he remained standing by her side.

"What must you think of me?" she sobbed; "what have you thought of me? And yet, oh, Rex, I have not been quite so heartless, so fickle, as I have appeared!"

She raised her eyes timidly to his; he was very pale, and still spoke not a word, but his eager, questioning eyes seemed almost to force from her the explanation she longed yet feared to utter.

"I thought you false," she murmured. "They told me you were married to Lady Clarice Snowden—that you had taken her to Rome with you. Oh, Rex, forgive me! I believed it—it broke my heart—it made me mad! Arnold knew how I was feeling, but he begged me to marry him; papa and mamma urged me, and I was so miserable—so reckless! I was not false, Rex, I was only weak!"

"Who told you I was married?" said Reginald, hoarsely; "did Arnold——"

A flash of angry scorn lighted up for a moment her white, hopeless face.

"Arnold! Oh, no; Arnold is a gentleman! He would not lie, nor betray his friend. He only said, when the story was brought to me by one who had seen you standing

"SHE THRUST THE PISTOL INTO THE WATER."

PROMENADE ON THE LONG LINE AT COPENHAGEN.— SEE PAGE 732.

by Lady Clarice's side as the vessel left the dock—Arnold only said, when I turned to him in agony, that he had known long of your admiration for Lady Clarice, though he would not have believed it possible that any man could be false to me. There was nothing treacherous, nothing dishonorable in that, was there? And then, when, a week before our miserable marriage, he received the letter which would have proved to me that the man over whose inconstancy I was grieving so bitterly was as loyal and honorable as I had ever believed him—what did he do then? He told me no lie—he deceived no one—he only 'did not see fit to make the contents of his letter public!' That was all."

"Lady Fotheringay!" cried a harsh, angry voice near her, "may I beg for an explanation of this very remarkable scene?"

And the bitter laugh died upon Adelaide's lips, as she beheld her husband, white with passion, advancing toward her.

Reginald at once stepped before her, desirous to shield her emotion, if possible, from the jealous eyes of his cousin.

"It means, Sir Arnold," he said, in a voice that told in its very calmness rather of repressed passion than the absence of it—"it means that the day of retribution you can but have foreseen has come upon you sooner than you had anticipated; it means that the wife you have won through treachery is yours but in name; that—so long as she and I both live—we will be to each other what she will never be to you, and that the misery of knowing yourself a despised and unloved husband will be yours to your dying day!"

He turned his back abruptly upon the unhappy man, who, speechless with shame and anger, beheld without interference the scene that ensued. Reginald bent over Adelaide, as she sat white and miserable upon her chair.

"Would to Heaven, my poor girl," he said, in a voice of inexpressible tenderness, "that I could bear your share, as well as my own, of the sorrow your weakness has brought upon us! The bitterest drop in my cup is the knowledge of the hopeless destiny that is yours. I must leave you; for your sake, no less than for my own, it is best we should never meet again; yet, should the day ever come when you need a friend, and that friend I can honorably be to you, send for me, Adelaide, and I will devote my life, if need be, to your service."

She looked up into his face as he ceased to speak—the handsome, noble face she had loved so well! She reached forth her arms.

"Oh, my king! my king!" she wailed; and at the sound of those piteous words—the dear, loved name by which she had been so proud to call him in their happy past—his stout heart failed him; his lip quivered; his eyes grew dim, and, catching her in his arms, he kissed her passionately; while she clung to him as she never had clung, never would cling, to her miserable husband.

That sight broke the spell that had sealed Arnold's lips; he sprang forward with a fearful oath, and tore his wife from the arms that embraced her.

"You dare—you dare!" he gasped, "in my very presence!"

"It was your presence gave me the license I desired," returned Reginald, contemptuously. "Had my leave-taking been a clandestine one, it would have been far less demonstrative. Fear not, Arnold; there is one Fotheringay to whom honor is dearer than love!"

The sneer rendered uncontrollable the fury now burning in Arnold's bosom.

"Await me here!" he said, between his clinched teeth. "I will assist Lady Fotheringay to her chamber, and we will then settle uninterruptedly the long account which this night's work has brought to its climax."

Reginald bowed a cold assent, and Arnold, half-carrying, half-leading, his wife, took her unresisting from the room. He left her at her chamber-door.

"It cannot be many hours from daylight, Lady Fotheringay," he said. "You will oblige me by remaining in your own apartment until the sun shall countenance your leaving it."

Adelaide returned no answer. The insult had fallen on deadened ears. She tottered to a chair as he left her, and for many minutes sat with her face buried in her hands, a prey to the unavailing regrets she felt must ever henceforth be her doom.

Suddenly a remembrance of the words her husband had uttered as he left the drawing-room flashed upon her. She sprang to her feet in horror; the cold, defiant face of Reginald, the threatening one of Sir Arnold! what did they mean? She stood for a moment in miserable uncertainty; then, turning, she left the room, crept noiselessly down the dark staircase and through the silent hall, until she stood at the door of the apartment she had so lately quitted. It was ajar, and she became, without difficulty, a witness to what was passing within.

The two men stood facing each other, and it was curious how strangely alike, in that moment of intense excitement, their dark, set faces had grown. Sir Arnold held in his hands a morocco case, open, in which Adelaide, shivering with terror, saw the pale blue gleam of glistening steel.

"They are both loaded," Arnold was saying. "You know the weapons; they were my father's. If you desire it, I will discharge and reload them in your presence."

"It is unnecessary," replied his cousin, coldly.

"Then choose you one, and I will take the other. At sunrise, in the western coppice, we will meet again, and then, once for all, shall be terminated our life-long feud."

Reginald bowed assent, and took one of the pistols from the case.

"If that is all we have to arrange, I will leave you now. You will agree with me in thinking that the few hours remaining between one of us and eternity had better be passed in solitude."

Words and manner alike indicating that they were about to separate, the wretched listener was compelled to desert her post and return hastily to her own apartment.

When Sir Arnold joined her, which he did shortly afterward, he found her lying, apparently asleep, upon the bed, though she had laid aside none of the garments she had worn during the evening.

His first act was to place the pistol within the drawer of a cabinet that stood near, half-unconsciously turning the key upon it after he had done so. Then he came to the side of the bed and gazed upon the white face and closed eyes of his wife.

"And she can sleep!" he murmured.

He stood for some moments silently by her side; then, bending suddenly, he kissed her passionately; and, as he turned away, the hot tear that fell upon her face must assuredly have awakened her had she really slept.

Scarcely had the door of Sir Arnold's dressing-room closed behind him when she had arisen.

"False kiss! false tear!" she muttered, rubbing fiercely the cheek upon which her husband's caress still burned.

Her breath came fast and thick; her cheeks were hot and flushed, and there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes that told more of the passion within than the wildest words could have done. She crept stealthily to the cabinet; the

key was in the lock, and she opened without difficulty the drawer. There it lay—the weapon which, in a few short hours, was to stretch lifeless, under the morning sun, her Reginald—her love, her king!

In that moment there rushed upon her mind, with horrible distinctness, the many stories she had heard concerning Sir Arnold's skill with the pistol. She knew he had been held without a rival in the Vienna gallery, where he and Reginald, in company with many of the noblest youth of the city, had practiced the art; and she knew, too, the hatred which would make certain his aim, when that aim was the heart of Reginald Fotheringay. She grew wild at the thought, and gazed at the weapon with almost sickening terror. It would be useless to hide or destroy the pistol; another would soon be found to fill its place. But was it not possible to render it harmless?

She examined it timidly, cautiously. It was the first time she had ever held such a weapon in her hands, and she was, of course, utterly ignorant of any method of tampering with the load. But, after a moment's thought, she crossed the room to a table whereon stood a vase of water, and into this she thrust the pistol, holding it there for some moments.

She withdrew it, dripping at every point, and then with a napkin she carefully dried it, wiping away all visible moisture slowly, patiently, until at length, dry and polished, she laid it again within the drawer, to all appearance in the same condition it had been left by its master.

When the gray dawn began to creep above the eastern horizon, the door leading to Sir Arnold's room was cautiously opened. She heard the click of a key—an opening door. Then he was gone again, and she was left to bear as best she could the maddening suspense of the hours that lay before her.

The clear, frosty beauty of the young Autumn day had barely replaced the shadows of that long, sad night, when Reginald Fotheringay, with white, awe-struck face, stole into the house which had been his home since his earliest remembrance. He was met in the lower hall by the ghostly semblance of the fair, innocent girl he had loved as Adelaide von Walstein. Clad in the disordered magnificence of her yesterday's dinner-toilet, her golden tresses, unrestrained by comb or ribbon, falling in damp masses around her white face and hollow, glittering eyes, she came to him—so unnatural, so spectral in appearance, that he fell back a pace or two, while a nervous cry involuntarily escaped his lips. In a moment, however, he had regained his self-possession.

"My poor Adelaide," he said, tenderly, though his very lips seemed colorless as he spoke, "I see you already know something of this wretched business. Come with me, and I will tell you all."

He took her cold, passive hand in his, and led her into an adjacent room.

"You need tell me nothing!" she cried, hysterically. "All that I care to know your presence tells me. Oh, Rex! you are here, safe and unharmed! and that is what I have been praying for during the past long hour, as I never prayed for anything in my life before! Thank God! thank God! your life has been spared! I can bear anything now—even to live with him!"

She shuddered as she spoke the words, yet strove to gaze into his face with a reassuring smile.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!" he cried, with anguish. "You do not know—— Ah! can you not guess what it is I have to tell you? Arnold and I have fought! I have escaped unhurt!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, an exultation fearful to behold lighting up her face. "You have escaped, and I—I have saved you! I, whom you thought so weak and faithless! You will forgive me now, Rex—won't you? You will think of me kindly even in Arnold's arms, when you remember that I saved your life?"

"What do you mean?" cried Reginald, staring blankly at the pleading face upraised to his.

She cast a cautious glance around, then, raising herself on tiptoe, she whispered in his ear, that exultant smile still curving her lips:

"I held his pistol under water before he went out with it! You were safe, Rex—quite safe!"

He staggered back against the wall.

"My God! you have made me a murderer! I have shot a defenseless man!"

"Shot!" she repeated, vaguely. "You have shot——"

"I have shot your husband!" and Reginald's voice had grown loud and fierce in his despairing horror. "He lies upon the meadow that an hour ago was his, with the bright, cruel sun glaring down upon his poor, dead face! While I—— Oh, Arnold! My cousin! My dead uncle's boy!"

His face dropped in his hands, and a sob of uncontrollable agony escaped his breast.

The sight of his grief made her oblivious even of the words he had spoken. She sprang wildly forward, and in a moment her arms were around his neck, her cheek pressed to his, while her lips murmured broken words of love and sympathy into his ears.

"Don't, don't, Rex! my king! my king! It tortures me to see you weep! Oh! that I might be all in all to you, as you are all in all to me! Rex, dear Rex, be comforted!"

"Never!" he cried. "Never again, until I stand face to face with that poor murdered boy, and hear from his lips that my unconscious sin is forgiven! Off, unhappy woman!" and he thrust rudely away the clinging arms, the drooping golden head. "Had Arnold Fotheringay fallen by my hand in fair and honorable fight, as God knows I thought he did, still would there have been a barrier between you and me, never, through all eternity, to be passed! But now—now find what joy you may in your widowhood, Lady Fotheringay! God may forgive you for this day's deed—I never will!"

He thrust away her outstretched hands, and rushed madly from the room, heeding not, even if he heard, the feeble cry, the dull, heavy fall, that followed his exit.

Baron von Walstein, brought to his daughter's side by the news of the terrible tragedy herein recorded, found instead of the rosy, bright-eyed girl he had given to Arnold Fotheringay three months before, a white-lipped, vacant-eyed woman, who received him without surprise and without pleasure—who would utter no intelligible words, except to murmur, over and over again:

"I have saved him! He cannot hate me now! I have saved him!"

Her mind had received the shock which must have slain the body. In blest unconsciousness of her sorrows, she lived until, in the hour that gave a posthumous son to the title and estates of ill-fated Sir Arnold Fotheringay, his unhappy widow also gained her release, and followed him to the world beyond the grave.

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SEEK pleasures whenever you can consistently do so. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

# A GLANCE AT COPENHAGEN.

THERE are few pleasanter places for spending a Summer holiday than Copenhagen, and those whose lot it is to reside there for a longer period find much that is at once interesting and amusing to occupy their leisure hours in Denmark. The number of tourists who annually pass through Copenhagen on their way to Norway and Sweden, sufficiently attests the popularity of that capital as a halting-place. It is our purpose in the present paper to speak rather of the peculiarities which come under the eye of the resident than to repeat the familiar passages of the guide-book.

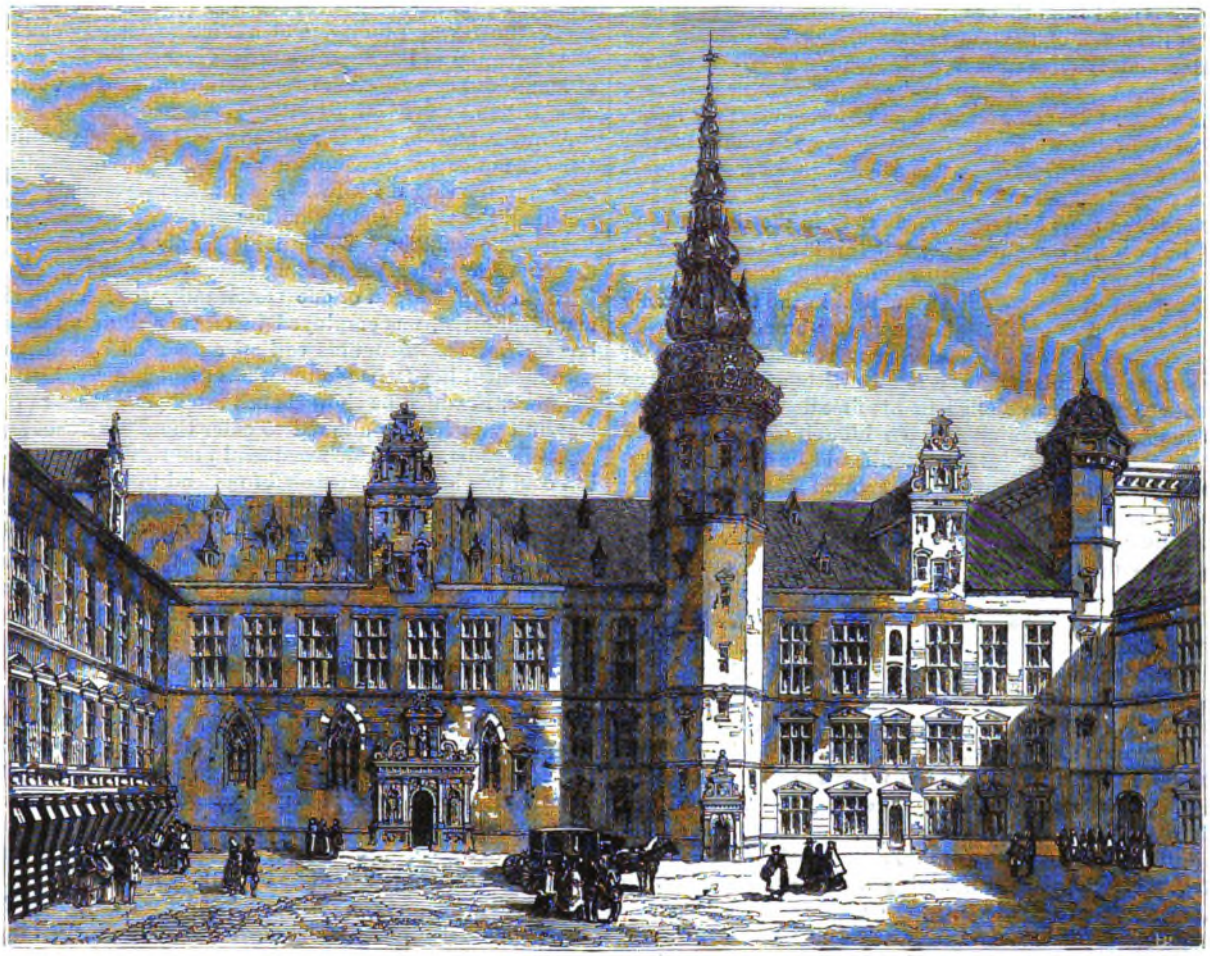
Not many years ago we took passage in the Danish steamer *Thyra* to Copenhagen. With much delight we at last found ourselves, early one Tuesday morning, off Elsinore, the "wild and stormy steep" of which exists only in the mind of the poet. It is not our intention to describe the town of Copenhagen, but to pass at once to more general considerations.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT COPENHAGEN INAUGURATED BY THE KING OF DENMARK.

No person living for any length of time in a foreign country can hope to enjoy himself, and find that interest in his surroundings which compensates for the absence of home comforts, without obtaining a fair mastery of the language of the land in which he lives. Danish is not a difficult language to acquire. A few months' study and practice in talking with the natives should suffice for all ordinary purposes. It may be described as a mixture of German and English. The traveler who speaks Danish will find himself quite at home in Norway, where the language is almost identical, and will have no great difficulty in picking up Swedish, which greatly resembles it. In Swedish, a large proportion of words terminate in *a*, and the Swedes raise the voice at the end of each short sentence, in a manner somewhat similar to (but decidedly more musical than) the Scotch. The affinities between Danish and English are too well known to call for remark here, and may be studied by all in Trench, "Upon Words." It may be noticed only, whilst on this subject, that in Lincolnshire and such English country districts as were occupied by the Danes, many purely Danish words still exist among the people which do not form part of the "Queen's English"; whilst in Jutland the country people have many of what we should call "English" words, which do not exist in the Danish language as spoken and written in the capital. The climate of Denmark is rigorous, as the Winter lasts more or less for nine months of the year. During both the Winters which we spent there the Sound was frozen over the whole way to the opposite coast of Sweden, and in some cases persons have crossed on the ice from shore to shore. When once the heat of Summer is established, however, trees come quickly into leaf, and for three or four months the weather is delightful.

In Summer some good trout-fishing can be obtained in Jutland; and the yachtsman finds Copenhagen a very good place for headquarters. Bathing is fairly good in the Sound, but not equal to the open sea, as the water is brackish and has little buoyancy. Fair amusement may be had in a canoe for those who can manage one with a sail. Pleasant trips may be made to Fredericia, Veile and other places of interest, or to the islands. The geologist will find a rich field in the island of Moën, where the chalk cliffs abound in fossils. The scenery of this spot is also exceedingly pretty, and the hotel very pleasant and comfortable.

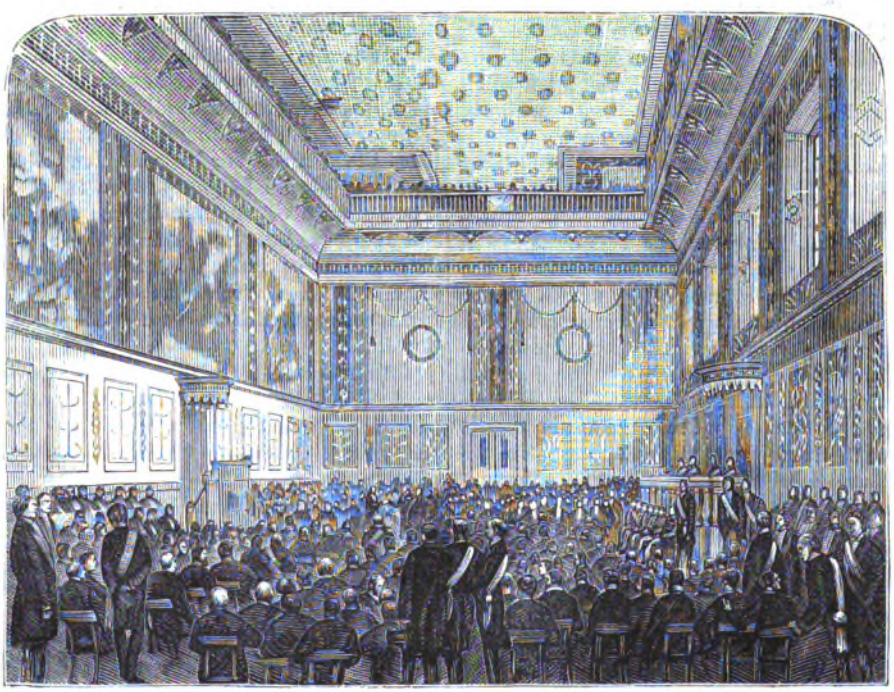
Winter brings skating, which is conducted in an admirable manner. A club is formed, open to all respectable persons on payment of a small subscription. A large space of ice is roped in on the reservoir near the town,



THE CHATEAU KRONBERG, NEAR COPENHAGEN.

and kept carefully swept and attended to. A band plays in the afternoons, and exhibitions of fancy skating, races, etc., take place, as well as occasional illuminations and skating festivals at night. Certain young English gentlemen go every year to Copenhagen for the express purpose of skating; and if they do not find it in perfection there, proceed to Stockholm, or further north.

Good wild-fowl shooting may be had with a little trouble. Other sport is very scarce. Those who care for pike-fishing may, however, enjoy it to perfection, as permission is easily obtained, and both the natives and the fish appear to be ignorant of the use of the spoon-bait, which is very killing in Danish waters; we have taken nine or ten good fish in a day in the immediate neighborhood of Copenhagen, and have at times landed pike of twelve and fifteen pounds weight. In the market they may be seen up to as much as thirty or forty pounds when they are in season.



HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

A slight disadvantage attending a residence in Copenhagen, or the pretty watering-places which dot the coast

of the Sound from thence as far as Elsinore, is experienced from the smell of the seaweed washed up by the brackish water and lying exposed to the sun. This evil odor is maintained by the Danes to be neither unpleasant nor unhealthy. The general opinion of foreigners may be expressed in the words attributed to King Nebuchadnezzar concerning his grass diet: "It may be wholesome, but it is not good." After all, perhaps, the smell of rotten seaweed is the most agreeable that exists in the Danish capital during the Summertime; but this is an unsavory subject, and need not be enlarged upon.

The visitor, shortly after his arrival in the town, usually asks for a glass of Copenhagen cherry-brandy, which he generally is unable to obtain, as it is made entirely for export, and is unknown as a retail article of drink to the Danes themselves. Foiled in his first desire, the traveler frequently endeavors to console himself by procuring a "real Danish dog." Here again he will be doomed to disappointment, as the intelligent spotted animal commonly known as the "carriage" or "Danish" dog is not found in Denmark, and is of Dalmatian race. It may be interesting to note that the rabbit does not, and apparently cannot, exist in Denmark or further north, and that no four-legged donkeys are found in that country, excepting one in the Zoological Gardens at Copenhagen, which specimen is perhaps the most interesting object of the collection to the inhabitants.

It ill becomes us, however, to criticise Denmark as to what it has *not;* let us rather see what Copenhagen has—and it has much at once interesting and beautiful. Firstly, its museums and palaces, the Thorwaldsen statuary, the northern antiquities, and the fine ethnological collection; then the lovely castle of Fredriksborg, with its chapel containing a series of paintings by the modern artist Bloch, whose picture of Samson and Delilah and other works will, we venture to assert, obtain, in course of time, a more than local reputation; the unique and invaluable collection in the old palace of Rosenborg, which has no parallel except perhaps the celebrated "green vaults" at Dresden. Again, the "Dyrhaven," or royal deer-park, and the grounds at the royal Summer residence of Fredensborg, to which free access is given to the public, will bear comparison with the finest English parks. The new theatre in Copenhagen, built after the model of the opera house in Vienna, shows that a small country may succeed where large ones sometimes wholly fail. In this theatre the old Danish comedies of the Danish Shakespeare, Ohlenschlœger, are most creditably performed.

To those whose travels have chiefly led them southward, there is a great pleasure in the first awaking in Copenhagen. Everything is new—the associations, the characteristics, the history; even the very names on the omnibuses are suggestive of the sagas and romances of the North; and though the Summer sun is hot, the atmosphere is as clear as that of a tramontana day in an Italian Winter, and the air is indescribably elastic. The comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre stands in the Kongens Nytorv, a modern square with trees surrounding a statue in the centre, but there are glimpses of picturesque shipping down the side-streets, and hard by is a spire quite ideally Danish, formed by three marvelous dragons with their tails twisted together in the air. Tradition declares that it was moved bodily from Calmar in the south of Sweden. It rises now from a beautiful building of brick erected in 1624 by Christian IV., brother-in-law of James I. of England, and used as the Exchange.

Not far off is the principal palace—Christiansborg Slot, often rebuilt, and very white and ugly. Besides the Royal Residence, its vast courts contain the Chambers of Parliament, the Royal Library, and a Picture Gallery chiefly filled with the works of native artists, amongst which those of Marstrand and Bloch are very striking and well worthy of attention.

A queer building in the shadow of the palace, which attracts notice by its frescoed walls, is the Thorwaldsen Museum, the shrine where Denmark has reverentially collected all the works and memorials of her greatest artist—Bertel Thorwaldsen. Though his family is said to have descended from the Danish King Harold Stildetand, he was born (in 1770) the son of one Gottschalk, who, half-workman, half-artist, was employed in carving figures for the bows of vessels. From his earliest childhood little Bertel accompanied his father to the wharfs and assisted him in his work, in which he showed such intelligence that in his eleventh year he was allowed to enter the Free School of Art. Here he soon made wonderful progress in sculpture, but could so little be persuaded to attend to other studies, that he reached the age of eighteen scarcely able to read. In his twenty-third year he obtained the great gold medal, to which a traveling stipend is attached, and thus he was enabled to go to Rome, where, encouraged at first by the patronage of Thomas Hope, the English banker, he soon reached the highest pitch of celebrity. Denmark became proud of her son, so that his visits to his native town in 1819 and 1837 were like triumphal progresses, all the city going forth to meet him, and lodging him splendidly at the public cost; but his heart always clung to the Eternal City, which continued to be the scene of his labors. Of his many works, perhaps his noble Lion at Lucerne is the best known. He never married, though he was long attached to a member of the old Scottish house of Mackenzie, and he died when visiting Copenhagen in 1844.

In accordance with Thorwaldsen's own wish, he rests in the centre of his works. His grave has no tombstone, but is covered with green ivy. All around the little court which contains it, are halls and galleries filled with the marvelously varied productions of his genius, arranged in the order of their execution—casts of all his absent sculptures, and many most grand originals. Especially beautiful are the statue of Mercury, modeled from a Roman boy, of which the original is in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and the exquisite reliefs of the Ages of Love, and of Day and Night, the two latter resulting from the inspiration of a single afternoon. But all seem to culminate in the great Hall of Christ, for though the statues here are only cast from those in the Vor Frue Kirche, they are far better seen in the well-lighted chamber than in the church. The colossal figures of the Apostles lead up to the Saviour in sublime benediction; perhaps the statues of Simon Zelotes and the pilgrim St. James are the noblest amongst them. In the last room are gathered all the little personal memorials of Thorwaldsen — his books, pictures and furniture.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities should also be visited, and the Tower of the Trinity Church, with a roadway inside making an easy ascent to the strange view of many roofs and many waters which is obtained from the top.

But the most delightful place in Copenhagen is the Palace of Rosenborg, standing at the end of a stately old garden—where it was built by Inigo Jones for Christian IV., and containing the room where he died, with his wedding-dress, and most of his other clothes and possessions. This palace-building King, celebrated for the drinking bouts in which he indulged with his brother-in-law, James I. of England, was the greatest dandy of his time, and before we leave Denmark we shall become very

familiar with his portrait, always distinguished by the wonderful left whisker twisted into a pigtail falling on one side of the chin.

Other rooms in Rosenborg are devoted to each of the succeeding monarchs and filled with relics and memorials which carry one back into most romantic corners of Danish history, the ever-alternate succession of Christians and Frederics making a most terrible bewilderment, down to the two English queens, Louisa the beloved, and Caroline Matilda the unfortunate. Most curious amongst a myriad objects of value are the three great silver Lions—"Great Belt, Little Belt, and Sound," which, by ancient custom, appear as mourners at all the funerals of the sovereigns, accompanying them to Roeskilde and returning afterward to the palace.

Those interested in such matters will wander as we did through the more ancient parts of Copenhagen in search of old silver, and specimens of the older Copenhagen china. Formerly the china imitated that of Miessen, but it has now a more distinctive character, and is chiefly used in reproducing the works of Thorwaldsen. Copenhagen has no other especial manufactures.

No visitors to the Danish capital must omit a visit to Tivoli, the pretty, odd pleasure-grounds—very respectable, too—near the railway station, where all kinds of evening amusements are provided in illuminated gardens and woods by a tiny lake, really very pretty. Here we watched the cars rushing like a whirlwind down one hill and up another, with their inmates screaming in pleasurable agony; and saw the extraordinary feats of "the Cannon King," who tossed a cannon-ball, catching it on his hands, his head, his feet—anywhere, and then stood in front of a cannon and was shot, receiving in his hands the ball, which did nothing worse than twist him round by its force.

The tourist who has money to spend and a taste for curios and china may still make a good bargain in the antiquarians' shops; but the Jew dealers from Paris and London have for some time past swooped down on all that was most worth acquiring of this kind. The resident collector, however, still finds means to fill his house with old china and brasses of curious manufacture, and picks up, here and there, quantities of those varied *objets de vertù* which fill the heart of the *bric-à-brac* hunter with delight. The less wealthy traveler may well content himself by purchasing some of the best and cheapest gloves in Europe, and such articles of the well-known Danish modern china and terra-cotta work as suit his purse and fancy.

As in most other countries where railways and Cook's tourists work their way, peculiarities of costume are fast disappearing amongst the peasants, though in the island of Amorga, close to the gates of the capital, where the descendants of an old Dutch colony still reside and avoid intermixture with the Danes, picturesque festival dresses are yet retained to a certain extent.

The cost of living is by no means high, considering the advance in this particular that has been made in every city in Europe of late years.

The Danes mostly make a substantial breakfast about ten A.M., and dine at three in the afternoon, the cravings of hunger being subsequently allayed with schnapps, beer, and slices of brown bread and butter covered with a piece of smoked salmon or some similar delicacy. Every true Dane delights to begin the day with a basin of *ölbrodsuppe*, composed of black beer and cream, with slices of brown bread floating therein. It is said to be very nutritious. The strangest compound of which it ever became our lot to partake was called *rumsuppe*, and was composed of milk, rum, and preserved cherries, made hot and whipped into a froth. At a dinner commencing with such a dish, it may be supposed that it was a difficult matter to choose what to drink, and the after-consequences may be imagined, but need not be described.

Several Danish dishes look more peculiar on the *menu* than they do upon the table—for instance, *Foloren Skildpadde* (mock turtle), *Rœget Gaasebryst* (smoked goose-breast), etc. The proverbial honesty of the Danes shows itself on the tariffs in the restaurants, where "Lafitte" figures at three francs per bottle, "Real Lafitte" fourteen francs, and so on.

A great institution at Copenhagen is the State lottery, drawn in two series of six months each, and very popular with all classes. The drawing of this lottery and payment of prizes are conducted with admirable method and fairness. Nothing better exhibits the calm and unexcitable nature of the Danes than the systematic way in which one will take his tickets for thirty years without drawing a prize, and never fret or even mention the matter; whilst another wins the grand prize, ruins himself, and commences afresh, in the same quiet and matter-of-fact manner.

The independent traveler must be cautioned against indulging too freely in the habit of whistling, as it is not permitted in the streets of Copenhagen. The police signal to one another by a whistle, and do not approve of the general public whistling promiscuously after nightfall. We ourselves had a serious altercation with a native official, and it is said that an *attaché* to the British Legation was once locked up for the night in consequence of his persisting in riotous whistling in opposition to the police.

The Danish soldiers are hardy and brave, as they have proved on many a hard-fought field. The martinet might perhaps take exception to a habit of the sentinels in front of the royal palaces in Copenhagen walking up and down their beats two and two, so as to beguile the time with conversation, occasionally putting down their rifles for a quarter of an hour or so for greater convenience. We will not venture to say that they smoke whilst on duty, not being quite certain upon this point.

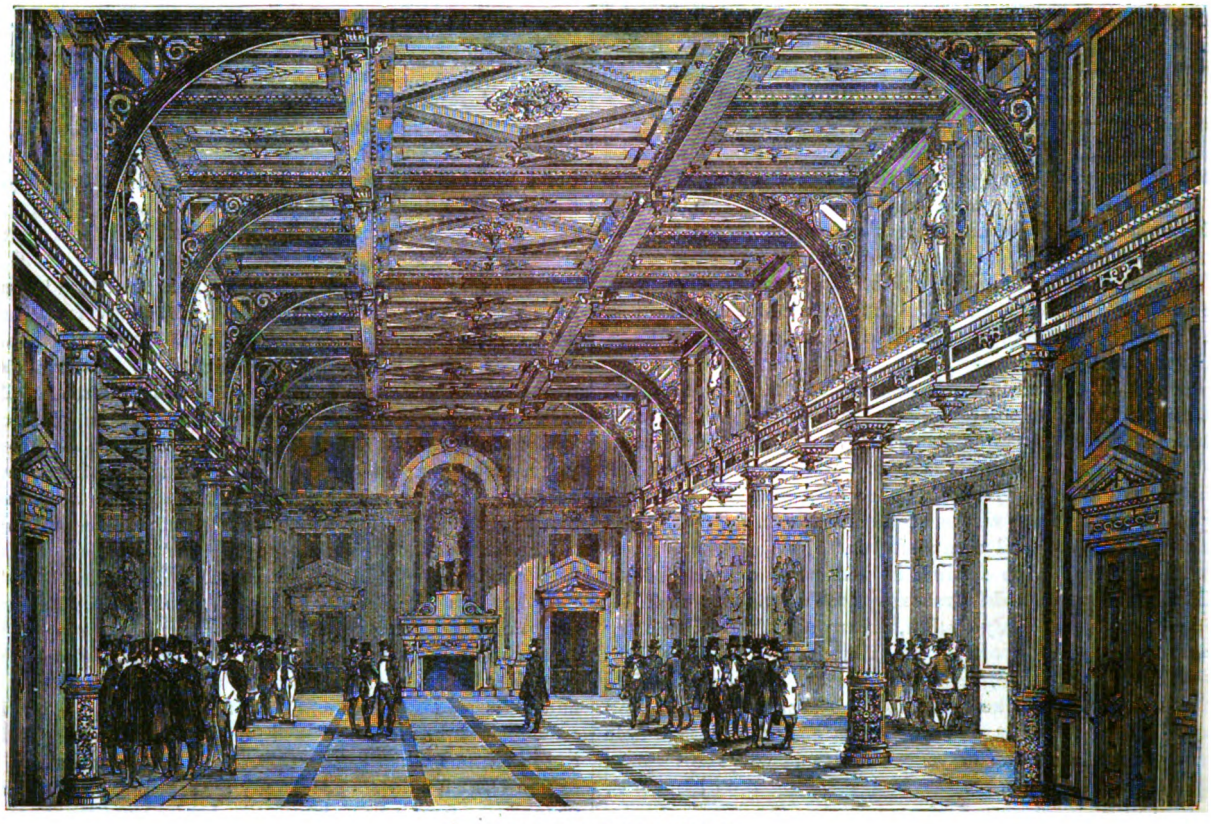
A fine sight is the daily mounting of guard in the palace-square, when the King and Queen are in town. The Royal Guard is composed of men selected for their height and size, and still retain the old uniform of their corps.

A curious costume is still worn by the King's "running footmen," who act as attendants at state festivities. They are dressed in a short scarlet jacket, tight knee-breeches and silk stockings, and carry on their heads a tall, square hat adorned with a profusion of artificial flowers; the entire head-dress having the appearance of a large gilt flower-pot filled with roses and other flowers. As these servitors are mostly old and very stout, their appearance is calculated to afford considerable amusement to the irreverent stranger.

Danish society is somewhat stiff and ceremonious. The native grandee, weighed down by the sense of his own importance and the insignia of the Order of the Elephant, balancing on one side the large gilt chamberlain's key which he wears on the other, calls in evening dress on the official foreigner early in the morning, and expects his visit to be returned with the like ceremonial.

The middle and lower classes also indulge in the greatest courtesy toward one another. No one enters a shop or leaves it without saluting the gentleman or lady behind the counter, and exchanging inquiries as to health, family and general prosperity. Salutations in the streets are so frequent and profound that the brim of one's hat is soon worn out unless made of extra strength and durability.

It was our good fortune whilst at Copenhagen to attend the grand naval review in the Sound, and also an annual



THE EXCHANGE IN COPENHAGEN.

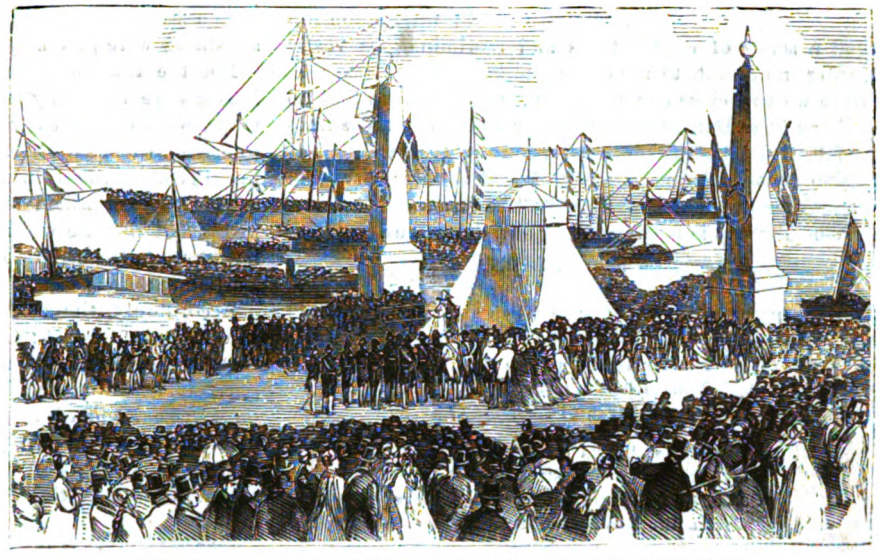
review of the military forces, held near the town. On the latter occasion the *attaché* to the British Legation determined to attend on horseback, with which purpose he repaired, equipped in riding costume, to the military stables, where he was in the habit of hiring a horse. There he found that all the men had gone to the review, and only one evil-looking steed remained in the stalls. Assisted by a small boy, he promptly saddled the animal and rode out on to the boulevard, on his way to the scene of action. The horse, which was only half-broken, and had been kept at home on that account, evinced no disposition to obey his strange rider, and after a series of extraordinary evolutions in public, the latter was obliged to dismount and lead his steed back to its stable, proceeding himself on foot to the review, where his costume provoked some comment among his friends and acquaintances.

COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTRY.

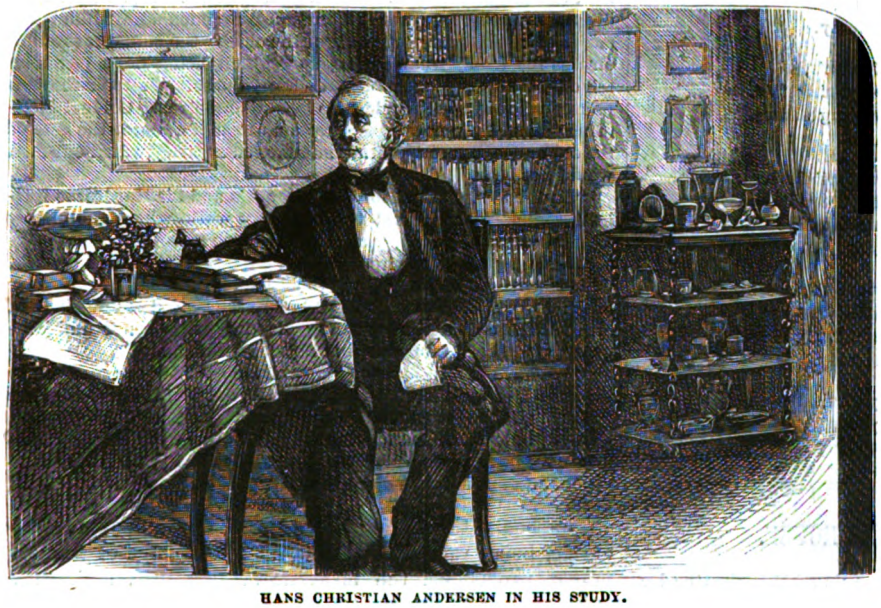
In conclusion of these very discursive notes, we will notice a pleasant excursion easily made from Copen-

hagen in ten days' time. The tourist takes steamer to Christiania, and after spending two or three days there, proceeds to cross the continent, by rail, to Stockholm, thence descending the Gotha Canal to Gothenberg, and so by steamer back to Copenhagen.

As this journey does not belong to the subject of the present paper, we will only notice the excellent arrangements of the Swedish and Norwegian railway trains. The latter, in Summer, carry, in place of the usual oil-lamp, a filter of pure water containing a large lump of ice, and fitted with a tap and with a cup, suspended by a chain. In Sweden the carriages are warmed in Winter time by a system of pipes conveying steam from the engine throughout the train, each compartment being fitted with an apparatus for regulating the heat.



SCENE NEAR THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, COPENHAGEN, AT A ROYAL CARNIVAL.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN IN HIS STUDY.

A young man of our acquaintance, traveling in Sweden, took with him a York ham, and one of those ingenious contrivances by which "a mutton-chop may be cooked in five minutes with a single sheet of paper." Having passed the night in the train, and feeling hungry at early dawn, he cut some slices off the ham, and set his cooking-machine to work on the floor of the carriage. The other travelers soon awoke in consequence of the smell of burnt paper and the frizzling of the ham, and must have been not a little surprised at the sight of their fellow-passenger on his hands and knees, diligently feeding the flames with scraps of paper. Rashers were, however, distributed to all, and contentment reigned supreme.

This same gentleman, dining one day at a Swedish hotel in some small town, observed on the bill-of-fare the word "Sparris." He at once came to the conclusion that this meant asparagus, a favorite dish with him; he therefore ordered two platefuls to follow his joint. Now "Sparris" happened to be the "spare-rib" of pork; but the waiter, not to be astonished at the appetite of a foreigner, nor at any order coming from a traveler, brought two

THE SLOTSHOLM SIDE OF COPENHAGEN—THE NEW CANAL BRIDGE.

good helpings of the dish in due course; whereupon followed a scene of explanations and recriminations vastly amusing, no doubt, to the other guests.

Here we will close our notebook, with the hope that no member of the Danish nation, under whose eye these lines may fall, will take offense at anything we have written, or imagine that we think slightly of that country, in which we spent many pleasant and instructive days, and of which the remembrance is both pleasing and dear to us.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours;
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

## THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.

The siege of this seat of the Marquis of Winchester by the Parliament troops is one of the most famous in English history.

In August, 1643, Basing House, then very strongly fortified by John, fifth marquis, for the King, was invested by the Parliamentary troops, and for a period of two years—broken, however, by occasional intermissions—was continually harassed by the enemy. During this time many assaults were made, particularly by Sir William Waller, who within nine days three times attempted to carry the house, but was repelled with great loss, and ultimately obliged to retreat. On their part, too, the besieged troops kept the besiegers in a constant state of anxiety and alarm by repeated sallies.

After Waller's defeat, the Parliamentary forces of Hampshire and Sussex were collected under Colonel Norton, who once more summoned the marquis to surrender. The answer was, "If the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost."

Famine now promised to accomplish for the Parliament what its soldiers could not; the distress of the garrison became so great that, in September, 1644, the marquis, after having in vain sent messenger after messenger to Charles, who was at Oxford, for relief, was compelled to send a last notice that in ten days he must surrender if no assistance were given.

For the time, however, the brave defenders of Basing House were saved by the courage and address of Colonel Gage, who, seeing their desperate condition, volunteered to convey them provisions. He succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in returning to Oxford, with the loss of eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded. This protracted defense would naturally draw the eyes of the nation upon the struggle, and make it imperative upon the Parliamentarians to succeed.

Accordingly, the attack was next confided to the man who knew not defeat; Cromwell appeared before it, with three regiments of foot and three regiments of horse; the garrison, according to Sir Robert Peake (its governor), was only three hundred fighting men. The house was also defended by about ten pieces of ordnance. The result is best told in Cromwell's own letter to the Speaker of the House, October 14th, 1645:

"Sir: I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries were placed, we settled the several posts for a storm; Colonel Dalbeere was to be on the north side of the house, next the grange, Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardresse Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning, after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.

"In the meantime, Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardresse Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin and from that work, which having done, they drew their ladders after them, got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this, Sir Hardresse Waller, performing his duty with honor and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously.

"We have had little loss; many of the enemies our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers *a good encouragement*," etc.

The booty thus delicately phrased was indeed considerable, being valued at £200,000. It consisted of money, jewels, provisions, the magnificent furniture, and, in a word, the entire contents of Basing House. The provisions and furniture were sold to the country people. What the soldiers left a fire destroyed, caused by the neglect of the garrison in quenching a fire-ball thrown by the besiegers. In less than twenty hours Basing House literally presented nothing but bare walls and chimneys.

The prisoners were about two hundred in number, and the slain about one hundred; of these the canting miscreants butchered, in cold blood, seventy-four men and one woman, a young lady, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, whose fate is very pitiable. "She came," says Mr. Peters—Cromwell's messenger to the Parliament—"railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage toward her father," whom he acknowledges they used hardly on account of his opinions and past conduct.

Many of the garrison probably escaped, and others miserably perished in the vaults of the house. Mr. Peters says: "Riding to the house on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them nor they to us." The site of the ruins of Basing House is bold and commanding.

The marquis lived long enough to taste the bitterness of ingratitude; the Restoration came, but brought him no recompense for his immense losses. The exertions, the

anxieties, the gallantry and the fortitude which entitle the marquis to our respect and admiration, produced no acknowledgment, at least no fitting or worthy one, from the son of the man for whom so much was done and suffered.

## A STORM ON THE AMAZON.

A WELL-KNOWN French traveler thus describes his experience while traveling down the Amazon:

"We resolved to use all our endeavors to reach a small island situated on the opposite bank, for we felt uncomfortable, certain that we should soon be visited by one of those terrible storms so frequent in those regions. Unluckily, before we had time to make the shore, the storm broke over our devoted heads, and rain and hail mingled together fell in perfect torrents from the sky, and threatened to swamp our frail canoe. Miguel, my attendant, immediately let go our anchor—that is to say, he threw overboard a large stone attached to a long rope, while I vigorously used my hat as a baler, and tried to heave out some of the water that had gathered in the bottom of the canoe.

"The poor monkeys that I had collected during our travels, set up some hideous cries and seemed little better than half-dead with fear. The thunder shook the earth with sullen roars, and the vivid lightning flashed from side to side in a blinding manner. As soon as Miguel had let go the anchor, he seized hold of a tin bucket and assisted me in keeping the boat afloat. Though I was weak from sickness and want of food, I was forced to exert my strength to the utmost, for I knew that if I showed the slightest sign of 'caving in' my worthy native attendant would immediately give up all hope, and surrender himself to his fate, which meant that we should certainly drown together.

"Suddenly our cable was carried away, and with a swift whirl the strong current swept us helplessly along. It is impossible to say how long we were in this terrible position, or what distance we covered, but I managed to distinguish through the rain that we were being carried near the shore, and, seizing a long pole that lay at the bottom of the boat, and plunging it into the water ahead of the canoe, I shouted to Miguel to help me, and as luck would have it, managed to arrest our wild career.

"Morning broke in gloomy silence, and found us, pale and exhausted, clinging to the pole that had been the means of saving our lives. The danger of being immediately dashed to pieces had disappeared, but the wind was still blowing very strongly, and we earnestly consulted as to what would be the best course to pursue.

"One of the first things that we discovered when it was light enough for us to gaze around, was that we were not near the mainland at all, but close to a small island, and that we had luckily swung under its lee, and had thus been saved from destruction. As soon as the weather had moderated sufficiently, we seized our paddles, and managed to reach a larger and more fertile island adjoining the one that had proved our salvation.

"We then made a meal with the rest of our small stock of provisions, and seeking for a place of shelter from the sun, we were soon plunged in a deep and refreshing sleep.

"When we awoke it was already nighttime, and Miguel wanted to pass the rest of the night upon the island, but I had resolved to take advantage of the smooth water to reach Obidas. This in due course of time we managed to do, and as I once more found myself in safety under the roof of a comfortable house, I vowed that I would never again trust myself in a canoe on the broad Amazon."

## T'OTHER, OR WHICH?

WHILE the mother groaned over the care of four girls, the father delighted in it. She was provident and fretful, disturbed if the hair of the one was too long distressed in crimping-pins, or if another cheated in her practicing. Holding dreamy Gertrude to some useful work, keeping an eye on Mollie's flirtations — these were her hourly anxieties. The poor lady's face was a network of perplexities. They were not rich, and the requirements of four girls are endless. Somebody must devise economies. Somebody must retrim the dresses and make the bonnets. Poor Gertrude, who possessed a temper that would bear any amount of domestic oppression, was dragged out to stores with mamma to consult about striped or plain, gray or green. She must walk the mile, and mount the fifty stairs to the dressmaker, and sew with her when she came. Mollie never had time to sew—she had too many visitors. Annie must practice, she was the musical one; and as for Mattie, she was never known to set a stitch that had not to be pulled out afterward. So Gertrude, who has no knack at gayety, whose music will die within her, and who sews like a fairy, sits hour after hour listening to the dull click of the seamstress's tongue, endures her mother's flurries, lives other people's lives, until the click of a key in the hall-door is followed by a cheerful roar:

"Holloa, children!"

Every girl runs down to hug the rosy, smiling, gray-whiskered man in a big white coat like a miller.

"Goodness alive!" says Mrs. Braye, in her discouraged voice, "nothing to be done now—there's father!"

She smiled, however, as the head of the family came into the sitting-room entwined with two girls, a rough sketch of the Laocöon.

"Now we'll see if he has anything for us," says Mollie; and they begin to search his pockets.

"I've a letter!" shouts Annie, pulling it out with a great flourish. "Oh, you wretched man! it's the one we wrote to Brunsie! Papa, how could you?"

Papa smiled confusedly—he is often caught in such delinquencies—but declares he has a letter from the young man himself, somewhere, which will, he thinks, atone—fumbles—hopes he hasn't left it at the office.

They all scramble.

Papa, with surprising alacrity, jumps on a chair to escape the thirty or forty fingers.

A scream from Mrs. Braye.

"Father, how can you? You'll spoil the springs!"

Down he comes, obedient ever, and rolls down-stairs to the dining-room, followed by the family. He holds the missive above his head. Gertrude, noiseless as a conspirator, has seized a pair of tongs, and, stealing behind, captures the treasure by an unexpected, magnificent snip. Then the letter is read over the supper-table by mamma, to whom it was found to be addressed:

"Brunsie, to his dearest auntie and the household, greeting: Hopes to be in their embrace about seven o'clock Tuesday eve."

Gertrude runs into the kitchen to make coffee, for it is cold, and Brunsie despises tea. While in the depths of the kitchen, the bell rings; a soft feminine hurrah assures her of her hero's arrival. She comes, in her silent, sandaled way, to have her hands seized by an effusive young

A GLANCE AT COPENHAGEN.— A PUBLIC CARRIAGE.— SEE PAGE 732.

man, who is warming himself at the grate and having bits of questions and answers flung at him from the table.

"Brunsie!" she exclaims, under her breath, "you are going!"

"Hush—h!" he returns, warningly, and gives her hand a consoling squeeze; then, dropping it, walks to the table and takes his place by Annie.

"Where is my Matilda?"

"Gone to New Haven to visit the Berneses."

Here the father winks violently at Brunsie, and the mother's face assumes that placidity of satisfaction produced by the feeling that one charming daughter is disposed of well.

Gertrude fixes her great, dark eyes on Brunsie. She remembers a lock of hair exchanged, and other tender passages.

What petted young man can composedly endure that another should carry off one of his admirers before he has time to consider whether he can do without her himself?

Brunsie colored high, and Gertrude's eyes met his. He laughed, too, and stroked his beautiful mustache as the old maid caresses her cat. His mustache was a great comfort to him.

"Then that match is settled," he pronounces.

They declare it is an engagement, and that it was written to him in a letter papa never put in the office; which defaulting missive papa now gives up.

Brunsie listens to the expression of family content, says it is a good thing, but is grave when he returns to the discussion of his supper.

Mattie given up to that great, raw-boned Bernes? But Bernes is rich! He sighs in his coffee, and takes an enormous slice of charlotte-russe.

Before the evening was over, Gertrude found Brunsie trying to unlock a bag, diving gloomily into his eight pockets, searching for the missing key. She brought him the family bunch, and waited while he tried them.

"Brunsie, do tell me about it—have you really?"

"Really what? There, that will go. No, it won't turn. Another key. Girlie, why, what cold fingers!" and he looked up at the troubled brown eyes and rosy, compressed mouth. "I can't tell you now, dear—I must get all my letters first. Don't say a word to them about it," indicating the gay group in the parlor. "How did you know?"

"I didn't know; I felt it."

"Woman all over!" said he, and looked at her again.

He must have had considerable coolness of temperament to resist that pretty, plaintive face.

"How sweet she is!" thought he; "the sweetest and truest of the four. Little darling, you are like a picture"—said aloud. "Do you care a bit about the plague of a cousin?"

He put his arm round her, kissed her two or three times, as, of course, he felt he had a relative's right to do. The tears were just rounding.

"I shall not be so very far away, you know."

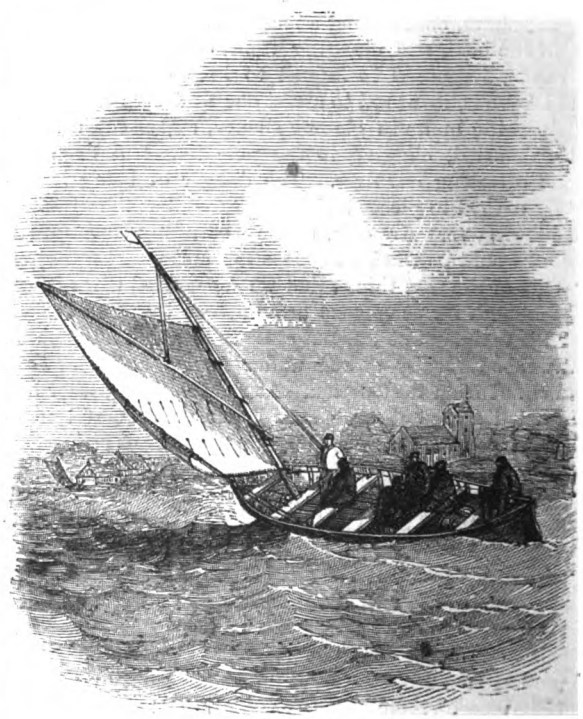
"Two years and a thousand miles," said she; and, breaking from him, ran up-stairs.

"I wonder if Mattie will care half as much?" thought the flattered Brunsie, as he went on with his key-fitting. "Why couldn't she have waited?"

When the grand announcement was made that Brunswick Starkey was going to the Pacific Coast for two years; that he had a capital post as engineer; was going to make his fortune—that needed making—there was a lamentable outcry. But after a day of dolor, the girls recovered their spirits, and resumed their tricks.

There were three months before he would have to start. What a glorious time of farewells and festival-making, last rides and dangerous *tête-à-têtes!* The girls of his acquaintance embroidered pockethandkerchief-corners, suspenders, slippers, watch-cases, towels—everything a young working engineer on the frontier would be likely to want in a dream of luxury.

He went among them a conquering hero. Was he not a



OFF COPENHAGEN.

beauty going beyond their reach?—to be shot by Indians or blown up by a mine! So they lapped him in love and idleness. But he said there was such a thing as enough.

THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.—CROMWELL CARRYING THE HOUSE BY STORM.—SEE PAGE 738.

He was longing for work. Here he caught Gertrude's smile as she softly moved away with a pile of his shirts she had been marking. He was sitting by Annie, her little fingers pinning a sprig of mignonette in his button-hole. He would have walked after her if he hadn't been so pleasantly detained.

He didn't understand that smile. It was doubtful, sad and provoking at once. There were several things he would like to ask Gertrude; but she had, in these last weeks, managed to distance him as he had never before been distanced. Was it because Captain Spenser was

making love to her? He grew hot and cold at the thought of it. Gertie, his own especial darner and consoler, to whom he told his scrapes and his loves, and left his love-letters with—had he lost her?

"Annie, whom does that Spenser come here to see? Not you?"

"Well, Brunsie, suppose he does?"

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"You do?"

"Why, yes, dear. What's the matter?"

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"No—o," said Annie, blushing extravagantly, and hanging her golden head in a suspicious manner.

"I believe you do. He comes here too often," the excited Brunsie declared.

"Almost every day," added Annie; "but I don't—love him."

This was said in a way to upset any man's prudence, her eyelids rising and falling.

"Annie"—softly—"whom do you love best in the world? Tell Brunsie."

She hesitates, blushes more, smiles. She is trying to push two fingers through one buttonhole now.

"Do I know him?" whispers Brunsie, who thinks he will say a little more.

It is almost like being made love to, this, and slightly intoxicating.

Annie makes up a queer little face, and bends it down, so that Brunsie can't see it to his satisfaction. He puts an arm round her shoulders, and turns her charming visage upward.

"You don't love anybody best?"

The answer to this is a look, and then a grieved sob like a baby's.

"Precious child!" returns he.

"You are going away so far!" cries Annie, who has succeeded in making the object of her preference known.

"Can you wait—so long?"

She says she will wait a hundred years.

"Only two," responds Brunsie, with a queer feeling of being actually that century old.

And then she nestles in his arms, and he kisses her curls and soft cheeks and fringed eyelids, and believes he is engaged.

Voices are now heard, and Annie runs off. For the first time in her life she does not want to be found sitting alone with Brunsie.

There is a party that night, and two of the girls are going. Brunsie has business, but he will come after them. He writes his letters, and walks up and down alone till the time comes for going after them.

He goes up-stairs to prink a little, and catches a sight of Spenser sitting by Gertrude's work-table, trying her thimble on his big finger, and winding up spools of thread. He feels like going in and giving that table a kick.

When he has succeeded in finding a becoming necktie, and got his hair to wave just right, and found gloves to match his ribbon's tint, he takes his way down-stairs, to hear the front door shut before him—to see Gertrude sitting alone.

He goes in, he knows not why, seats himself in the Spenserian place, looks wretched, and Gertrude notices it.

"Does your head ache, Brunsie?"

"No—yes, a little."

He draws his gloves through his hands so roughly that Gertrude says:

"You will soil them before you get there," and takes them out of his hand.

He sits a few moments, replies shortly to Gertrude's remarks, and presently gets up and walks away.

Half-way down the street he remembers his gloves, and comes back. He stands in the sitting-room door again, just in time to see Gertrude take up his gloves, kiss them, and, putting them down with a sigh, resume her sewing; but she looks up as she does so, and sees Brunsie with passionate eyes on the threshold. He comes swiftly forward, drops on the cushion at her feet, grasps her hand and looks up in her face, kissing the resisting fingers.

"Brunsie, what ails you? Get up! I thought you had gone. Let me go, Brunsie! Indeed, I shall have to call mamma!"

He half releases her, asking, gently:

"My gloves, where are they?"

"Where you left them, forgetful boy!"

"What were you doing to the senseless things? Oh, my darling——"

"Brunsie, I was *smelling* them. What is this new scent?" and she puts her hand toward them.

He snatches them from the table, mutters something about being late, and disappears.

Gertrude, the color now coming over neck and brow, hides her face in her hands, and laughs and cries.

Brunsie went down the street with an uncommon sensation. It is all Spenser. Then he thinks of Annie, and walks faster than ever. He reached the lighted house, passed up the dusky avenue, walking by groups of girls in their tinkling trains. There are people everywhere. He sees the handsomest one leaning over the balustrade of the winding staircase. As she descends, it is indeed Mattie herself, with her pale, oval face and moony brow. She sees him; smiles. He is by her side entreating for a waltz, the last one they are likely to have together. She puts her hand through his arm.

"Richard Bernes doesn't like to have me waltz, Brunsie."

"My chief!" exclaims the young man, who has a habit of swearing by his directing head, the chief-engineer. "Not with your cousin? He can't object to that!"

"He just does."

"Hum—m!" said Brunsie.

"He is jealous of you, you see."

"Did you tell him about all our childish courting?"

"Of course I did. You don't think I would engage to be a man's wife and not let him read every leaf out of my past life?"

"Then he kindly turned over his diary for your inspection?"

"Not in the least. Nor did I want to know about it," said Mattie, sorrowfully. "It is a matter of complete indifference to me."

"You don't like him?"

"I respect him; I trust him. I mean to make him a good wife."

Brunsie sighed like a volcano.

"Oh, why didn't this splendid chance of yours come before I went to New Haven? Just too late. We could have waited two years."

"I know it," he answered, striding away with her into the winding paths that ran through the shrubbery. "Everything comes too late."

"I told him all about it," she went on. "I thought he would give me up, but he has no thought of it."

"Twenty thousand a year," pronounced Brunsie—which was the popular estimate of the younger Bernes's income. "You won't refuse me this last waltz?" added he, in the Laird of Ravenswood style.

"I'll refuse you nothing you please to take," was the

desperate reply. "There is the Sophie Waltz—if I could have her fate!"

"Hush!" said Brunsie, as if he were soothing a child; and they moved off to the sighs of the orchestra.

Brunsie became conscious of an adorable being in turquoise blue, who kept passing him with her cavalier—a dark man with a long black mustache.

It was Annie, evidently in high delight at having captivated the fancy of an elegant Baltimorian, who had attended her the whole evening. It occurred to her possible future husband that his position had not been discussed by the sisters.

The dance was over. Mattie told Richard Bernes she would like to go home. He seemed relieved, and went to look for the carriage. The pair walked up and down the avenue waiting for it, and Brunsie quoted:

"She walks in beauty, like the night."

Mattie was tragically silent, was placed by her lover's side in the carriage, and was whirled from sight, while Brunsie, one occupation gone, went for the other. If Mr. Lansing hoped for the honor of taking Miss Annie home, this she denied him, and shawled herself for the attending Brunsie. Once away, on foot, as Annie chose, slowly pacing down the deserted streets—

"Brunsie," began his ladylove, "I've been thinking about what you said to me after tea this evening. I'm such a baby in everything, they all say, and we are cousins, and we don't know what we want. I'm so young——" stopping helplessly with a gasp.

"You don't want to wait for me—that's it, is it, dear?"

"I suppose it will be better not. It *is* a long time."

"All right," said he.

"And you're not angry with me?"

"Not angrier than I would be with a butterfly that escaped from my hand and fluttered away into the flower-garden. It is a wise decision."

"I'm so glad you're not vexed," said Annie, both hands clasped around his arm. "Gertrude did scold me so, and said I wasn't treating you well at all. You know we always tell her everything, for she helps us out of scrapes. But she said you must not be made unhappy."

"Little Annie must not be made unhappy. That is the most important. I may be poor at the end of my term, and then what would my girl do? She couldn't marry a poor man."

"That's just what I told Gertie," confessed Annie, artlessly, as they went to the steps. Brunsie stopped a moment and looked by the hall-lamp into the rose-leaf face.

"Go to sleep and dream of that handsome fellow you danced with," he said, shrewdly, and so bade her short good-night.

She ran up-stairs, and the jilted man thought he must have a cigar. He walked into the library, where the gas was burning low, and turned it up. Started to find Mollie there, crying. She jumped up with an exclamation, "Oh, Brunsie Starkey, what made you come in here?" wiping her eyes and trying to stop her tears. "I wanted to have it all out alone. There is such an army of us, that if one has the blues and will indulge in a good howl, one has to hide. I supposed, of course, you would go up-stairs."

"Must smoke, you know. I've the blues, too, abominably. We'll console each other. Don't cry, Mollie, there's a good girl. Tell me all about it. Since I've come in, I'm going to know the whole."

Mollie was afraid he would find out how silly she was. He always did, and had whatever it pleased him. He didn't think so himself. Was this part of her martyrdom? He had her hand, and had pulled her toward him.

"You want your pipe, Brunsie?"

"Time enough. I don't expect to go to bed at all, Mollie; for I have my orders to leave to-morrow."

Mollie gasped. She trembled from head to foot, poor little thing.

"Is this truly the last night? Why didn't you tell us?"

"I did not certainly know till the mail came in this evening. I hadn't the heart. Comfort me, pussy."

But she was standing with averted face.

"Tell me what you were crying about. What was that you thrust in your pocket? A letter? Pussy, tell."

"I've had an offer," sighed Mollie, seeing no way out of her difficulty.

"My chief!" exclaimed Brunsie. "And in tears! Don't you like him? Who is it?"

"It's Captain Spenser."

"Spenser! Hurrah! A capital fellow, Mollie. Were you crying because you had accepted him, or because you didn't?"

"I have done neither."

"How was that?" persisted the youth, who had a little of woman's curiosity.

"He came this evening, talked with Gertie—and—when he spoke to me, I said I would—tell him to-morrow."

Here she broke down, pulled out a handkerchief—with it a photograph, which Brunsie at once picked up.

"Oh, pussy, there's another one you like better, I see. Tell me all about it. I'll bring him up to the scratch."

Mollie tried in an agony to repossess herself of the picture. She did so easily, for he instantly yielded it, begging pardon for annoying his little cousin; but in the rapid passage from one hand to the other he could not help recognizing his own face.

"Good-night, little cousin—good-night. I must not keep you up any longer. When I come again you will be somebody's darling, as you deserve."

He kissed her, opened the door for her, closed it after her, sighed, looked round for his meerschaum, concluded he wouldn't smoke, after all, sat down by the table, and, leaning his head on it, was for some moments lost in thought. A light touch on his shoulder roused him.

"Brunsie, are you asleep? Come, boy, it is two o'clock."

He raised his head. His eyes were wet. It was Gertrude in her pink wrapper who stood before him.

"Have I raised you by my incantations? I was longing for you. Did you come because of that?"

"I was awake, and the girls couldn't tell whether the gas was turned out or the door fastened. I knew I could not trust you, either, so I came to see. Come, my poor boy, you must go to bed."

"You are sorry for me?"

"Very sorry."

"You would give me whatever I wanted, if you could?"

"Indeed, I would. But don't be utterly out of heart; she is a thoughtless, impressible child, but she will grow steadier. I will not let her forget you."

"Let her; I don't want her to remember me that way. I never had a thought of being her husband till I found her in my arms and thought she loved me. My chief! she said so. And you, Gertrude—what webs have been weaving between us! I was sure you were to marry Spenser—that it was all over for me! And if Annie loved me—it didn't matter what other it was. Don't tell me that you think I am a weak good-for-nothing, for whom you have only pity; don't tell me that I have indeed lost everything——"

"Children! Hoity-toity! What's going on here?" said the deep voice of Mr. Braye. He had heard a good

deal of noise, suspicious whisperings and soft accents—had seen gleams of light; at last had arrayed himself in burglar costume and come down to investigate, rifle in hand.

"Uncle Braye!" exclaimed Brunsie, looking up into the kindly but amazed countenance beneath its pointed night-cap, "I want Gertrude to marry me."

"Not at three o'clock in the morning, if I know myself," returned Uncle Braye.

"I've got my orders, and must leave to-day." And the nephew explained the situation.

"Gertrude, go to bed, my dear," said her father. "I have sometimes thought," continued Mr. Braye, leaning meditatively on the end of his gun, "that it is to my girls' disadvantage that they have been brought up so intimately with you. You're a good fellow, but they have no chance of knowing their own minds with regard to you or any other man. It is my advice, to put yourself on the old cousinly terms, write to Gertrude if she likes, and see how you both feel when you come back."

Brunsie groaned.

"Too hard, am I?"

"No, sir; kind, as ever. I owe all to you that I am or expect to be; I am not good enough for one of my cousins."

"I don't know that you are," Mr. Braye assented, calmly; "but if Gertie likes you—she's a sensible child ——"

"I don't know that she does; she hasn't answered me, sir. I don't know that she will have anything to do with me."

"In that case," said Mr. Braye, in the midst of a tremendous yawn, "let's go to bed. I think I will let you two manage your own affairs; I can trust you!" with a resounding slap on Brunsie's shoulder.

The young man went into his room as the birds began their singing. A soft breeze of dawn waved the curtains. On the bureau lay half-a-dozen of the white rosebuds that climbed round Gertrude's window, with a shred of a note:

"With Gertie's unchanging love."

And, in my opinion, he was a great deal happier than he deserved.

T'OTHER, OR WHICH?—"HE HOLDS THE MISSIVE ABOVE HIS HEAD. GERTRUDE, NOISELESS AS A CONSPIRATOR, HAS SEIZED A PAIR OF TONGS, AND, STEALING BEHIND, CAPTURES THE TREASURE BY AN UNEXPECTED, MAGNIFICENT SNIP."—SEE PAGE 739.

It is on record that a shoemaker in Edinburgh, Scotland, chanced to leave the door of a lark's cage open, of which the bird took advantage to fly away. About an hour afterward, a cat belonging to the same person made its appearance with the lark in its mouth, held in such a manner that the bird had not received the least injury. After dropping the bird on the floor, she looked up to her master, as if expecting his recognition of her cleverness. The writer himself has observed many instances of a remarkable instinct in cats, and has one which every day knocks at the door—sometimes modestly, sometimes with a sharp double-knock like a postman, occasionally with a series of raps, pianissimo, like a lady or a quiet single gentleman. The door is half glass, and the knocker low. The cat was not taught, but acquired the trick by his own observation.

A STORM ON THE AMAZON.—SEE PAGE 739.

# A CHAPTER ON RINGS.

SOME OF THOSE ORNAMENTS WHICH WERE FAMOUS, AND THE LEGENDS PERTAINING TO THEM.

THE Indian legend of Jarchus and his seven rings is thus related:

The philosopher was deeply versed in the occult sciences, and was a magician of such power that he is said to have constructed a gold chair for himself, in which he could elevate his body to the highest sphere and hold converse with the planets. In one of these excursions he received from a spirit seven rings of talismanic properties. The first displayed a diamond, denoting brilliancy of mind and purity of heart; the second, a ruby, expressive of the warm glow of benevolence; the third, an emerald, emblem of eternal Spring; the fourth, a sapphire, indicating truth, being the tint of the heavens; the fifth, a topaz, betokening caution and sagacity; the sixth, a chrysolite, depicting a mind receiving its colors from the influence of the times and seasons; the seventh, an amethyst, emblem of piety and dignity.

These rings Jarchus was commanded to take to earth, and by bestowing them on the most worthy, thus disseminate the seeds of virtue among mankind.

The "Navigium" of Eustathius contains some curious allusions to different points of popular belief formerly. One of the parties mentioned therein wishes for a set of rings to endow him with the following qualities and advantages: A never-failing store of health; a person invulnerable, invisible, of irresistible charms, and having the concentrated essence of ten thousand men; a power of flying through the air; of entering every dwelling-house, however strongly secured; and of casting a deep sleep on whom he chooses.

Native historians of Turkey relate a dream of Othman, or Osman (from whom the designation of Ottomans is derived), which prefigured the future greatness of his race. He fancied that he saw a tree sprouting from his own person, which rapidly grew in size and foliage, until it covered with its branches the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa. Beneath the tree four enormous mountains raised their snowy summits, Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus and Hœmus, apparently supporting, like four columns, the vast leafy tent. From the sides of these mountains issued four rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube and the Nile. Suddenly the branches and leaves of the tree assumed the appearance of a glittering sabre, and, moved together by the breeze, they turned toward Constantinople. That capital, placed at the juncture of two seas and two continents, seemed like a noble diamond set in a ring between two sapphires and emeralds. Othman was about to celebrate his nuptials with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world, by placing the ring on his finger, when he awoke. By dint of the Koran and the sword, the dream of Othman was realized by his successors.

The Koran interdicts the wearing of gold ornaments during prayer, and in order to avoid the trouble of taking off and putting on their rings, the Persians used silver ones on those occasions. Tavernier, the French traveling jeweler, relates that Abbas II. bought a gold ring of him, and then had the stone reset in a silver ring.

In the traditions of the heathen epoch of Swedish history, mention is made of a famous ring called "Swiagris," the greatest treasure which King Adil possessed. This, with other valuable articles, was given by Queen Yrsa to her son, King Rolf, who was in antagonism with Adil, and, meeting him, cast the precious ring out on the road, which, when Adil saw, he said, "Kinder has been to him than to me the person who gave King Rolf the ring;" then bowed himself and stretched forth his lance to recover the ring. Then said King Rolf, "Now I have made the richest man in Sweden bow his back;" and in the meanwhile he struck at King Adil while he was thus stooping, and gave him an ignominious blow, saying, "Keep the shame-scar for a time, and may you learn to know King Rolf, whom you have so sought for."

King Rolf again took up the ring, "Swiagris," and, with his followers, hewed down the Swedes, and pursued his way in peace.

Hjalmar the Bold, the champion of King Ane's court at Upsala, after wonderful adventures, sings his death-song, and in his last moments desires a ring of red gold to be taken off his finger and given to Ingeborg, the daughter of King Ane of Sweden, as a confirmation of the words she had spoken herself at their parting, that they should never meet again. Odd, his foster-brother, promised to fulfill his wish. He took the body of Hjalmar to the palace of Upsala, and laid it without the hall door. He then entered, carrying his friend's helmet and cuirass in his hand. These he laid down before Ane, and related the fall of Hjalmar. Afterward he went to Ingeborg, who was seated in her chair embroidering a mantle for Hjalmar. Odd presented himself before her, and said, "Hjalmar saluteth thee, and sent thee this ring in his dying moments." Ingeborg took the ring, looked at him, answered nothing, and sank down dead at his feet. Then Odd took her up and bore her forth, and laid her in Hjalmar's arms, saying, "Now may the dead enjoy that bliss which fate denied the living."

From the legendary let us turn to the historical. At the coronation of Henry IV. of England, the King exhibited the signet-ring of Richard II., delivered to him by that monarch as a token of his will that he should succeed him. A French metrical history of the deposition of the unfortunate Richard (in the British Museum) says, "They (the archbishops) took the costly ring of the realm, wherewith they are wont to espouse their kings, which is, say they, their peculiar right. They bore it between them to the constable, whom they esteem a notable knight, Lord Percy, and when he had taken the ring he showed it openly to all who were there present; then he kneeled down and put it upon the King's right hand, by way of espousal. But I would not give a farthing for it, because this office was performed without right or justice. I do not say that it might not be a worthy thing, were it done as such a thing should have been."

It is curious in connection with this ring, that among the documents and papers belonging to Westminster Abbey (a catalogue of which was prepared by Widmore in the last century) is a grant by Richard II., in the twelfth year of his reign, to the Abbot of Westminster, of a certain ring with a precious ruby inserted therein, for the shrine of the Confessor, with the condition that he might use the said ring when in England, but that it was to be placed on the shrine when the King went abroad, and was to be used at the coronation of the King's successors.

Several ring stories are related in connection with the unfortunate Charles I. In Herbert's narrative of the last days of the monarch, he mentions, "the same evening, January 28th, 1648, two days before his execution, the King took a ring from his finger, having an emerald set therein between two diamonds, and gave it to Mr. Herbert, and commanded him, as late as it was, to go with it from St. James's to a lady living then in Canon Row, on the back side of King Street, in Westminster, and to give it to her without saying anything. The night was exceedingly dark, and guards were set in several places; nevertheless, getting the word from Colonel Matthews Tomlin-

son, Mr. Herbert passed currently, though in all places where sentinels were he was bid stand till the corporal had the word from him. Being come to the lady's house, he delivered to her the ring. "Sir," said she, "give me leave to show you the way into the parlor," where, being seated, she desired him to wait till she returned. In a little while after she came in, and put into his hands a little cabinet, closed with three seals, two of which were the King's arms, and the third was the figure of a Roman; which done, she desired him to deliver it to the same hand that sent the ring, which ring was left with her. And afterward, Mr. Herbert taking his leave, he gave the cabinet into the hands of His Majesty, who told him he should see it opened next morning.

Morning being come, the bishop (Juxon) was early with the King, and after prayers, His Majesty broke the seals, and showed them what was in the cabinet. There were diamonds and jewels—most part broken—and Georges and Garters.

"You see," said the King, "all the wealth now in my power to give to my children."

The origin of the St. Mark's Ring is thus given in the old chronicles of Venice: Two centuries after the translations of the remains of the saint to Venice, when the Emperor Henry III. made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayers and fasting for its recovery, and the whole city was afflicted to tears, to abstinence, and to supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning, the sacristan whose turn it was to attend the church in which the body ought to have been found, perceived, on entering, a fragrant odor, and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up in affright to extinguish it—nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the doge and announced this marvel; and the bishop and clergy having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the bishop's bosom; and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin, inclosing the remains of the Evangelist.

It is sad to record that the ring of the saint was stolen in 1585, and that, though his body was deposited in a mysterious receptacle, known only to the doge and certain special custodians named *Provveditori*, it long ago disappeared. Eustace, in his "Classical Tour in Italy," accuses the Doge Carossio of having sold the precious relic. At all events, its present depository is unknown.

With regard to the occult virtues of rings, they were numberless. We only remember reading of one, however, the special virtue of which consisted in directing the wearer the right road to take in traveling—an invaluable *vade mecum*. This useful ring belonged to King Otnit of Lombardy, and was given to him by the queen-mother when he went to gain in marriage the soldan's daughter.

Curious customs are associated with rings. Captain Burnaby, in his famous "Ride to Khiva," says that a favorite amusement in Russia, when several girls are congregated together under the same roof, is to divine, by aid of a cock, which maiden will be married first. Each girl, taking some corn, makes a small heap on the floor, and there conceals a ring. The bird is then introduced and let loose beside the corn. Presently he begins to peck at the heaps of grain. At last one of the rings is exposed to view, when its owner, according to popular belief, will outstrip her companions in the race for matrimony.

The mention of Russia reminds us of a curious incident in connection with a ring, which occurred at Moscow during the reign of the Empress Catherine II. A rich nobleman, a collector of precious stones, met in company a stranger, who wore on his finger a ring of great value and beauty. After a conversation as to its worth, the nobleman offered him a considerable sum for it, which the stranger at first refused, not wishing to part with it. At length, to evade the repeated importunities of the nobleman, he declared he would not sell it, as the stones were not genuine. This declaration filled the company with amazement. The nobleman desired to have the ring for a few days, giving a security for it, and then showed it to several jewelers, who declared the stones to be genuine, and of great value. He brought back the ring to its owner, who put it with great indifference into his waistcoat pocket.

The negotiations began afresh, and the nobleman offered a sum which was near its true value.

"This ring," observed the stranger, "is a token of friendship, but I am not rich enough to reject so large a sum as you offer for it. Yet this high offer is the very reason for my not complying. How can you offer so much money for a ring which the owner himself confesses to be made up of false stones?"

The nobleman replied:

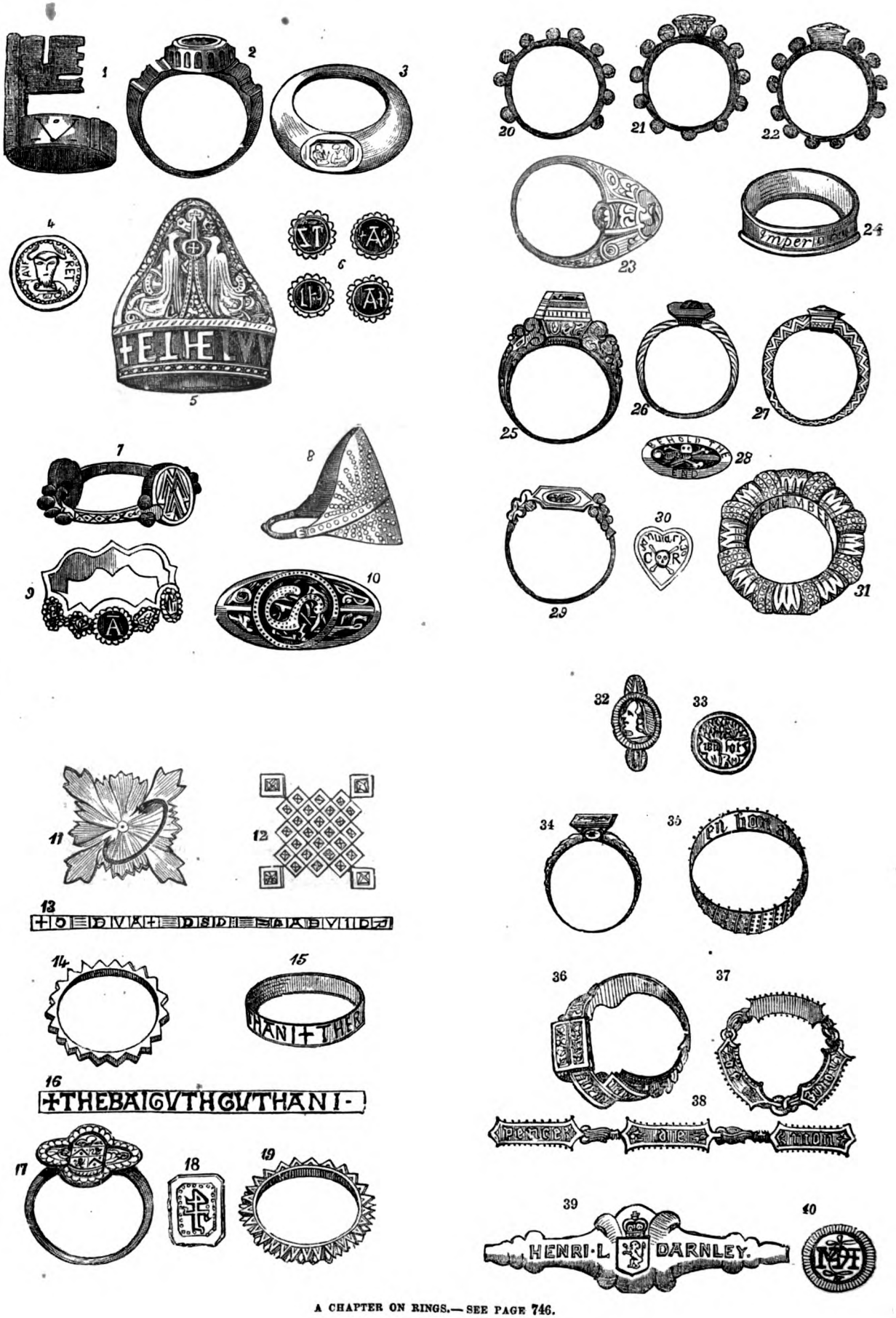
"If your determination depends only on that, take at once the sum; and I call upon the gentlemen here present to witness that I voluntarily pay it."

The stranger took the money, and gave the nobleman the ring, repeating the declaration that the stones were false, and that it was still time to make the purchase void. The ring was afterward found out to be as the seller stated. A false ring had been made exactly similar to the genuine one. The affair was brought before a court of law, but as the seller proved that during the whole business there was no question at all about genuine stones, and that the purchaser had expressly treated for a ring which he was told was false, a judgment was pronounced in his favor.

In a letter (dated February 4th, 1729) from W. Derham, author of "Physico-Theology" and "Astro-Theology," to Ralph Palmer, among the manuscript collections of Sir H. Ingleby, baronet, he alludes to a pebble in a ring formerly belonging to Archbishop Laud, which Palmer had shown to him. At the back of the letter is a seal with "the impression of the natural pebble, formed by nature, whereon the half-moon is as perfect as it could be in sculpture, and as bold."

From marriage to death the practice of wearing "In memoriam" rings, with representations on them of the skull and crossed bones, is well commented on in a sermon by Robinson, Bishop of Bangor: "Many carry Death on their fingers when he is never nigh their hearts." On the same subject a writer in the *Connoisseur* (No. 39) remarks, "If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's-heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover."

The custom of pledge-money given with rings at marriages, common in ancient times, was practiced at a late period in France. The Dauphin (afterward Louis XVI.) of France, on his marriage with Marie Antoinette, after he had placed the wedding ring on her finger, added, as an "earnest," or pledge, that he endowed her with his worldly wealth, a gift of thirteen pieces of gold, which, as well as the ring, had received the episcopal benediction.




A CHAPTER ON RINGS.— SEE PAGE 746.

1. Bronze Roman key, found at Chesterfield, now in Lord Braybrook's collection.

2. Bronze Roman ring, with a fictitious gem, found at Chesterfield.

3. Gold Roman ring.

4. Impress of a gold Anglo-Saxon signet, on which is the bust of a man, and the name, "X Averit."

5. Ring of Ethelwolf (Anglo-Saxon), now in the British Museum.

6. Inscription on an Anglo-Saxon ring of the name "X Alhstan," the letter N being represented by a Rune. This is supposed to have been the ring of Alhstan, who was Bishop of Sherborne from A.D. 823 to 837. (A representation of this ring—fig. 9—is given below fig. 6.)

7. Anglo-Saxon ring, with two impresses.

8. Silver ring of Anglo-Saxon date.

9. Ring of the Bishop of Sherborne. (See reference 6.)

10. Ornamentation of North Saxon lacertine work of the eleventh century. This ring, which is silver, was found in the Thames at Chelsea, in 1856, and is now in the collection of Mr. Waterton.

11, 12. Gold ring of ancient date, set with jewels, found in Ireland.

13, 14. Gold talismanic ring, with characters engraved upon it, now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

15, 16. Talismanic ring and inscription.

17. Silver ring, the impress bearing a coat-of-arms.

18. Impress of a merchant's mark on a brass signet-ring.

19. Richly ornamented finger-ring, date uncertain.

20. Decade ring; the ten bosses indicate ten Aves.

21. Decade ring, with eleven bosses, which indicate ten Aves and a Paternoster.

22. Decade ring, with twelve bosses.

23. Gold enameled ring of the sixteenth century, set with a turquoise and surrounded by garnets.

24. A sergeant's ring, with the inscription, "*Imperio regit unis æquo.*" It was the practice of sergeants-at-law to present a number of these rings at the ceremony of their taking the coif.

25. Sir Thomas Gresham's wedding-ring.

26, 27. Charm-rings.

28. Impress of a mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.'s execution; on it are the emblems of mortality, and the words, "Behold the end!"

29. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.

30. Device on a mourning-ring, consisting of a skull and cross-bones, the initials "C. R.," and January 30, the date of King Charles II.'s death.

31. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.; inside the rim is the word "Remember."

32. Gold Italian betrothal ring of the fifteenth century.

33. Gold signet, with the rebus of the Wylmot family. At the foot of the tree there is the letter "R." On one side are the letters "WY," and on the other the letters "OT." Supposing the tree to be an elm, the name would read Wy—elm—ot, or Wylmot. The ring is supposed to be of fourteenth century workmanship.

34. Betrothal ring, with device of a "true-love knot" on the seal.

35. Wedding or betrothal ring, with the inscription.

36. Gold wedding-ring, in the British Museum.

37. Betrothal ring, in the British Museum. 38. Inscription on the ring.

39, 40. Betrothal ring of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. Inscription and device on the under side of the ring. Monogram on the impress of the seal.

## HOW STEPHEN WYATT WON HIS WIFE.

By Thomas S. Collier.

As a gay party of hunters emerged from the forest, and entered a fertile valley through which ran a broad, deep river, the sharp twang of a bow-string sounded close to them, and an arrow whistled past the head of their leader, and stuck quivering in the trunk of a small tree that grew detached from its brothers.

HOW STEPHEN WYATT WON HIS WIFE.—"'NOW FOR IT, BOYS,' SAID ROB, STARTING OFF ON A RAPID RUN."

This was not an unusual occurrence in Ohio then, for it was just after the close of the Revolution, and so the hunters were not so much surprised as might be supposed.

"Back to the woods—quick, quick!" shouted Rob Ransom, the man who had been so near death, and whose long border experience had made him well versed in Indian warfare; and, obeying his directions, his companions followed him to the forest.

They were none too soon, for just as they reached the cover of the trees several dusky forms rose stealthily from

among a clump of bushes near the trail leading to the river, and glided toward the place whence the arrow had come, their ready weapons showing that they had thought the whites would fly that way, and not back to the wood.

They had an old and wary foe to deal with, however, and soon the report of Rob's rifle, and the death-shriek of a savage, told that it was dangerous for a redskin to show beyond cover.

The shot was answered by a wild whoop from the throats of over a hundred warriors, and Rob knew that he had fallen into a nest of Shawnees.

"Confound the red devils!" he muttered. "We will have to retreat, and do it fast, for it is the Black Snake's band. They have rifles, too, and the sooner we start the better," he continued, ramming home a bullet, and peering down the dim aisles running between the tough boles of the century-old trees.

Seeing no movement, but knowing the silence boded no good to his companions and himself, he struck into a long, noiseless gait, his friends keeping aside or ahead of him.

"Strike for the Pillar Rocks!" he whispered to the two men next him, and the word was softly passed until all knew the point of destination.

The Pillar Rocks were a huge mass of regular blocks of granite, piled together in a grotesque confusion, forming, however, a strong and systematic fortress. How they had come in their present position, or by whom they had been placed in their defensive attitude, no one could tell.

When they were discovered they were held in superstitious awe by the Indians, who thought them the home of evil spirits. That they had been formed and placed there by man was evident; but by what men, will never be known.

To reach these rocks and use them as a defense was Rob's design, and, though they were some distance away, he felt sure of being able to accomplish this. His experience told him that his shot would cause the savages to be wary, and he knew that the band would gather about their chief to receive directions ere they followed him.

On he went, his companions keeping pace with him, and soon they heard a faint shout echo from far away. It told them that their trail had been discovered, and that now their pursuit would be swift and sure.

"Now for it, boys!" said Rob, starting off on a rapid run; and through the dim shades of the old trees they flitted, and soon reached a purling brook. Beyond this lay an open space wherein rose the Pillar Rocks, and they were soon climbing up these.

They were none too quick, for the whoops and yells of the advancing savages had been coming nearer; and just as Stephen Wyatt, the youngest of the hunters, scrambled into the protected space at the top of the rocks, a rifle-ball chipped the stone where his hand still rested.

But the Indians did not show beyond the trees, though their dusky forms could be seen moving from trunk to trunk, making a circle round the cleared space.

"Ah! you think you have us trapped, do you?" laughed Ransom. "Maybe you have, but you must fight hard to get us—that is sure, is it not, Steph?" addressing the last man who had entered the strange old fort.

"It is," was the answer; for Steph Wyatt never wasted words when there was danger near that demanded thought, though he was ever ready with jest and song at other times.

He was a curious individual, this young man, clad in rough buckskin, but he had proved his courage beyond a doubt, and the sureness of his aim, and his coolness in times of danger, had made him famous among those hardy pioneers.

Still, he was a mystery, for no one knew where he had come from, and there was a refinement in his language and manner that spoke of a gentler breeding than that bestowed by the backwoods. One thing was sure, perfect gentleman as he was, he was also a consummate and wary foe to the Shawnees, and they would have counted his death or capture cheaply bought had the price been the scalps of ten of their bravest warriors.

He had been recognized by the pursuing party, and the Black Snake himself, the best shot in the band, had sent the bullet after him that chipped the rock.

Wyatt never seemed to think death could reach him—that is, death from an Indian's hand—and his adventures often justified this, for his escapes were miraculous. The Black Snake had never missed such a shot before; but, as he stood watching the dark forms flitting among the trees, no one could have told from his face that Steph Wyatt knew that death had passed so close to him.

After having carefully studied the movements of the savages for some time, he turned to Rob Ransom, who was little, if any, his superior in forest warfare, and said:

"They can starve us out. Some one will have to go for help."

"Yes, that's so. I have a big *caché* of provisions and ammunition here—enough to last us a week. But after that they have us—that is, unless aid gets to us. Sandusky is two days' sharp travel from here."

"It will be a risky job, for those redskins do not intend to let us off unless forced to." And, as he ceased speaking, Wyatt's rifle was brought to a level, and a sharp report quickly followed.

The white smoke had scarcely left the rifle's muzzle ere a tall form rose from behind some rank grass that ran away from the brook, stood with its arms wildly tossing a moment, and then sank still and rigid to the ground. A howl of rage sounded from the woods, and several rifle-balls chipped the hard stone about them; but Wyatt only smiled grimly, and said:

"They had better save their powder; they may need it."

"That's so, and we may need ours. But the question is, how to get help from Sandusky. I would do it, but I am in charge, as it seems, and so I cannot go; and it needs some one who knows the redskins, and the paths through the forest."

"I will go," said Wyatt.

"You will? Splendid! I didn't like to ask you, for it's taking your life in your hand; but you are the best one for the job," said Ransom.

"And I will do it, or die."

There was a consultation called, and the provisions and ammunition were examined.

"We have enough for a week," said Ransom. "Now, when will you set out, Wyatt?"

"Early; for the moon rises at twelve, and I could not go after that."

"No, that is so; and you had best take a good meal before you go, for there's no telling when you will get the next."

Wyatt followed this advice, and, after partaking of a hearty meal of venison steak, broiled at a fire that had been lit after the hunters reached the rocks, and for which fuel had been stored in the fort by Ransom, in anticipation of a siege, he prepared for his expedition.

While busy at this, dark masses of cloud came rolling up from the West, foretelling a thunderstorm, and, ere the twilight faded, these had gathered over half the heavens.

"Fortune favors me," said Wyatt to Ransom, as he carefully inclosed his ammunition in a waterproof bag and covered his rifle's lock. "I shall have darkness and noise both to help me."

While he spoke the wind drove the clouds rapidly over the remaining clear sky, and low thunder muttered in the distance. When the clouds had wholly closed out the stars and light, the moaning of the wind sank before the roar of the rain, which came rushing down in huge drops.

"Now I'm off," said Wyatt. "Ransom, here is a letter. In case you get clear, and I am never heard from, put it in a post-office somewhere;" and he handed Rob the little white packet.

"I will, old fellow," answered Ransom, placing the letter inside his buckskin shirt.

"And now," continued Wyatt, "two or three men had best go with me to the brook, and then return in the same track, to hide my trail."

Ransom and two others followed Wyatt as he scrambled silently down the rocks, and as silently stole toward the brook. When they reached this, Wyatt entered the water, and, bidding his friends a whispered good-by, went slowly along with the current of the stream.

His companions returned to the fort, their hearts sending a fervent "God protect you!" after him.

The brook was bordered by reeds mingled with high grass, and this afforded Wyatt some protection, though the roar of the rain and the utter darkness that had settled over the earth were his best friends.

As swiftly as prudence would admit he went on, and soon reached the border of the wood. Here, indeed, the darkness was his safeguard; for, as he passed into the deeper shadows, the sound of his movements drowned by the roar and rush of the storm, he saw a dusky form move close to the trunk of a large tree, and heard this give vent to a dissatisfied grunt.

On he pressed, the darkness growing heavier about him, if that were possible; and, when over an hour had elapsed, he left the stream and struck into the woods. As he did so, the clouds broke away in the west, and a dim light slowly stole in among the dense forest shadows.

Gradually this grew stronger, and, just as he reached a small opening, a bright star shone broadly out, and gave him a chance to note his surroundings.

"By Jove! how lucky!" he muttered. "Why, here I am at the burnt clearing, just as I wish to be, and a good bit on my way, too."

And on he strode, placing a broad sweep of ground between him and the fortress ere he paused to rest.

But he did not rest lon

"I must get the boys help sooner than they said, for Black Snake will not let them be undisturbed more than three or four days at the most," he thought, as he went on.

The light grew stronger, but at intervals the clouds would drive up in dark masses, and fill the forest with impenetrable gloom.

As Wyatt stumbled along during one of these times, his foot struck something that moved, and nearly tripped him.

Springing back, he grasped his rifle firmly, and, as a dimly seen form rose quickly before him, dealt it a heavy blow. As this fell, with a low groan, to the earth, a smaller figure near it started up, and Wyatt was preparing to serve this in the same manner, when a sweet, womanly voice, that thrilled him as would an electric shock, said:

"Spare me, spare me, for I am white!"

"For God's sake! who are you? Speak!" he gasped.

"I am Annie Carter—and you?" a quiver of hope and love in the voice.

"Oh, my lost darling! I am Steph Wyatt!" And, as he spoke, he clasped the lithe figure to his heart.

Only a moment could he give to pleasure, however, for he knew how pressing were the needs of his friends.

"How many guards had you?" he whispered.

"Only one—an old brave. The Black Snake has the rest a little way from here."

"I know. And where were you going?"

"Black Snake was carrying me to his lodge in the Miami Valley. He bought me from my captors, who have held me for ransom during the last five years. I believe Black Snake purposes to make me his squaw."

"He will miss that pleasure. I guess I have settled this old fellow, and I must go on, as I am after aid for the men your captors have penned up in the Pillar Rocks. Can you travel fast?"

"Yes; the Indians have taught me that."

"Come, then, darling." And, giving her another caress, he took her hand, and again hurried on.

All through the night and far into the next day they traveled, resting for a few moments to take food, but it was after twelve ere they stopped to sleep.

Wyatt had learned all the indignities and hardships his little sweetheart had suffered, and, as his blood coursed rapidly through his veins, he said:

"They have paid dearly for these things, my own, but I thank God that they left you free with this. I had feared you would suffer still more."

"No; they spared me from even a threat of the disgrace of being an Indian's wife, until Black Snake saw me. I think they wanted a heavy ransom."

"They should have had it, had I been able to find you. But I have you now, and we'll never be parted again, after the boys in the fort are free."

Thus, telling of their lives since last they saw each other, the time passed rapidly, and they felt no fatigue; and, as they talk, the little that we should know of their histories is soon told.

Stephen Wyatt and Annie Carter were the children of farmers residing in western Pennsylvania. Stephen was inclined to study, and, having means, his father allowed him to follow the bent of his inclination. He had passed through college, and was reading law, when an incident occurred which made him a pioneer and hunter.

Annie and he had been childish lovers, and this had ripened into a betrothal, which was to consummate in marriage when Stephen came home to practice his profession. Before that time arrived, Annie's father, having purchased a large tract of land in Ohio, moved there, carrying Annie with him.

As his farm was on the outskirts of the settled territory, it was open to an easy surprise, and when, returning from the nearest town, where he and his wife had been to make purchases, one warm Autumn day, he found his home a mass of cinders, and his daughter gone. Soon reports of an Indian incursion came, and, heart-broken by their great loss, the Carters returned to the old Pennsylvania home, which was still theirs, arriving at the same time that Stephen Wyatt came back from his law studies.

The news they brought sent him hurriedly to the West, and he had been there during the five years that had passed since Annie's capture.

All this had been told ere the noonday rest was called. They were not more than fifteen miles from their destination now, and signs of civilized life began to appear, so that they felt comparatively safe. Two hours' rest so refreshed them, that they were able to reach the stockade at Sandusky by five o'clock.

Here Wyatt was warmly greeted, and the story of his companion brought tears of sympathy to many an eye. The women of the place took her in charge, and she was

soon arrayed in the old accustomed garments, and, as Steph said, "Was the same Annie as of old."

"I should have known you, or your voice, anywhere, darling," he whispered, as he came to bid her good-by; for the news of Ransom's danger had determined the men to set out that night. "I should have known even your hand-clasp. I shall be back in a week, and then——"

What they meant was told in a kiss; and, having given this, he hurried away, and was soon guiding a hundred stout backwoodsmen toward the Pillar Rocks.

They arrived at the burnt clearing the second morning after they set out, and then slowly and carefully went on. As they neared the place, faintly heard rifle-reports came echoing through the trees.

"I thought so — we are none too soon," said Wyatt to the commander of the men. "Black Snake is not the man to wait long. We must hurry now."

They then pressed forward, moving as silently as their rapid pace would admit of, and heard the din grow louder everymoment. Soon they came to the brook, and hurriedly calling a council, Wyatt had the men divided into two parties. Giving directions how they should proceed, he led one party on. The rifle-shots were mingled with shouts and cries now, and all the din of a fierce struggle; and, when Wyatt and his companions reached the edge of the clearing, they saw the cause of the uproar. The Indians were charging on the fort, and though Ransom and his men were fighting desperately, the odds against them were too great; some of the savages had just gained the crest of the rocks, as the two parties from Sandusky appeared in the open space, and, giving a cheer to inspirit Ransom, poured in a volley.

The new enemy recalled the Shawnees from the fort, and as they turned another volley greeted them; still, they were not cowards, and, fighting bravely, strove hard to regain the wood. A few succeeded in doing so, one of these being Black Snake; but, just as he was springing behind a tree, Wyatt saw him.

Like a flash of lightning the charge leapt from his rifle, and the bravest, wiliest and cunningest warrior of the Shawnees rolled over dead.

The fight was won, and the flower of the Indian warriors lay cold and still around the Pillar Rocks. Owing to the surprise, the loss of the whites was light, though ten of the rescuing party and two of Ransom's eight men were laid to sleep in low graves just within the forest.

But the rescue had been accomplished, and in doing this there had come to Stephen Wyatt's life the second installment of love's sweet glory.

After he returned to Sandusky, he carried Annie back to their old Pennsylvania home Great were the rejoicings that followed their arrival, and soon there was a wedding in the village church, and Annie Carter became Annie Wyatt.

As the tract of land owned by Mr. Carter was now in a part of the country quite thickly settled, the newly married pair took possession of it, and, as the morning of their lives had been full of trouble and storm, there came to them as payment for this all the rich glory and sunshine of a happy love.

VERY LIKELY.

WIFE: *"I am afraid I am going to have a stiff neck."*
HUSBAND: *"Not at all improbable, my dear; I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we have been married."*

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THE Asiatic gambler is the most reckless; it seems to be his second nature, and he will not scruple to stake his wife, children, or, as a last venture, one of his own limbs, his life or liberty, becoming thus the slave of his antagonist. And here we are reminded of a fine point in law once extant among the ancient Hindoos, and touching upon this very question. A warrior, staking his last farthing on chance, finally put up his liberty, upon losing which he bethought him of his beautiful wife. Luck being still against him, she was summoned as a slave before her husband's antagonist, and escaped a life of serfdom by the adroitness of her first query: "Did my husband lose me, or himself, first? For if he played away himself first, he could not stake me."

PERSONS who like to contemplate their own importance should consider that the world got along very well before they were born, and will probably get along equally well after they are dead.

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